Jung Hoseok has had an awkward Thing for Min Yoongi for four years of his school life. He is certain that the only thing that gets in the way of them and everlasting love is the fact that Min Yoongi doesn't know he exists, but that all changes due to one drunken text message: a
pick-up line.

Ready to flee to another country under a false identity in mortification, he finds himself ruining their blossoming friendship and confessing when Yoongi asks why Hoseok had tried to flirt with him. However, things take a turn after his confession when Yoongi starts to (awkwardly) flirt back.

Notes

Merry Christmas, @btsim! And happy holidays to anyone who clicked on this fic!

i was going to write a sugardaddy au but i decided to get the school au that no one asked for out of the way first, so this is totally new for @btsim who's my partner in gay, so enjoy!
that boy doesn't know my name but maybe he knows he'll be mine

“Oh my god, you are pathetic,” Taehyung cackled loudly in Hoseok’s ear causing him to wince. “Quit ogling him playing with his ball. Get a job. Contribute to society.”

It was their first few days back at school after their summer break and the two were perched on a bench located outside of the school’s basketball court waiting for Jimin to join them during their lunch period. Their attention had naturally been drawn to the moving object that was being repeatedly passed around the court. Through the holes in the fence that surrounded the court they could easily make out the players.

“Oh, like you can talk,” Hoseok scoffed in amusement, shoving Taehyung playfully. “Wipe your mouth, would you? You’ve still got some thirst on your lip where you’ve been drooling over Jeong-”

“Hey, shut up!” Taehyung panicked slightly as the words left Hoseok’s mouth. “I was not drooling, I was merely... Observing them playing basketball. They’re good players. Especially Jeongguk.”

Hoseok rolled his eyes fondly and accidentally kicked his bag over onto the dusty gravel from where he was swinging his legs. Taehyung laughed at him in mock-spite and held the straps down with his feet, preventing Hoseok from picking his bag up.

“Hey, Yoongi, Jeongguk, Namjoon!” A voice rang out from opposite the court and caused them to look towards the sudden noise instinctively.

It was Jimin who was sauntering through the courts, instead of around the outskirts which was the route that Hoseok and Taehyung had taken. They both watched in a unanimous silence as Jimin effortlessly approached the small group of boys that they had been surveying and begin to jostle with them light-heartedly.

Hoseok was well aware that his jaw had dropped and was probably hovering inches above the ground as Jimin threw an arm around Yoongi’s shoulder in an effort to obtain the ball before laughing and walking away. He was only dragged back into reality by Jimin’s sports trainers entering his peripheral vision.

“Hey, guys, sorry about being late; I know you can’t function without me. Miss held me back because of ‘suspected plagiarism’ in that maths mock last term.”

“You’re welcome for that, by the way,” Taehyung smiled and pulled Jimin down onto the bench, sandwiching him in the middle of the two.

“Yeah, but there was no point in copying beforehand, I had to change loads of answers and ending up flunking,” Jimin complained before swiftly moving on. “So, what’s going on? Why does Hoseok look like he’s seen a ghost?”

Taehyung shot Hoseok a warning glance and then covered for him. “Oh, that loser. He’s just distraught that I trod his bag into the dirt.”

Hoseok managed to drag his eyes away from Yoongi’s figure long enough to look at Taehyung and pout. He reached down towards his bag. “It’s a nice bag.”

Jimin scoffed at the state of it, covered in smudges of chalk dust. “Was a nice bag.” Hoseok nudged him in the ribs and he let out a genuine noise of surprise before recovering. “So, what are you both up to this weekend? Seokjin’s having a party on Saturday for fresher’s week, yet another ‘freedom
from school’ theme no doubt.”

“That’s the third one this month,” Taehyung commented, taking out his water bottle from his bag and offering Jimin a packet of rice cakes. “This one’s gonna be massive, isn’t it? There were quite a lot of people last time, I think he progressively invites more people.”

“I don’t think he does,” Hoseok thought aloud. “I think that the people he invites invite more people. I don’t think he really likes big parties, his real leaving party was really only family.”

“A character study: with Jung Hoseok,” Jimin commentated and then proceeded to burst out in a fit of laughter at Hoseok’s disgruntled expression. Taehyung howled at the sound of Jimin’s laughter and then Hoseok snorted so hard that he was certain his eyes had bulged.

They must have been making quite a lot of noise because when their giggles faded out, Hoseok found that a certain group of people in the basketball court had halted in their playing to stare at them. Hoseok’s breath caught in his throat as he locked eyes with Min Yoongi’s through the mesh fence. He had a silent, intense stare yet their eye contact was extremely brief as Yoongi looked away just as quickly as he had glanced over. It was so sudden that Hoseok had neglected the process of breathing and found that he was practically gasping for air when he next remembered to inhale.

The bell rang, signalling the next lesson had begun, and resonated across the field. Jimin stood up and stretched, making sure to avoid kicking over Hoseok’s bag in fear of provoking his sadistic wrath. Jimin called them both to follow him as he dashed into the courts to catch up with Jeongguk who was walking with Yoongi and Namjoon.

“You have the same reaction every time Jimin talks to Yoongi,” Taehyung laughed. “They’ve been friends for over a year now, get over it! If you wanna get to know him, I tell you, Jimin’s your inside man. This is our last year, you may as well try,” Taehyung spoke in a hushed whisper as if he were churning out a particularly gripping conspiracy theory.

“And, I tell you, it’s not gonna happen. Remember last year when Jimin wanted to introduce us and I got so nervous that I told him it’d be too awkward? He’ll be suspicious if I change my mind. Anyway, I don’t think Yoongi likes me anyway. We’ve barely ever spoken. The only way I’ll ever talk to him is if I get the misfortune to be in a group with him this year, or partner work or something but I dunno if we take any of the same lessons. It’s weird, ‘cause I wanna talk to him, of course I do, but the thought of actually doing it makes me want to knock myself out.”

Taehyung laughed, and then choked on the last of the rice cakes. “Okay, same here. But what do you mean, you don’t think he likes you?” Taehyung was incredulous, as if the thought of anyone disliking Hoseok was inexplicable.

“Well, he’s got that vibe that screams: ‘Don’t talk to me!’ And he never even acknowledges me. I can count the times we’ve had eye contact on one hand - and it’s gone up by one, by the way, he looked at me when we were screaming. Oh, God, he probably thinks I’m a freak.”

Taehyung snorted, shaking his head in disbelief. “Okay, that’s ridiculous. So, back to him never acknowledging you, do you ever acknowledge him?”

Hoseok paused which gave Taehyung all he needed to know. Hoseok threatened Taehyung with a raised hand as Taehyung choked out a bout of laughter. He tried to defend himself in a non-violent way when he saw that Taehyung held no fear for him. “W-well, that would be so obvious - and I wouldn’t know what to say,” Hoseok stuttered. “And, besides, if Jimin’s my inside man, he’s yours, too.”
Taehyung’s laughter died and he exhaled loudly, Hoseok turned to look at him as they made their way through the science corridor to their form group and saw that Taehyung’s eyebrows were hunched together. He was thinking. “You know what? Screw it. Something’s got to change, the closest we’ve ever gotten to talking to our crushes is this year when their side of the year mixed with ours. Jimin doesn’t know how lucky he is to be transferred into their side of the year. If that had been us at the start then it would have made everything a lot simpler.”

The only response he received was a non-committal grunt from Hoseok who was only half-listening to Taehyung’s speech. This was probably the thousandth time that the same series of complaints had taken place, but still nothing had shifted. It was like they were both stuck in a stasis and were unwilling to move.

“I’m serious, ‘Seok,” Taehyung seemed to sense Hoseok’s thoughts, “I’m determined that something will change this year, but we’ve got to be the one to cause it. Let’s be honest, they don’t even know that we exist, so we’ve got to change this.”

Hoseok nodded in agreement, slowly warming up to Taehyung’s sudden burst of energy. “The only things I know about Yoongi are what Jimin tells me, and that’s barely anything. I know that he plays piano because of that concert back in the first year, but how am I supposed to approach him with that? It’s creepy, and I don’t want him to know - think that he’s got an admirer, or a stalker.”

They had paused outside of the classroom door whilst no one was surrounding them. There was a very visible crease in Taehyung’s forehead whilst he seemed to be brainstorming, and then a veil of calm crossed over his face, his eyes glinted. “I’ve got it! They’ll be at the party, Seokjin’s party! Jimin will probably invite Jeongguk, so that means Namjoon and Yoongi will be there, too. So, that’s where we’ll break the ice!” Taehyung had slapped his hands together a little too enthusiastically and triggered a high-pitched buzzing noise in Hoseok’s ears.

Hoseok chewed his cheek thoughtfully. It wasn’t a bad idea, and they were probably going to end up going anyway. “Why... Why, you’re a genius!” Taehyung laughed at his melodramatic reaction.

“So, we’re going on Saturday, right?” Hoseok nodded in confirmation. “Okay, so that only gives me... three days to get an outfit together.” Taehyung was certainly thinking ahead, Hoseok hadn’t even considered which clothes he would be wearing. He would need to do a thorough check of his wardrobe; he couldn’t even remember most of the clothes he owned.

He must have looked slightly panicked because Taehyung tilted his head. “...Want me to come to yours a few hours before to help you?”

“Yes, please-” Hoseok was cut off by their teacher who had yanked open the door and greeted them with a quirk of her eyebrow.

Apologising profusely, they made their way inside and sat down at their usual table, their friends greeted them but when receiving a half-hearted response they realised that the two wanted some privacy. Taehyung and Hoseok lowered their voices to a whisper.

“Wanna get tipsy before we go to the party?”

“Oh, fuck yes, I’ll bring the alcohol.”

“Thanks. Just don’t bring beer- you threw up last time.”

“Yeah, sorry about that. To be fair, I did drink a lot of it.”

“And whose fault was that? Bring something that doesn’t smell as rank on the breath, I don’t wanna
scare Yoongi away.”

“Yes, fine, I’ll bring wine or something, we don’t want to make Yoongers scarper away as if he’s never tasted beer breath before.”

“‘Yoongers’? Please stop.”

“Never! Also, you are gonna ask him out, right?”

“Jeez, one step at a time please, my heart may give out. Are you gonna ask Jeongguk?”

“No - I don’t trust myself. I’ll either open my mouth and vomit on him or ask him to marry me. I’ll stick to being suave.”

“Oh, god, this is not gonna go well,” Hoseok groaned and then was silenced by his teacher coughing at them in a disapproving manner. The unnerved feeling in his stomach did not settle, not even after school and after he had had dinner. It was a bad feeling, a knot of nerves. A premonition, probably. But it didn’t particularly bother Hoseok as he was far too busy focussing on smooth one-liners that he would be sure to use on the object of his affection: untouchable, unobtainable, awkwardly adorable, veins carved from silver beating under the seemingly soft skin of his hands Min Yoongi.

Perhaps, after Saturday, Yoongi may start to acknowledge his existence if he mustered up the courage to talk to him. It was a dim hope, but a hope even so, and that was enough to fuel Hoseok’s enthusiasm.
When it came to Saturday evening, Hoseok was more than ready, especially when armed with the alcohol that Taehyung had brought to his house making its way through his system. Taehyung had shown up with a few of his own items of clothing which he was more than happy to share with Hoseok, as long as Hoseok promised not to soil them with drinks or vomit.

Hoseok reckoned that he looked presentable and Taehyung - who was not-so-discreetly wearing the tightest shirt and trousers that he owned. In fact, Hoseok was fairly certain that they were at least two sizes too small; trousers were not supposed to... Grip like that - looked more than presentable; ravishing would be a better word choice.

“So, that shirt was pretty expensive, so try not to sweat in it,” Taehyung warned him as they got on the train. Hoseok’s eyes widened as he pulled the material from his body.

“What? You should have told me! I would have worn one of my own!”

Taehyung crinkled his nose and checked his phone. “No way, I wouldn’t let you do that to yourself – also I wouldn’t have come out in public with you. And how did you not know what brand that shirt is? I showed you the label!”

Hoseok frowned and sank down in the chair. He watched himself hazily in the reflection and began to fiddle with his hair, he noticed that the person opposite him was shifting nervously in his seat. Hoseok realised it looked as if he were staring at them and was trying to do some kind of voodoo magic with his own hair. He dropped his hand hastily and felt his mind whirl with the sudden movement, maybe he shouldn’t have drunk so much before he left the house.

Suddenly, Taehyung was tugging at his arm and he found himself lurch unsteadily when he stood up. They made their way out of the underground station following a few other people whom they vaguely recognised from Seokjin’s last party. They followed them down a few main streets until turning into a road with towering apartment blocks. The street name matched up with the information that Taehyung and Hoseok had been given by Seokjin so they trusted their fellow partygoers to direct them into the right apartment. They stopped outside of the only door that wasn’t open in the hallway that was set up for a party, with people hanging around each door with cups or bottles in their hands and a few couples getting heated.

“Okay, anyone with drugs goes to the party down the hall – Jin has banned them ever since what happened last time.” It wasn’t Seokjin who had answered the door, it was Namjoon. From the back of the crowd Taehyung and Hoseok exchanged looks: ‘Jin’? Since when were Namjoon and Seokjin so friendly? Hoseok had no idea that Seokjin even knew Namjoon.

A few people dispersed from the group whilst the rest filed inside. The two soon discovered that Namjoon had disappeared from sight. Hoseok and Taehyung worked their way through the crowds of people trying to scavenge for Seokjin or Jimin, whilst keeping their eyes peeled for their respective crushes. Taehyung had been right, it was hectic inside of Seokjin’s apartment, and Hoseok was immensely glad that the party wasn’t being held in a normal student accommodation.

“Hey! I’m glad you could make it,” Seokjin bounded out of the kitchen and put his arms around their shoulders, a beer bottle in one hand. They could barely make out what he was saying over the loud pounding of the bass. He offered the beer to Hoseok after giving Taehyung a wary glance. “Not you, not after what you did last time.” Taehyung smiled bashfully whilst Hoseok pocketed the beer, just in case. “So, how have you two been?”
They didn’t get a chance to answer because Seokjin was called frantically from the living room and then the three heard a noise followed by a loud crash, he left them with an apologetic smile.

“Well, that was a great catch-up,” Hoseok commented sarcastically, his eyes scanning over surfaces for a bottle opener. “He looks fit though. He’s been working out.” He snatched the opener and balanced the beer on the counter to open the cap.

“Yeah, I’m jealous,” Taehyung admitted. “Okay, but what the hell was Namjoon doing at the door? Do they know each other, ‘Jin’ and Namjoon?” He was asking seriously but then laughed as Hoseok miscalculated and almost knocked his beer on the floor with the amount of force he was using.

“I don’t know, it sounds like they do. But we don’t know anything about Namjoon, the only person who does is—”

“Hey, guys!” Jimin yelled from the opposite side of the room, he crashed into several people in an attempt to close the distance. Hoseok noticed that he was still wearing the same sports trainers he wore to school, it was kind of cute.

Jimin was already drunk, Hoseok and Taehyung had to prop him up, his arms around their shoulders. “Guys, you should have gotten here earlier- it was wild, crazy... Crazy and wild, whoop!” He cheered and lifted a fist into the air, almost knocking Hoseok out.

The two human crutches exchanged glances and burst out in simultaneous laughter. “What happened? What did we miss?” Taehyung encouraged, looking longingly at the bottle of wine on the counter.

“Well, Jeongguk broke up with his girlfriend – who’s a total bitch, by the way, she doesn’t like rap, says it’s ‘bad influence...ing’? Yeah, so he dumped her before the party and I was at his, right?” It was difficult to make out what Jimin was saying at parts but they got the general picture. Hoseok shot concerned glances at Taehyung who seemed determined on ignoring him, focussing on keeping Jimin upright.

“So- so she asks if there’s another girl, right? So, I say ‘fuck yeah there is’, and I kiss him right on the mouth. So she slaps him and then dumps him – even though he dumped her first – and then... Something, now I’m here! Ta-da!” Jimin attempted jazz-hands but only succeeded in swiping his hands on Taehyung’s shirt. Hoseok saw Taehyung’s eyes twitch slightly, but he wasn’t sure if it was because he was tipsy, upset about his ‘soiled’ top, or distraught at what Jimin had unloaded onto them.

Hoseok gestured to Taehyung that they should lead Jimin to a chair but they could only spot beanbags. Jimin sunk down onto one and began laughing as he swivelled his hips around, tried to get back up and fell back down straight away. Hoseok pulled two more beanbags from behind him and kicked one over to Taehyung. They joined Jimin at floor level.

“So, what happened to Jeongguk?” Hoseok began carefully. “Is he okay? Where is he now?”

Jimin rolled his eyes. “I dunno - why do you care?” He narrowed his eyes before opening his mouth in shock and pointing accusingly at Hoseok. “Maybe you wanna be Jeongguk’s girlfriend!”

Hoseok laughed in amusement, taking care not to flick his eyes over to Taehyung, and pushed Jimin back down onto the beanbag. “I’m just concerned, that’s all. He must be upset.”

“Nah,” Jimin waved his hand and then dropped it as if it were too much effort to hold up. “He’ll be fine, he’s probably at home crying.” Hoseok clutched as Taehyung’s arm when he saw him tense.
“Yoongi’s with him anyway, so it’ll be fine - Jeongguk broke up with his girlfriend for a reason, so maybe he’s celebrating.” Jimin laughed and went to stand up again, he frowned at Taehyung like it was his fault that he failed to stand on his own feet. “Get drinks. Please?” He clutched at Taehyung’s wrist and pouted.

Well, who were they to deny such a request?
“- and that’s why- that’s why he broke up with her, Tae! Be... because she’s a fucking robot-” Hoseok slurred as he was led into his room by Taehyung, who had a firm grip on his waist. Taehyung cackled with infectious laughter, tripped over Hoseok’s rug and landed on the bed, effectively snapping one of the wood panels and causing the mattress to sag.

Hoseok doubled over in hysterical gasps, slapping at his legs while Taehyung lay immobile on his uneven bed. Taehyung started to wheeze and spun around so suddenly that his legs caught Hoseok and knocked him to the ground. “I fucking... couldn’t breathe, Hos- where are you?” He attempted to lift up the duvet as if Hoseok had shrunk and was hiding under the covers. “Oh, no,” he dragged out and his lips started to shake as he was on the verge of breaking down in tears. “I’ve lost you! What am I gonna tell your mum?”

“Tae, Tae, I’m here! It’s... A new world down here-” Before Hoseok could burst into song Taehyung reached down and hauled Hoseok up, pulling him up onto the broken bed. “Tae,” Hoseok began, swallowing so his throat would stop burning and so his tongue would stop sticking to the roof of his mouth. “Tae, you’re not upset about Jeongguk, are you?”

Taehyung flopped onto Hoseok’s shoulder, seemingly forgetting about the rule about no liquids on his designer shirts, with tears running down his cheeks. “I’m crying, ‘Seok.”

“Oh, no, Tae, that’s not good.” Hoseok went to wipe Taehyung’s tears away but his co-ordination was thrown off-balance and he ended up stroking the front of Taehyung’s top, much like how Jimin had done so earlier on in the night. “You love him, don’t you?”

“I don’t know him,” Taehyung sat up straight, the tears freezing on his face as a frown took over his features. “From what I’ve heard over the... Years - oh my god, I’ve known him for seven years but I haven’t kissed him yet! What the fuck?” Hoseok nodded in sympathy and he could have sworn he could feel his brain move around inside of his skull. “Yeah, but, everything I know about him is from what I’ve heard from Jimin and anyone else, they made him sound so... so... soft? But he’s an evil - evil... He’s evil!” In his cry of anger he had thrown a pillow across the room but it contrasted with the sudden shift in mood as it rebounded off of the door harmlessly and landed on the floor with no sound.

Hoseok watched the display silently and then managed to lift his arm high enough to place it around the back of Taehyung’s neck. “He is, Tae. Evil. You know what? You deserve so, so, so... So much better than Jeongguk, okay?”

Taehyung sniffed rather dramatically. “It’s alright for you, you’ve still got Yoongers. He stayed with the evil... Minx, being all supportive and stuff...” He trailed off, and then he turned suddenly to face Hoseok, his eyes were glazed over but earnest. “I want you to get with Yoongi, you know? You should text him - he’s on Facebook, isn’t he? Gimme your phone,” he gestured to Hoseok and without thinking Hoseok obtained and then handed the device which had been lounging on the floor over to him. “Okay... How do you... How do you turn this on?”

Hoseok took the phone from him and unlocked it before his eyes shrieked with protest as his phone’s brightness was blinding. “I - I think I did it, Tae. What were you...? Oh, right, text Yoongers.” His mind was wrapped up in a drunken haze as his finger reached for the Facebook app. He pulled up the search bar and clicked on his most recent profile: Min Yoongi. “Tae, Tae!” He shrieked, throwing the phone away from him in terror. “It’s - it’s Yoongi! He’s gonna know I love him, he’s gonna know I watched him doing P.E last year from the window when I had English!”
Taehyung jumped (but not really) into action and fumbled for Hoseok’s phone. “Right,” he mumbled, his eyebrows knotting together in concentration. Hoseok watched in anticipation as Taehyung opened the chatroom.

“What are you gonna...?” Hoseok began to pose a question before all the nights he had spent practising one-liners in front of the mirror rushed back to him. “Hold on!” He snatched the phone from Taehyung’s hand and resulted in the first message he would ever send Yoongi to be: ‘ojg’. He didn’t really focus on that though as he began to tap out a message on a keyboard which was suddenly too small for his fingers. He accidentally sent the first two messages uncompleted but didn’t put too much thought into it. He attempted to re-read the final message but it swam in front of him, he turned the screen to Taehyung. “Is this it?”

Taehyung barely gave himself time to look at it before he began nodding enthusiastically. “Yes! That’s it! He’s gonna love it - love you!” He leant over Hoseok, whose eyes were beginning to focus and then blur on random objects scattered around his room, to send the message.

Jung Hoseok: ojg

Jung Hoseok: heye ur fingers work well huh???

Jung Hoseok: could play me wit them fings

Jung Hoseok: piano

(Message delivered)

Taehyung’s eyes widened and his jaw dropped open. Hoseok watched him, nerves jittering in his stomach. “Is... Is it okay?” He asked hesitantly.

Taehyung threw the phone down onto the bed and turned to Hoseok, his face twisted into complete disbelief. “‘Seok...” He began before pausing to swallow. His eyes began to twinkle and his face split into a dazzling grin. “He’s gonna love you!”

Hoseok felt tears spill from his eyes and with much effort he wrapped his arms around Taehyung’s neck. “You’re the best friend eve- Tae, Tae, I’m gonna get married!” The bed creaked beneath their combined weights.

Taehyung had closed his eyes sleepily when Hoseok had launched into a tangent about his beach wedding and it wasn’t too long until Hoseok did the same, both of them sinking into an intoxicated sleep.

When Hoseok next awoke it was on the floor with a pounding headache and a sense of dread lining his stomach. He groaned and shakily pulled himself to his feet, thankful that the blinds were closed to prevent the piercing sunlight from pouring in. Taehyung was still passed out on his bed when he checked his phone but the blissful silence didn’t last for long as Hoseok felt his eyes implode when processing the screen brightness, and then the messages from last night’s drunken mistake. “Oh my god - what the fuck!?”

Those disgustingly drunken and inappropriate messages had not only been delivered, but they also had been read. Min Yoongi had read his drunken attempts at flirting and hadn’t responded – although that was a given, he would have done the same if it were anyone else. It was official: he
wanted to crawl into the ground and die.

There was no way he was going to be able to face Yoongi ever again.
The first face he saw upon entering History class on Monday morning was none other than Min Yoongi’s.

Hoseok backtracked in double time and crashed into the girl who had been walking behind him. He apologised and stepped aside, his mind whirling. Yoongi’s side of the year had been mixed with his, he knew that. But it never occurred to him that he and Yoongi would ever share the same lessons, let alone the same classroom. He longed to know why the universe hated him and, why, oh, why was Yoongi sitting in the usually empty seat next to his at the back of the class?

He realised that he couldn’t stand outside for two hours so he decided to suck it up and carry on, he would just act like Saturday night’s messages hadn’t happened and that he was a completely different person. He was feeling fairly optimistic with his newly formulated plan as he made his way silently to his chair, trying to avoid bringing attention to himself for being late, perhaps Yoongi wouldn’t even know who he was – after all, they had never met officially and he was pretty certain that Yoongi couldn’t put a face to his name. Maybe there was an advantage for being non-existing to your crush.

Or maybe not.

“Jung Hoseok! I hope you have a very good reason as to why you are more than five minutes late to my lesson; you’ve missed the starter task!” His teacher didn’t give him a chance to explain himself, which he was glad for as he was not in the right state of mind to fumble together an excuse. “You’ll have to get it off of someone else - ask Yoongi if he would be so kind - I’m moving on now. Take this as a warning, you should be here on time! Now, sit down, please.”

Hoseok would rather have received a detention, or to have all of the blood drained from his body, than directly address Yoongi and ask him for a favour. But because he couldn’t exactly voice his thoughts, he slid into his seat and stalled for time by fishing in his bag for his notebook and pens. Years of pathetic pining and making up ridiculous scenarios in which they would make friends, and something more, whizzed through his mind as his eyes landed on the boy next to him, who was causing his heart to tear itself into pieces.

When he next looked up he was surprised to find that there was already a notebook on his desk, a notebook belonging to the boy next to him. Heat rushed to his face and if it was visible he hoped that it could be put down to him being red because he had been leaning down. He mumbled his thanks without daring to look at Yoongi, in fear of making eye contact in such close proximity, and hurriedly jotted the notes down without pausing to read through the actual task.

His fingers trembled as he took hold of the notebook to pass back to Yoongi and he inwardly cursed himself when he lingered for too long and his empty hand, relieved of the notebook, hovered in the air before he snatched it back and shoved it into his pocket. He felt his legs shivering as his blood didn’t seem to want to run throughout his body; maybe his wish was coming true and he was going to die there.

“...which brings me to your project for this term, and as it makes up 20% of your grade I expect it to meet, or surpass, your predicated grades.” Hoseok almost gagged before he remembered that he wasn’t in the presence of Taehyung or Jimin. From the corner of his eye he saw Yoongi shift in his
seat slightly, not to sit up straight though; Yoongi had been slouching all lesson. “This project is partner work so each of you will receive a grade based on your effort and contribution- and before any of you ask, no, you cannot work with a friend, I have assigned partners for each of you. So, one by one please come to the front to collect your assignment. This row first, please.”

She gestured to the row in which Yoongi was sitting. Hoseok watched through his hair as Yoongi – grudgingly? – arose from his desk, his chair scraped against the floor and made Hoseok cringe slightly. Hoseok’s heart was rattling like a bony fist inside of his chest, knocking against his ribcage in a desperate attempt to escape, which he could relate with. His hands were clammy as thoughts wrestled with each other inside of his head. Would the universe really hate him that much for him to be paired with Yoongi?

“Oh. It’s you.” Hoseok peered up, already knowing who was standing in front of his desk. Min Yoongi was staring down at him with a piece of paper dangling from his pinched fingers and adorning an unamused expression. “Finger guy.”

Apparently, yes. The universe despised him.

Chapter End Notes

uploading again because i’m a keeno

thank you for the support so far, i live off of comments and validation :)


you forgive me but i’ve already sinned, over and over

The next hour consisted of the probably, no, definitely the most painfully awkward moments of his life. The teacher had directed the class into the library where the two sat in an agonising silence. Well, it was agonising on Hoseok’s end, he noticed that Yoongi looked as if he couldn’t have cared less which made it slightly more bearable – maybe Yoongi would forgive and forget.

Yoongi sat with a laptop in front of him, reading the question on the piece of paper with something close to a scowl on his face. He typed something, deleted it, and then sighed, slouching even more on the rounded sofa. Hoseok realised that the last thing he should be doing was sitting there as a still as statue and making it awkward for the two of them. He had finally been given a chance to talk to Yoongi, and although it had been tainted, he would have been a complete idiot not to take it.

“I’m sorry,” he confessed and then wished that he had just stayed silent because fuck, Yoongi was looking at him, listening to him. He coughed slightly but tried not to avoid eye contact so that Yoongi would know he was being sincere. It was the most difficult thing he had done in his life. Performing for that show a few years back with a twisted ankle, and trying not to laugh when Taehyung shoved rubbers up his nose during a test were nothing compared to this. Yoongi had eyes that could reach into the murkiest depths of his soul, it was kind of liberating and he found himself wanting Yoongi to watch him forever. “About the whole messaging thing – I was really drunk - but not by myself; I don’t get drunk by myself, that would be pretty sad? Anyway, I went to a party with a friend and got drunk... Um, so to sum up: I’m sorry.”

He finished his spiel rather lamely and his limp apology hung in the air unanswered. Yoongi’s eyebrows rose, centimetre by centimetre, until he shook his head and returned his gaze to the laptop screen. “It’s fine.” Hoseok clung onto Yoongi’s forgiveness which sparked something inside of him, and he was about to formally introduce himself to forge a new beginning, but he didn’t get the chance to. “What are we doing for this project? Do you have any notes?”

Hoseok’s eyebrows knotted together at the change of the conversation but because he was so thankful that Yoongi was still talking to him he lunged towards his bag to retrieve his exercise book. “Uh, yeah, yes, I do - they’re pretty crappy though, my handwriting is awful, my friends say that it’s like my brain hates my fingers which is, heh, probably true.” Oh my god, what the fuck was he talking about? He was internally grateful when Yoongi rose an eyebrow at him and effectively shut his mouth, but any feeling of gratitude was replaced with regret when he realised the reason behind Yoongi’s action. ‘Fingers’.

Still, Yoongi took the book when he sheepishly slid it across the table and ran his eyes over the notes. “It’s not awful,” he said eventually. Hoseok fidgeted and thanked him, silently wondering why Yoongi was being so polite when he was behaving like a complete idiot. “I was moved to this class because of the integration, we had a different teacher so my notes are different. Basically, they’re shit.” Yoongi cracked a smile and Hoseok spontaneously combusted. His thoughts all consisted of incoherent screaming, all he knew was that his hands were so sweaty that they were slippery and that Yoongi’s smile needed to be protected.

Hoseok choked out some weak laughter that didn’t sound convincing, internally kicking himself when the smile slid off of Yoongi’s face as quickly as it had come. “So, should I go over some stuff with you, if you want?” Hoseok asked carefully, eager for the conversation to continue. Yoongi nodded and gestured for him to continue, so he did. He read the question provided on the piece of paper and then talked about some things they could mention in their final essay whilst Yoongi listened and wrote up notes on the laptop.
The two worked solidly for the remaining hour with Hoseok sticking solely to the task at hand even though he was desperate to ask Yoongi questions that he had had running around his mind for seven years, like: what lessons did he take? Who did he consider his closest friend? What was his taste in music? What was his family like? Did he have any pets?

The ringing of the bell equated to the screams of torture for Hoseok as it meant that the lesson was over and the two would have to part ways until Friday’s lesson. He had come face to face with everything that was surreal and he wanted nothing less than to have it snatched away from him by a mesh fence that separated him from Yoongi.

His desire to talk to Yoongi for hours on end, to decode him, to know who he was behind that ‘I don’t care’ exterior was too much for him to bear and it burst out of him in a garble of words as Yoongi stood up to return the laptop.

“Can we talk more later?”

Yoongi stilled in his movements as Hoseok cringed and slid down on the sofa, almost crumpling onto the floor. Yoongi turned around suddenly and Hoseok attempted to appear as if he wasn’t just contemplating crawling into his backpack and zipping himself up. “What did you say?”

He cleared his throat, trying avidly to ignore the frantic beating of his heart that was caused by Yoongi searching his face. “Do you, maybe, want to talk more later?” He tried to slow down his pronunciation so that each word was decipherable, but it only made him want to scarper as he heard his own words in his ears. The expression on Yoongi’s face was unreadable. “I mean, like... Outside of lessons. Maybe outside of school?”

His tone was too high-pitched to be deemed seriously apparently as Yoongi scrunched up his face in incredulity. “Aren’t you too busy with your friends, or something?”

Hoseok was confused as to what his friends had to do with anything but was too mortified to inquire further. “If- if you don’t want to, that’s fine - it’s chill, you know.” He openly cringed at the words that had churned out of his mouth and then had a fierce urge to punch himself when Yoongi’s eyes flickered to the ceiling and he spun on his heel.

“Wait, wait, come back, please! I wasn’t kidding, I was being serious—” Realising how quickly he had resorted to begging terrified Hoseok, whatever dignity he had possessed had instantly been thrown out of the window. “We can talk more about the project, if you want.”

The feeling of desperateness must have translated well to Yoongi as he turned around instantaneously, bemusement and irritation written plainly on his face. “You want to talk with me outside of school about the project?” It sounded almost reasonable when stated by Yoongi, even though it was drenched with disbelief.

Hoseok nodded, hoping that he looked nonchalant and that Yoongi didn’t think that he was losing the plot, even though that was probably the case. “Yeah, it’s a pretty big deal, isn’t it? 20% of our final grade, right?”

Yoongi dropped his gaze to the floor, he no longer looked irritated just somewhat lost. “I thought you’re the type who doesn’t care about school.”

“Right back at you,” Hoseok retorted without thinking, smiling slightly as he processed that Yoongi had noticed him enough to class him as a ‘type’. Yoongi didn’t react to his comment, only re-adjusting the laptop in his arms. The library was almost empty now. “I care about school enough that I know I have to pass. So... Do you want to? Meet up?” A spark of confidence shot through him as
he saw that Yoongi looked as though he was contemplating the offer.

“Okay, sure,” Yoongi agreed, albeit he sounded slightly reluctant, as if there was a catch. Hoseok practically lit up and he couldn’t conceal his excitement, Yoongi looked at him as if he had grown an extra head. “Message me then, I guess. Just... Nothing about fingers, or ‘fings’, please.”

Yoongi had made a joke with him, a private joke. Hoseok laughed too loudly for it to be considered a normal reaction, but he didn’t care. He may not have lived a scenario that he had imagined ended with a declaration of love, but he was closer to Yoongi then he ever had been and that was enough to fuel his optimism for the rest of the week.

Of course, Taehyung questioned him relentlessly about his upbeat mood and Hoseok soon broke after Monday break-time, spilling his guts and heart in their shared Science lesson. He told of how he had successfully managed to snag a date with Min Yoongi (albeit, he left out the part where Yoongi believed the ‘date’ to be about the project). After telling his news with manic glee in his voice Taehyung looked as though he were about to convulse. His eyes bulged and his mouth was agape.

Taehyung didn’t talk to him for the rest of the lesson, although maybe it was because there was no chance to as they had to be split apart to work in different groups for a practical. Luckily, there was no one that Hoseok even partially disliked in his class and he was partnered with people that he was familiar with meaning that they mucked about for the whole lesson and had minimal to no work to present at the end. Hoseok got laboured with extra homework which soured his mood slightly but as he made his way outside with a group of friends he perked up when seeing Namjoon exit a classroom with Yoongi.

The people surrounding Hoseok soon dispersed as he and Taehyung made their way to their usual bench – which had been part of their plan since the beginning of their last year at school to get closer to their crushes, and it looked as if it had finally paid off (for Hoseok) – where Jimin was already waiting for them. He was sprawled out on the bench and refused to move so Hoseok had to grab his leg and pull him onto the floor. Taehyung virtually screamed with laughter and Hoseok joined him as Jimin lay sulking on the ground.

However, due to Jimin knowing nothing about Taehyung and Hoseok’s crushes on his friends, it prevented Hoseok from divulging anymore information to Taehyung. Their lunch time was fairly uneventful, all that really happened was that they had to fill in what Jimin couldn’t remember about the party - which wasn’t really much because they couldn’t remember a lot either.

“You told us about Jeongguk breaking up with his girlfriend,” Taehyung supplied once Hoseok had run out of the things that he recalled. Hoseok noticed the distance in his voice, like he was separating himself from the conversation, trying to sound disinterested.

Jemin nodded and breathed out an: “Oh, yeah,” as if he had forgotten, which he probably had. Jimin had a lot of friends, more than what Taehyung and Hoseok could count on their fingers combined, so that meant that there was a lot of drama to remember – which was exactly why Taehyung and Hoseok hadn’t told Jimin about their own secrets. Hoseok considered himself fairly popular, and he was happy with the amount of friends he had so he didn’t think for one minute that he could bear to live Jimin’s lifestyle. To each his own.

Jemin frowned, focussing on a hazy memory which was becoming clearer. When it became clear he gasped. “Oh my god, yes, you told us that you kissed him!” Hoseok spared a glance at Taehyung who, by the looks of his face, was very aware of this memory. He suddenly felt an overwhelming urge of guilt; he had been busy revelling in his success with Yoongi and hadn’t considered how Taehyung might have been feeling ever since Saturday night.
There was a loud crash as the ball was thrown against the fence. Jeongguk ran over to it, practically a blur, and stopped momentarily to wave to Jimin, only his eyes acknowledged Hoseok’s and Taehyung’s existence. Ouch. Hoseok looked to Taehyung, he was staring at the floor rather than watching the retreating figure.

“Oh, yeah, I did, didn’t I?” Jimin was leaning back, his arms crossed, with a lazy smile stretched across his face as he watched Jeongguk and his group of friends in his own year play basketball. Yoongi and Namjoon were nowhere in sight. “That’s probably why he’s so skittish around me today. How cute! I’ll talk to him sometime later,” Jimin finished with a yawn, laying his head on Taehyung’s shoulder.

“So, you’re not dating then?” Hoseok looked to Taehyung, alarmed. Taehyung caught his stare before smoothly carrying on, “it’s just on Saturday you made it sound like you were.”

Jimin, who was chewing on a rice cake, almost choked. “Oh my god, no, Tae – I am not dating Jeongguk. Mind you, that’s not a bad idea, he is pretty cute...” Hoseok was fairly certain that Jimin was teasing just to show that he could get anyone he wanted, but Taehyung looked as though if he hadn’t known Jimin since they were children he would have socked him then and there. “It’s a shame you don’t know Yoongi or Jeongguk or anyone on my side of the year, you’re missing out, why’d they have to split you into two parts?”

Hoseok, whose stomach jolted as Jimin uttered the question that had been playing on repeat since his first year, merely sighed. “There’s too many of us. How would so few teachers teach all of us if we were all shared classes? We’re only mixing this year because of revision lessons, they’d have too many lessons to teach otherwise.”

Jimin scoffed. “That’s just laziness, if you ask me.”

Taehyung, who had been fairly quiet, laughed. “Says you, who rarely attends class. You’re gonna get kicked out again at this rate, you’re lucky this school’s crappy enough to accept anyone who wants in.” Jimin let out a protestation and kicked at Taehyung, who had collapsed in a fit of laughter.

He dropped down onto the bench and shrugged, shoving his shoe back on his foot. “I dunno. She was blowing up his phone and he was getting pissed, not ‘cause she was texting a lot but because of what she was saying. Yoongs told him to ‘do it now’, which means he must have been planning on breaking up with her for a while, but Jeongguk didn’t wanna do it over the phone and invited her to his house. So, she did, he dumped her, I kissed him, I think he got slapped, and then she left and I went to the party. I didn’t stick around at his for long after, I think it got awkward.”

“Who was she?” Taehyung asked in a breathless tone. Jimin didn’t notice though, he was too busy rubbing dirt off of his shoe.

“Who? Oh, his ex? I dunno, some girl in his year. I think she asked him out. She was pretty though, short hair, I think. I can’t really remember. Now there’s gonna be a line outside his door once it goes ‘round that’s he single. He’s like you, Tae, popular with the ladies. Speaking of, any news with you two?” Jimin wiggled his eyebrows in a promiscuous manner.

Hoseok restrained himself from bursting into a tangent about Yoongi and resigned himself to shaking
his head. Jimin sighed and patted his leg, which Hoseok personally thought was a tad patronising, “It’ll happen, ‘Seok. You, Tae?”

Taehyung mimicked Hoseok, shaking his head in a defeated manner, his expression distracted. Jimin called bullshit and squeezed the back of Taehyung’s neck. “Come on, doesn’t that brainy girl like you? Seoyeon? Leader of the science club? I heard she was gonna ask you out.”

“She already did,” Taehyung mumbled, Hoseok knew that it was the cue for the conversation to be shut down. “I said no.”

Jimin pretended to reel back in shock before settling down onto the bench, shaking his head in disbelief. “I can’t believe you, just turning down all these girls. Do you have your eye on someone or something?”

“What about you, Jimin?” Hoseok asked, turning the conversation on its head. Taehyung shot him a grateful look. “Do you like anyone?”

Jimin considered the question and then shook his head. “No.” There was an off edge to his tone which told Hoseok that there was something wrong. “It’s just easier to be unattached, free, you know?”

Hoseok was certain that he would have related five or so years ago but not now when Yoongi was in the midst of entering his life after years of deprivation.
the cyber world you use, another world we share, can we be together there?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

His mind remained on Yoongi for the rest of the day and once he returned home he barely gave himself time to greet his mum, running upstairs and slamming his door shut. He plugged in his phone and waited impatiently for his battery percentage to increase. He wanted to message Yoongi but something was stopping him, reluctance was slowly overtaking his confidence. He desperately needed a pep-talk of some kind, any kind.

“Hey, ‘Seok, what’s up?” Taehyung greeted, his voice sounding gravelly in Hoseok’s ear.

“Okay, so, dilemma. I’m just about to message Yoongi but I can’t - I can barely hold the phone, I’m so frikkin’ nervous.”

“Yes, my mum’s home, I don’t want her to hear me swear. Anyway, Tae, I need your help.”

“My knowledge of affairs of the heart only extends to disappointment.”

“Ah, Tae, I’m sorry, I never got to ask. How are you with Jeongguk? How are you feeling?”

“I’m not. My bones are glass and every time I breathe my skin rips-”

“Tae! I don’t know whether to laugh or cry, stop it!”

“Fine, fine. In all honesty, I’m pissed at myself. If I had just gotten over my immature shyness and approached him as, like, his senior or something and helped him maybe we would have become friends. Maybe more.”

“I feel the same, Tae. I hate that this pre-puberty awkwardness didn’t... go away. It just got worse because they got hotter and we got more distant. No, you know what, Tae? Don’t blame yourself, blame this stupid school system and how it splits us apart.”

“Hear, hear! But we’ve merged now and you’ve got in with Yoongi, haven’t you?”

“Yeah - oh my god, Tae.”

“What? What? Did he message you?”

“No, I’ve just had an idea!”

“What?”

“If I become friends with Yoongi, we can all hang out. This is your way to Jeongguk.”

“Holy frick.”

“Shut up.”

“No, I’m being serious. You’re a genius! What are you waiting for? Get to messaging him!”
“Alright!” Hoseok searched for his headphones and plugged them into his phone. He opened the Messenger app and browsed through his most recent contacts. He screeched when opening the chatroom with Yoongi’s profile picture next to it. “Oh, frick, Tae, it’s worse than I remember – I sent him ‘ojg’. What the hell is an ‘ojg’?”

“Well, it definitely isn’t a marriage proposal, so just be grateful,” Taehyung quipped, sounding amused instead of repulsed which was how Hoseok felt with himself.

“You, my friend, suck,” Hoseok muttered whilst his fingers hovered above the keyboard. “Okay, what the hell do I say?”

“Um, how about: ‘I want to suck your dick and have your children.’”

“Really helpful, Tae. Anything else less explicit?” It was at this point that Hoseok half-considered just hanging up.

There was a pause as Taehyung pondered. “I think I’ve got it: ‘Hey’, and then do an emoji, then, ‘are you free after school on Friday?’ Don’t say the weekend because I know that you’ll freak out and get so nervous that you probably won’t show up.”

Hoseok grumbled under his breath but tapped out the message. “Okay, thanks, and now... Send. Oh, god...” He closed the app and threw the phone away from him. He clutched at his pillow. “Tae, can you check your Facebook to see if he’s online?”

“Well done! Um, I don’t think I can, I’m not his friend.”

He groaned and buried his head into the pillow. “I’m talking to Min Yoongi, Tae, after all these fucking years.”

“Hey! What happened to ‘frick’?”

“Frick off.”

“That’s better.”

Hoseok snorted in amusement and instinctively reached for his phone. Just as he flipped his phone around the screen lit up signifying that he had received a notification. A message. A scream clawed up his throat and he succeeded in swallowing it after unlocking his phone. “Tae, Tae, he just replied!”

“Wow, he’s speedy. Maybe he’s just as keen as you, ‘Seok. What did he say?”

“Um...” Hoseok’s eyes darted to the clock on his bedside even though his phone displayed it accurately. “He replied a minute ago and I haven’t opened it.”

There was a sound of movement on the other end of the line. “Open it!” Taehyung commanded.

He did so with shaky fingers and nerves to match. He read the message in his head, and then again, and then again. He only remembered that Taehyung was on the phone with him when he heard a noise of impatience. He read the message aloud. “‘Sounds good, I’ll bring my notes and my fingers.’”

There was a unanimous silence as the two processed it. Hoseok only broke it when he saw the green icon hovering next to Yoongi’s icon. “Um, he’s online-”
“Did he just fucking flirt with you? Hoseok, you asked him on a date and now he flirts with you—” Taehyung cut himself off with a loud exhale of supposed realisation. “Min Yoongi has a crush on you!”

A feeling of intense happiness flourished within him before he remembered the reality of the situation and he deflated just as quickly. “No, no. I didn’t get to tell you all of it - I went to ask him on a date but then he looked at me, like, ‘what?’ So I backtracked and asked to meet him after school to do this history project we were assigned to do together, and he agreed. So, technically, it’s not a date, and he doesn’t know I like him.”

“... Oh,” Taehyung sighed in disappointment but then recovered. “Oh, you should probably message him back. Just be like, ‘hahaha’ and then ask him something. What do you want to know?”

Hoseok typed out the message accordingly and then chewed his lip thoughtfully. “Everything?” He laughed to himself. “Um, I’ll ask if he likes history?”

“Sounds good. Send, send, send!”

Hoseok followed Taehyung’s instructions and sent the message. There was a six minute time difference between Yoongi’s message to him and his reply, which wasn’t bad at all. Jimin probably would have waited a whole day.

Yoongi was online but he didn’t read the message. Hoseok clicked off of the app and checked his other social media whilst Taehyung sung a pop song in the background. After a few minutes, which felt like more than a few years, Yoongi finally messaged back. He tensed and yelled out, “he replied!”

“Oh, yay, what did he say?” Taehyung halted his singing.

Hoseok didn’t have any time to waste, he opened the message straightaway, his pulse hammering against the skin of his neck.

“Okay, he said, ‘does anyone?’ A question with a question, how mysterious - he’s typing!” Hoseok’s hand froze whilst clamped around his phone, his eyes glued to the screen. Taehyung deciding to make noises of suspense in the background did not help his anticipation whatsoever.

“‘Seok, have you died? What did he say?”

“He just asked me if I liked it. What do I say?” He was growing somewhat anxious, Yoongi had most likely seen that he had read the message.

“Just answer it! It’s not me he’s talking to; it’s you!”

Taehyung had made a fair point. With a jittering heartbeat he typed out his response and then sent his reply. “So, what did you say?” Taehyung asked.

“‘how cryptic’, with that thinking emoji, and then, ‘it’s alright, I’d rather do something else with my time though’.”

Taehyung snorted. “Yeah, I have a pretty good idea of what.”

“Don’t be disgusting. Oh, wow. He’s typing...” Hoseok felt pinned in place by the surrealness of the situation. He was messaging Yoongi. They were having an active conversation in which Yoongi was willingly participating in. He must have died in History class this morning and had entered the gates of paradise.
“Don’t keep him waiting then, ‘Seok! Ah – yes? Okay, I’ll be down in a bit – sorry, ‘Seok, I’ve gotta go, it’s dinner for me! Good luck with lover boy, and don’t frick it up!”

“Wait! Wait, before you go he just replied, he said: ‘what would you rather be doing?’ What do I say?” Hoseok had collapsed backwards onto the bed and almost risked throwing himself off of it due to the broken wood panel.

“Hmm...” Taehyung mused. “Say something about your hobbies, and then ask him what he does in his spare time – don’t keep him waiting!” And then Taehyung was gone, leaving Hoseok to fend for himself.

He ejected the earphones from its jack and sucked in his cheek before typing out a response. ‘hmm... idk, maybe dancing or something’, and then he asked the question that Taehyung had suggested. He didn’t have to suffer in silence for a reply as Yoongi messaged back fairly quickly.

Before he knew it, half an hour had passed and he was called downstairs by his mum who was ready to take him to dance class. He bade goodbye to Yoongi and dashed frantically around his room, shoving things into his bag. When he surfaced downstairs his mum took one look at the smile twinkling on his face and asked him why he was so happy. He shrugged his shoulders and lied, saying he was just excited to get to practice.

His phone felt warm in his pocket with the promise of... Something. Something good finally happening after years of waiting. He could hardly wait for Friday.

Chapter End Notes

if you're enjoying this story, please leave a comment giving feedback or just saying that you've enjoyed it, it will really motivate me to finish this story

thank you :)}
i wonder if you notice, you look away when i look at you, maybe you do

Chapter Notes

thank you for all the support and the comments! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jung Hoseok: hey :) are u free after school on Friday?

Min Yoongi: Sounds good, I’ll bring my notes and my fingers

Jung Hoseok: WOW hahaha

Jung Hoseok: do u like history?

Min Yoongi: does anyone?

Min Yoongi: do you?

Jung Hoseok: how cryptic...

Jung Hoseok: it’s alright, id rather do something else with my time though

Min Yoongi: what would you rather be doing?

Jung Hoseok: hmm... idk, maybe dance or something

Jung Hoseok: what do u do in ur spare time?

Min Yoongi: oh cool, you dance? Which kind?

Min Yoongi: not much, I just watch youtube

Jung Hoseok: yeah, i take lessons :) mostly freestyle

Jung Hoseok: hahahaha

Jung Hoseok: same here!!

Jung Hoseok: u need to watch this, its on the dark side of youtube

Jung Hoseok: (link)

Min Yoongi: I can’t believe you made me watch that with my own 2 eyes

Min Yoongi: I can’t believe I found that funny either

Jung Hoseok: u found it funny???

Jung Hoseok: then u need to watch this

Jung Hoseok: (link)
Jung Hoseok: sorry im making u watch this hahaha

Jung Hoseok: do u have any vids i might not have seen??

Min Yoongi: it’s alright, I don’t mind, they’re funny

Min Yoongi: maybe this (link) you might have seen it, I don’t know

Jung Hoseok: you overestimate me, Min Yoongi

Jung Hoseok: ive never seen that before, ive added it to my collection!!

Jung Hoseok: I cant imagine u watching any of this stuff, im glad u do

Min Yoongi: I’ll never form expectations for you ever again then

Min Yoongi: it wasn’t that funny, I think I’ve seen better

Min Yoongi: do you think I just stoically sit around all day?

Jung Hoseok: NOOO! dont be mad

Jung Hoseok: I just meant that you don’t come across as a memey guy

Jung Hoseok: i just look like a meme so I probs do hahaha

Min Yoongi: I’m not mad, don’t worry

Min Yoongi: You underestimate me, Jung Hoseok

Min Yoongi: Oh, you mean this meme? (picture)

Jung Hoseok: WOW

Jung Hoseok: rude

Jung Hoseok: omg do u have that saved onto ur computer???

Min Yoongi: ... maybe

Jung Hoseok: hahahaha ur such a meme king

Jung Hoseok: im a peasant compared to u

Jung Hoseok: how shall I address ye

Min Yoongi: ‘liege’

Min Yoongi: it’s either that or you don’t address me at all

Jung Hoseok: okay, liege, will do

Jung Hoseok: how was your day, liege?

Jung Hoseok: liege

Min Yoongi: oh, it was pleasant, peasant
Min Yoongi: I was just polishing my rings I wear on my ‘fings’

Jung Hoseok: AAAAAAAA! Okay okay ill stop

Jung Hoseok: that’s so cringey im gonna light myself on fire

Min Yoongi: please do

Jung Hoseok: im pouring on the arson as I type

Jung Hoseok: oop ive gotta go, I have to go to dance

Jung Hoseok: it’s been nice talking to you :) talk later!!!

Min Yoongi: Same here

Min Yoongi: talk later

Taehyung read each message with wild eyes after wrestling the phone out of Hoseok’s grip in the canteen the next day at school. He ignored Hoseok’s futile attempts at reaching his phone. “Hoseok, I’m in shock. Yoongi likes talking to you, he even said it!” Taehyung turned to him, his mouth twisting into a grin. “I think you’ve got a good chance of getting with him!”

Hoseok rolled his eyes and snatched the phone from Taehyung’s phone, shoving it back into his pocket out of harm’s way. “Oh, yeah, sure. The wedding’s any day now.” He turned to his soggy pasta in defeat. “Face it, Tae, he’s probably not gay, or bi or whatever – besides, even if he was he wouldn’t be interested.”

He didn’t expect to be punched on his shoulder by a livid Taehyung. “I will not have my friend talking such BS!” He must have registered Hoseok’s affronted expression because he began rubbing Hoseok’s arm in a comforting manner. “You’re an amazing guy, ‘Seok, anyone would be lucky to have you, especially guys called Min Yoongi. Also, he hangs around with Jeongguk, so of course that boy’s not straight. How could you be?”

“Speak of the devil,” Hoseok muttered under his breath as his eyes landed on a familiar figure exiting the canteen, walking directly past Taehyung. Jeongguk’s expression was tense and he kept his eyes facing forwards, as if he were determinedly not looking around on purpose. Hoseok caught Taehyung’s eye and discreetly signalled behind him before taking a sip of his drink.

Taehyung turned rigid in his seat and Hoseok’s throat jumped in amusement and forced the liquid to gush back up into his mouth. It was an odd sensation, and as he stood up to reach for the serviettes his eyes locked on a table that would have been blocked by Taehyung had he been sitting down. The occupants of the table consisted of Yoongi, Namjoon, a space next to them and a few other people who were sitting away from them. His stare connected with Yoongi’s who broke eye contact as soon as it was initiated, looking towards Namjoon and saying something.

Movement from the corner of his eye distracted him from watching Yoongi and he craned his neck to see Jeongguk rounding a corner and sliding back onto the empty chair next to them, grinning at them. They looked at him expectantly but he shook his head, apparently defeated, with that same smile lingering on his face. Namjoon applauded him, seemingly sarcastically, and Yoongi grinned. Oh god. That smile hurt him, cracking his heart right open.

“He’s gone, right?” Taehyung whispered through his teeth. Hoseok was brought back into reality
and returned to his seat, nodding and wiping up the liquid that had dribbled out of his mouth when he had spluttered and choked up water.

He didn’t retell the small chain of events he had just spotted because he hadn’t seen enough to know what it really meant. All he could really get from it was that perhaps Taehyung wasn’t as invisible as he thought he was.

Chapter End Notes

this one's super short, next one will be longer
he's talking but i don't hear it, i feel it, i feel you

Chapter Notes

this chapter was originally part of the next one but i had to split it into two, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was Friday last lesson and Hoseok was about to burst out of his skin in anxiousness. He had spoken on and off with Yoongi for the past few days, but never face to face, only online. Yet, his nerves still lingered and intensified whenever he was in near proximity of the other boy and he found himself in the exact same position he was in on Monday in the library.

Hoseok sat on the same couch with the same tense exterior, his hands kneading into the material and turning his skin white. Yoongi either didn’t notice or didn’t comment on it, either way, no words had been exchanged except for a simple greeting. Hoseok didn’t know why he couldn’t form a sentence and he was in the midst of an internal conflict when Yoongi cleared his throat. “So, do you still want to meet up today, or are you just pretending that the last week didn’t happen?”

The clicking of the keys continued, making out as if Yoongi hadn’t said anything at all but Hoseok knew that wasn’t the case. He almost leapt out of his seat. “No, no! I mean, yes, I still want to meet up today - I’m just, gah, I’m just really awkward, sorry, ignore me.”

Yoongi halted in his typing, his eyes flicking over to where Hoseok was leaning towards him over the table. “I don’t believe you. About being awkward.” Hoseok waited for an explanation but he didn’t receive one, instead Yoongi peered over the laptop and looked towards Hoseok’s bag. “Can I have your notes instead? Mine don’t make any sense.”

Hoseok nodded and reached towards his bag, trying not to screech at how adorable Yoongi looked with only his eyes revealed over the screen on the laptop, but not before pulling the laptop out of Yoongi’s grasp and looking at the screen. A shit-eating grin spilled across his face. “You’ve just written the words, ‘what the fuck is this’ over and over again.”

The laptop was pulled back towards Yoongi as he slid his notes across the table. “In my defence, I don’t actually know what I’m doing.” Yoongi’s tone was defiant but Hoseok spotted the curve of a smile that he was trying to hide.

Hoseok let out a bubble of laughter before proceeding onto reading the notes so that Yoongi wouldn’t have to slave over his indecipherable handwriting trying to decode one word. The lesson was soon over and after Yoongi returned the laptop and Hoseok had packed up his bags, the two walked outside together, side by side. Hoseok was in his element and he couldn’t keep the smile off of his face, he only tried to squash it when he felt Yoongi look over at him.

No one intercepted them as they made their way outside of the school gates, which Hoseok was immensely glad for. Hoseok realised too late that he didn’t have a direction in mind to wander off to, only thinking that if he were with Yoongi it didn’t matter how far they strayed. Obviously this logic couldn’t be explained to the boy in question, so he suggested taking the bus into town to talk over their project in a westernised family restaurant.

Yoongi looked slightly taken aback at his suggestion but went along with it in any case. The two
paid for their own bus fare, although Hoseok was about to offer to pay for Yoongi’s but refrained from doing so because he knew that it would make his intentions far too obvious. They rushed, by Hoseok’s demand, towards the back of the bus before other people from their school stole the seats.

Hoseok let Yoongi have the window seat, having an inkling that that was Yoongi’s preferred seat with having a view of the outside world rather than having to deal with the unfortunate noise of the school children on the bus.

“So, how’s your dancing going?” Yoongi asked him once they settled down and yet another uncomfortable silence broke in when Hoseok couldn’t pick one singular topic to discuss.

He perked up at the topic he was interested in. “Yeah, yeah, it’s going really well. I’m aiming to enter an 18’s and over category in a few months’ time, so I’m training for that.”

Yoongi nodded, briefly glancing out of the window as a tree scraped the glass. “Are you in a dance group with your friends then?”

Hoseok looked to Yoongi who seemed to be refusing to face him. He saw himself in the reflection of the window, he looked confused but his eyes were soft as his eyes traced the curves of Yoongi’s cheekbones. He briefly considered if Yoongi knew that Hoseok was interested in him but grew nervous at the thought so dismissed it. “Uh, no, not friends in school, just people who go to the same dance company. I’m a soloist.”

Suddenly, Yoongi turned to him and he averted his eyes from the window to Yoongi’s eyes which were surveying him, almost critically. Yoongi dropped his gaze to his own lap, Hoseok watched the sunlight catch the hues in Yoongi’s hair and saw glossy streaks of black shining blue sparkle back at him. It was enchanting. “Oh,” was all Yoongi said.

Now that Hoseok thought of it, Yoongi seemed to have a fixation on Hoseok’s friends, like he had received the impression that Hoseok was the type of guy who was permanently attached to his social circle.

The bus drew to a halt and the doors shot open, a group of girls in the years below them climbed off of the bus and they followed suit, stepping into the centre of town. Hoseok didn’t have to lead Yoongi to the virtually concealed restaurant as he found that Yoongi seemed to know exactly where he was going.

“Have you been here before?” Hoseok questioned, squinting as the sun poured its rays into his eyes.

He heard rather than saw Yoongi laugh at what must have been a shocked expression as the sun seemed determined on blinding Hoseok. “Yeah, my parents used to take me to this restaurant all the time when I was little.”

Hoseok smiled at Yoongi, his heart skipping a beat. “My parents did the exact same thing!” Said restaurant, which lay at their feet, seemed a lot smaller than it did all those years ago. Hoseok held the door open and bowed, “my liege.”

Yoongi looked as though he was trying very hard not to smile but couldn’t help but do so in the end. “Thank you, peasant.”

Upon entering, they were led to a table by a waitress who was eager for something to do as the restaurant was fairly vacant. They were served almost immediately which was a good thing for Hoseok, all of the anxiety in his stomach had ate away at everything he had consumed during the day, so he was ravenous.
Remembering that their meet-up was supposed to be about their project, Hoseok spat out some random thoughts about their essay structure and what points to include. He was too involved in his food to make much sense of what he was saying himself but from the furtive glances he shot at Yoongi he could tell that the other boy was paying close attention to what he was rambling on about, and then something changed, his expression soured slightly and he pulled away from Hoseok to slouch in his seat.

“Hey, what’s up?” He asked after wiping his mouth thoroughly with a serviette, his eyebrows knotting together in concern. Yoongi was pushing around some of the last grains of rice on his plate with a vacant look in his eyes, those same eyes that could calm or spark the storm of nervousness that raged inside of Hoseok. “What’re you thinking about?”

His questioning seemed to bring Yoongi back into the present. He shook his head, “I’m sorry, I was just thinking...”

“Not about the project, though, am I right?” Hoseok nudged him under the table with his foot. A small smile flickered across Yoongi’s face. “Come on, you can tell me!”

Yoongi looked up at Hoseok, causing Hoseok’s throat to jump wildly and for the blood to beat too loudly in his ears, the darks of his eyes were sombre. “Why did you invite me out today?”

Chapter End Notes

thank you for all the comments and kudos! they really make my day so please continue. if you're enjoying this or wish to give feedback please drop me a comment :)}
Hoseok’s mouth dried suddenly, like all of his saliva had evaporated into the back of his throat. “What do you mean?” His voice sounded scratchy and he was certain that the smile frozen on his face looked awkward and out of place.

Yoongi either didn’t notice how uncomfortable Hoseok was feeling or preyed on it. “I mean, why are you doing this? Messaging me, inviting me out. We’ve never talked before this, only when you...” He trailed off, although his accusations sounded confident he didn’t appear to know how to classify Saturday night’s messages.

His eyes narrowed. “It was a joke, wasn’t it?”

Hoseok felt the breath be ripped out of him. He leant forward and caught Yoongi’s wrist which was lying on the table. “No, Yoongi, it wasn’t! I would never do something like that—”

The wrist in Hoseok’s grasp was snatched away by its owner. “Then tell me what it was, what this is. What were those messages?” Yoongi looked genuinely... aghast? Torn. Maybe even desperate. It filled Hoseok to the brim with dismay.

He realised then that there was no other option, no other way out of it.

“Oh, god,” Hoseok slouched down on his chair and ran his hands down his face, driving his palms into his eyes. “Oh, god, okay,” he sat up and opened his eyelids, which were now surely bruised. Yoongi was looking at him strangely as if he were about to shed his skin, which he supposed in some way was the truth; he was about to reveal a layer that only one other person in the whole world knew.

“I know I don’t deserve this, to you I’m just some random stranger who dragged you outside when I’m sure you’d like to be at home watching YouTube or something, but please, can you hear me out?” Hoseok was trying to be as upfront, yet pleading, as possible so that Yoongi would hear the sincerity of his tone.

It appeared to be working as Yoongi shifted in his seat, then crossed his arms. “Fine.”

This was his first and final chance. Hoseok took a deep breath in, feeling his lungs expand and his heart beat furiously, as if it were nearing its final hours before it would still forever. He decided to tell Yoongi everything, explain it from his side before blurting out the single phrase that could make or, most probably, break everything.
“So, it all started a few years back, like, the first year of school, you played in that music concert. That was when I first saw you and, I don’t know, I thought you were cool or something, so I remembered you...” Hoseok slowed down his pace so that Yoongi could understand him, but he wished that he could spit out the words quickly to get it and over and done with because he knew he was about to cringe at every word he chucked into the air.

“But because of the split in our year, we never shared any lessons and you seemed to already have your friends so I never got the chance to talk to you, so over the years I still remembered you and I didn’t really know why until... The fourth year.” His heart almost buckled under the pressure, and he was well aware that his hands were sticking to the plastic material of the booth bench. “But by then it was too late to talk to you, so I never really got the chance until this year and because it’s our final year I... When I went to that party with my friend, I got drunk and he was drunk... It was his idea but I went along with it, I thought I was being smooth or something...” He frowned in disgust at the memory before forcing himself back into the present.

He locked eyes from across the table with Yoongi who blinked back at him, his facial expression unreadable. His eyes gave away the only emotion that Hoseok could decipher: disbelief. Hoseok’s pulse sky-rocketed and he felt as though his skeleton was about to fall out of his own skin.

“I...” Hoseok trailed off. Yoongi was watching his expectantly, his arms still crossed and moving slightly up and down as his chest inflated then deflated as he drew breath and exhaled. Everything had moved so suddenly - they had been apart for seven years and now Yoongi sat in front of him, living, breathing and listening to him. It was everything he had ever wanted but in the worst way imaginable. “Those messages weren’t a joke, none of this was, because I...”

Hoseok licked his lips which cracked under his dry tongue. “Because...?” Yoongi probed, searching for an answer that only Hoseok could supply.

Fuck it. There was no other option, it was either confess or flee from Yoongi’s life forever and transfer to a new school under a new name. “... Because... Because...” Oh my god, why was it so hard? Yoongi was surveying him with a clear decipherable expression now: scepticism. He clearly thought that Hoseok was fishing for a lie.

This revelation hooked the truth from Hoseok’s throat and thrust it into the open, dangling it in front of Yoongi’s face. “Because I like you.” Time seemed to come to a halt, words come flooding out of Hoseok like a dam had just burst. “I like you a lot, more than a lot. I’ve liked you ever since I saw you play piano with such passion, and I was so sad when you quit music club and I never saw you perform again. I’ve liked you since you dyed your hair a weird colour in the fifth year and that teacher scolded you for it but it took a week for the colour to fade out. I’ve liked you ever since one of your paintings got hung up in the art classroom and no one knew who had painted it because you wrote your name so small. I invited you out because I like you and I wanted to get to know the person I’ve seen for seven years but missed out on knowing. I like you!”

His outburst seemed to resonate in the now empty restaurant, save for the waitress on her phone behind the till, like the clangs of a bell in a church. Now it was all out in the open there was no fleeing the scene. Daring to face the damage he had surely caused, he looked from the front of Yoongi’s collar that was undone at the top button, eyes tracing over the slender and pale of his neck to Yoongi’s face.

He didn’t know what he expected to see, maybe a horror-struck expression? Most likely it would be disgust, Yoongi would be sure to hate him now for forcing a confession onto him out of nowhere. At first glance and then after a few minutes passed he wasn’t sure what to make of Yoongi’s expression; his eyes were most definitely the widest that Hoseok had ever seen them, but those eyes weren’t
directed at him, they were focussed on Hoseok’s empty plate. There was a crease in between Yoongi’s brows which resembled the cracks of the ground in a draught.

Hoseok sat awkwardly without making a single sound, terrified at the prospect of breaking the silence which had enshrouded them like a hideous blanket. Eventually – finally – Yoongi gave a physical reaction. He slouched in his seat ever so slightly, his eyes slowly closing into a blink.

“Um,” a sound ripped out of Hoseok’s throat as his stomach had rolled itself into a ball of nerves. He cleared his throat subconsciously when Yoongi’s eyes ripped from the plate to Hoseok’s face in double quick time. “I should tell you that, obviously, I’m not... expecting anything-”

“You like me,” Yoongi said blankly over him like he hadn’t even heard Hoseok address him. A sense of frustration collapsed over his nerves like a tidal wave. Was Yoongi taunting him?

“Well, yeah,” Hoseok replied curtly. Why else would he risk looking like a complete and utter idiot?

There was yet another silence in which Yoongi gave a single nod to Hoseok’s reply as if he were simply digesting yet another history fact that Hoseok had bestowed upon him. Hoseok’s frustration ebbed away slightly when he saw that Yoongi’s blank expression had transitioned into quite a puzzled one.

“So...” Yoongi started, Hoseok clung to the moments that hung in between. “You like me.” And then it hit him. Yoongi wasn’t taunting him, he was in complete disbelief that Hoseok liked him.

“Yes,” Hoseok confirmed, unsure whether to lean forward to project his sincerity. “You don’t believe me, do you?” He asked because he wanted to prove to Yoongi that he wasn’t making it all up, that the pain he felt from being so close yet so far apart couldn’t possibly be a lie.

Yoongi pulled himself up so that he was sitting straight, in direct eye-line with Hoseok. “I... I don’t know.” He looked so uncertain, his eyes shifting from Hoseok to the wall next to him, Hoseok had never seen him look so skittish before. He was about to question Yoongi further but Yoongi surprised him by carrying on. “I haven’t... I don’t see how...” His eyes flickered to Hoseok, the puzzlement etched into his eyes. “...I thought you had a girlfriend.”

Confusion ran through Hoseok’s veins and evidently showed on his face as Yoongi’s brows shifted in bemusement. Hoseok thought that he was fairly friendly with the girls but had never once strayed past the point of friendship. What had led Yoongi to believe that he had a girlfriend?

He shook his head. “No, I’ve never had a girlfriend,” he attempted to clear up Yoongi’s misconception before posing the question that raced across his mind. “Why did you think that?”

A soured look had taken over Yoongi’s features. “Well, you’re that kind of popular, aren’t you? So, it’s a given.”

It didn’t make any sense at face value but then something clicked. Hoseok sat up in realisation. “That’s why you thought it was a joke! You thought I was one of those people who are too busy being up themselves to care about anyone else.” Hoseok wasn’t meaning to sound accusatory, he was merely supposed to be voicing the connections that had been made in his mind. He realised that he had been tactless upon seeing Yoongi bristle slightly.

“Well, what else was I supposed to think? I didn’t know you until a few days ago, I’ve only ever heard what people say about you, and none of that involved you liking... Me.” Yoongi’s anger-fuelled explanation signed off rather lamely. He seemed put out and refused to look Hoseok in the eye. He huffed and then took a sip of the last dregs of water circling the bottom of his glass. “I’m
“Sorry,” his voice was quiet, so it came out in more of a murmur. “I shouldn’t have assumed.”

Hoseok smiled, partly because of Yoongi’s apology but mostly because of how adorable that Yoongi appeared before him. “No worries, I don’t blame you, I’m practically a stranger after all -”

“That’s the other thing,” Yoongi leant forward, his eyes inquisitive. The shock that he must have felt earlier upon hearing Hoseok’s confession seemed to have faded from his system, and a broader smile slid across Hoseok’s face. He loved it when Yoongi was upfront about things, it had taken a few days for Yoongi to reveal himself a little bit more to Hoseok online and it had happened when they were critiquing most of the music playing on a certain radio station, calling it ‘tacky’ and ‘uncultured’. “We’re not really strangers anymore, but we’re not friends either, yet, that’s enough for you to... to say that to me. I don’t see how.”

It was a fair point, Hoseok was certain that if he were on the receiving end of such a confession he would be bound to be thinking the same things. He flopped backwards, causing the bench to jitter awkwardly. How would he begin to explain these pent-up emotions buzzing inside of him?

“I know it seems random, but it’s not. I don’t really know how to explain it, I just... Like you, but there are reasons why. Like, I only know small things about you and I wanted to know more.” He noticed that Yoongi had shifted slightly, he felt himself shrink. “I’m sorry,” Hoseok said quietly, “is this... Am I making you uncomfortable?”

“No,” Yoongi shot out straight away. “Don’t apologise, it’s fine, I’m not... It’s fine.”

Hoseok nodded as if he understood. Yoongi was fine with a boy liking him, apparently, but why did he look so shifty? He decided to ignore it until Yoongi brought it up, and carried on. “I’m glad. Just know that I won’t- I would never try anything. I wouldn’t want to make you feel awkward by expecting anything.”

Yoongi traced the rim of his glass with a wandering finger, there was a soft smile lingering on his face evoked by Hoseok’s speech. “I know you won’t, Hoseok. That didn’t even cross my mind.”

“Oh,” Hoseok was sure that he was beaming stupidly in response to Yoongi’s smile. “So, we’re okay then? You don’t want to cut me into little pieces and feed me to your dog?” He revelled when he succeeded in making Yoongi laugh.

“I don’t think you’d make for a very nice meal, so you’re safe,” Yoongi chuckled.

“Hey!” Hoseok kicked him lightly under the table. “I’d make a very satisfying meal! Every aspect of me is perfect.”

“Not if your pick-up lines are anything to go by,” Yoongi retorted with an amused expression. “Don’t tell me the one you sent me was actually serious.” His eyes were shining with playful glee.

A flush of embarrassment crept up to his face. “Don’t be mean, I actually tried with that one. I made them all up on my own!” He whined.

Yoongi chuckled again. “That explains why then.” He shot a glance at Hoseok to gauge his reaction and bent over in laughter upon seeing Hoseok’s face. “I’m kidding! I’m sure your attempts at wooing me would have worked if you had sent me your whole collection.”

He shot Yoongi an expression of amused doubt. He pouted and stacked their plates. “You’re hilarious. Really. Just for that, you’re paying.” He cocked his head and let a smile spill on his face to let Yoongi know that he was joking.
But Yoongi didn’t smile back, he was scanning Hoseok’s face for something, an answer? Confusion twisted Hoseok’s innards together as the light-hearted atmosphere became heavy. Serious. Hoseok fists tightened as every nerve in his body tensed.

“I don’t think I was joking.” Hoseok read Yoongi’s lips instead of hearing him; he had uttered the words so quietly. He was about to ask what Yoongi was talking about before his eyes flashed with a revelation. Yoongi bit his lip and looked as if he were having a mental conflict which only made the blood thrumming around Hoseok’s legs freeze, he felt like they were made of rubber.

Hoseok approached carefully. “Yoongi, what do you mean? You’re not... being serious, are you?” Yoongi’s facial expression didn’t shift and the mood didn’t lighten. The silence spoke of something that words never could and grasped hold of Hoseok’s heart, thrusting it into vigorous motion. A wild sweat began to form on him, like a new layer of skin. He was burning in anticipation for Yoongi’s next words.

“I said that I don’t think I was joking,” Yoongi reiterated, still looking slightly at loss with himself but his words were assured enough. He licked his lips, almost nervously, which took all of Hoseok’s willpower for his eyes not to admire the glistening sheen on Yoongi’s lips. And then it was as if all of Yoongi’s reluctance melted away when both of their eyes locked. “Maybe I could feel the same.”

Hoseok barely dared to breathe. He was left with his mouth agape and hungry for air. He was readying himself to see Yoongi’s teasing smile, to watch a mocking expression transform his face, but nothing came. Only a few beats of grave silence followed after Yoongi’s words. “Are you – what do you mean? What are you saying? That you could potentially...?” Hoseok didn’t trust himself to finish his sentence, in inexplicable fear that he had misunderstood what Yoongi had said.

The confidence that Yoongi had gained seemed to have crept away as it had left him awkwardly hunched over and avoiding eye contact. “I’ve never really liked anyone before,” he mumbled, it was a strain for Hoseok to hear him. “So I don’t know what it’s like to want to spend time with someone in a romantic sense. I’ve only ever heard about it, never experienced it first-hand,” he sat up in his seat and leant forwards, keeping his eyes lowered. He quietened his voice as if the world were listening and he only wanted Hoseok to hear the words that left his mouth. Shivers ran down Hoseok’s spine like he was being caressed by a million butterfly kisses.

“I don’t really know you, but from what I do know, you’re a nice guy. Slightly weird, but in a good way.” Hoseok couldn’t conceal a grin, it seemed that it was infectious as Yoongi’s cheeks quivered as he tried to bite down a smile. “I won’t go on; I don’t want to increase your already over-inflated ego – don’t look so offended – but I think... Maybe... I don’t know, maybe I could end up liking you, too.”

Chapter End Notes

omg.... luk wot happen

this still is a slow(ish)-burn btw, although it may not seem like it, so if it seems to be moving quickly please don’t be put off :)

if you’ve enjoyed this chapter or wish to leave feedback please drop me a comment as i love to hear from my readers! thank you <3
"You're kidding!" Taehyung yelled in his ear the next day. The two were hanging around Taehyung’s bedroom with the radio blaring. Hoseok was sitting at the foot of Taehyung’s bed, his crossed legs were balancing a bowl of crisps, while Taehyung moved from his side to pace around the room. "He said that to you!? Min Yoongi?" He let out a burst of slightly hysterical laughter which Hoseok related with on every level.

Taehyung collapsed dramatically onto the floor without warning and threw a hand over his forehead. “I can’t go on anymore.” Hoseok laughed and threw a crisp at him which landed rather impressively in Taehyung’s mouth, he nearly choked. He sat up and spoke, whilst chewing, his voice was tinted with disbelief: “I can’t imagine how you must be feeling.”

“I’ve been living on Cloud Nine ever since yesterday,” Hoseok attempted to put his giddy feelings into words. “You should have seen him, Tae. He looked so nervous, like he was scared of me, but then he comes out and says it bluntly. He’s so cute, and adorable, but deadly. Maybe he actually did kill me, and I’ve just dreamt it all in the flashback of my life.”

Taehyung crawled over to him to nab a few chips, there was a bright smile written on his face. “Maybe he killed me, too, and I’m dreaming with you. Though, if it were my dream, Jeongguk would be here and we would be holding hands-”

“-Or sucking dick,” Hoseok quipped with a playful smile on his face. Taehyung raised an eyebrow and smirked causing Hoseok to let out a ripple of loud laughter. “Speaking of, you know for certain that Jimin isn’t dating him, are you gonna make a move?”

Taehyung cocked his head, considering it, before scoffing. “Nope.” Hoseok pouted in response, flicking a crisp into Taehyung’s hair. “Gross, you’ve left crumbs. Anyway, I’m not gonna make a move because, first: he just broke up with his girlfriend who he’s been dating for almost a year – I checked his Facebook – and secondly, he’s probably straight. Thirdly, we’ve never talked, ever. I’ll only make a move if we all hang out and I get signals from him.”

Hoseok considered this, leaning against the wall. He blew upwards, making his fringe ruffle, this seemed to stir something in his mind as he recalled a memory: lunch time on Tuesday. “I don’t think you’ll be waiting that long, Tae,” he started and then began explaining what he had seen in the canteen. “It just kinda looked like he had been dared to... I don’t know, walk in your direction or something, and he did it. He circled around the canteen and then walked back to their table. Then Namjoon and Yoongi applauded him sarcastically and he looked kinda sad.” Taehyung frowned at him and then gestured for Hoseok to continue.

“That’s it.” He was regretting saying anything now, it was rather pathetic. “It doesn’t sound like much, but Yoongi looked up at me after saying something to Jeongguk, so maybe they were talking about what he had just done.”

Taehyung looked painfully confused. “I don’t get what you’re saying.”

Hoseok sighed in defeat and ate the last chip out of the bowl. “Never mind. I don’t really know what to make of it. Jus, to me, it looked like Jeongguk liked you and they dared him to go near you, maybe even to talk to you, but he was too shy so he walked past you and that’s why they were being..."
sarcastic.”

This conclusion seemed to have changed everything. Taehyung drew himself up, a hopeful smile danced across his face. “So, what you’re saying is that Jeongguk might like me.” Just as the words had escaped his mouth he deflated. He threw his head onto Hoseok’s lap, knocking the bowl onto the floor. “I’m not even gonna get my hopes up.”

Hoseok patted his head and then laced his hand through Taehyung’s hair in a consoling motion. He picked up his phone with his free hand and read his latest notification. He snorted in laughter, releasing Taehyung to open his phone and type out a reply.

“Who are you talking to?” Taehyung asked, lifting his head to peer around Hoseok’s phone to look at the screen. “Ah, of course, I should have known,” he rolled his eyes but his smile gave him away, “look at you, leaving your best friend to talk to lover boy. I see how it is.”

“I’m not abandoning you,” Hoseok explained, smiling and pushing Taehyung’s head away from his phone. Taehyung crawled up onto the bed and sat next to him. “Look, Yoongi said he could eventually like me, right? So, I’m asking him questions to get to know him better and he’s doing the same.”

“It’s like you’re selling yourself,” Taehyung commented dryly, tilting his head until it was placed on Hoseok’s shoulder. “What are you even talking about anyway?” Without warning, he had grabbed Hoseok’s phone and was scrolling upwards, Hoseok protested but Taehyung pushed him away laughing. “Oh my god, you’re doing one of those question sheets, that’s adorable! Did you get it offline?”

Hoseok blushed but hid it in his protestations. He eventually succeeded in managing to prise the phone off of Taehyung. “You sound just like him – and, no, I made it myself.” He settled down on the bed again and went back to texting.

Taehyung cooed. “That’s even more adorable! What are you talking about now?” Hoseok eyed him warily and shielded his phone from Taehyung’s prying eyes. Taehyung tilted his head backwards and laughed. “Oh, come on, it can’t be that special!” Still, Hoseok didn’t answer him. “Have you ever talked about me?”

Hoseok snorted, practically burying himself into the screen of his phone. “The world doesn’t revolve around you. Maybe we have better things to talk about.”

His smug attitude couldn’t last long, not around Kim Taehyung. Said boy moaned in complaint and splayed himself on the bed, laying his head onto Hoseok’s lap again. “Please, tell me! What do you say about me?”

Hoseok sighed in mock-annoyance, and went to play with strands of Taehyung’s hair. “Nothing much, I ask him stuff about his friends and he asks about mine. He’s interested in the people I like, like you, always asks how you are and stuff.”

“What? Just me?” Taehyung questioned, his eyes wide.

Hoseok chewed his cheek as he pretended to rack his brain. “Yeah, now I think about it, it’s mostly just you. We talked about your music taste once, and then he asks how you’re doing, he asks if any of my friends are dating anyone, just the general stuff.” He tried to sound disinterested.

Taehyung cocked an eyebrow. “Weird. Maybe it’s me he likes, not you.” He poked Hoseok’s cheek with a finger and it was batted away just as quickly.
“No, no,” Hoseok smiled and pinched Taehyung’s cheek. “In fact,” he repositioned his expression into one of nonchalance, “I was rather thinking that he seemed so interested because of a certain someone.”

“What? What do you mean?” Taehyung stilled, the smile fading from his face. It was difficult not to laugh.

“Oh, you know,” Hoseok shrugged. “Like how I share some parts of our conversation with you, I’m sure he does with his friends, a certain Jeongguk maybe?” Taehyung’s eyes grew wild and it seemed as if his eyebrows were about to disappear into his scalp. “And if a certain Jeongguk is interested, perhaps he’s feeding Yoongi questions. If so, is there anything you want me to indirectly ask?”

“Um, is the sky blue?” Taehyung sat up so quickly he head-butted Hoseok in the eye. He didn’t react when Hoseok screamed in pain. Taehyung’s face wore an ecstatic grin, his eyes glistening manically. “I have so many things I want to know! I feel like you talking to Yoongi for the first time! Wait, wait, before I give you questions, can I read what you’ve said about me?”

Hoseok, nursing his eye, grudgingly handed his phone over to Taehyung. “Don’t read past the point after we stop talking about you. And thanks for hitting me in the eye, by the way.”

“No problem,” Taehyung said breathlessly, cradling Hoseok’s phone like it was the new-born child of Christ. “Okay, okay, so... you say, ‘who do you consider to be your closest friends?’ and he says, ‘cute question’ – can you two just make out already? – ‘probably Namjoon and Jeongguk, maybe Jmin whenever he shows up.’ Then he goes, ‘what about you? Let me guess, Taehyung?’ Hey, that’s me! You go, ‘hahaha yeah, and Seokjin too, I don’t know why you thought I had so many friends, I’m a loser hahaha’” (Taehyung scoffed at this) “Ain’t that the truth! Anyway, so then he says, ‘yeah, you are’. Hoseok, I think I’m secretly Yoongi.”

“Ugh,” Hoseok whined, jostling Taehyung. “Stop dissecting our whole conversation! Just read the next part.”

“No problem,” Taehyung complied. “You say, ‘rude, but I can be your loser’ and then a wink emoji. ‘Seok, are you still flirting with him!?’”

Hoseok tittered, slinging an arm around Taehyung’s shoulder. “Well, he did invite me to send my whole collection of one-liners, didn’t he?”

Taehyung was apparently too saddened by Hoseok’s attempt at flirting to form a response, so he promptly moved on. “He goes, ‘you’ve had better lines’ and then he says... Oh my god, ‘does Taehyung flirt with his girlfriend as badly as you try with me’?!” Taehyung’s voice broke with how high he had risen his tone. He looked to Hoseok with incredulous eyes. “This isn’t... Min Yoongi wouldn’t write this,” he concluded, his mouth widening into a bright grin.

Hoseok nodded slowly as it dawned on Taehyung. “You’ve seen the light!” He remarked, throwing in a menacing cackle. “Jeongguk likes you-” And then it fully registered with Hoseok. “Jeongguk likes you, Tae, oh my god-” He was cut off by Taehyung throwing himself at Hoseok, they both collapsed onto the bed in a pile of limbs and denim.

“You know what I should do?” Hoseok got out eventually after the two had finally climbed down from their high. He detached himself from Taehyung, pushing his hair from his face and reaching for his phone where Yoongi had replied. “I should ask Yoongi if we should all meet up.”

“What?” Taehyung shot up, the smile still shining on his face. “Like, all of us? Me, you, Yoongi and Jeongguk?”
Hoseok nodded, a surge of confidence flooding through him. He was silent as he composed the message before turning his phone around to show Taehyung, tempting him. “Should I do it?”

It was a question that didn’t even need asking. Taehyung nodded enthusiastically, his eyes shining. “Do it, do it, do it.”

He didn’t need any encouragement, Hoseok pressed send. His message was read and after a few agonising minutes he received a reply.

Jung Hoseok: it’s nice talking to u on here but I feel we should do it irl
Jung Hoseok: we should meet up with friends! but let’s not make it too crowded
Jung Hoseok: if u wanna meet up, I’ll bring Tae u bring Jeongguk?

Min Yoongi: yeah, I get what you mean
Min Yoongi: sounds cool, I’m sure he’ll be down
Min Yoongi: wanna meet tomorrow?

Jung Hoseok: oh yay!!!!
Jung Hoseok: but i’ve already met my tomorrow, my today and my yesterday ;)

Min Yoongi: they’re progressively getting worse

Jung Hoseok: nooo :( they’re all equally as good!

Min Yoongi: *bad

Jung Hoseok: okay rude

Jung Hoseok: I’d like to see you do better

Min Yoongi: is this a challenge?

Min Yoongi: or your indirect way of getting me to flirt with you?

Jung Hoseok: OMFG

Jung Hoseok: not intentionally

Jung Hoseok: challenge accepted?

Min Yoongi: I’ve never flirted with anyone before so it’ll be tragic

Min Yoongi: then again, so are your attempts

Min Yoongi: so, yes, challenge accepted

Min Yoongi: ;)

Jung Hoseok: that winky face got me all flustered boy

“Hoseok!” Taehyung yelled, nudging him with his toe. “Stop flirting and get to the point, are we meeting or not?”
Hoseok was dragged back into reality and realised that he had diverted himself from the task at hand.

Min Yoongi: there’s more where that came from

Min Yoongi: ;P

Jung Hoseok: seriously, stop now its damaging to my health im too flustered

Jung Hoseok: anyway as much as id love u to send me another emoji

Jung Hoseok: r we on for tomorrow?

Jung Hoseok: ;)

Min Yoongi: yeah, Jeongguk will be fine with it

Min Yoongi: and im fine with it, but not as fine as you

Min Yoongi: ;)

Jung Hoseok: oh, Min Yoongi u don’t know what uve signed up for

Jung Hoseok: when we do this how far can we go

Jung Hoseok: like sexual innuendos and stuff

Jung Hoseok: r u okay with that?

Min Yoongi: you’re so precious

Min Yoongi: thanks though

Min Yoongi: yeah, I’m fine with it, are you?

Jung Hoseok: yeah babes, im down for lots of things ;)

Jung Hoseok: im always up for u though

Min Yoongi: I did not expect that so quickly but here we are

Jung Hoseok: well u know what they say

Min Yoongi: expect the unexpected?

Jung Hoseok: no

Jung Hoseok: expect things to come quickly ;)

Min Yoongi: I’m not sure if that was flirting or you trying to tell me that you’re premature

Jung Hoseok: WOW

Jung Hoseok: I didn’t say i was any good at this!!

Min Yoongi: that’s why you should stop

Jung Hoseok: I cant ;(
Jung Hoseok: ive gotta go now babes :(

Jung Hoseok: Tae is now bleeding and ive gotta play paramedic

Min Yoongi: kinky ;)

Min Yoongi: have fun, make sure he doesn’t bleed to death

Min Yoongi: otherwise Jeongguk might be disappointed tomorrow

Chapter End Notes

wow, they plan and yoongs flirts, they're adorable and i love them

if you've enjoyed this chapter or wish to leave feedback please drop me a comment, thank you! <3
you can read me, can't you, when you look at me. don't stop

Chapter Notes

pov change from Hoseok's to Yoongi's ;)

the beautiful art in this chapter is by the even more beautiful @owoosh on ao3 and tumblr, thank you so much, i've never been more amazed in my life <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Wait, what the- why did you send that?” Jeongguk protested, his eyes wide in scathing alarm. He was scanning the messages on Yoongi’s phone as the two walked side by side in the town centre on the Sunday afternoon that they had scheduled to meet Hoseok and Taehyung. “Taehyung was with him, he probably saw it!” He groaned and handed the phone back to Yoongi, who stowed it out of sight in his coat pocket.

“If he did it would be a miracle,” Yoongi muttered. “Maybe he’ll get a clue and make a move. Or,” he dragged the word out, “you can be the one to do it.”

Only Jeongguk’s features above his nose were visible, his eyebrows knitted together as he buried his chin into his scarf. “Please don’t. It makes me nervous just thinking about it.” His breath fanned out in front of him and enshrouded Yoongi’s head before dispersing. The café they had agreed to meet in materialised in front of him. “It’s not like you can talk about making a move; Hoseok came onto you, the work’s been done for you.”

Yoongi clicked his tongue and nudged Jeongguk. “Mind your manners, or I might just accidentally confide in a certain someone’s best friend that Taehyung has an admirer.” He didn’t need to look to know that the boy next to him had flushed.

“Of course you’re going to side with your boyfriend,” Jeongguk grumbled, reaching for the café door and pulling it open, looking over his shoulder to signal that Yoongi should step in first. Yoongi hoped that Jeongguk mistook his unusual ruddiness to be from the piercing cold air and not his comment.

The heat inside of the establishment immediately collided with Yoongi’s skin, it was a relief to be indoors and away from the sniping chill. He shivered all the same, his body adapting to the change in temperature. Jeongguk nudged him lightly and gestured to where someone was occupying the table located farthest from the window and had his back to them.

Hoseok had arrived before them and was sitting alone, meaning that he hadn’t come with Taehyung. Why was he so early?

It was almost as if he could sense that Yoongi was thinking about him, Hoseok peered over his shoulder and his bored expression immediately shifted into a heart-achingly bright grin upon laying eyes on Yoongi. It was incredibly embarrassing (especially when Hoseok cried out his name and called them both over in front of the other customers and staff), but also extremely endearing.

Yoongi sat opposite Hoseok whilst Jeongguk took the chair next to him and immediately shed himself of his coat, Yoongi mimicked this action when realising that he was stifling hot in all of his
layers. He pretended not to notice that Hoseok hadn’t taken his eyes off of him since he had been spotted by the other.

A waitress came over and took down their orders, she came back a few moments later with a coffee and a hot chocolate, telling them that their food would arrive shortly.

“Aw,” Hoseok cooed. Yoongi couldn’t avoid his gaze any longer and locked eyes with him, Hoseok immediately slid his attention over to Jeongguk. “Look at how wrapped up you both are! Is it that cold out there?”

Jeongguk laughed, clearly thinking that Hoseok was joking, and took a sip of his drink. Yoongi took the lack of attention to run his eyes over Hoseok who was adorning only a light jacket over a jumper. “It’s freezing today, why are you practically naked?” Yoongi snorted.

Hoseok looked confused and peered down at what he was wearing. “Is it? I didn’t notice. Maybe it’s because I got here earlier.” He looked up again and matched gazes with Yoongi, who had just realised that Hoseok had styled his hair. It was slightly wavy, exposing some of his forehead. It looked good. “Or maybe I’m ‘practically naked’ because I was waiting for you,” he spoke slowly in a provocative manner, wiggling his eyebrows to match the tone of his voice.

Yoongi felt his skin itch in embarrassment and he burst out laughing. “You might want to close your ears, Jeongguk.” He stirred his coffee and smiled at Hoseok from across the table, swiftly ignoring the sudden tightness of his chest when Hoseok provided him with that signature grin.

“I’ve suddenly gone deaf,” Jeongguk replied innocently, surveying Hoseok’s coffee mug with the same precision as a detective would examine a corpse.

Hoseok’s eyes creased as he laughed, Yoongi found himself watching a hint of colour make its way up Hoseok’s neck. He was embarrassed. “I’m sorry, maybe I shouldn’t have said that. So, how are you doing, Jeongguk? We’ve never really talked before, have we?”

Jeongguk shook his head, a small smile spreading on his face. “No, we haven’t. It’s probably because of the age difference.”

“Yeah, about that, are you sure you’re younger? You look like you’re older,” Hoseok’s tone was slightly teasing but Yoongi could tell that he was telling the truth. “That’s a handy thing though, you can probably get into any party.”

Yoongi couldn’t hold back a snort, Jeongguk kicked him under the table. Hoseok peered at them, wild-eyed. “What? What did I miss?” Yoongi was about to explain Jeongguk’s distaste for parties but was interrupted by the entry of Kim Taehyung. He almost bit through his tongue in shock when Jeongguk grasped his forearm with an iron grip. Hoseok was watching him again and traced his line of sight back to Taehyung. “Hey!” He called over his shoulder to Taehyung who was dressed as if he had just robbed every branded shop on the street, dressed to kill. “You’re late!”

Taehyung approached the table with a walking gait of someone who couldn’t give a damn but just so happened to be cruising down the catwalk. Yoongi could almost hear the internal screams of Jeongguk as Taehyung gracefully slipped into the seat next to Hoseok – opposite Jeongguk – with a sugar sweet smile decorating his face. “I’m sorry, the bus was late. Blame it, not me!” He added the latter part because Hoseok was glaring at him as if he had committed a grievous sin, which maybe he had. There was definitely something unspoken playing out before Yoongi.
“What happened?” Yoongi almost jumped when he heard Jeongguk speak up from beside him; he was almost certain that Jeongguk would have remained mute throughout the lunch. Taehyung was looking at Jeongguk, looking into him, like how a peasant would look at a pile of glittering diamonds. Much like how Hoseok looked at him. Yoongi crashed that certain train of thought and returned to the conversation at hand.

Jeongguk looked as if he regretted opening his mouth but carried on in a very casual way. He gestured to Taehyung’s hand where a plaster was wrapped around the tip of his thumb, and then he itched one side of his face. “Your thumb, did you cut yourself?”

There was a brief silence in which Taehyung looked startled, like he was trying to figure out if Jeongguk was actually addressing him, before his gaze drifted down to his thumb. His eyes lit up in realisation and he let out an abashed burst of laughter. “Oh, this! Yeah, I did. Well, no, it wasn’t my fault – Hoseok should have told me that he had dropped a glass in his room.” He eyed Hoseok dramatically whilst Hoseok averted his eyes and began whistling. Yoongi smiled and dropped his gaze to his lap.

“Well, rather a thumb than your neck,” Jeongguk joked, his smile had flourished ever since Taehyung had laughed.

If the fit of laughter Taehyung had expelled before counted as what his normal laughter was like, what he followed Jeongguk’s joke with could only be classified as a howl. Yoongi’s eyes instinctively flickered over to Hoseok to clock his reaction, he was amused – and satisfied – to see that Hoseok’s eyes were wide with shock and then he burst out laughing. “What the hell was that? Do you need a cough drop?”

Yoongi’s muted snigger turned into a full blown bout of laughter, Jeongguk joined in with him. Taehyung flushed and hit Hoseok on the shoulder and saying, “don’t be rude! I was laughing at Jeongguk’s joke!”

It was Jeongguk’s turn to flush. Yoongi struggled to repress a smirk. Hoseok gasped, “I had no idea! I thought you were trying to inhale the table!” Taehyung spluttered in embarrassment and tried to cover himself, seemingly avidly aware that Jeongguk was watching his every move.

Yoongi snorted and followed it with a laugh. Hoseok’s eyes slid over to him with a grin still plastered on his face, it was as if he were gauging Yoongi’s reaction. Yoongi diverted his gaze, suddenly feeling self-conscious with the attention.
It was like some kind of twisted roller-coaster ride that Yoongi found himself strapped onto but he couldn’t find it within himself to struggle to break free, because some part of him wanted to be held in place. He wanted to figure Hoseok out, to know the reason behind Hoseok’s cheerfulness and why he found Yoongi so intriguing.

It was strange to be on the receiving end of the kind of attention that Hoseok was dealing out to him, since he was used to being the observer. He hadn’t even suspected that Hoseok liked guys, or liked him, as he was positive that a fairly popular guy like Hoseok would have had a supportive girlfriend. He hadn’t given much thought into Hoseok, only ever hearing a few stories about the kind of things he got up to in class which involved not doing the work. So, for Hoseok to suddenly be thrust into his life and wanting to get to know him was slightly nerve-racking; Yoongi didn’t know anything about the other boy and it was the same for Hoseok about him. Yet, Hoseok wanted to know him, to know tiny details, like did he prefer morning or evening (evening, most definitely), did he have any pet peeves (double dipping and people talking too loudly), or did he prefer soups or broths (which had lead into a heated discussion about what the difference between the two were).

Hoseok seemed to want to learn everything he could about Yoongi in such a short space of time, it was, quite frankly, terrifying. He was certain that soon Hoseok would run out of interest, that their conversation would slowly die out until Yoongi wasn’t greeted with a good morning message or had to think deeply about a random question that Hoseok came out with. He wondered whether it was the attention he would miss, but realised that this wasn’t the case when he mentally replaced Hoseok’s actions of messaging one-liners and touching feet underneath the table to be from someone else and felt an intense displeasure. He had to come to terms with the truth; that he wouldn’t miss the attention, he would miss Hoseok. That was the terrifying aspect.

Hoseok had invaded his life in such a short amount of time, but Yoongi couldn’t find a single complaint. The only negative aspect he could find was that it was inevitable that Hoseok would get bored and leave just like it happened in every relationship in school, it would always end with a sobbing mess and awkward silences when seeing each other in hallways.

Yoongi wasn’t going to surrender himself quite so easily, even if his heart jittered painfully every time Hoseok spared a glance in his direction, he wouldn’t give in until Hoseok made it absolutely clear that he was not going to disappear - like shuddery breath turning into fog and dispersing into
the cold, cruel night air.

Chapter End Notes

three chapters in one day? i’m a keeno

thank you for your support! if you liked this chapter or want to leave feedback please drop me a comment! <3
his kisses drench me in gold but i can't be his to hold

Chapter Notes

thank you for your support from the last chapter, i honestly thought i was going to implode

about this chapter: i’m sorry in advance

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lunch was fairly nice, the food was good and the company was better. After Taehyung had recovered from his initial embarrassment and Jeongguk had gotten over his nervousness, the four had struck up an interesting conversation that ranged from the subject of the right sauces to use with certain dishes to the topic of school and the teachers.

“You don’t really have to study as much as they tell you to. If you did, you wouldn’t be out with us.” Taehyung was insistent on dealing out wisdom to Jeongguk, seemingly ignorant to the fact that Yoongi had given Jeongguk the same advice. “But maybe when you get to your last year you should revise a little bit more because the teachers start checking.”

Jeongguk shot him an impish grin. “Then why are you not revising right now?”

Hoseok let a low whistle as if Jeongguk had just challenged Taehyung to a fisticuff. Yoongi was too busy trying to combine his noodles with the vegetables on the side of his plate to watch Taehyung’s reaction.

“Well, I - I don’t need to - Jeongguk, stop calling me out!” Taehyung laughed. Yoongi looked up long enough to see Jeongguk screwing up his nose to laugh, his head tilted backwards.

Yoongi looked to Hoseok who immediately pretended as if he wasn’t watching Yoongi or his eating habits. Deciding to test his theory whilst the other two were distracted with each other, he kicked Hoseok’s leg that was resting near his. Hoseok’s eyes met his, etched with concern that Yoongi had to dismiss. He signalled with a tilt of his head to Jeongguk and Taehyung, who were now talking – or, to put it more accurately, trying to impress each other – about their gym schedules. Hoseok followed his gaze, frowned slightly and then quirked his eyebrows when he realised what Yoongi was getting at. He turned back to Yoongi with such ferocity that it was a wonder he hadn’t broken his neck, he held amusement and child-like curiosity in his eyes.

Hoseok discreetly formed a heart with his hands, not that he needed to do so in secret; Jeongguk and Taehyung were so caught up in each other that they probably wouldn’t have noticed if a meteor crashed through the window. Yoongi smiled, so his theory was correct, Taehyung did like Jeongguk – not that it wasn’t obvious, but it was made more obvious by when Hoseok had asked him through messaging yesterday if Jeongguk was interested in anyone since he had broken up with his girlfriend. It was extremely reminiscent of how Jeongguk had spammed him with questions to ask Taehyung through him when he had told the other about him talking to Hoseok online.

His phone buzzed in his pocket but he was going to ignore it until Hoseok lightly nudged him from under the table and then pointed to his own phone. Hoseok had sent him a message.
‘if they don’t get 2gether by the end, is it up 2 us to do something about it?’

Yoongi considered the message, flicking his eyes upwards to watch the interaction between Taehyung and Jeongguk. It was harder to make out Jeongguk being sat right next to him, but he had a perfect view of Taehyung whose eyes were shining and a smile that looked like it was permanent. This was their first time meeting and talking, though, it was improbable that the two would begin dating immediately after, so perhaps they would have to meet up again on their own. After this meeting, Jeongguk would most definitely be nervous about approaching Taehyung again, so he would need a nudge.

He replied back. ‘Yeah, we need to get them to agree to meet alone.’

Hoseok must have been anticipating a response because he received a new message at lightning speed. ‘okay sounds good! We’re modern day cupids hahaha’.

Yoongi chuckled, shoving his phone back into his pocket when Jeongguk looked over at him, a smile remaining on his face from a joke that Taehyung had just told. His attention was diverted almost immediately as Taehyung began talking about music when a new song started to play on the radio. Hoseok looked at him and winked, throwing a glance over at the other two.

Hoseok managed to drag them into a conversation between the four of them again but it barely lasted an hour before Jeongguk received a message from his mum which alerted him that he needed to be back home.

“I’m sorry, I’ve got to head back. It’s been great meeting you both! Yoongi, it was alright seeing you,” he added the latter part with a cheeky smile as he pulled on his coat. Taehyung laughed manically and began slapping Hoseok’s arm, who was bent over in laughter.

Yoongi shot him a deadpan look. “Leave.” Hoseok kicked him under the table and almost slid to the floor in tears of amusement.

Jeongguk smiled at him, nodded at Hoseok and flushed at Taehyung, who sobered up from his laughing fit. “Are you taking the bus?” Jeongguk nodded, looking uncertain. Taehyung practically leapt to his feet and succeeded in almost knocking his chair over. “I’ll come with you, if that’s alright, I’m taking the bus back, too.”

Jeongguk looked like he had just been granted eternal happiness. He virtually glowed. His smile grew and his eyes softened. “Yeah, that’s fine.” His voice was slightly shaky, though, ridden with nerves.

Taehyung placed his money on the table and Jeongguk fumbled in his wallet for his part of the bill before Taehyung stopped him. “No, no, it’s fine. I’ve got this.” Taehyung’s fingers were shaking slightly as he clanked some coins onto the dish but Jeongguk didn’t appear to notice, his eyes fixed on Taehyung’s face like he was looking into the eyes of a martyr.

“Are – are you sure?” Jeongguk stumbled over his words, a goofy smile spreading across his face.

“Yeah,” Taehyung breathed out, seemingly entranced by Jeongguk’s eyes, before a part of him seemed to reawaken. “Yeah, it’s fine, you can... You can get it next time.” A sense of hope decorated Taehyung’s mouth as it quirked into a smile.

Jeongguk looked as if he were about to faint as he tittered softly. He mumbled his goodbyes and took a step towards the exit with Taehyung glued to his side, their arms rubbing together conspicuously. They didn’t look back when leaving the café, not even once.
Yoongi felt as if he had just witnessed amateur soft porn, and darting a glance at Hoseok he was certain that he felt the same way.

“And I thought we were bad,” Yoongi mused, laughing as he witnessed the mortified expression crossing onto Hoseok’s face.

“I just watched my best friend have eye sex,” Hoseok whispered in disgust.

Yoongi creased with laughter and only attempted to cease when Hoseok laughed with him, observing him with warm eyes, drinking in Yoongi’s features. It was too intimate, yet, Yoongi found himself wanting it to continue. He ripped back from when he had bent over to laugh on the surface of the table. “I’ll text Jeongguk later to see if anything happened. I won’t tell him that Taehyung likes him, don’t worry,” he added as Hoseok opened his mouth with a worried expression.

“Phew, thanks,” Hoseok sighed in relief, evidently giving into his instinct to trust people. He slanted forwards, curiosity flashing in his eyes. “I’m curious, though. How long has Jeongguk liked Taehyung?”

Yoongi scrunched up his nose in thought. “Well, I’m not too certain, I don’t know exactly when he did, he’s private about certain things. He told me the middle of last year, so maybe he started liking Taehyung when the fifth and sixth years did that reading thing for the younger years, he must have seen Taehyung there. Or maybe he’s liked him longer.” Hoseok nodded and blew upwards into his fringe, ruffling it slightly. Yoongi’s eyes were drawn to his hair, and then to his pouted lips. He ripped his eyes away in double quick time and cleared his throat. “What about Taehyung?”

Hoseok laughed. “Oh, man, where do I begin? I think Taehyung’s liked him ever since the second year, but he probably realised it in the third year or something like that. Kinda like how I realised I liked you in the fourth year.” Hoseok expressing his feelings in such a casual way caused Yoongi’s face to flush somewhat. “Are you blushing?” Hoseok was smiling again and Yoongi’s heartbeat increased but he put it down to how much blood must be flooding up to his face.

“No,” Yoongi answered defiantly but there was no point in it as Hoseok had already clocked on and was grinning obnoxiously wide. He needed to change the subject, rapidly, before Hoseok teased him and the feelings within him confused themselves. “You know Seokjin, don’t you?”

Hoseok was still smiling but he allowed the conversation to be diverted. He nodded enthusiastically. “Jin? Yeah, I’ve known him ever since I was little. He, Tae, Jimin and I all went to the same primary school. Do you know him?” Yoongi pondered as to what Hoseok would have looked like when he was little, a lot shorter and less broad, with a gummy smile and wild hair probably. He made a mental note to ask Hoseok for a picture.

He shook his head. “No, I’ve only heard about him from Namjoon.”

Hoseok’s eyes grew to a threatening size like they were about to fall out of their sockets. It was quite comical, Yoongi couldn’t stop a smile from taking over his face. “Oh, yeah! At Jin’s party, Namjoon was there, do they know each other?”

Yoongi snorted at Hoseok’s ignorance. It was sort of cute. “Well, I hope so, otherwise they’d be dating complete strangers.” At his words Hoseok’s mouth flew open and his eyebrows disappeared into his hair. It was a hilarious sight, he burst out laughing.

“They’re dating?” Hoseok practically screeched. “Why hasn’t Seokjin said anything to me?”

Yoongi shrugged and raised his eyebrows, a smile lingering on his face. “Maybe he was waiting for
the right moment. He’s just started university, hasn’t he? He’s probably busy.”

“How long have they been dating?” Hoseok demanded to know, it was as if his world was falling apart with this new-found knowledge.

“At least a month now,” Yoongi supplied. “They were paired together to represent the school in that science competition last year, Namjoon asked him out a few weeks after but Seokjin turned him down, something to do with exams and him not knowing how to be with someone, but they didn’t start dating until a month ago when Seokjin asked him out.”

Hoseok was sulking now, “I’m gonna message him. I’ll give him hell for not telling us anything.” Yoongi snickered at this display of immaturity. “You know what? I bet he was waiting until they get married or something, just to invite us and be like: ‘Oh, didn’t you know? I’m dating Namjoon!’” Even Hoseok knew he was overreacting now and cracked a smile, beginning to laugh along with Yoongi.

“You’re ridiculous,” Yoongi threw out, hiding his laughs behind his glass of water.

“And you’re gorgeous,” Hoseok retorted suavely. He wasn’t wearing a smile in the manner of jesting, he was being serious.

Yoongi near choked on his water. He slammed the glass down. “Warn me next time,” he frowned, wrestling with his throat to keep down the liquid. His phone vibrated in his pocket and he ignored Hoseok’s laughter by reading the message. It was his brother, telling him to get home so they could clean the house before their parents returned.

He sighed and reluctantly began pulling on his layers, unsure whether to give in to the wistfulness in his stomach demanding him to stay, stay with Hoseok. “I have to go,” he explained when he met Hoseok’s gaze to find him staring in shocked disappointment. “My parents were out this weekend and I need to clean the house before they get back.”

Hoseok nodded in understanding, but the crease in his brow told Yoongi otherwise.

“Do you... wanna walk with me?” Yoongi offered, complying with the feeling in the pit of his stomach that Hoseok wanted to spend more time with him. His premonition deemed correct as Hoseok nodded again, rather desperately, and stood up, scattering a few coins on the plate. Yoongi followed him away from the table but paused.

He reached into his pocket but Hoseok intercepted him, “Oh, no, it’s okay. I paid enough to cover for you, too.” He seemed casual enough about it, with his hands shoved into his pockets and his tone nonchalant, but his averted eyes gave it away – this wasn’t normal Hoseok behaviour to pay for his friends. Yoongi was more than a friend to him.

“I’ll pay for you next time,” Yoongi said it sincerely but also took a dig at Jeongguk and Taehyung. Hoseok’s eyes crinkled in amusement as he laughed. The two walked out together, side by side, after thanking the staff for their service.

Once they were out on the street it was inevitable that Hoseok would feel the chill. He shrieked upon stepping out onto the pavement, his nose turning red. A few people walking by stared at him strangely and Yoongi laughed, unwrapping his scarf and offering it to Hoseok. “Take it, you need it more than I do.” Yoongi pushed the scarf into Hoseok’s hands when he rejected it, saying that he couldn’t possibly take it from Yoongi.

Hoseok’s ears poked out of the scarf once he had wrapped it around his neck and lower face,
Yoongi watched as they turned crimson. He bit back a smile, focusing on walking instead, noticing how their footsteps easily fell into sync.

“Do you think it’s gonna snow soon?” Hoseok asked, scooting slightly closer to Yoongi as a woman with a pram walked by. He didn’t move back into his original position and Yoongi didn’t comment on it, finding that he didn’t mind. In fact, he rather liked their close proximity.

“Maybe. If it does make sure not to go outside naked,” Yoongi quipped jokingly, nudging Hoseok with his padded arm. Hoseok laughed and then shivered, tucking his head back into the scarf. “Are you taking the bus back?” They had reached the bus stop, it was devoid of life and sound. Taehyung and Jeongguk must have caught the earlier bus.

Hoseok shook his head. “Nah, I’ll walk back. It’s not that far away, and it’s cheaper than taking the bus.”

“Oh, look at you, being healthy,” Yoongi smiled at him, Hoseok flushed.

“W-well, I am a dancer. In fact, maybe I could show you one day, lap dancing is one of my many areas of expertise,” Hoseok smirked at him, waggling his eyebrows.

He probably expected Yoongi to roll his eyes, or to blush ridiculously, so Yoongi made sure to do neither of those things. Instead, he looked Hoseok square in the eye. He quirked the corner of his mouth into a smirk and raised an eyebrow effortlessly. He ran his eyes down Hoseok’s figure, mostly for show but he would be lying if it wasn’t partly out of curiosity. When he next locked eyes with Hoseok, who gulped audibly, he spoke in a slow and sensual baritone: “Oh, I’d like that very much.”

Yoongi couldn’t take himself seriously anymore and let out a flood of laughter until he could barely stand up. He flopped down onto the seat of the bus stop and Hoseok shuffled in front of him, flushed red with embarrassment.

“Are you sure you’ve never flirted before?” Hoseok asked, his voice was muffled due to the scarf. “That was too real. That wasn’t fair, I didn’t stand a chance!” Hoseok’s voice came out in a nasally whine to which he must have noticed as his face crumpled in disgust and he released a howl of laughter. Yoongi joined in with him, leaning forwards as though winded, clutching onto Hoseok’s arm.

Eventually, their laughter subsided and transitioned into weakened sighs of amusement. Yoongi looked up at Hoseok, with tears glistening in his eyes, who was now standing over him. Hoseok’s legs either side of Yoongi’s and locking them in place. Hoseok had to unwrap the scarf to wipe at his face, collecting the tears that had rolled down his cheeks with his sleeve jacket. “I’m sorry, I’ve gotten tears all over your...” He trailed off when matching Yoongi’s entranced gaze. Hoseok’s eyes seemed to spread out and cover his whole body like scorching hot hands without moving from one position: Yoongi’s eyes. “...Scarf,” he finished lamely.

Hoseok looked uncertain, his Adam’s apple bobbed conspicuously upon swallowing, Yoongi found himself tracing Hoseok’s neck with his eyes, moving up towards his lips, past his nose and to his eyes again. His heart was hammering inside of his chest, and aside from Hoseok’s husky breathing, everything around them was silent. There were no cars, no movement from people walking by, no stray animals or rustles from trees. Yoongi barely paid attention to this, though. His pulse was drumming erratically against his skin; he was certain about what was going to happen next.

“Yoongi...” Hoseok exhaled his name, his breath swirling in the night air, floating in front of Yoongi and coiling around his neck. He shuddered in anticipation, hands curling around the cold plastic of the bench. “Can I kiss you?”
Yoongi felt his heart implode inside of his chest, coating his ribs and all of his innards in a dark crimson. This didn’t stop him though. Even if he was dead Hoseok would find a way to get to him. He nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

Hoseok’s eyes left his, yet, the feeling of intense heat didn’t leave him. Hoseok crept closer, his eyes on Yoongi’s lips which were parted slightly, he licked them self-consciously. Yoongi’s own eyes fell upon Hoseok’s lips before he shut his eyelids; he didn’t need to see to feel everything that Hoseok was. Warm breath that he could taste on his tongue, the taste of coffee, ghosted his lips.

He was kissing Hoseok. Hoseok was kissing him. Inexplicable warmth melding onto his lips, pulling them open lightly. Cold fingers were placed under his chin, fingers that were soft, gentle and un-calloused, tilting his head upwards. Tears of laughter that he hadn’t expelled dripped down his cheeks. The aroma of coffee, aftershave and detergent overwhelming his senses, enshrouding him in a haze of Hoseok.

His mind grew cloudy, his fingers loosened hold of the plastic bench. He vaguely heard himself moan as Hoseok tilted his head, repositioning himself so that their lips were aligned and it allowed for Yoongi to taste the coffee that lingered on Hoseok’s tongue. He couldn’t even summon enough brain power to worry about what his mouth tasted like, all he knew was Hoseok, and all he was aware of was Hoseok’s hand creeping from his chin, tracing what was exposed of neck and fisting into his hair, pulling his head back.

Yoongi barely had time to draw a gasping breath before Hoseok met his lips again. He didn’t care, he didn’t care if that was the last breath he ever drew just as long as Hoseok didn’t stop kissing him – Hoseok had pulled back, stumbling away from Yoongi’s proximity. Yoongi sat helplessly, his body racking in air as if it had never inhaled before. Maybe it hadn’t. Yoongi felt as if he had been born again.

“Sorry,” Hoseok breathed out just as a blinding light penetrated Yoongi’s vision. He blinked in the sudden brightness, the silhouette of a bus formed in front of him which was partially blocked by Hoseok. “I got carried away,” he saw Hoseok smile at him, “you’re just so beautiful.”

The bus doors sprang open and the heat from inside burst out, enshrouding itself around Yoongi. The heat which had radiated from Hoseok and had transferred into Yoongi still lingered, he found that he was sweltering. He stood up on unsteady feet and gave Hoseok a wavering smile. “It’s okay. I – I’ve gotta go.” He climbed onto the bus and dug a hand in his pocket to find his return ticket.

“I’ll message you later!” Hoseok called to him.

Yoongi didn’t turn around to respond to him. He didn’t look up from his lap until the bus had roared to life and begun hurtling down the road. When he looked out of the window all he could see was his reflection. He saw his swollen lips, he saw his puffy eyes and his bright red nose. He saw nothing worthy of Hoseok’s attention.

Instead, he saw someone that would be crumpled up and thrown away until Hoseok found someone who was as captivating as he was. What was Yoongi doing, giving Hoseok chances to hurt him? It was suicide. And Yoongi didn’t want to die.

He couldn’t do this. He needed to erase any feelings he had for Hoseok, and for that he would need to eliminate any hopes of something more than friendship on both sides.

Min Yoongi: hey
Min Yoongi: I’m sorry about this but I take back what I said. I like you, Hoseok, but not like that. I know this is asking a lot but I’d like to stay friends, if you don’t want that, that’s fine, I understand.

Min Yoongi: I’m sorry.

Chapter End Notes

.........sorry ;)

is it too soon to ask for feedback? i need to be validated
Yoongi hadn’t expected a response and he didn’t receive one. Morning dawned bright and early on Monday morning which contrasted heavily with the trepidation churning inside of his stomach. The first thing he did was check his phone as he did every other morning but his routine was dismantled when seeing no messages from Hoseok fill up his notification wall.

He shouldn’t have been so affected, he knew this, but he was. Hoseok had managed to break in and occupy a space in his heart in barely a span of three weeks. He wasn’t sure if he was just easy to break as a person or if he was simply made to be broken by Hoseok. It was just cruel that the only person who could make him feel something more, supply him with a whole new range of emotions, was the one who he had to push away.

Even Jeongguk hadn’t messaged him, but Namjoon had. ‘Hey, how’d it go yesterday?’ He couldn’t bring himself to reply.

He got ready for school and took the bus as usual, blocking out the ruckus of the children in the years below him with his music, music that he and Hoseok had shared a mutual interest in. Yoongi had to shake himself, bringing him away from his thoughts by looking at his phone and finally replying to Namjoon, he was talking about Hoseok as if he were dead which was definitely not the case when he would be seeing Hoseok in first lesson.

Oh crap. A double period alone with Hoseok was the last thing that he needed right now. Due to his sudden state of panic his composed message to Namjoon came out a little more desperate than he had wanted. ‘awful. Can you kill me please so I don’t have to suffer two hours with H?’

He received a reply almost immediately. He climbed down from the bus before opening the message, keeping his head down as he walked into school. ‘whoa, what happened? Did he do something?’

Yeah, Yoongi thought to himself, he made me realise how crappy of a person I am. He didn’t dare type this out, though, for he knew that he would be on the receiving end of a pep talk. He detoured and took a route away from the basketball court as he knew that was where Hoseok met up with his friends at the beginning of school, and more recently at breaks and lunch, too.

‘It wasn’t him, it was me. It’s easier just to forget about all the romantic stuff, it’s too much pressure. I messaged him this and he didn’t reply and I have 2 hours of History with him in the morning.’

Namjoon must have been waiting on the chat for a response because he messaged back straightaway. ‘I’m almost there. Meet you at the bench around the back?’ And so he did, Namjoon approached him a few minutes afterwards. Yoongi didn’t think he had ever felt so much relief; Namjoon was advice and support personified, and that was all he needed right now.

“So, tell me, what’s brought this on?” Namjoon asked once he had sat down. “Last week you were
all about this, talking to Hoseok all the time to see if you felt that way about him, and now you meet up and suddenly nothing? What happened?” How could Yoongi have forgotten? Along with support and advice came an intrinsic sense of knowing that Yoongi had something to hide.

Yoongi shrugged, trying to meet Namjoon’s searching eyes. “Nothing, really. It’s just... I don’t know, I don’t really know anything about Hoseok.” That part wasn’t true at all, Hoseok had been more than happy to spill his entire life story to Yoongi. Yoongi now knew all of the spats between Hoseok and Taehyung that Hoseok could recall, and also precious memories of his childhood, like how his mum had purchased an assortment of stuffed toys for him but then found out they would be worth a lot in the years to come so he was banned from touching them. “I figured that even if I date Hoseok, we wouldn’t last; Hoseok will find someone else.”

Namjoon surveyed him before turning away to look at the vast field of grass in front of them. “How do you know that?” He asked softly. “I don’t believe that in the last week you’ve learnt nothing about Hoseok. If that were true then he wouldn’t mean anything to you, but he obviously does seeing as you asked me to kill you so you don’t have to face him.” He cracked a smile, Yoongi stared intently at the ground, hating that Namjoon could see right through him. “So, please, tell me what happened.”

Yoongi exhaled harshly through his nose, so harshly that it made his eyes water. “He kissed me,” he muttered. Namjoon nodded as if he had foresaw this event, which wouldn’t be particularly surprising. “Afterwards I knew that I wouldn’t be enough for him, he’d move on easily, so I told him that we should stick to being friends. It’s simpler that way.”

“Simpler for who?” Namjoon turned on him, making him feel trapped. His chest restricted and it was difficult to draw breath. “I don’t see how this could be easier for you. I know you, Yoongs. You’re in deep and I can tell that Hoseok’s made an impression on you. If you really felt only friendship for him, you wouldn’t have let him kiss you. You’re a good guy, too good to lead someone on which – without giving him the real reason – it looks like you have.”

A surge of self-loathing ran through him, twisting his insides and mangling them together. It was typical of him to do something which he thought to be right only to have it blow up in his face. He had undoubtedly hurt Hoseok with his selfish actions, allowing Hoseok to kiss him and then to rip himself away, lying through his teeth and saying that Hoseok meant nothing to him, nothing more than a friend.

Yoongi valued friendship, of course he did. Friendship was an important part of his life after he had learnt that he couldn’t breeze through life solo, he needed companionship. He was happy to have Hoseok as a friend, blessed even, but he wanted something more. He wanted heated glances, a singular touch or a glimpse of revealed skin to ignite a passion in his veins, he wanted to be looked at like nothing could replace him.

He wanted to be Hoseok’s and he wanted Hoseok to be his.

This revelation should have been startling, but he wasn’t the least bit shocked. This conclusion must have been thrumming under his skin, one with his flesh and blood.

“Oh, I fucked up,” he admitted.

Namjoon chuckled and shook his head. “You did what you thought was right.”

“Yeah, which was wrong.” He ran his hands over his face. “Tell me what to do. How do I fix this?”

“Do you know what you want?” Namjoon asked him in a serious tone.
“Yes.” Hoseok, he added silently. “How do I tell him?” Now time was creeping forwards, he was avidly aware of how close he was to being near Hoseok again. That thought alone was enough to thrust his heart into a frenzy.

“That’s up to you. Unfortunately, I don’t have time to write a script,” Namjoon lightened the mood slightly. “You just need to express yourself clearly. You’re good at writing your thoughts out, but you’re also good at free-styling. You should be fine.” And with those words of wisdom, the school bell rang, initiating the jittering of Yoongi’s nerves.

“Thank you,” he said just as Jeongguk jogged over to them, his school bag rocking dangerously on his shoulder and a grin practically bursting off of his face.

“Guys, guys, I have so much to tell you!”

“You’re gonna have to save it, I’m afraid,” Namjoon stood up and grinned. “You can tell us at break, I’m thinking that Yoongi will have some news for us by then.”

Jeongguk shot him a curious glance but apparently he was too elevated by his own news, most certainly about Taehyung, to inquire as to what Namjoon was talking about.

Registration seemed to drag on but the last few minutes sped by and suddenly Yoongi was signing in for History and had positioned himself in the library in the same seat where Hoseok had invited him out after school. It seemed like much more than a week had passed and he felt like he had aged considerably since then, or perhaps it was because he was devoid of Hoseok’s youthful energy.

Hoseok took a considerably long time to show his face at the library but when he did Yoongi wished that he hadn’t made an appearance at all. A paranoid fear took hold of him, gripping at his lungs causing his breathing to be limited. He kept his eyes glued to the keyboard when he sensed a figure place itself onto the couch. The only thing he expected was to hear the pounding of his rapid heartbeat and the stilted typing of the keys, he did not plan on Hoseok clearing his throat and addressing him.

“So, Yoongi.” Hoseok’s voice did not sound calm at all, if anything it sounded slightly hysterical, with his voice breaking at the end of his speech. Yoongi steeled himself before flicking his eyes over to Hoseok. He was smiling. Painfully. Almost comically. “I just want to tell you that I received your message and it was awfully rude of me not to reply.”

Yoongi felt his eye twitch. ‘Awfully rude’? Was the Hoseok in front of him from another dimension where it was the norm to use speech from the 18th century? “It’s okay, I didn’t expect you to,” he said honestly, hoping that upon hearing him speak Hoseok would drop the terrifyingly wide and unnatural smile that littered his face. “Actually, I wanted to talk to you about that-” Before he even got the chance to pluck the next sentence from his heart and breathe it into the air, Hoseok interrupted him.

“It’s okay, Yoongi. I understand! You said it yourself, you don’t like me like that, and if I weren’t too respect that, I would be an idiot. So, from now on, there’s to be no more flirting, or kissing, or anything like that, okay?” Now Hoseok didn’t look as comical, Yoongi saw through it to find that he looked dejected. Yoongi was sure that his heart had just folded inside out as an agonising fire spread throughout his chest as he saw the turmoil in the darks of Hoseok’s eyes.

“I’ll get used to it, I’ll get over it! So, I wanted to tell you that I’m more than happy to be friends, after all, we have to spend a whole year together!” Hoseok sounded convinced. He sounded fine with the fact that their ambiguous relationship would be labelled as friends and nothing more, even though he had been the one to tell Yoongi that he liked him, told him that he was beautiful. It hurt.
He hurt.

Hoseok offered him his hand, Yoongi stared down at it listlessly. Hoseok’s words were still resonating in his ears, scraping against his ear canal.

“You haven’t changed your mind again, have you?” Hoseok laughed, but it was nothing like his usual laugh which was loud and filled with good feeling. This laugh was stale, cold and cruel. Just like the air of the bus stop in which he had ripped himself away from Hoseok. “Friends?”

He blinked away the tears forming in his eyes, blurring his vision. Hoseok’s hands were soft in his, and cold, it was as if he was still standing at the bus stop and Yoongi were in the protective layer of the bus, feeling trapped by his own self-loathing.

“Friends.”

If Hoseok heard the wary defeat of Yoongi’s voice, he didn’t comment on it. Hoseok snatched his hand away once it had felt Yoongi’s warmth.

Yoongi found himself wishing for the cold that Hoseok carried, just to have a part of him.

Chapter End Notes

wow. das gay

the roles have reversed, now it seems that yoongi is the one pining for hoseok

thank you for all the support in the comments, and to those who kudos and bookmark! if you’ve enjoyed this chapter feel free to drop a comment, it can be feedback or just saying what you liked, i appreciate every comment <3
if you don't want me, i don't want me either

Chapter Notes

wow thank you all so much for your comments and feedback from the last chapter, i am quaking

Again, merry christmas eve! And happy holidays to those who don't celebrate it x

Also, happy Sope day, it's been 7 years since yoonseok met!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So,” Jimin began after screaming his name across the field and running towards him. He threw a ball up into the air and caught it effortlessly as he sat next to Yoongi on the bench at break. “Rumour on the street is that Taehyung is interested in someone. He posted something on his Snapchat. Know anything about it?”

Yoongi shook his head, his mind blank. Usually, it would be a right laugh to talk to Jimin but after the event in the library, he wanted nothing than to stare at a patch of grass and wordlessly ponder over what had gone wrong. If only he had rectified his mistake and corrected himself, corrected Hoseok. He should have explained that he was just scared, scared of Hoseok entering his world and then leaving without them ever truly understanding each other.

“Hmm...” Jimin mused, throwing the ball again then hitting it with the palm of his hand so that it rolled onto the patch of grass that Yoongi was attempting to lose himself in. “I guess I can go ask him...” Yoongi saw Jimin peer at him, obviously waiting for Yoongi to ask him to stay, but upon receiving no protest Jimin gave in. “Say, what’s up with you?”

“Nothing.” It was an effort just to talk, his throat was painfully constricted with unshed tears. “Just tired.”

Jimin frowned at him and Yoongi prayed that his feeble excuse deemed satisfactory, but to no avail. “You sure?” Jimin dragged the ball from under Yoongi’s feet with his sports trainers he was always so insistent on keeping clean. “I guess I can go ask him...” Yoongi saw Jimin peer at him, obviously waiting for Yoongi to ask him to stay, but upon receiving no protest Jimin gave in. “Say, what’s up with you?”

“Nothing.” It was an effort just to talk, his throat was painfully constricted with unshed tears. “Just tired.”

Yoongi shook his head, glanced at his phone. Jeongguk had messaged him ten minutes ago that he would meet him at the bench but had not showed up. Namjoon had left to retrieve a drink from a vending machine.

“No answer? Really?” Jimin tilted his head back and exposed his throat, tossing the ball back into the air again. “God, you’re the second person to do this to me today. ‘Seok, you know him right? Hoseok? He was being really annoying before school, being all moody. He and Tae were talking and shut up when they saw me – they always do that – so I thought it was about Taehyung’s secret girlfriend or something.” Jimin rolled his eyes in mild annoyance and then pouted. There was a small side of Yoongi that wondered whether Jimin really even cared; he seemed to have an extensive network of friends all over the country.

And then Jimin’s words processed inside of his mind and snapped at his heart strings. Hoseok was
saddened before school, this image seemed like a complete opposite to the Hoseok that had turned up in the library and looked as if he were performing a painfully unfunny comedy act. What had happened in that space of time?

What was the truth behind Hoseok’s words? Did he truly mean for them to be friends? Why was Hoseok sacrificing himself for what he believed Yoongi wanted? Why did he mean so much to Hoseok?

He realised that Hoseok would never know how much he meant to Yoongi if he never fixed their situation. But how would he go about doing it? How would he ever face Hoseok again?

“Hey, are you even listening to me?” Jimin called to him, laying a hand on his shoulder and jostling him with an amused smile on his face. “Earth to Yoongi! I need to tell you something, you might be interested.”

Yoongi looked towards Jimin instinctively upon receiving contact, Jimin was reaching into his pocket for his phone. “First of all, are you free this weekend?” Jimin was grinning at him rather cheekily as if he were trying to be cunning.

Yoongi nodded in response; he hadn’t even thought about what to fill the time of his weekend with, having only focussed on getting through the first week without Hoseok.

“Great! So you’re coming with me to a club on Saturday, there’s a party there – don’t worry, someone I know knows the owner so we can get in – and I’ll introduce you to someone.” Jimin was talking quickly, a sign that he was enthused.

A sense of trepidation immediately fell over him. “No. You’re not dragging me out again to meet some random stranger. It was fun the first few times but eventually you see the bad sides of all those clubs. Last time that girl – who you said was ‘chill’ – spilt her drink over my jeans and insisted I take them off to get the stain out-” Jimin’s hysteric laughter enfolded the last of his words and swallowed them. “It’s not funny,” he tried again but failed utterly when a laugh of his own slipped out of his mouth.

“Okay, okay,” Jimin digressed, his shoulders still heaving with laughter as he clung onto the nape of Yoongi’s neck. “This time’ll be different, I swear,” a mischievous glint appeared in his eyes and he winked. “This time you might want to take your pants off.” He hooted with laughter while Yoongi sat, not being successful in pretending to be unamused as a smile itched at his mouth.

Jimin thrust his phone onto Yoongi’s hand and gestured for him to look at the screen. It was a Facebook profile, Jimin had pulled up a picture of a girl posing with a boy who was tagged with the same name, brother and sister. “They’ll both be there – it’s up to you which one you want.” Jimin smirked knowingly at him, Yoongi frowned. “After all the girls I’ve tried to set you up with I realised eventually that there might be a reason why you’re not interested. Him, he’s bi,” Jimin pointed at the boy frozen in the picture, “so it won’t be a problem.”

Yoongi was in too much shock to form a response which Jimin misinterpreted as Yoongi being too overwhelmed with joy to talk. “Exactly, I’m amazing! So, you’re coming. You want his number?” Fortunately, Yoongi wasn’t numb enough to comply so he shook his head.

“Oh, wow, so it’s just a one-time thing? Never knew you had it in you, Yoongs!” Jimin clapped him on his back as father would do to his son. Yoongi wasn’t particularly thrilled with the comparison that he had drawn in his mind as he imagined the concern etched into the lines of his own father’s face if he could see that scenario that Yoongi found himself in. “His name’s Jinsoo, by the way, I’m sure you’ll be needing it.” Of course Jimin had to add a suggestive wink which caused Yoongi to
purse his lips in distaste.

“I’m not going to sleep with him,” Yoongi stated to which Jimin raised his eyebrows dubiously as if to say, ‘sure’. “I’m only gonna go because I’ve got nothing better to do.” Yoongi was extremely glad when Namjoon crept up on Jimin out of nowhere, having snuck behind the bench, and caused him to jump.

“You scared the fuck out of me,” Jimin whined and let out a shaky bout of laughter, a hand over his heart. Yoongi scooted over so that Namjoon could fit himself in between the two. “Anyway, before I was rudely interrupted,” he glared at Namjoon who deftly ignored him, cracking open his can of drink, “I was telling Yoongs about the guy who wants to meet him.”

“Which guy?” Namjoon inquired before snapping his fingers, “oh, that guy!” He gave Jimin a disapproving look. “Didn’t I already tell you that he wouldn’t be interested?”

Jimin tutted and shook his head. “Ah, ‘Joon, that’s not quite true now, is it? Yoongs just told me that he’s interested in meeting him.”

Namjoon almost spilt his drink as he jolted and turned to face Yoongi, his expression alarmed. “What? But what about-”

A feeling of panic surged through him and he cut across Namjoon, “nothing.” Namjoon furrowed his brows, eyes scurrying over his face as if he could solve the mystery without words. Jimin was watching him from behind Namjoon, a teasing smile on his face provoking the reckless side of him. Jimin always held that power over him ever since they had met when Jimin dared him to smash a chemical tube which let out a foul smelling steam and set the fire alarm off.

“I’m going on Saturday, I haven’t been out like that in ages.”

“That’s my boy,” Jimin approved with a smile packed full of mystery. “Come along will you, ‘Joon? You can finally hang out with ‘Seok and Tae, they’re both coming. I’ll talk to ‘Guk – speaking of, where is he?”

Namjoon was watching him warily, apparently having guessed that Hoseok and Taehyung would no doubt be tagging along. Yoongi’s fists tightened, his nails dug into his palms and started stinging, but he didn’t unclench his hands as the pain felt good, refreshing, even. “I don’t know,” he answered. “He might be down at the courts.”

Jimin sighed before vaulting over the bench, he threw the ball at Yoongi who caught it on an instinct. “Okay, I’ll go talk to him! See you later!” He lifted his hand to gesture goodbye and then began madly dashing across the field, around the corner of the school building and out of sight.

Namjoon turned to him straightaway, not giving him time for a breather. “What happened? Why didn’t you tell Hoseok what’s going on?”

Yoongi turned his attention towards the mud stains that were smeared on the ball. “I was going to,” he started, hating the sound of his voice, “but he came in and told me that he understood how I felt and that there would be ‘no more flirting or kissing’. He told me that he was fine with being friends.” Yoongi shrugged. “I couldn’t say no. In the moment it just sounded like that was what he wanted, and I just went along with it.”

There was the sound of a large exhale next to him and he knew that Namjoon was struggling on voicing his disapproval. He would have liked Namjoon to have done so but at the same time he most likely would have broken down. To have the voice of reason spit at him would be the end of the
“Yoongs, I’m sure you’re aware that Hoseok only said that because he was sure that it was what you wanted?”

“He said that he’d get over me,” Yoongi retorted, bristling slightly. “That was what I feared the most, you know that, and he admitted it. That’s why I did it.” He was gripping the ball too tightly, it shot out of his hands and rolled onto the floor.

Namjoon dropped his eyes to the ball. “Do you really believe that someone who has liked you for over three years would just drop you like that?” His voice was quiet, meaning that Yoongi had to focus his attention on Namjoon just to hear what he was saying. “I understand how you feel, I think we all feel insecure with ourselves from time to time,” he was speaking from the heart. Out of all the disappointment and disapproval, this hurt Yoongi the most; to hear Namjoon voicing his fears.

“But you can’t make someone else’s decisions for them. You decided that Hoseok wouldn’t like you after the first few weeks of talking but that wasn’t your decision to make. In my personal opinion, I think those first few weeks made Hoseok more attracted to you than he already was, and I don’t think that’ll fade anytime soon.”

Yoongi’s hands were cold on his lap but Namjoon’s words brought a hot flush to his neck, warming his skin. A knot of tension uncoiled somewhat in his stomach. “Thank you,” he muttered, slightly embarrassed. “Do you think I can fix it?”

He lifted his gaze to look at Namjoon who looked affirmed. “Of course. I wouldn’t do it online, though, I’d do it in person,” he advised. His eyes watched Yoongi’s face. “You’re not going to meet that guy on Saturday, are you?”

Yoongi shook his head. “No, I just knew that Jimin wouldn’t stop going on about it.”

Namjoon chuckled. “True, he’s very insistent.” Yoongi smiled back, his shoulders feeling slightly lighter now that some of the tension had decreased. “So, talk to Hoseok before Saturday, okay? That way you can enjoy yourself.”

When Yoongi nodded and vowed that he would do Namjoon’s bidding, he sincerely believed that he meant it, but as the days went by he found that chances to get Hoseok on his own were slim to none. Whenever he would spend time in the basketball court he would look to the fence and find that no one was sitting behind it, clearly ogling him or watching with a stupidly gorgeous smile. Although they took the same route to classes, he was certain that Hoseok had discovered another route to avoid him or that he would arrive early or later to his own class. Yoongi couldn’t even speak to him in the classroom as they were in different sets for Maths, English and Science, in fact, the only lesson that they shared was History which next took place on last lesson Friday.

In the end, he didn’t want to have to the next few days to talk to Hoseok, so he had to go against Namjoon’s advice. He opened up the Messenger app and cursed when he saw the green icon next to Hoseok’s name disappear. He should have asked for Hoseok’s Kakao but he hadn’t wanted to seem too into it in case their relationship fizzled out, which he supposed was ironic. He would have to wait until Friday to approach Hoseok.

The news that Jeongguk had wished to bestow onto them was, as he had predicted, about Taehyung. He told them on Tuesday afternoon that on the weekend, on the bus ride home, Taehyung had asked him to the party on Saturday, but instructed him not to tell anybody or bring someone with him as it was ‘a small gathering’. Yoongi had voiced that Taehyung’s way of being smooth really wasn’t discreet at all, but Jeongguk didn’t seem to have heard him as he was too busy staring at the back of
Taehyung’s head in the canteen. He and Namjoon had exchanged amused glances.

“Do you think he’s gonna ask you out, then?” Yoongi had asked, directing his gaze at his carrot sticks when seeing Hoseok’s head bob out from behind Taehyung.

Jeongguk shook his head, palming a few of Namjoon’s apple slices. “I don’t know, I don’t want to assume that he likes me, but if he keeps doing what he’s doing I’m probably just gonna make a move.”

Namjoon, in return, took Jeongguk’s bag of crisps whilst nodding his approval. “Please do, I haven’t even seen you two in action, but if it’s as sappy as Yoongs tells me then you’d be doing us a favour.”

Yoongi had laughed when Jeongguk shot Namjoon an unimpressed look, a hint of a smile playing on his mouth. “Oh, right, like you can talk, when you got rejected by Seokjin you were sad for days – you wrote poetry, and now you’re together I think you still do,” he had crinkled his nose.

Namjoon spluttered helplessly as the younger happily took back his packet of crisps and offered some to Yoongi who accepted them thankfully.

“Aren’t you talking to Taehyung?” Yoongi had inquired. “Outside of school? Like, on an app or something?” The reluctant look on Jeongguk’s face told him everything that he needed to know. “Then how are you gonna get to know him before you do... whatever on Saturday?”

Jeongguk’s cheek bulged from where his tongue was wandering. “I’ve been thinking about talking to him, but I don’t want to seem desperate.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes. “‘Guk, he was the one who almost choked on his own drool just looking at you, I think you’re okay.”

Jeongguk laughed, a satisfied smile curving onto his face. “Okay, so I’ll message him tonight, then.”

Yoongi couldn’t help but watch fondly and think of the first time that Hoseok had messaged him after asking to hang out. He had been more confused than anything, not sure as to why Hoseok who he had only known for two hours wanted to talk to him outside of school hours, wanted to meet up. He missed it immensely. The crisps had lurched dangerously in his stomach and he had had to excuse himself to head to the toilets.

Friday arrived unceremoniously. Yoongi’s mum wished him the best in his studies, he climbed onto the bus and went to school, and he attended lessons with an ever increasing feeling of dread pouring through his veins. Eventually, History, the last lesson of the day, arrived and the gnawing inside of his skin had never been so grating. He wanted to talk to Hoseok. It was strange that he had gone 6 years without ever knowing the boy but after spending only a few weeks together he didn’t know where or what he was without Hoseok. It was petrifying, yet, he found that he didn’t much care anymore.

Hoseok had arrived before him, sitting in his usual position with his textbook in front of him, his eyebrows knotted together in concentration and his lips parted, tongue sticking out slightly. Yoongi’s heart slipped through his ribcage and plummeted. He hadn’t ever seen anything so beautiful.

He took out a laptop and slowly strode over to Hoseok, not wanting to disturb him, not wanting to destroy the perfect picture of beauty. He set the laptop down quietly but obviously not quietly enough as Hoseok paused in his work and sat up. He smiled, oh god, Yoongi had forgotten how gorgeous that smile was.

“Yoongi, hi!” He chirped and pushed his notebook over to Yoongi’s side as Yoongi took a seat and
returned the greeting. “I think I’ve perfected an essay structure, I looked online for one and kinda copied it, but it should be okay,” he seemed bashful, as if the structure’s worth relied solely on Yoongi’s opinion.

Hoseok wasn’t acting strangely at all, it was almost as if Monday hadn’t happened and neither had any of those times that Hoseok had deliberately avoided him. Yoongi wanted to believe that nothing had changed, that Hoseok still thought that he was beautiful and that the kiss in the bus stop had progressed their relationship further. Everything was ruined, though, when Yoongi read over the structure and found it impressive, he voiced his thoughts and handed it back to Hoseok who grinned at him before dropping his gaze too quickly and openly avoiding the touch of Yoongi’s fingers.

The pain that Yoongi had experienced on Monday was nothing in comparison to the agony he felt now. His heart was screeching with every beat and skin itched as if it wanted him to scratch itself from his body, Hoseok must have thought that he was repulsive.

“Okay, so,” Hoseok cleared his throat and focussed on the book in front of him. Yoongi watched him defiantly, trying to gain his attention but to no avail. “We’ve finished the first paragraph, which is the introduction, but I think we need to add a criticism of this viewpoint here...” Yoongi must have heard what Hoseok was saying as he fingers were moving along the keys and typing out the words but he didn’t process them.

He knew that Hoseok was intent on keeping their relationship professional, student to student but it wasn’t a compromise for stranger to stranger, Yoongi wanted neither. He wanted everything. He wanted every smile, every touch, every glance, every laugh. He wanted to be selfish. He wanted Hoseok and he wanted Hoseok to want him. Maybe that was why Hoseok couldn’t stand to touch him.

“Are you going to that party on Saturday?” The question ripped out of his throat and burst into the air that was being occupied by Hoseok’s insistent tangent of facts. He must have interrupted Hoseok mid-flow as Hoseok finally looked at him, his eyes startled. “Sorry,” he added lamely.

“Oh, no, it’s fine,” Hoseok looked away again and Yoongi ground his teeth in frustration. “Yeah, I am. Did Jimin tell you?” Now that Hoseok wasn’t on the territory that he must have promised himself never to stray from, school work, he seemed less confident, less polished.

“Yeah,” Yoongi answered. He wanted to spill everything in that moment but he was discouraged by the fact that Hoseok was refusing to look him in the eye.

“Oh,” Hoseok seemed unsure on what to do with his hands. He settled with flicking his pen from side to side. Yoongi found himself watching its movements until his vision blurred. “Are you going?”

Yoongi nodded, realised that Hoseok couldn’t possibly see him because of his refusal to look at him, then voiced his answer. “Yeah. With Namjoon.”

“Oh,” Hoseok said again. “I’m going with Taehyung.”

“He’s going with Jeongguk,” Yoongi blurted, remembering too late that their last discussion of the topic was before the kiss and before he had fucked everything up. It was him this time that refused to look up when he saw Hoseok look up at him in surprise.

“Yeah,” Hoseok admitted, his voice slightly warmer. “Yeah, they’re going together.”

Hoseok’s tone had ignited something in his stomach, and he didn’t care if he was imagining it or not,
he grasped hold of the hope that was fluttering thinly in front of him. “You’ll be alone?”

He almost jumped when Hoseok looked up from the textbook and met his eye. His expression
scrunched up into one of disbelief. “No, actually,” he scoffed causing Yoongi to recoil. “I’m meeting
someone there, she’s a friend of Jimin’s. I’ll be with her the whole night, if it goes well.”

Yoongi was certain that he had been impaled. He didn’t dare breathe, feeling something rank and
wet fill up his lungs. Hoseok was flaunting this piece of information in front of him, whether it was
true or not didn’t particularly matter as of this moment because Hoseok was playing with him.

Something sour churned in his stomach, it burned his heart and pumped through his veins, boiling
under his skin. He wasn’t angry, ‘angry’ would be an understatement. He was furious, shaking with
rage. He wasn’t thinking when the words poured out of his mouth like scalding sludge. “Oh? I’m
also meeting one of Jimin’s friends, he seems nice enough. I’d show you the messages but I don’t
think they’re... appropriate.”

Yoongi had longed for Hoseok to look at him, but not like this. Hoseok was easy to read, his
expressions weren’t guarded at all and the emotion swimming in his eyes might as well have been his
Facebook wall status of ‘I’m feeling...’

Hoseok’s eyebrows were pinched so tightly it looked like they were going to collapse into his nose
bridge, and his eyes blazed with a fire of such intensity Yoongi almost forgot that Hoseok’s evident
fury was directed at him. “Right,” Hoseok snapped and didn’t speak to Yoongi for the rest of the
lesson.

As soon as the bell rang Hoseok sprang up and grabbed his books off of the table, he wasted no time
in cramming them into his bag and he strode away, out of the door and out of sight. Yoongi felt it all
crash down onto him, he felt his ribs splinter under the pressure. He had fucked up again. He had
given into his impulsive feeling of anger when Hoseok had taunted him and had only resulted in
pushing Hoseok further away.

Why had Hoseok taunted him in the first place? Was it because he had asked whether Hoseok
wanted company at the party and he had grown offended when figuring out that Yoongi wanted to
spend time with him? It was understandable, to him it would appear that Yoongi led him on by
promising to like him and then rejecting him after a kiss, but it hurt even so.

He was beyond frustrated with himself, how dare he feel sorry for himself when he was the one who
insisted on fucking everything up? Still, an underlying rage buzzed through his veins. Hoseok might
not have been lying, after all, Jimin had tried to set up all of his friends with someone at least once.

Yoongi wasn’t simply angry, he was catastrophically jealous. After Saturday, Hoseok could have
found himself a girlfriend who was captivating and stunningly beautiful. After Saturday, Hoseok
wouldn’t look back and Yoongi would be left behind in the dirt. But there was nothing he could do
to stop it; he had no right to tell Hoseok not to meet the girl, Hoseok wouldn’t listen to him anyway,
why should he?

If Hoseok was going to take up Jimin’s offer, why shouldn’t he? It was evident that whatever he and
Hoseok once had had burnt up in lights of the bus last Sunday night.

He made up his mind.
Min Yoongi: hey

Park Jimin: heyy

Park Jimin: u still up for sat? u don’t have to meet jinsoo if u don’t want too

Park Jimin: NJ says I shouldn’t pressure u or whatever

Min Yoongi: no, it’s fine

Min Yoongi: I’m all for it actually, I’d love to meet him

Min Yoongi: just don’t tell Namjoon

Park Jimin: ooooh good! Cuz ive told him all about u, he’s interested too ;)

Park Jimin: mmkay sure thing, ill distract him when introducing u two

Park Jimin: u want JS’s No?

Min Yoongi: thanks

Min Yoongi: no, it’s alright

Park Jimin: I knew it, I told him that ur mysterious

Park Jimin: he likes it

Park Jimin: so u wanna get sum d or a relationship or wat

Min Yoongi: I’m not having this conversation with you

Park Jimin: rude! I’d bet u’d open ur heart to NJ

Park Jimin: oh JS says to wear red btw

Park Jimin: thinks itll look good on u

Min Yoongi: what am I a doll?

Min Yoongi: wait

Min Yoongi: how many pictures have you sent him of me?

Park Jimin: ur his doll now

Park Jimin: hmmm.... not many

Park Jimin: 10?

Min Yoongi: wow, that’s creepy. All without my permission

Min Yoongi: I can barely remember what he looks like

Park Jimin: hahahaha don’t worry
Park Jimin: (10 pictures attached)

Min Yoongi: thanks?

Park Jimin: do u think he’s hot?

Min Yoongi: sure I guess

Park Jimin: he says thx u are too

Min Yoongi: um

Min Yoongi: stop being the messenger

Min Yoongi: I’m gonna go now

Min Yoongi: see you both tomorrow

Park Jimin: hahaha sorry

Park Jimin: meet u at yours @ 7 so I can take u

Park Jimin: JS says see u cutie x

Chapter End Notes

.... i'll go home

someone sent me an anon on tumblr and i died laughing omfg, if anyone wants to yell at me or talk idk, here's my tumblr: https://dabbleinthedrabble.tumblr.com/ my twitter is @pigmentedbinch :D

i love reading and answering comments, they really motivate me to upload and write, so if you've enjoyed this chapter and want to leave feedback please feel free to drop a comment! <3
Saturday evening couldn’t come fast enough. Yoongi spent the majority of the day trying not to think of the evening ahead, trying not to muse over whether he had made the correct decision for he was certain that if he told Namjoon what he had done, he would be met with a disappointed stare.

Yoongi had an early dinner so that he could get ready for the party, which he was trying to put from his mind because he wasn’t particularly looking forward to be in a cramped space with a truckload of sweaty strangers. The main thing that he was focussing on was Jinsoo and what the hell they were going to talk about when Yoongi didn’t know the slightest thing about the other and when Jimin had basically spilled his entire life story to this stranger.

Yoongi tried to put these thoughts from his mind, especially about how Hoseok would be there, too, and how he might see a glimpse of the girl that Jimin was supposed to introduce Hoseok to. He tried to focus on what he would wear. Jeans, probably ripped and most definitely black. Shirt, short sleeved and red. A jacket, the leather one that Jimin had presented to him for his birthday last year.

He wasn’t sure what to do with his hair, should he style it? He wasn’t sure how to. He remembered last week when Hoseok had styled his hair to be wavy and parted slightly, he liked it, had wanted to touch it. He wondered what Hoseok would do with his hair tonight, wondered if the girl would run her fingers through it. He decided to leave his hair as it was, messy and slightly tousled.

Jimin was outside earlier than expected which was half an hour before their scheduled meeting time. When opening the door Jimin grinned at him and invited himself inside, taking off of his shoes which were, surprisingly, not his usual sports trainers. “Can I come and have something to eat? Tonight’s a big night and I can’t get smashed if I have to play cupid- Hello, Miss Min!”

Yoongi’s mum greeted Jimin as if he were one of her own. She let him have some of the dinner that she had prepared and by the time that Yoongi had gotten completely ready it was almost as if she were about to offer Jimin a place to live.

“You flirt with anything, don’t you?” Yoongi complained mildly when the two had made it out of his house and were walking towards the train station. Apparently the party was being held inside a club in the city centre which means that it was going to take most of his allowance to get there.
“Except you; I’ve got good taste,” Jimin quipped, chucking Yoongi under the chin and laughing too loudly, attracting the attention of a businessman on the other side of the road. “Now, speaking of good taste, you’re lucky I know Jinsoo’s sister. By the end of the night I might have scored them both boyfriends,” Jimin let out what was presumably an evil laugh, “so, I’ll tell you about Jinsoo.”

Yoongi was appreciative of this but when Jimin kept on talking about Jinsoo the whole train journey and then the walk to the club he wished that Jimin hadn’t opened his mouth. Apparently, Jinsoo had been dating a girl for the past three years but broke up with her because his father was transferring, and then the family moved to the city where he found a district filled with gay clubs which he developed a rapid interest in. Jinsoo liked to go to the gym, and he liked hook-ups but was currently looking for something meaningful and apparently deemed Yoongi to be a potential candidate.

It was far too late to back out as they had reached the bouncer when Yoongi realised that he was being set up with a fuckboy. The cover fee was extortionate and he was glad that he had something to focus the restless rage inside of him on upon entering the club. ‘Small gathering’, my glory hole, Yoongi thought to himself when immediately almost being ripped from Jimin as a group of girls emerged from his left and practically carried Jimin away.

He found himself in a booth at the back of the club, transparent crimson curtains draped around the booth and managed to block some of the laser lights. The girls that surrounded Jimin seemed alright, they were content with receiving a ‘hello’ and ‘have fun tonight’ before dispersing into the throngs of people, their conversation vanishing into the pounding of the bass.

Jimin cleared his throat. “Man, I’m thirsty,” he wiggled his eyebrows at Yoongi, who rolled his eyes and laughed. Jimin peered behind the curtain and appeared dissatisfied with what we saw, he sunk down on the couch. “Apparently Tae is coming with someone, have you heard anything? Like, who it is? He won’t tell me anything, so I dunno if it’s true.”

Yoongi shrugged, he wasn’t going to spill everything he knew to Jimin, he was most likely to confront Taehyung about it and he wasn’t willing to be dragged into the middle of anything. “I guess I’ll find out tonight if it’s true or not,” Jimin smirked, “see what all the fuss’s about.”

Yoongi didn’t know what to say, Jimin seemed curiously intent on talking about Taehyung’s mystery lover. He knew for a fact that Jeongguk was planning on asking Taehyung out tonight, and because parties weren’t really his scene, if Taehyung accepted (which there was no doubt about) they would probably leave to go and get dinner. Maybe Jimin wouldn’t even get a chance to spot them, and he probably wouldn’t recognise Jeongguk as Taehyung’s love interest anyway.

“So,” Jimin drummed on the table. “I’m gonna go and get drinks, I’ll be back soon. You,” he leant across the table and bopped Yoongi’s nose, “stay here.”

He had no entertaining games on his phone and he was finding the harsh volume of the music too loud to concentrate. He opened his Kakao to find messages from both Namjoon and Jeongguk.

‘I’ll be there in half an hour, Jin’s coming with me, and I’ll introduce you properly!’

‘aaaaaaaaa ok be there in 10 mins or so, Tae and I met at the station as planned’

They had both been sent ten minutes ago which means that-

“Hey! Budge up, please,” Jeongguk grinned at him whilst Taehyung wrapped the curtain around his throat as some kind of scarf. Jeongguk looked back at him and laughed, “it’s very you,” he commented and slid in next to Yoongi.
Taehyung sat opposite Yoongi, decked to the nines yet again, and regarded him with a cool stare. Just as he had expected, Taehyung knew to some extent the predicament between him and Hoseok.

Luckily, Yoongi didn’t need to rack his brains to find a conversation starter as the drapes opened once more and Jimin slid drinks across the table. Yoongi grabbed his and downed it as quickly as possible, his resolve was shaking and the roof of his mouth was dry. He uttered his thanks to which Jimin dismissed with a flick of his wrist. Yoongi noticed that Jimin looked slightly shocked to see Taehyung and he caught Jimin eyeing Jeongguk warily.

“Jeongguk!” Jimin cried when collapsing next to Taehyung, slinging an arm around his shoulder and bringing him closer. “Look at you, I haven’t seen you in a club since the first time where that girl talked to you and you cried!”

Yoongi, who remembered the scene extremely vividly, choked on his laughter. Jeongguk had flushed bright red and was currently trying to bury his head in his hands. Taehyung was looking shocked and didn’t seem to know whether to laugh or to tell Jimin to stop teasing the younger boy. “Jeongguk, did you really cry?” Taehyung’s eyes creased with amusement. He seemed to have settled for teasing.

“Not because a girl talked to me! I was really drunk and didn’t know where I was,” Jeongguk defended with a smile, seeing the humorous side to the situation, probably because of Taehyung’s influence. “That was the last time I went out with Jimin.”

Yoongi snorted and patted Jeongguk’s back. “Wise decision.”

“So, how do you know each other?” Jimin asked, the curiosity seemed to have been eating him alive. He began to sway Taehyung from side to side like a pendulum. The flush on Taehyung’s face was evident but Jimin didn’t comment on it, Yoongi realised that he must be too busy focussing on Jeongguk’s reaction to focus on Taehyung’s.

“Well, Yoongi introduced me,” Jeongguk explained, “because he’s friends with Hoseok.”

Yoongi wanted to melt into a puddle and he was sure that he was going to when Taehyung shot him a murderous glare.

“Oh, really?” Jimin looked surprised. “Well, you should have told me you were friends, Yoongs, I’ve been wanting to introduce you all forever.” He let go of Taehyung and took a sip of his own drink. “Speaking of Seok, Jihee should be here soon. Do any of you know where he is?”

“Toilet,” Taehyung said, taking the glass out of Jimin’s hand as he had begun to gulp it a little too enthusiastically. Yoongi’s stomach knotted: Hoseok was already here?

Jimin grinned and slid back out of his seat, he tossed his head over his shoulder, “I’ll be back in ten, Yoongs! See you later, guys!” He disappeared behind the drapes.

There was a stilted pause in which no one said anything. Yoongi kept his eyes on his empty glass.

“So, wanna dance?” Taehyung finally spoke, obviously not even acknowledging Yoongi. Jeongguk seemed to have picked up that something was wrong and shot Yoongi a questioning glance, but as Yoongi couldn’t exactly explain his situation in a matter of ten seconds he gave Jeongguk the signal that it was fine to leave.

“Yeah, I’d love to,” Jeongguk smiled. Taehyung looked as if he were going to melt when Jeongguk moved out of the booth and grabbed Taehyung by the arm. The two vanished into the crowd which seemed to be energetically moshing to a popular song that Yoongi always heard whenever he turned
Namjoon hadn’t arrived yet and Jimin was busy in the bathroom talking to Hoseok who was about to meet a girl. Jihee, was her name? Why did that name sound so familiar? He didn’t know, he was certain that he had never met a Jihee.

He felt extremely awkward and isolated camped up inside a booth, alcohol raced through his veins and demanded that he join the crowd and stretch his legs. So, he obeyed.

The curtains swished behind him as he made his way through the throngs of people to the bar where he had decided to get a few more drinks before getting into things, but he was dragged into a dance circle by the group of girls who had greeted Jimin. It was easy to get lost in moving to the rhythm of the song, no matter how shitty it was; as long as the bass kept playing he was alive. Eventually, the circle dispersed when a group of guys got caught up in the mix and Yoongi found it was the perfect excuse to escape and head towards the bar as originally planned.

The bartender barely looked him over before handing him a rum and coke which he sipped at before tipping back into his throat. He wiped his mouth and breathed out a satisfied sigh. The bar was starting to get crowded and he was starting to feel too exhilarated to be cooped up with a bunch of other sweaty people, he wanted to be the best sweaty person in the club.

But before he could join the dance floor again an arm was thrown around his shoulder and he almost toppled over. “Jimin!” He shouted in surprise but was hushed as a finger was put to his mouth and Jimin grinned while pointing at the farthest corner of the club where Hoseok stood, smiling and nursing a cocktail. He was smiling at a stunningly beautiful girl, she was wearing a dress that was neither too outrageous nor understated. It was the same girl from the picture. Jinsoo’s sister.

“Am I cupid or what?” Jimin yelled in his ear over the heavy thump of the music. “He was in the bathroom psyching himself up or something, but look at them! They’re undressing each other with their eyes!” Yoongi ripped his eyes away from the couple in the corner and pulled away from Jimin at the same time. “Hey, do you know where Tae and ‘Guk went?” Jimin asked him, leaning in once more.

Yoongi shrugged and gestured half-heartedly to the centre of the crowd where he saw two familiar figures practically entwined around each other, body against body. Jimin surveyed the scene with a smile that quickly diminished, Yoongi was too numb to look into this, though, and walked away. He walked back over to a quieter corner of the bar which was designed to be classy but came across tacky with wine glasses decorated the ceiling and fake diamond studded stalls sitting underneath the bar counter.

He climbed up onto the stall nearest to him, pleased when a complicated formation of glasses blocked the view of most of the club, particularly the corner in which Hoseok and his new girlfriend were occupying. He didn’t know what to think, he had hoped that Hoseok had been lying to him but if he was telling the truth he had hoped that either he wouldn’t be interested or vice versa. What he was most ailed by was that his worst fear had come true: Hoseok had found someone who he deemed to be more captivating than Yoongi.

A voice in the back of his mind, which sounded suspiciously like Namjoon’s, told him to stop jumping to conclusions, but it was muffled by the alcohol that was dancing in his veins, swaying his world from side to side.

A hand on his lower back, a body near his side, close enough to touch. His hopeful heart leapt and his intoxicated mind invited a smile onto his face, he peered at the person next to him, longing for it to be who he thought it was, but this was him and nothing ever went his way. “Jinsoo?”
Said boy pulled up a stall and sat next to Yoongi, “I’m glad that was you, otherwise I probably would’ve gotten punched,” he was smiling, showing his perfectly straight teeth and his immaculately chiselled jaw that Yoongi was sure could only be achieved due to surgery as Jinsoo turned towards the bartender and asked for some shots.

It wasn’t Hoseok, but he let the alcohol in his system convince him that it was the second best thing.

“I was right,” Jinsoo remarked, not discreet in the way he ran his eyes over Yoongi. It made him shiver slightly, a smile making its way onto his face.

“Yeah?” Yoongi prompted, taking the chance and doing the same. Jinsoo dressed well, no colours clashed and he knew what suited him. Tight jeans, tight shirt which clung to his muscles and sleeves which were rolled up to his elbows and buttoned, revealing skin and showing the veins which traced over bone.

“You look good in red,” Jinsoo was still smiling but it had turned slightly righteous, as if he had successfully lured Yoongi in with a singular pick-up line. Maybe they were more polished than Hoseok’s, but Yoongi didn’t appreciate any other lines being used on him. His heart clenched in pain when he realised that Hoseok would no longer use any on him, he would be saving them for his girlfriend.

“I know,” Yoongi agreed instead of simpering at the compliment from the pretty stranger. “You don’t look so bad yourself.” The shots arrived and he reached for one, looking Jinsoo square in the eye before tilting his head back slowly, exposing his neck, and swallowing. It burnt his throat, but it felt good.

*He* felt good. Confident, seductive. Jinsoo had watched his every move with hungry eyes, and it was obvious what intentions he had towards Yoongi. But at the moment, Yoongi found that he didn’t mind, in fact, he was rather enjoying the attention.

“Jimin was right about you,” Jinsoo’s voice lowered an octave, Yoongi could have sworn that his chair had vibrated. Jinsoo’s fingers reached towards the rim of the shot glass, Yoongi noticed that his nails were manicured. Jinsoo must be in some serious money, he realised when he smelt the latest cologne scathe his nose, the same cologne that a posh shop assistant had sprayed at him when he was in the shopping centre last Saturday. It made him want to lean in closer, to bury his nose into the crook of Jinsoo’s neck to get a better whiff. He supposed that that was the intention of the cologne and was vaguely annoyed when it was working on him.

“Oh, really, now?” Yoongi raised a teasing eyebrow as he watched Jinsoo’s throat jump upon swallowing the shot. “How come?”

Jinsoo placed the shot glass calmly back onto the counter and slid it to join Yoongi’s, bringing himself with it. He had invited himself into Yoongi’s proximity and seemed to make no plans to leave. He smiled in such a manner that Yoongi was certain had imploded the hearts of thousands of girls and boys. He reached towards Yoongi’s ear, fingers tracing over hair and causing Yoongi to shiver into the touch, whilst at the same time sidling his hand slowly up Yoongi’s thigh, its warmth stopping dangerously near the crotch of his jeans. Yoongi found himself immobilised, his heart thudding erratically and his pulse wobbling as the alcohol in him tried to propel him forwards.

“You’re a cock-tease, and I want nothing more than to unwrap you from that precious red shirt and have you moan my name,” Jinsoo’s voice rattled in his eardrums and replaced the bass in the song that was playing. His breath was hot and trailed down to his neck, causing the hairs on his back to stand up. His brain was too slow and didn’t process the words until Jinsoo had moved back into his seat as if nothing had happened.
‘Unwrap’ me? Yoongi thought and then burst out laughing, he had to lean forwards to avoid tipping backwards he was laughing so vigorously. When his laughter had died down and he could see clearly when he had wiped the tears away from his eyes, he saw that Jinsoo was observing him with a disgruntled expression. He was obviously miffed that his attempts of seduction didn’t appear to be working.

“Sorry,” Yoongi chuckled, sliding off the chair and ‘accidentally’ stumbling into Jinsoo, grasping him by the silk of his shirt to stand upright. His own attempts, unlike Jinsoo’s, appeared to be working, however, when Jinsoo reciprocated his action and brought his hands to Yoongi’s waist. His fingers splaying out to take in the warmth of Yoongi’s skin beneath his shirt before Yoongi pulled away. “Do you wanna dance?” He asked, knowing full well what the answer would be.

Jinsoo didn’t even pretend that he wasn’t appreciating the full view of Yoongi and his ripped skinny jeans. He smiled again, the same smile that would have caused a girl’s knees to go weak, and stepped down from the stall. He placed his hand on Yoongi’s lower back again and gently led him to the direction of the dance floor.

Yoongi couldn’t spot Hoseok and his new girlfriend through the crowds, neither could he spot Taehyung or Jeongguk which meant that they must have gone off somewhere or left early. He couldn’t see Jimin either, and he didn’t even know if Namjoon had turned up as he hadn’t checked his phone in over an hour.

Jinsoo didn’t waste any time, the song wasn’t too fast-paced so it was slow enough to be deemed as sensual. Yoongi couldn’t count a split second where one patch of his skin was not being occupied by Jinsoo, not that he particularly minded, Jinsoo was a good looking guy and he knew what he was doing. His mind was hazy and his spirits were too lifted to bother about his morals of the situation.

At some point, Jinsoo must have taken Yoongi’s leather jacket off because when Jinsoo grinded against him and he tilted his head back in pleasure, throwing his arms around Jinsoo’s neck, he could feel the silk material of Jinsoo’s shirt clinging to his arms. Adrenaline was no longer pumping through him in bursts, the only thing that controlled him now was lust and the fact that someone wanted him.

It was too dark to properly make out Jinsoo’s face, so with his drunken mind and his hazy vision he could pretend that it was Hoseok breathing heavily into his neck and rutting against him, Hoseok’s hands trailing down his back. Suddenly, it was too hot, he felt faint, he felt dizzy, and he was sure that he was going to throw up.

He pushed Jinsoo away, which was rather difficult given how tightly Jinsoo was clinging onto him, and escaped out of the crowd. He moved towards the doors of the club, breathing deeply when he emerged in the cool night air. He staggered away from the loud music to the garden besides the club where benches were strewn about. He collapsed onto one, his limbs shaking and his head pounding. He focussed on trying to regain control of his breathing and not on the voice that was calling his name.

“Hey, Yoongi, are you okay?” Jinsoo managed to locate him and slotted himself onto the bench next to Yoongi, rubbing circles on his back. Yoongi knew that he should have pushed Jinsoo away but he found himself leaning into the comforting touch.

“I just felt... weird. Had to get out,” Yoongi explained briefly. Jinsoo nodded and moved in closer, pulling Yoongi towards him so that Yoongi’s head fell onto his shoulder. Yoongi was too exhausted to care, he wanted to sleep.

“You’re not gonna throw up, are you?” Jinsoo asked, dragging Yoongi back into the present and
away from his dreamless sleep.

He shook his head. “No.” The night air felt really nice against his cheek, it was cool and textured. He abruptly realised that the night air didn’t trace against lips like that. He opened his eyes to find Jinsoo looking down at him, the comforting hand had woven behind his back, locking him in place.

Yoongi knew what was going to happen when he caught Jinsoo staring and stroking his face, but he didn’t have the energy to stop him, he wasn’t even sure if he wanted to. Jinsoo said nothing, didn’t ask for permission like Hoseok had done, he enclosed Yoongi’s face with his hands and lifted his lips towards his.

Jinsoo knew exactly what he was doing, he caught Yoongi’s lip with his own and parted both his lips with his tongue, attacking Yoongi’s mouth as if to find something locked within, stealing Yoongi’s breath. Yoongi’s eyes were half-closed and had filled with tears from the night air which had turned vicious, stinging him and his skin.

He couldn’t move in time with Jinsoo like he had with Hoseok, Jinsoo had to be in control, steering Yoongi’s face when he wanted a deeper kiss, breaking away and breathing heavily before leaning forwards and pushing Yoongi down onto the bench. He attacked Yoongi’s neck with what could only be described as bites instead of kisses, sucking at the skin around his collar bone, causing him to sigh and moan instinctively which Jinsoo silenced with a fierce kiss.

He was so caught up in it all that he hardly noticed when Jinsoo had begun palming at him through his jeans whilst towering over him and kissing him with such force it was as if he were intending on sucking the soul out of Yoongi. He heard the zipper alongside the bass of the song that was playing from inside the club. No one was around them, the blanket of the night covered them from prying eyes. The music was too loud for anyone to hear Jinsoo moan and Yoongi’s sighs. No one was there to help him.

“No,” Yoongi breathed out, turning his head to the side, exposing his neck to which Jinsoo devoured with hungry kisses. He reached downwards to pull up his zipper but Jinsoo caught his hands and pushed them above his head, the force around his wrists was immense and as he saw the muscles in Jinsoo’s arms tighten he vaguely recalled Jimin saying, ‘and Jinsoo loves to work out, he weight trains every day!’

Yoongi didn’t want this, he didn’t want to be kissed by Jinsoo, and he no longer wanted to be touched by Jinsoo. “No, please, no – I don’t want to-” Jinsoo was going to silence him again but he twisted and turned his head in every direction possible whilst struggling under Jinsoo’s weight. He kicked out, trying to roll onto the floor.

“Fine, fine,” Jinsoo loosened his grip and Yoongi could feel the blood begin to move in his wrists once more. “We won’t do it here. I’ll take you back to a hotel, yeah? Guess you’re more reserved than you make out, you little slut.”

Jinsoo was slowly rising off of him, he didn’t want to take any chances, any second that shot by would be a missed opportunity and the frenzied oxygen rolling around in his brain was making his eyes beat with blood, so that he could see every vein in his vision. Still, he tried to focus. He shot his knee up at exactly the right time, catching Jinsoo right in the groin. Jinsoo cried out in pain, his hands releasing Yoongi’s wrists. Yoongi wasted no time and shot off of the bench, rolling onto the floor and picked himself back up with shaky legs.

“You fucking whore!” Jinsoo was back up on his feet, although he was doubled and his voice was breathless. Yoongi’s eyes had grown accustom to the darkness so he could see that Jinsoo’s perfect hair was tousled and his eyes were wide and bulging, spittle had sprayed onto his chin. Yoongi
stumbled backwards, his ankle gave in and he collapsed before his survival instincts kicked in and he crawled back up on his feet. “I wasn’t going to rape you, you stupid slut! If you had just stayed still you would have had a great time!”

“I...” Was it true? He didn’t have time to second guess his decision, he turned on his heel and bolted, landing on his twisted ankle and breathing heavily through the pain. He needed to call for help, he needed his phone, he needed his friends. He raced towards the door and reached for it in desperation, but it almost hit him in the nose when it opened from the inside.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry, I... Yoongi?”

Yoongi locked eyes with Hoseok - the person who he had wanted to see most of all this evening; the person who had once liked him but now probably despised him - and fainted dead away.

Chapter End Notes

i'll see myself out

as usual, if you liked this chapter and/or want to leave feedback please drop me a comment! <3
i'm awake now and see you've always been in front of me

Chapter Notes

happy boxing day to those who celebrate it!

omg thank you all so much for the comments on the last chapter (im also sorry about the angst and the pain)

i hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He felt the pain before opening his eyes. His brain throbbed within his skull and his tongue felt swollen, like it was too big for his mouth. His eyes were dry and as he forcibly opened them he was certain that at one point his eyelids had gotten stuck to his eyeballs. He was eternally grateful that the room he was currently in was dark, a feeling that was quickly replaced when the fear crept in. Where was he? What had happened? Was he dead?

Yoongi made to talk, to ask the questions flitting through his mind at a rapid pace but his throat was coated with stale breath and dry air. His tongue tasted like drink and someone else. He must have gotten drunk the night before, then, so he must have been at a party. But where was he now?

Not trusting himself to sit up, he tilted his head to search his surroundings. The world swam as his eyes settled on a familiar bedside cabinet which held a glass of water and some pain killers. Deciding it was a cause worthy enough to risk it, he sat up, using his elbows as leverage. Clumsily, he reached for the pain killers and washed them down with the water greedily. He heard the door open and looked to see Jeongguk lingering in the doorway.

“Hey,” he spoke quietly enough but still Yoongi’s ears winced. “Are you okay? I brought you back to mine. I figured you wouldn’t want your mum to worry. I texted her and told her you were sleeping over at mine.”

It was all Yoongi could do but groan in response. Jeongguk trod over to the side of the bed and rubbed Yoongi’s bare arm in a consoling fashion whilst sinking down onto the covers. “We were worried, you know. You just disappeared.” Yoongi, upon hearing those words, wanted to sink and vanish into the bedclothes.

“S’rry,” he slurred guiltily and then grew annoyed that his throat wasn’t co-operating. He tried to reach for Jeongguk but his arms were too heavy and fell sloppily back onto the bed. He groaned again which made Jeongguk laugh softly.

“It’s okay. I know you didn’t do it on purpose,” Jeongguk moved his hand to Yoongi’s temples, he leant into the touch. “You slept until noon, by the way. I don’t suppose you want lunch?” Yoongi crinkled his nose at the thought of food. Jeongguk chuckled, “you should probably eat something. I’ll get you some bread and butter, Seokjin says that it should soak up the alcohol.”

Yoongi’s eyes fixated onto Jeongguk’s desk chair, noticing something black strewn across the top of it. Jeongguk followed his stare. “Oh,” he breathed out. “Um,” he began somewhat hesitantly. “That’s your jacket, luckily it still had your phone in it. Namjoon found it kicked to the back.”
Yoongi’s throat was scratchy and it felt like it ripped into two whenever he made the slightest noise or breathed too deeply, but his desire to know was overwhelming. “What happened?”

Jeongguk suddenly seemed intrigued by the pattern of his duvet and began tracing circles with his finger. “Well, I can tell you what I know and remember, I didn’t drink anything and neither did Tae, so my memory’s pretty accurate. We took you back to mine, Namjoon and Seokjin, even Hoseok.” Yoongi’s skull seemed to rattle upon hearing the last name that Jeongguk uttered, his brain slammed from side to side. “He was the one who found you, after all, someone who worked at the club looked after you while Hoseok went inside and got Joon, and then Seokjin found me and Taehyung.”

Jeongguk cleared his throat before carrying on. “You kind of came around eventually. You said you didn’t need an ambulance, you just needed to sleep it off. I wanted to take you back to mine, and everyone came with me. On the way out... we saw that guy, Jinsoo?” Yoongi tried not to make the slightest change in his facial expression as the memories came back to him, attacking his body just as Jinsoo had done. He was aware that Jeongguk was watching him warily.

“He came across quite respectable and no one knew who he was, but then he started calling us names when he saw you. Jimin must have seen us leave because he came out when Jinsoo was... saying some stuff, and then Jimin asked what was going on. Jinsoo said that you had... led him on, or something, and that Jimin had ‘promised something that you refused to deliver,’ and this was about the time that Jimin punched him – we couldn’t stick around because a fight broke out, so we left.”

Yoongi was sure that even if he had the use of his voice he still wouldn’t have said anything. He was speechless.

Jeongguk shifted slightly, cleared his throat again, “Hoseok looked like he wanted to join in, to be on Jimin’s side, but he left pretty quickly when we got back here.” A twist of guilt shot through him, causing him to double over. Jeongguk must have thought that it was part of his hangover and patted his shoulder in a comforting manner. “You haven’t talked about him in ages so I thought you were just being private... What’s going on between you and Hoseok? Why were you with that Jinsoo guy tonight?”

Jeongguk had cornered him at the right time; with his head pounding and his rolling stomach there was no way that he would be able to escape.

“I fucked up,” Yoongi got out after many attempts to moisten his throat. His voice was gravelly. Jeongguk paused before handing him the half-full glass of water, helping him sit up to sip at it.

“I got... insecure about what would happen between us if I liked him back, and after he kissed me,” Jeongguk’s eyes widened dramatically but Yoongi chose to ignore this, “I told him that I couldn’t do it but I wanted to stay friends. I knew that he would find someone better, and he did. Jimin set him up with Jihee, Jinsoo’s sister. He looked so... happy.” The last thing that Yoongi wanted to do was gain a headache but it was apparent he was going to be bringing one upon his hangover because tears were dripping down his face.

“Oh, Yoongs,” Jeongguk exhaled, pulling Yoongi forward. Yoongi rested his head on Jeongguk’s steady shoulder. The kid really had filled out over the years, he was broad now, muscular. “I’m sorry.”

“‘t’s not your fault,” Yoongi murmured. “I knew it was gonna happen eventually, just... not so suddenly, I guess.” That was it. That was the reason it hurt him so much. In a span of one week, Hoseok had forgotten about him and had ensnared another with his charismatic charm. Yoongi had known it along, there was nothing special about him. It just hurt knowing that someone who meant something to him thought the same.
Jeongguk had resorted to rocking him slightly as if he were a new-born, but it wasn’t patronising at all, in fact it was having the desired effect as Yoongi’s eyes grew heavy. “Don’t say that, Yoongs. I’m sure it wasn’t all that it seemed, maybe you should talk to him? Talk to him, and it will all be sorted out.”

It were as if these words were the lullaby he had missed out on hearing his whole life; as soon as the sentence spun out of Jeongguk’s mouth like sugar-sweet candyfloss, sleep claimed him as its own. It drew him from the darkness, refreshing his mind and quelling the storm inside of his head and stomach.

As soon as he woke up, he was going to talk to Hoseok.

When his eyes next flickered open the pounding in his head had subsided and his limbs no longer felt as if they were seconds away from falling off. He felt no pain when sitting up and swinging his legs over the bed. Jeongguk had left, the room was empty, but he must have returned at some point as there was a plate of buttered bread sitting atop the bedside table.

Yoongi took a piece and chewed, savouring the taste. He tested his feet out on the hard ground, seeing whether he was too weak to stand up, but as his legs didn’t shake and his body didn’t protest he deemed walking to be allowed. There was a slight twinge in his ankle, the one that he had twisted, but the pain didn’t last for very long. The first thing he did was check the time by opening the blinds and allowing light into the room so that he could read the clock hanging on Jeongguk’s wall. It was almost seven in the evening, which meant that he must have slept for more than two hours.

He stood in the middle of Jeongguk’s room aimlessly, unsure of whether to call the younger boy up or go downstairs and join him – he heard noise coming from the TV down below. His eyes landed on the leather jacket which lounged on Jeongguk’s chair, something metallic glinted in its pockets: his phone. He reached towards it absentmindedly, pressed the home button and was surprised when it lit up, he had suspected that there would be no battery left.

There was a plethora of messages and missed calls that paraded across his screen, the majority of calls being from his mum and texts being from Namjoon. His most recent message, however, was from someone whom he hadn’t expected. Hoseok had contacted him on messenger.

‘if you’re okay message me back plz, I want to hear it from you’.

Yoongi’s heart spasmed in his chest. Hoseok wanted to know if he was okay, had reached out to him instead of waiting to hear second-hand news from Taehyung that had passed from Jeongguk. What did it mean?

Resolution took a hold of him and he realised that it was too late to look into every detail, it didn’t matter. All he needed to know was that Hoseok cared enough about him to help him back to Jeongguk’s home, to message him afterwards to make sure that he was okay. All that mattered was what he felt and how we would convey it to Hoseok, Jihee didn’t matter now, it didn’t matter what she was to Hoseok; if Hoseok had any ounce of care left for Yoongi then surely it could be resurrected?

There was no time to be level-headed, anything involving Hoseok contorted his reality and mussed his common sense. His fingers shook when they moved rhythmically across the keyboard of his phone.

*Jung Hoseok (active two hours ago): if you’re okay message me back plz, I want to hear it from you*
Min Yoongi: I’m fine now, I just woke up

Min Yoongi: thank you

Min Yoongi: we need to talk

Min Yoongi: are you free?

Jung Hoseok (active now): I’m glad

Jung Hoseok: yeah I am

Min Yoongi: can I come to yours?

Jung Hoseok: oh

Jung Hoseok: (location)

Jung Hoseok: you mean now?

Min Yoongi: if that’s okay

Jung Hoseok: it should be

Jung Hoseok: are you gonna be okay

Min Yoongi: I will be

Min Yoongi: I’ll be there soon

Jung Hoseok: okay

Min Yoongi (last active 20 minutes ago): Hoseok

Min Yoongi (active now): I’m here

Jung Hoseok: ill let you in

Chapter End Notes

dun dun dun whats gonna happen omg....

once again, if you liked this chapter and/or want to leave feedback, please drop me a comment! it makes my day to know that people like my story and wish me well, thank you all so much <3
there's definitely love in your eyes, my love, but i’d rather die

Chapter Notes

hey guys! once again, thank you for all the support i received from last chapter, im really glad so many of you are enjoying my fic <3

okay so this chapter is interesting, but stay tuned, everything might not go the way you expect it to!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jeongguk grasped at Yoongi’s arm when Yoongi made to exit the car. Jeongguk’s mum looked at them in the rear-view mirror, her eyes crinkled with concern. “Do you want me to wait here for you to drive you home? I know you’ve contacted your mother but she must be worried. Do you know how long you’ll be?”

“Thank you but you don’t have to wait. I don’t know how long this’ll take,” he kept his explanation brief, unable to think clearly with all of the thoughts and fears buzzing in his mind, stinging at him.

Jeongguk shot him a wordless look which conveyed the question: ‘are you going to be okay?’

Yoongi nodded, just to comfort him, before opening the door and stepping out onto the pathway which led up to Hoseok’s house. He had never been to this neighbourhood before, it looked pristine with all the lawns trimmed and modern with the black and white colour scheme of the doors and windowpanes.

“Thank you for bringing me here,” he thanked Jeongguk’s mum, who brushed it off.

“It’s alright, dear. Are you sure you don’t want me to stay?”

“No, mum, it’s fine. I think Yoongi would appreciate the walk back,” Jeongguk answered for him, getting the hint that Yoongi wanted to be left alone after his and Hoseok’s discussion, smiling in a reassuring manner. Yoongi mustered up a convincing smile and waved when the car engine started and Jeongguk’s mum waved back before driving down the street and into the approaching darkness of the night.

It was just him now, and all of the paranoid thoughts he had tried so hard to erase tearing into his heart and brain. But there was no way out of it now, he would have to face all of his mistakes.

He looked to the house in front of him and made his way up the path that lead towards its door. He was unsure whether to knock or to ring the doorbell but decided it would be far too ominous to put fist to wood. The doorbell let out its merry tune which interrupted the silence that had cascaded upon the evening. There was nothing, and then there was a scuffling from inside, the sound of a chain being unhooked from the door.

He barely had time to collect himself before the door swung open to reveal a skittish-looking Hoseok. Hoseok was wearing sweatpants and an oversized hoodie, looking comfortable and intimate. Yoongi’s heart skipped a beat as Hoseok stared at him for a few seconds longer than necessary. “Hi,” Yoongi heard him breathe out. “Shall we... go upstairs?”
Yoongi nodded wordlessly, too shaken by the appearance of Hoseok, whom he craved, to be able to form a response. He followed Hoseok inside, taking off of his shoes as Hoseok shut the door. There was the sound of a TV that came from a room behind him with the door firmly closed. If it were Hoseok’s parents occupying the room, and not a hidden Jihee, he must have told them to not disturb him and his guest.

Hoseok smiled at him, a smile that told of his nervousness, before gesturing to the staircase and proceeded to climb it. Yoongi followed after him, not caring if it led to a death trap. It seemed to be a law of his nature now, written in his DNA, that whether Hoseok went, Yoongi would be.

“That’s my sister’s room,” Hoseok said when they reached the next floor, and pointed to the door nearest the banister. “She’s on a school trip now, though. The one we went on in our fifth year.” Yoongi nodded, thankful for Hoseok stalling. He realised that now he was here, he had no idea where to begin.

“And this is my room,” Hoseok didn’t look behind him to watch Yoongi, he merely opened the door and disappeared inside. Yoongi paused, his knees refusing to walk forwards, before he followed. He shut the door behind him, sealing off the outside world. It was just him and Hoseok now, it was everything he wanted but with the addition of a hideous silence.

Hoseok’s room was bright. Not due to the lamp standing on his desk or the bulb hanging from the ceiling shielded by a lampshade, but due to the colour scheme. His walls were cream and his furniture was white covered with a gleam as if it had been recently polished. His bedsheets were white as well, besides from the embroidery of red and yellow. It were as if he lived in a roomy hotel. It didn’t feel unnatural though, it felt and looked lived in. Yoongi loved it.

Hoseok had settled for sitting on his bed, lifting his legs and folding them. He had left Yoongi the chair, it was black and covered with cushion padding. He melted into it and savoured the proximity of them, him and Hoseok. He liked when Hoseok looked at him, he never wanted it to end and it felt like something had been forcibly ripped out of him when Hoseok swallowed hesitantly and dropped his gaze to his bedsheets.

“What did you...” Hoseok seemed uncertain about how to phrase the question. “What did you come here for? What do you want to talk about?” Hoseok glanced up at him through his eyelashes and then flicked his eyes downwards, focussing on his hands which were entwined uncomfortably tightly on his lap.

“Everything,” it tugged its way out of his throat without him having to ponder the question. Yoongi watched Hoseok’s brow furrow, but still he didn’t look up. “Is Jihee your girlfriend?”

This definitely sparked a reaction. Hoseok’s neck clicked as he looked to Yoongi in double quick time. His eyebrows were still hunched together but even more so than they were before, that same fire in his eyes that Yoongi had witnessed for the first time in the library on Friday returned. “What? What does she have to do with ‘everything’? Is Jinsoo your boyfriend?”

Annoyance bubbled within him as Hoseok diverted the question. “No. Now answer my question.” But he needn’t have bothered talking as Hoseok scoffed and shook his head at his answer, he pushed himself backwards, away from Yoongi.

“‘No’? Well, I’m sorry if this is going to sound stupid, but he didn’t exactly seem like nothing to you if he’s been texting you ‘inappropriately’ and trying to get with you. Just what the hell are you playing at, Yoongi?” Hoseok was seething, his voice a snarl.

Yoongi was dumbfounded and could only blink when Hoseok cursed and ran a hand through his
hair, it seemed as though he hadn’t planned on letting his temper have free reign.

“I’m sorry,” Hoseok confessed after a moments pause. He had brought one of his legs towards him and had his head turned slightly away from him, looking at the wall nearest to Yoongi. “I shouldn’t have... I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Yoongi forgave him, what else could he do? “Jinsoo doesn’t mean anything to me,” and because Hoseok’s eyes narrowed as his stare bore into the wall, Yoongi had to confess his mistake, “I lied. Jinsoo never messaged me, I never gave him my number. I’m sorry.”

He wasn’t sure what to expect, but what he hoped for was Hoseok to explain his sudden fit of anger towards Jinsoo or for Hoseok to forgive him and renounce Jihee as he had done Jinsoo. He received none of these reactions.

Hoseok rolled his eyes, his eyelids closing in on them. He breathed in deeply and Yoongi felt himself tense. “So, you mean to say that the first time you ever met him, you let him... You let him touch you.”

Oh, fuck, Yoongi hadn’t thought of that. He hadn’t thought of much, obviously. He hadn’t considered what Hoseok was going through at all because he had no idea where Hoseok was at, did he care about Yoongi? Did he still like Yoongi or had he moved on to Jihee?

“I...” There was nothing he could say, no explanation he could give to make his actions be deemed acceptable. The truth was only sure to anger Hoseok further, that Yoongi had been tipsy and wanted the stranger that wanted him. He had let himself be convinced that the stranger was Hoseok.

A sudden burst of anger flooded through him. Why was Hoseok being so tetchy? He couldn’t explain himself or get any answers that he desperately needed with Hoseok asking questions that were better left unsaid. “Why do you care?” He challenged, straightening up. “What’s it to you? It’s like you going off with that girl you just met-”

“This is nothing like that!” Hoseok hissed, his eyes wide with fury. His hands had tightened around his ankle, turning white. “Nothing happened between us! I didn’t have any interest before I met her and certainly not after! We talked for an hour or so but she realised that I wasn’t interested. Nothing happened because I’m painfully and stupidly in lo-” he cut himself off, sighing through his teeth and kneading the palms of his hands into his eyes.

Yoongi hardly dared to breathe in fear of shattering his reality of Jihee and Hoseok not being in a relationship. Something dawned on him before he could form a response: what was Hoseok about to say before he decided not to? Painfully and stupidly what?

“I know I don’t have the right,” Hoseok started, slowly lowering his hands. “I don’t have the right to say this, or even to think this, but...” Black spots were beginning to form in Yoongi’s vision and the pounding was starting to return to his head; his breaths were short and rare, he didn’t want to be distracted from Hoseok’s next words...

“I don’t like the thought of someone... touching you.” Yoongi’s world let out a mutant roar and splintered, piercing his skin and tearing right through him, skewering his heart.

“I don’t like knowing that that bastard touched you, kissed you or whatever,” Hoseok was finally looking at him, the anger effectively dissolving into tears and glistening in the fluorescent light. “I’ve tried to, Yoongi, but I can’t – I can’t stop these feelings I have for you. I tried with friendship but it just hurt so much, I couldn’t talk to you and when I did it was just about the work – which I don’t even understand, did you know that? I know fuck all about what we’re doing! – And then you asked
me about the party and was I going alone... I don’t know, I just got so angry. I thought you were mocking me, saying that if I couldn’t have you then, of course, I didn’t have anyone else. Then, you said about Jinsoo and how you’d moved on, I was so jealous, fuck, you have no idea,” Hoseok broke off into weak laughter, as if daring Yoongi to laugh. Yoongi had never heard anything less funny in his life.

“And then, at the party, I was feeling shitty about everything. Tae and Jeongguk were having a great time and I couldn’t feel anything for a nice, pretty girl. I was gonna go home when I opened the door and saw you standing there. You probably don’t remember much but it was terrifying, your clothes were all messed up and you were crying, and then you fell- fuck,” Hoseok broke off as his voice cracked with emotion. Yoongi’s heart cracked along with it. He longed to move, to take Hoseok in his arms, but he couldn’t. He was paralysed, forced to watch the boy he had thought of non-stop for days on end break down in front of him. “It was the scariest thing I’ve ever – for one second I thought you were dead,” this time, Hoseok didn’t laugh.

Yoongi silently rose from the chair, slowly lowered himself next to Hoseok. He stared at the wall opposite, unsure if it was the right moment to reach for the boy next to him.

“I knew that I needed to get Tae and Jeongguk, to get all of your friends. They were so worried about you, you know?” Due to their close distance, Hoseok had lowered his voice. It made Yoongi’s insides shake, his fingers ached to touch Hoseok’s skin. To comfort him, to hold him, to love him. All without words. “You woke up at some point, you said you just needed to sleep. Jeongguk wanted to take you back to his house which was closest, so we decided it would be the best option. We were leaving with you when Jinsoo came over, looking all cocky and shit – I didn’t understand – and then he saw you, started saying how you were a tease.” Yoongi’s stomach plummeted and his intestines knotted together. He wished that Hoseok hadn’t remembered anything about Jinsoo, he didn’t want Hoseok to know of his mistake.

“He started yelling which made Jimin come out. I didn’t understand until Jinsoo said... said that Jimin had promised him something that you didn’t deliver. I realised that this was the guy that you were talking about on Friday, I realised that he had been outside the whole time which was where you had fainted, and it all just... clicked.” Hoseok had grabbed his pillow and was hugging it to his chest. “I was just lucky that Jimin got to him before me, otherwise I’d probably be in the cell right now.”

Yoongi looked to Hoseok in alarm. “Jimin got arrested?”

Hoseok’s eyes were wide, probably wondering why Yoongi hadn’t been given this piece of information. “Well, yeah. Jinsoo, too. They started a fight and the club must have phoned the police.” Yoongi’s brows furrowed in disbelief. One of his best friends had been arrested. “He’ll just be there overnight, don’t worry. He’ll be fine, he’s gotten into a lot of fights before. Most of them drunken, which is what this one will be written down as. Besides, right now I’m pissed at him. If what Jinsoo said was true then Jimin was saying a lot of... inappropriate stuff about you.”

“Oh.” Something soured inside of him. What Hoseok said was true, why had Jinsoo assumed that Yoongi was fine with having sex if Jimin hadn’t said something along those lines?

“Yoongi, I...” Hoseok started, turning to face him. Hoseok seemed very hesitant and his eyes kept flitting between focussing on Yoongi or the pillow clutched to his chest. “I’m sorry if this is... I don’t know, too personal, I guess. But it’s been bothering me since yesterday... How far did you and Jinsoo...?” Yoongi shifted on the bed, understanding what Hoseok was getting at. Memories of that night flashed before him, the primal fear of Jinsoo holding him down and feeling so helpless when Jinsoo reached lower and lower, silencing his protests with a harsh punch to the mouth with his lips.

Hoseok was watching him warily, fear simmering in his eyes. “He didn’t...?” Yoongi opened his
mouth but no sound came out, his throat constrained, like an invisible hand had gripped his neck and was crushing the tender of his throat. Hoseok took Yoongi’s silence as the answer he had most dreaded. His eyes widened in size and he rushed to give aid, “Yoongi, it’s okay, it’s not your fault, are you alright? Have you talked to someone? Do you want me to call-?”

Yoongi had to interrupt him before Hoseok called someone in a panic. “No.” Hoseok was silenced, staring at him wordlessly. “No, he didn’t... We didn’t... I mean, I thought he was going to. I kicked him, and then he said that he wasn’t going to rape me, so I ran before he yelled out or something.”

Hoseok ran a hand over his face in barely concealed rage. “Fucker. I hope he rots in jail.”

“It’s okay, I’m fine now,” Yoongi offered, trying to console him and contain his anger at the same time.

“It’s not okay,” Hoseok turned to him, his expression dark. “What would have happened if you didn’t get a chance to defend yourself? He could have... I’m sorry.” Hoseok had started crying again, insistent tears that didn’t stop pouring.

Yoongi moved on pure instinct, reaching behind Hoseok to wrap his arm around his shoulders and bringing him closer so that Hoseok’s head rested on his chest. Hoseok lifted the pillow to his face and bawled into it, rubbing his eyes with the material to stop the flow of tears. “I know,” he said. With a thudding heart, he lifted his spare hand and brought it to Hoseok’s hair, running his fingers through it in a comforting manner. He shivered at the feeling of Hoseok’s soft hair moving, breathing against him, engulfing his hand. Black against pale. It looked natural, beautiful.

“It could have, but it didn’t. You probably would have found me anyway, you were leaving, weren’t you? Maybe then you would have gotten a punch in.” He wanted to make Hoseok smile, and his attempt succeeded in some extent as Hoseok looked up to give him a watery smile.

“I’m sorry, I don’t know why I’m...” Hoseok apologised, hiding his face in the pillow and sniffing. “I’m just glad you’re alright.” It was so honest, so heart-felt, so Hoseok. A smile crept across Yoongi’s face shamelessly.

“I am. We both are.”

No more words were exchanged between the two, but there was no need to. The silence was comforting and offered a chance for recovery. Yoongi wasn’t sure how long he held Hoseok for but all he knew was that when he next opened his eyes the sun was peeking through the curtains and his arm felt like it were made out of immovable metal.

They had slept until morning and, if the time on Hoseok’s bedside table was correct, had less than an hour to get to school. He hadn’t contacted his mum in over twenty four hours.

“Oh, fuck.”

Chapter End Notes

okay so ummmmm protective hoseok has me on the floor in pain im dying here

so THEY FINALLY TALKED OMFG..... but it's not over yet ;)

okay but jimin punched jinsoo, that made me cackle
once again, if you liked this chapter and/or want to leave feedback please drop me a comment! i'm curious to see where you think this is going to go (im making it sound like there's gonna be a massive plot twist but there isn't; im not that creative ejifokqow) <3 thank you!
For the next week Yoongi was in the doghouse. When he called his mum after Hoseok’s mum had dropped them both off at school she was outraged and then broke down in tears, beside herself with worry.

“I thought you had been kidnapped, you stupid boy! Don’t ever, ever, ever leave your father and me with no news about your whereabouts – you can’t leave it to your friends, we need to hear it from you!”

At the end of the phone call Yoongi was mortified as he was certain that Hoseok had every word that had seeped out of the phone pressed against his ear, and he was also incredibly ashamed. He had made his own mother cry. There was a special place in hell reserved for people like him.

“It’s safe to say that I won’t be able to leave my house in ten years,” Yoongi muttered, and Hoseok laughed, sympathetically patting Yoongi on his shoulder. He slid his phone back into Hoseok’s old blazer that he had let Yoongi borrow as Yoongi’s uniform was stowed away in his house that he hadn’t been in since Saturday evening.

He and Hoseok were on their way to the library to their History class, having been late for registration. They walked side by side through the school hallways, which were all empty as students were in their lessons. “At least you’ll have time to finally build that house of cards you told me about – just kidding! It may be a bit extreme but my mum would do the same. But I’d rather have parents who care than parents who don’t care at all.”

Yoongi nodded in agreement, savouring the intimacy of their situation. He was avidly aware of Hoseok’s arm brushing against his and his heart ripped itself into pieces every time that Hoseok looked over to him, his eyes bright and smile wide.

He was uncertain about their relationship, even though it appeared to be amended. He knew for certain that Hoseok still had feelings for him as the boy had admitted it himself, but due to the rocky nature of their conversation Yoongi hadn’t had chance to talk to Hoseok about his own feelings.

If Hoseok could announce what he felt towards Yoongi, then why couldn’t Yoongi do the same? He wanted to form this mindset but an unnatural fear bubbled at the back of his throat, preventing the words from spilling out. He had never been romantically involved with someone before, he didn’t know what it would entail. He knew he would have to rely on Hoseok, to open up, to trust him with everything, but this premise was terrifying.
Yoongi knew that he was being a complete hypocrite; he wanted Hoseok to rely on him, even with the crippling paranoia that he would inevitably let Hoseok down, because he wanted Hoseok to be safe, to be happy. But that was the other reason that stoppered Yoongi’s heart and clamped his tongue, what if he couldn’t make Hoseok happy? What if he entered a romantic relationship with the boy and made a mess of it?

Everything that had happened so far, all of the mistakes and the break in their friendship, had been because of him and his faults. What if he couldn’t fulfil Hoseok’s expectations? What if he couldn’t handle it and he backed out, hurting Hoseok even more than he already had?

He looked at Hoseok who was burbling away about a TV show he had watched last week, saying how Yoongi might like it, with warm eyes and even warmer heart that had ensnared Yoongi, causing his own heart to beat energetically.

Yoongi couldn’t do it to him, couldn’t disappoint him, couldn’t betray him. He wasn’t what Hoseok deserved. Maybe he couldn’t be what Hoseok wanted him to be, but he would try his best with friendship – he would do anything to preserve Hoseok’s smile.

“Full offence, but you’re an idiot,” Jeongguk said to him at break, after asking Yoongi what had happened the night before. Namjoon didn’t say anything but Yoongi was certain that he was internally nodding in agreement. “You slept over at his house with him in your arms and you’re not dating yet?”

“What about you?” Yoongi deflected, ignoring the burning of his heart strings. Namjoon was still eyeing him warily but let himself be distracted by glimpsing the flush on Jeongguk’s face. “What’s happening between you and Taehyung?”

“Yeah, we didn’t see you much at the party. What happened? Did you ask him out yet?” Namjoon asked, interest seeping into his tone.

Jeongguk hummed nonchalantly and took a bite of his apple. It was unusually cold today and the three had decided to spend break in the canteen which, unlike at lunch, was vacant of the people they just so happened to be discussing. “I wish I could say yes, but... I don’t know.” Namjoon raised an eyebrow at him whilst Yoongi chewed his lip worriedly at the dejected look on Jeongguk’s face.

“What happened? You did ask him, didn’t you?” He asked.

“I was going to, in fact I was just about to when Jimin showed up,” Jeongguk spoke slowly as if he were trying to decipher his own words. Namjoon looked from Jeongguk to Yoongi, confusion in his eyes and it was evident his brain was whirring. Yoongi’s brain was whirring, too, desperately scrambling to connect the dots.

“We were dancing, and it was going pretty well, it was – well, it was amazing. For one moment I was certain that, well, he might have liked me back?” Jeongguk took another crunch at his apple as his face soured. “It was really fun at first and then I was going to ask him out, but I wanted to wash up first, so I told him I was going to the toilet and he told me that he didn’t want to ‘awkwardly stand around being awkward’, so he came with me. I just washed my face, and he was watching me in the mirror, and since no one was really in the toilets I was about to ask him out before Jimin came bouncing in demanding that he speak with Tae.”

“The?” Namjoon questioned, the corners of his mouth raising.

Jeongguk smiled, sunk down slightly in his chair out of embarrassment. “He told me to call him
“And then?” Yoongi probed, his curiosity had been piqued.

“And then nothing,” Jeongguk sighed. “He helped me get to my place, told me to look after you and then he left. He hasn’t called or messaged. Nothing. I even texted him, saying ‘thanks for helping me the other night’, but no response.” Namjoon turned away, focussing intently on the empty page of a notebook laid on the table in front of him. “I don’t really know what to do. It got to a point where I messaged him again, just saying ‘hey’, but still nothing. I don’t know what to think, all I know is that it might have to do with what Jimin said to him in the toilets.”

Yoongi followed Namjoon’s example and buttoned his mouth. He settled on shrugging and rubbing Jeongguk’s arm. The bell rang, interrupting the mutual silence. Jeongguk sighed and stood up, “I better go to Chemistry, sir gets annoyed if we’re not there on the bell. Bye, guys.” He trailed off alone but was soon united with some boys in his own year as they walked to class together.

“Joon,” Yoongi began as soon as Jeongguk was out of earshot. “You know, don’t you? Do we tell him?”

Namjoon coughed, slid his notebook back into his bag, then looked to Yoongi. “I don’t think it’s for us to tell.”

Yoongi frowned. Although he did see the logic in Namjoon’s thought process, he wasn’t sure if he was comfortable with keeping one of his best friends in the dark. “So, we don’t say anything and watch him suffer?”

Namjoon exhaled, “I don’t like it as much as you do, but Jimin’s not exactly here to explain himself, is he?” There was a dull thud as it clicked in Yoongi’s mind. Jimin was probably still in jail, or was in the process of getting out of jail. “I suggest we wait until we get to talk to Jimin.” He looked at Yoongi, surveying him. “Do you want to talk to Jimin about something else as well?”

His stomach writhed with anger as he remembered what Hoseok had told him, how Jimin must have fed Jinsoo lies about him. “Yeah. Yeah, I do.”

Namjoon smiled at him but it was coated in pity. “Are you okay, Yoongs? I never got the chance to ask.”

He nodded. “I don’t feel like shit anymore, thanks. I’m never going out with Jimin again.” Namjoon chuckled, and then Yoongi suddenly remembered something which made a burst of guilt run through him. “I’m sorry I wasn’t there to meet Seokin, I know how much he means to you.”

Namjoon patted him on his shoulder. “It’s okay, I sprang it on you guys last minute. Next time, we’ll schedule it better.” Yoongi nodded in understanding, internally kicking himself as he was sure that he didn’t deserve a friend like Namjoon. “Yoongs, what’s going on with you and Hoseok? I kind of agree with ‘Guk, I don’t really see how you two aren’t together yet.”

His throat tightened and his hands shook. He looked away from Namjoon, back to the table where his notes for History lay. “We never will be. It’s better that way, for both of us.”

He pretended not to notice that Namjoon made to say something before stopping himself. He feigned
ignorance when Namjoon sighed, a sigh filled with disappointment, before turning on his heel and walking away.

If his relationships with his friends were anything to go by, he wondered how long his friendship with Hoseok would continue for. He wondered when it would end.

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*Jung Hoseok: hey y*

*Jung Hoseok: are u defo grounded?*

Yoongi looked up from his desk where he was studying about enzymes as the screen of his phone lit up. He snorted upon reading the texts, after the lecture that his mum had bestowed onto him there was no possibility for the slightest bit of freedom, only to step outside to take the bus to school.

*Min Yoongi: to sum up how grounded I am*

*Min Yoongi: I don’t think I should even be contacting you*

He received a reply almost immediately upon setting his phone back down on the desk and picking up his pen.

*Jung Hoseok: omg wow*

*Jung Hoseok: thats a whole lot of grounded*

*Jung Hoseok: doesnt stop u from messaging me tho hahaha*

*Min Yoongi: what can I say?*

*Min Yoongi: I’m a rebel*

*Jung Hoseok: wow ure so cool i wish i were u*

*Min Yoongi: too bad*

*Jung Hoseok: :(*

*Jung Hoseok: anyway i was gonna ask if u were free this weekend*

*Jung Hoseok: tae isnt free and neither is jimin*

*Jung Hoseok: tbh i just dont wanna talk to jimin rn*

*Jung Hoseok: but obvs that was a dumb thing to ask*

*Jung Hoseok: sorry*

Yoongi sat in shock as he processed the messages before him. Hoseok wanted to see him, wanted to hang out with him, to spend time with him. It would be risky, being alone with Hoseok with everything that he felt and knowing that Hoseok felt the same, but the air of fear hanging over him would restrict all of his movements and would condition his words.

He pictured Hoseok on the other end of the phone, lying on his bed, maybe listening to music, waiting for Yoongi’s response and remembering how Yoongi had held him last night, and he couldn’t do it. He couldn’t say no to Hoseok.
Min Yoongi: no, it wasn’t dumb
Min Yoongi: I’m not allowed out
Min Yoongi: but maybe you could come round mine?
Min Yoongi: if you want

Jung Hoseok: are kidding
Jung Hoseok: id love to!!!! Ive never been to ur house before
Jung Hoseok: are ur parents okay with it?

Min Yoongi: They should be if I do well on the science test this week

Jung Hoseok: wat science test
Jung Hoseok: oh my FUCK
Jung Hoseok: gtg revise!!
Jung Hoseok: thx 4 reminding me talk later
Jung Hoseok: its been nice talking to u

Min Yoongi: don’t tell me you forgot
Min Yoongi: Mr Kim’s been going on about it for weeks

Jung Hoseok: I CANT HELP IT IT SLIPPED MY MIND

Min Yoongi: loser
Min Yoongi: good luck revising
Min Yoongi: it’s been nice talking to you too

Jung Hoseok: see u tomorrow then

Min Yoongi: yeah, okay then
Min Yoongi: wanna play basketball tomorrow if the weather’s okay?

Jung Hoseok: UMMM r u serious
Jung Hoseok: I would love to
Jung Hoseok: thank u

Min Yoongi: it’s fine
Min Yoongi: now stop stalling and go revise

Jung Hoseok: will do :)

Jung Hoseok: okay ive just looked at my book and wtf is this
Jung Hoseok: if ure free can u HELP ME PLEASE???

Min Yoongi: wow

Min Yoongi: want me to call you to go through it?

Jung Hoseok: yes PLEASE

(Jung Hoseok is calling)

(Answer?)

Chapter End Notes

answer??????????????///

omfg yoongs is so insecure you know what for hoseok's gonna turn up at his do-o-o-o-
or

okay sorry about that

anyway i hope you enjoyed this chapter, so: jimin got out of jail (jiwukginjw), wtf is even happening with taekook omfg (just realised im gonna have to change the tags), and yoongs is having eternal conflict and 'joon is disapproving

if you liked this chapter and/or want to leave feedback please drop me a comment, i love to hear from you guys and anything you particularly liked in the chap <3 thank you! xxx
The next few days were mediocre at best. With limited to no access of his gaming consoles or his music speakers at home he found himself with nothing to do except for watching videos Hoseok sent him on his phone and studying. Due to his extra hours of revision, he managed to ace the science test and therefore convinced his parents that he was responsible enough to have a friend over his house on the weekend. Hoseok practically glowed at the news.

Namjoon got across his disappointment by tactically avoiding Yoongi so that they only spent time with another’s company when Jeongguk was around. He seemed to be intent on avoiding Hoseok as well, as when they played a game of basketball it consisted of only Yoongi, Jeongguk and Hoseok. Due to his own curiosity, and the requests of Jeongguk, Yoongi cornered Hoseok one day and asked where Taehyung kept clearing off to.

“Ah, he’s kinda busy lately,” Hoseok excused, his eyes moving from his locker to Yoongi’s face. “He’s joined the Maths club recently so they want him involved there as much as possible, especially during lunch times.” Yoongi couldn’t disprove this, nor would he want to push it, so he let it go, reciting to Jeongguk what Hoseok had told him but not quite believing it.

He didn’t mention that whenever Jimin had disappeared, Taehyung seemed to have vanished as well.

Yoongi didn’t really have a chance to talk to Jimin either, like Namjoon he appeared to have made a vow to avoid him at any opportunity. He only saw glimpses of him in lessons and in the hallways where he slunk away after a lesson. Despite what Jimin may or may not have said to Jinsoo, he found himself missing the boy, missing the mischief and free-spirited nature that Jimin evoked in him.

On Friday, he couldn’t take the silent treatment and he approached Namjoon who was sitting away from their usual table in the canteen with a few of his friends from Science club. “Hey,” he began. “Can I talk to you?” Namjoon looked up to him, excused himself from his friends, and followed Yoongi out of the canteen.

They walked until they found an empty classroom. Yoongi tested the door, it opened. He made his way inside and Namjoon followed after him.

“Why are you avoiding me?” Yoongi asked, getting straight to the point. Namjoon didn’t look caught off guard though, he simply pulled up a chair and gestured for Yoongi to take one. He sighed, but complied.
“Why won’t you tell Hoseok that you like him?” Ah. So it definitely was disappointment. Namjoon, yet again, believed he knew what was better for Yoongi than Yoongi did for himself.

“What does it matter to you?” He deflected, and then hated the childish defence in his tone. “Have you considered that it’s my decision to make?”

Namjoon sucked in his cheek. “I think that’s maybe why I’m so worried, Yoongs. You’ve made the exact same decision before and it only ended up hurting the both of you. You may have talked to Hoseok, and you may be friends now, but you didn’t fix your mistake. Have you explained yourself to him?” Yoongi was silent. “Hoseok doesn’t know you like him, Yoongi, he still thinks that you want to be friends and nothing more. I don’t see why you haven’t told him—”

“Maybe it’s because I care too much about him?” Yoongi exploded, frustration entwining with his blood and creeping through his veins, possessing him. “Maybe it’s because I don’t want to jeopardise what we have, friendship or whatever, because I know that eventually I’ll disappoint him? I’ve never done this before, but I know I’ll fuck it up like I have been doing already, and Hoseok doesn’t deserve that. He doesn’t deserve me, he deserves better.” It burst out of him like blood from an open wound. Yoongi didn’t think he’d ever seen Namjoon look so taken aback.

Namjoon took a few seconds to recover, Yoongi uncurled his fingers from where they had formed into fists. “Yoongs, you don’t believe that about yourself, do you?” Yoongi just glared at him, refusing to open up. Namjoon sighed, ran a hand through his hair and adjusted his glasses he had jogged out of place. “I think I’ve told you already to stop jumping to conclusions. I think you and Hoseok are a match made in heaven, to be honest, and I’m sure it’d probably be easier to talk to him about your feelings than it is to me.”

Yoongi opened his mouth to retort, to call Namjoon a hypocrite for wanting him to talk about his feelings but then backing away from him, but mostly he wanted to disagree with everything that Namjoon was saying. Namjoon rose from his chair before Yoongi could get out a syllable.

“You’re just torturing him if you don’t.”

Friday came and went, but the thunderstorm remained inside of Yoongi’s head. His judgement was clouded, shaken by Namjoon’s words. One side of him whispered to him, saying that Namjoon was just trying to prove himself correct and that he didn’t really care about Yoongi’s situation at all, didn’t understand, while another side of him told him that he was being ridiculous and should rethink things.

In the end, he listened to neither, he chose instead to immerse himself in the latest album one of his favourite producers had dropped. Maybe he needed to stop thinking, and when he was alone with Hoseok let whatever happened happen. Maybe he needed to be natural about everything and not have a pre-meditated plan beforehand. Or maybe that was an excuse to get him to stop thinking.

So when Saturday afternoon dawned and his doorbell rang, he greeted Hoseok with a smile that slid naturally across his face when seeing the other boy shining with the sun behind him.

“Hey, Yoongi! You must be Yoongi’s parents, right?” Yoongi had to look over his shoulder to register the presence of his parents. They were watching the scene with wide smiles, apparently ecstatic that Yoongi had a new friend.

By the time Yoongi managed to escape upstairs with Hoseok in tow, his parents had offered Hoseok
the entirety of the kitchen’s supply of food and seemed to be ready to give Hoseok Yoongi’s room. Hoseok hadn’t even had to sweet talk them like Jimin had, he simply had to flash his radiant smile and thank them for letting him see Yoongi.

Yoongi couldn’t shove Hoseok into his room in time as his brother had opened the door with slicked back hair and adorning a clip-on tie, explaining it was because their parents had told him to be on his ‘best behaviour’. Luckily, Hoseok seemed to find the whole thing extremely funny and was almost in tears by the time Yoongi slammed the door on his brother and slid a hand over his face in defeat.

“Your brother is hilarious,” Hoseok was still laughing, his voice was a wheeze.

“He’s embarrassing,” Yoongi muttered, gesturing that Hoseok could collapse onto his bed as Hoseok was standing in the centre of his room. Yoongi took his desk chair, which wasn’t as comfortable or as nice as Hoseok’s. He realised that Hoseok’s spare uniform was hanging from his wardrobe door.

“Oh, I’ll put that in a bag for you before you leave.”

“Oh, man, you’re already talking about me leaving?” Hoseok whined, a teasing smile curving onto his face. Yoongi pretended that his heart wasn’t about to burst as Hoseok leant back on his bed. He shoved away the hope that his covers would snatch the smell of Hoseok and his cologne and save the scent until he climbed under the same covers that night. “Was it what I said about your brother? Okay, I take it back – you’re the hilarious one. In fact, are you a comedian? You know, I’ve always thought you looked familiar-”

“Please leave,” Yoongi couldn’t keep a straight face at Hoseok’s affronted expression. “Fine, you can stay. While you’re here, I wanted to show you something, though you may have already seen it. Have you listened-?”

“-To Grand Design’s new album? Yeah, of course! Have I been living under a rock?” Yoongi, who was going to lend Hoseok his copy of the album, had been grabbed by the wrist by an energetic Hoseok and pulled down onto the bed. “I haven’t listened to the bonus tracks though – whoa, do you already have the album? May I...?” Hoseok held his hands out like he was a poor orphan boy begging for more gruel.

Yoongi laughed, tipping his head backwards. Hoseok was such an easy person to get along with, it was so easy to forget any negative thought that rampaged around in his brain when Hoseok was talking to him, his eyes entrancing and his mouth inviting- Yoongi sobered up quickly, pressing the album into Hoseok’s hands.

Hoseok held it up as if it were some kind of deity. “Oh, it’s beautiful,” Hoseok whispered as the gold in the cover art shimmered in the sunshine that poured through Yoongi’s window. Yoongi’s heart clenched as he recalled Hoseok saying almost the exact same words to him in the same tone.

He said the first words the came into his head, remembering that he was going to act naturally. “Maybe you should give it back to me, you sound like you’re going to nut over it.”

Yoongi was almost knocked off of the bed when Hoseok let out an alarming snort and proceeded to laugh into his ear, his body lounging over Yoongi’s, meaning they were practically entwined. He didn’t pay it much mind though, Hoseok seemed content with howling into his ear and he was fine with joining in; Hoseok’s laughter was infectious. Although his heart was pounding in his ears, he didn’t care. He was here with Hoseok, he was safe, and Hoseok liked him back-

Suddenly, he couldn’t stop the thoughts. He remembered his vow to let everything go at its own pace, to let whatever happened happen. He stopped laughing.
Hoseok’s laughter turned into soft snorts, dissolving into the warmth of his neck. He must have felt Yoongi’s chest no longer heaving in sync with his as he looked up curiously, his eyebrows knitted together with a relaxed smile lounging on his face. “Yoongi?” He asked. “What’s up? I promise I won’t nut over your album, I’ll be on my best behaviour...” Hoseok trailed off, just like he had done at the bus stop. He had seen Yoongi looking at his lips.

Hoseok opened his mouth, probably to say something. Yoongi ripped his eyes away, denying his body what it wanted and tried to regain self-control by staring at his hands.

“How do you want...” His stomach tensed at Hoseok’s words, they sounded hesitant, careful, as if he were approaching a wild bear. He heard Hoseok clear his throat as Hoseok was still positioned close to his ear. “Do you want to try it?”

Yoongi’s eyes flickered towards the nearest exit. The window, or the door, it didn’t really matter which one. But then he made the mistake of looking at Hoseok who seemed so careful, so considerate. Everything that Yoongi wanted. He found himself nodding, his heart increased in pace causing his pulse to throb dangerously against his skin.

And then he couldn’t think anymore, he didn’t have to worry about whether his actions felt authentic or not, because Hoseok had reached up, sliding his palm over Yoongi’s shoulder and clasped the back of Yoongi’s neck, tickling his hair and making his nerves tingle.

Hoseok looked up at him, Yoongi’s breath was wrenched out of his lungs and was held captive in his throat. Hoseok looked divine, gorgeous, beautiful. No adjective could describe how Hoseok looked, and no words could describe how Hoseok looked at him. His eyes were searching, gazing at Yoongi like he were the most beautiful sculpture ever carved by man. Hoseok reached upwards, his head tilted. Yoongi gave in to what his heart was screaming at him to do and he slanted forwards to meet him.

Hoseok captured his lips in a kiss.

It was the last thing that Yoongi wanted to do, it was the opposite of what his plan entailed to protect both him and Hoseok, but as Hoseok leant into him, moving against him and pushing his lips open like delicate petals of a flower, feeling Hoseok’s warmth in his mouth and against his body, he found that he didn’t much care.

Hoseok’s kiss, the reactions he teased out of Yoongi and the way that Yoongi felt under Hoseok’s careful fingers had undone him, melting all thoughts of failure out of his ear.

The only fear he held was gradually overtaken by pleasure, both of them cried for the same thing: he didn’t want Hoseok to stop.

Despite everything, despite the promises he had made himself and all the pain he had caused, he had been taken over.

Chapter End Notes

Well. Look what happened. Omfg okay so wow. That's definitely not hetero

I'm sorry about this shameless self-promo, but I've written other BTS works, I think that if you've liked this you're definitely going to like them, they're one-shots so it won't be as
long as this so it'll tide you over until i next upload! (i sound like a dealer rigjowkn) ill link them below:

yoonseok (this one is yoongi's pov, yoongi is pining for hoseok): http://archiveofourown.org/works/12372810

namjin (namjoon isn't pining until he is): http://archiveofourown.org/works/12452496

taekook (taehyung's pov, kind of a fake-dating fic but it's more complicated? this one has smutty smut in btw ;))))): http://archiveofourown.org/works/12547144

feel free to check them out!

anyway, if you liked this chapter and/or want to leave feedback, please drop me a comment! i. am. shook, im curious to see what your reactions are gonna be weiojNQ - anyway, thank you again! being an army is probably one of the best things that's ever happened to me? you're all so nice and amazing????? <3333
have everything, these scars on my heart, they're yours

Chapter Notes

howdy, 'tis i, your local trainwreck back with another chapter

i know i say this every time but the amount of support i'm getting is staggering, i never expected this, every comment makes me smile a smile equivalent to ronald mcdonald's, so i want to thank you all so much, thank you to everyone who comments, kudos' and bookmarks <333

well you all seemed to REALLY like the last chapter so like ummmm i think you're really going to like this one (especially the beginning, maybe)?????????

anyway ill stop now, enjoy! (pov change btw)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Min Yoongi was underneath him. Min Yoongi was in his arms, his hand was fisted in Min Yoongi’s silky hair and Min Yoongi’s lips were on his. How in the name of all things bright and beautiful had this happened?

Hoseok had been looking forward to visiting Yoongi’s house, to meet Yoongi’s family and to see what interesting things Yoongi had filled his room with. He was ecstatic that Yoongi was letting him back into his life, not even inch by inch, it seemed that time was moving at full throttle and no rift had ever happened between them. He was beyond embarrassed by his behaviour, acting jealous and possessive even though Yoongi’s wasn’t his to protect, and longed to make it up to him. But he hadn’t filed a make-out session as a way to restore their friendship.

It wasn’t like he was complaining; every time he laid eyes on the other boy - the boy with dark hair that lay flat on his head but shone blue in the sunlight, the boy with dark eyes that seemed to pluck out the most dangerous of his inhibitions – he had been filled with an urge to hold him, to kiss him. And every time he saw the boy he blamed his irrational craving on his teenage hormones and willed them away.

But now he did no such thing, not when Yoongi had given his consent and surrendered to him, moaning into his mouth, falling to pieces in his hands. His hands. Yoongi was experiencing pleasure by him, not someone else, definitely not some ‘classy’ fucker in a shitty club in the city who only preyed on Yoongi for his looks and body. Yoongi was so much more than that. Yoongi was everything and more to him, but he wasn’t scared in the slightest; he would give it all to Yoongi, anything and everything he possessed, if Yoongi asked.

Hoseok wanted Yoongi to know this, but didn’t want to push boundaries; Yoongi had specifically told him that he wanted to be friends, they even shook on it. But still, it was all a confusing blur when he pulled away from Yoongi’s mouth to breathe and Yoongi followed him, his lips refusing to part from Hoseok’s. He was fairly certain that friends didn’t drift their knee to rest beneath one of their crotches so that the other friend could grind against it, panting into his ear at the friction.

What had been slow and sensual at first - with Hoseok leaning up cautiously to give time for Yoongi to bolt, and his lips testing Yoongi’s, starting from Yoongi’s lower lip and toying with Yoongi’s
upper lip before carefully prising them open and feeling the heat of Yoongi’s mouth. Yoongi had recently brushed his teeth, he tasted of mint – had quickly grown ravenous. Hoseok had flipped the situation on its head, now Yoongi was underneath him, just like he had imagined it. But this was no longer playing out in the murkiest parts of his mind, it was coming to life before him, underneath him.

Yoongi had his arms wrapped around Hoseok’s neck, pulling him down so that Hoseok had a better angle to meet Yoongi’s lips at and to avoid scraping their teeth together. His pulse was racing erratically and all the blood in his body drained from his brain and pooled southwards, only his desire was in control, and his desire wanted Yoongi.

He was barely conscious of the sound of their heavy breathing and gasping sighs, he had tuned out the odd creaking of Yoongi’s bed as he rolled his lower body against Yoongi’s in hopes that it would be as effective as it was in dance rehearsals. He was immensely pleased when it proved to be so, Yoongi’s heavy eyelids opened and Hoseok watched his glazed eyes roll back, he felt a stirring in his jeans as he heard a breathy moan rip from Yoongi’s throat. Hoseok couldn’t recall a time when he had been so turned on, Yoongi was irresistible.

“Again, please,” Yoongi reached towards him and begged into his ear, before tilting his head and putting his lips to Hoseok’s neck. A spiral of pleasure danced within him, hazing his mind and reducing his senses to nothing but the pleasure of touch. Yoongi kissed his skin, forming a trail all the way down to Hoseok’s collarbone where he began to suck. Hoseok’s skin was on fire, it felt like it were no longer his own, every cell, every follicle belonged to Yoongi.

Hoseok obeyed, he brought his hips closer to Yoongi’s, perfectly aligning them and then pushed upwards, igniting the friction. It was like someone had set fire to him, he could feel it burning inside every patch of skin, every nerve stood on end and the only thing he knew was Yoongi. He leant over to catch Yoongi’s lips, the boy underneath him who caused his heart to beat so wildly was in the middle of a moan, so Hoseok caught him with his mouth open.

The fire had spread to his mouth as well as Yoongi’s, he felt a scalding storm of flames as his tongue greedily wrapped around Yoongi’s before pulling away. Yoongi was left breathless, staring up at him blankly, his chest heaving and throat jumping.

Suddenly, the weight and the risk of the situation came crashing down onto him, dousing the fire that boiled within his veins and ignited his passion. All that was left was smoke. He realised their compromising position; him leaning over Yoongi, imprisoning him with his hands either side of Yoongi’s head, and his leg dangerously near Yoongi’s crotch.

Hoseok panicked, scrambling off of Yoongi and haphazardly missing the bed and causing his weight to be thrown onto the floor. He had abused their relationship, there had been a small part of him which wanted to give Yoongi a taster of what it would be like to be with him and he had exploited it, exploited Yoongi. He didn’t deserve to touch Yoongi, let alone look at Yoongi in shock like he was sure he was doing now.

Yoongi was watching him in a dazed sort of way from where he lay on the bed, one thought overrode the rest of Hoseok’s frenzied thoughts – all of which consisted of screeching – which was appreciating how adorable Yoongi looked right now. Hoseok wanted to kiss him again.

Yoongi blinked at him, coming to. “What are you doing down there?” His voice still sounded breathless, deeper than usual. Hoseok’s heart thrummed painfully in his chest and the stirring in his lower stomach that had stilled due to his panicked state only began to throb again. Yoongi rubbed his face with his hands and exhaled. “Hoseok, come here.”
Hoseok scrambled to stand up, his body instinctively following Yoongi’s request. He perched on the bed, making sure to leave a decent amount of space between him and Yoongi. “I…” He didn’t know how to begin. He was no different from that scumbag, Jinsoo, just taking advantage of their relationship to act out his sick desires onto someone innocent. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t – I shouldn’t have – oh, fuck.” He buried his head in his hands and spoke through them, muffling his voice which was already coated in shame. “I’m so sorry, Yoongi, I shouldn’t have-”

“Call me ‘Yoongs’,” Yoongi cut straight through his apology. Hoseok was confused, he lifted his head from his hands and over to Yoongi who was looking at him with a perplexed expression, assumingly in deep thought.

“What? ‘Yoongs’? That’s what your friends call you, right?” Hoseok’s brain desperately tried to piece things together but still didn’t make much sense of anything.

“Yes,” Yoongi confirmed, but seemed hesitant. “But it’s also what Taehyung said to Jeongguk, shortening names.”

“Right,” Hoseok nodded like he understood but he had no clue as to what Yoongi was getting at. The frenzied haze in his mind was making it impossible to focus on what Yoongi was saying, at that moment he hated hormones more than anything. “So… that means you like ‘Yoongs’ better than Yoongi?”

Yoongi looked like he were about to laugh but his expression tightened, possibly in frustration. Hoseok wished that he could help, to be closer to Yoongi, but if he touched Yoongi he knew that he wouldn’t be able to control himself. He felt like a vampire in front of a vat of blood. “No, it’s not that. It’s… Namjoon calling Seokjin ‘Jin’.”

Hoseok blinked at him, his hands were uncomfortably entwined together in an effort not to reach towards Yoongi, to encourage him to express himself properly, as he was sure that it would only backfire. “I’m sorry, I don’t understand. Are you mad at me? I completely understand if you are, what I did was-”

“No, Hoseok.” Yoongi shook his head, exasperated. “I…” Yoongi dropped his gaze, frowning at the hole in his jeans like it had done him a wrong. “I don’t know how to say it. I’ve tried to tell myself that I should leave it, that it would be easier, but… I don’t think I can do it to you.”

“Yoongi?” Hoseok questioned, concern taking a firm hold of him, diluting the lust that controlled his lower region. “Are you okay?”

Yoongi looked back at him, his eyes searching, maybe for an answer, maybe consolidation – it didn’t matter, Hoseok wanted to give it to him. Whatever Yoongi wanted, he could have. It was why he agreed to stay away from Yoongi, to stop the flirting, to settle for being friends. “Is it… to do with me?” Hoseok offered, attempting to help Yoongi.

Yoongi nodded rather desperately, clinging onto the help that Hoseok had given him. “I’m not good at this. This opening up kind of stuff,” Yoongi was fidgeting with the hole in his jeans now, Hoseok’s eyes gravitated towards his fingers, his heart thudding in pain at Yoongi’s words. “I used to think that I could do it by myself. I used to hate people knowing things about me, knowing my weaknesses, so I never had a lot of friends.”

“Only in secondary school did I realise that I couldn’t make it alone, so I had to mingle with people. That’s how I meant Namjoon, he introduced me to Jeongguk and then Jimin joined in the later years. But, still, I can’t… I don’t want to share everything with people, it scares me, I guess, people knowing everything about me. But then… I met you.” Hoseok’s heart deflated and then swelled at
the latter part of Yoongi’s confession. He knew he must have looked ridiculous with his eyes wide
with hope, but he didn’t care. Yoongi was opening up to him, telling him things that nobody else had
had the privilege of hearing.

Yoongi looked up at him, a small smile formed on his face before he diverted his attention back to
the hole in his jeans. “You’re impossibly hard to forget, and not talking to you for that week was the
most painful thing I’ve ever had to do. Especially because it was my fault in the first place.” Hoseok
frowned in bemusement, what was Yoongi talking about? “When you first messaged me, I thought it
was a joke, you always seemed like a popular guy, but I wasn’t sure if you were mean-spirited, I just
assumed the worst. I don’t know why I could have thought that, I think...” Yoongi paused, biting his
lips before bursting out with: “I think you’re one of the best people I know.” Hoseok almost choked
on air; Yoongi thought that highly of him after what he had done?

“So, after you wanted to get to know me I found myself wanting to reveal as little as possible, but
then you were so open with me, telling me that you... You liked me, I was thrown. I didn’t really
know what to do, but I realised that I feel something around you that I don’t feel much with anyone.
I feel like I can easily be myself, tell you anything and not have you judge me. So, when I told you
that I might – like you, I wasn’t lying. I’m not lying,” Yoongi seemed to correct himself, emphasising
the tense. A fluttering sensation began in Hoseok’s stomach.

“You asked me so many questions in the span of one week, and even if I hadn’t wanted to I
probably would have revealed so much to you. You seem to know me, even though we haven’t
talked in seven years. So... I was scared.” Yoongi’s tone of voice changed, he now seemed hesitant
to share. Hoseok watched helplessly as Yoongi began picking at the loose strings which had been
pulled from his jeans. He hadn’t known in the slightest that he had had such a profound effect on
Yoongi, personally he had thought that he had been annoying the other boy, but it seemed that he
was wrong.

“It’s okay. You can tell me,” Hoseok approached him carefully, inching slightly closer and taking it
as a good sign when Yoongi didn’t tense. “I’m not going to judge you.”

Yoongi smiled slightly, although it was tainted with nerves. Hoseok’s ribs creaked with the pressure
of keeping his heart contained. Yoongi looked away again, apparently it was easier to talk without
making eye-contact. “I was scared about letting you in. I was being selfish, I didn’t want you to
leave. So, after the kiss I realised how far things were going, and that I didn’t deserve you.”

Hoseok nearly bit through his tongue to hear the torment that had took place inside of Yoongi’s head
spilling out of Yoongi’s mouth. Yoongi had berated himself into nothing, pushing Hoseok away to
ensure that he didn’t get hurt. Hoseok was sure that a normal person, one without knowing Yoongi,
would have been offended at what it sounded like, but somehow he knew what Yoongi meant.
Yoongi was afraid of disappointing him, afraid that he wouldn’t be able to tackle the romantic side of
their relationship. His heart splintered, its pieces jagged and piercing into his lungs, making it
impossible to draw breath.

“I lied,” Yoongi carried on, his tone final. Hoseok listened with alert eyes, tears forming in his eyes.
Yoongi thought he wasn’t worthy of Hoseok. “I told you I wanted to be friends, but I don’t want to
be friends.”

What? His heart blistered and broke out in tears of blood before he processed the pain. Was Yoongi
going to end it all here? He was about to go against all of his morals, throw dignity out of the
window, he was about to beg and grovel and plead for forgiveness. He reached forwards, about to...
To what? To grab hold of Yoongi’s wrists? To force him to stay in a friendship that he didn’t want to
be in? No. He couldn’t do that. He faltered, and Yoongi finally spoke.
“I want to be yours,” Yoongi spoke so quietly it was difficult to distinguish his words. “I don’t want to be friends, I want to try it out. I want to be yours, and I want you to be mine. I don’t know how good it’ll be but for you... for you I’m willing to try. Anything, I’d do anything for you.” Yoongi had turned to him at the last minute, his eyes steely and determined but his voice slightly shaky, like he was pouring out his heart.

Hoseok was stunned into silence. It didn’t make any sense.

“I never meant what I said to you about being friends, I was too scared to say no. I didn’t know what I felt and now I do,” Yoongi seemed more assured in his words, staring at Hoseok with a laser-like manner as if daring Hoseok to look away. “Believe me.”

Hoseok wished he could, desperately. He wondered if Yoongi was really speaking those words that he had longed to hear or if it was just his subconscious invading his reality and twisting the truth. “You... But, Yoongi – I thought that you wanted to be friends, I thought you didn’t like me like that.”

“I’m sorry,” Yoongi looked utterly downtrodden, any confidence he had was fading fast. “I’m so sorry. I was scared, selfish. I...” He breathed out, “I like you. A lot. It’s terrifying.”

Chapter End Notes

AAAAAABBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB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hello, you funny boy. you're mine

Chapter Notes

'tis me

wow. i am shookened. your comments on the last chapter made my day oml, i know i say it so much but i really mean it: thank you! <3

okay, well i hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I like you. A lot. It's terrifying.”

Oh.

Well, now it all made sense.

The sadness in Yoongi’s voice when he had agreed to being friends which Hoseok had put down to sympathy that he didn’t want; the pauses in their conversation where Yoongi would look at his eyes more than his whole face; the times in History when Hoseok would be writing something down only to look up and find that Yoongi was watching him before turning back to the laptop; the fact that Yoongi had been staring at his lips.

Yoongi liked him. He liked Yoongi.

“Oh,” Hoseok said aloud, clearing his throat. Yoongi was determined on staring hard at his lap. “So... Before – what we did – you wanted that?” Hoseok murmured, suddenly feeling increasingly shy and aware of Yoongi’s proximity. He barely saw Yoongi nod in his peripheral vision. “Oh...” He trailed off, unsure of how to respond. So, Yoongi had been a willing participator, maybe even wanting it more than how Hoseok had done.

“Should I... Should I not have said anything?”

Hoseok looked up in shock, Yoongi had his lips tightened but his eyes looked blank. Hoseok shot over to him, sitting by his side uncertainly before curling his arms around Yoongi’s neck. “No, no – I mean yes!” He realised how ridiculous he was being, clinging to Yoongi like a monkey and snorted into Yoongi’s hair. “I’m sorry, I’m making a mess of it. I just – I’m in shock. I didn’t know, didn’t think for one minute that you would feel the same. I... Don’t really know what to do with myself,” he admitted, Yoongi’s hair tickled his mouth with every word.

“I can tell,” Yoongi said, but raised an arm to place his hand on Hoseok’s arm, allowing him to stay with his arms wrapped around Yoongi.

Hoseok smiled blissfully, his mind still coming to terms with the reality that Yoongi wanted to be his. His dream of seven years had finally come true. Energy raced through his veins, and he felt like he could do anything with Yoongi in his arms. So he did. He buried his nose in Yoongi’s hair and took a deep whiff, closing his eyes and sinking downwards. Yoongi smelt like heaven, and strawberries. Strawberry heaven.
Yoongi turned to him, his expression incredulous with his nose scrunched up. “Did you just sniff me?”

Hoseok nodded his confirmation, still savouring the scent of Yoongi. He hadn’t smelt anything quite like it before, just like how he hadn’t met anybody like Yoongi. “Is that okay?” He came to his senses and realised that it probably wasn’t a very sensible thing to do, it was kind of creepy actually. “I’ll never do it again if you don’t want me to!”

Yoongi was laughing at him. “No, it’s fine. Just... don’t do it so enthusiastically.” Hoseok laughed with him, using his leverage on Yoongi to pull him down onto the bed. The two laid there, side by side, until their giggles dissolved. Hoseok was focussed on Yoongi’s hand. He wanted to hold it, feel the warmth in his palm and on his fingers. “So, what now?” Yoongi asked, his head resting on Hoseok’s shoulder. It didn’t feel strange at all, it felt like they should have been doing this the whole time.

“Now?” Hoseok repeated vaguely, completely out of touch from the world around him when Yoongi seemed to read his mind and reached for his hand, entwining their fingers together. It wasn’t alien at all to see their skin tones fade into each other like an ombré pattern. Their hands ensnared together looked natural, like it was meant to be. He snapped back into reality when Yoongi pinched his arm slightly. “Oh, right - now!” Yoongi laughed at him, butting his head into Hoseok’s chest. Hoseok pondered this question and then came to a conclusion.

“Nothing.”

“Nothing?” Yoongi said slowly, peering up at him with a bewildered stare, his eyebrows knotted together in disbelief.

“Yeah,” Hoseok affirmed, tightening his grasp on Yoongi’s hand. “We’re still friends, aren’t we? That part doesn’t change. We can have distance whenever and talk whenever, we don’t have to be together all the time, not unless you want. We can talk, we can text, we can call, whatever. The only difference is our feelings.” Yoongi was scanning his face, not grasping what he was talking about. It made perfect sense, Yoongi probably suspected that there would be a catastrophic change in their relationship and that Yoongi would have to confide his whole life story to Hoseok.

He smiled reassuringly, then found he couldn’t resist and kissed Yoongi’s forehead through his hair. And then, not so sneakily, he took another big whiff. Yoongi laughed and pushed him away slightly, but then brought himself back like an elastic band. “I like you, and you like me, so we get to kiss whenever we want. Anything really, as long as we both consent to it. We get to go on dates, get to take swing dance lessons, you name it!” Hoseok was getting too far into it, realising that so many opportunities had opened up to them. “In fact, there is one thing I’d like to do together,” he wiggled his eyebrows suggestively and watched in amusement as Yoongi raised one of his.

“Oh, really now?” Yoongi refused to take the bait, showing a teasing smile.

“Yeah! I want you to teach me piano,” Hoseok admitted, glancing at the case in the corner of the room. Yoongi looked over to it as well, apparently having forgotten that it was there.

“Oh,” Yoongi made a noise of surprise, turning back to face Hoseok. “I didn’t know you were interested. I haven’t played in forever.”

“Why is that?” Hoseok asked, genuinely curious. He remembered when Yoongi had played in the first year music performance, it had been incredible. Yoongi was incredible.

Yoongi shrugged, leaning his head back on Hoseok’s chest. “I didn’t see the point, I guess. I got told
that I should be revising instead of wasting time practicing by this one teacher, it stayed with me, so I stopped and then I just forgot about it.”

“But it’s still in your room,” Hoseok pointed out, laying his head on the pillow so that Yoongi had to look up at him. “What the teacher said to you was awful, maybe subconsciously you were just waiting until school finished to start again.” Yoongi said nothing. “I don’t think it’s a waste of time. I think you’ve got a gift, and anyone who wants to stop you is jealous that they’re stuck in a dead-end job with loads of kids who will achieve more than they ever did.”

He heard Yoongi swallow, felt the grip on his hand tighten. He saw Yoongi open his mouth and then promptly shut it again. He looked up at Hoseok through his fringe, used his elbow to sit up and then kissed him. Inhaling sharply through his nose, Hoseok blinked in surprise before smiling into Yoongi’s lips. He cradled one side of Yoongi’s head with his spare hand that had woven around the back of Yoongi’s neck, pulling him in for a deeper kiss.

He loved the feeling of Yoongi’s lips against his, not too smooth and not too chapped. Textured, magnetising, hypnotic. He lost himself when he kissed Yoongi. He pried Yoongi’s lips open with his own, but this time it was Yoongi’s tongue that met his, and the heat radiating from Yoongi rippled through Hoseok’s entire body. He urged himself to pull away, tracing Yoongi’s lips with his thumb before he settled back onto the pillow.

“Thank you, Hoseok,” Yoongi had dropped his head back onto Hoseok’s chest. Hoseok kissed Yoongi’s crown, his thick, yet feather light, hair felt smooth under his lips.

“Call me ‘Seok, that’s what my friends call me, but you can also call me ‘Hobi’, my family calls me that. It’s up to you,” Hoseok spoke into Yoongi’s hair, his fingers lingering on the skin of Yoongi’s collarbone that his shirt exposed.

“Okay,” Yoongi breathed out. “You call me ‘Yoongs’.”

Hoseok hummed in agreement, feeling Yoongi shiver. He was sure that Yoongi had just felt his chest rumble underneath Yoongi’s head. A wild thrill shot through him and he hid a wide smile upon hearing Yoongi’s enjoyment.

Yoongi leant towards him again, aiming for his mouth and pulled him in for a kiss. It wasn’t slow neither was it passion-filled, it was a kiss of comfort. To Hoseok it felt like he had come home. Yoongi lingered before moving away and practically jumping off of the bed. Hoseok lay there, immobilised with ecstasy and the feeling of Yoongi on his lips.

“Seok, I hope you’re ready for your first piano lesson,” Yoongi called to him, unzipping the case. “Cause I’m sure not,” he heard Yoongi mutter under his breath as he stared helplessly at the keys and tested them out before remembering he had forgotten to plug the keyboard in.
Hoseok let out a belly laugh that resonated around the room, he laughed into Yoongi’s pillow and forgot to breathe. When he next did he inhaled a scent he had never smelt before, a scent that smelled remarkably like Yoongi’s natural scent of home and lemons, along with something else, something barely there. Maybe it was his own scent. Them, entwined together.

When he next looked over, Yoongi was watching him with a warm smile lingered on his face, his eyes soft and searching. Hoseok was certain that this was how it was supposed to be. Him and Yoongi, happiness at last.

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_Happiness at Last ????????

okay just so you guys know i wrote the chapter im planning to upload tomorrow and oqefijq it's probably not what you expect but i have an inkling you guys will like it oml ;)

THEY DID IT GUYS. THEY'RE TOGETHER OMEIOJGJKW IT TOOK 21 CHAPTERS BUT HERE WE ARE
but it is not over yet.............

anyway, as usual if you enjoyed this chapter and/or want to leave feedback, please drop me a comment! i'm v much excited to hear your responses to this chapter xxxx_
you are my everything and you don't know it. i want to show it

Chapter Notes

hAPPY BIRTHDAY TAE YOU BEAUTIFUL HUMAN BEING!!!!!!!!!!!

so extra long chapter today <3333333

guys i still cant get over the fact that people are reading this and liking it to the point they they comment actively and come to my tumblr to tell me they love it?? thank you all so much!

okay guys, i hope you like this <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next few days passed by in a blissful blur. Sunday was spent lounging around his house, reminiscing how Yoongi’s mother had rushed upstairs upon hearing the sound of the keyboard and with glistening eyes had thanked Hoseok for convincing her son to play again. Apparently, Yoongi hadn’t been himself without his music, and she regretted the day that she had privately agreed with the teacher who had manipulated Yoongi into ceasing his practise so he would concentrate on his studies. Monday came and went with him still wrapped up in a daze, Yoongi had held his hand under the table in History and Taehyung had hugged him with the force of a rogue bear when Hoseok confided in him the news.

He was happy to the extent where he was certain that he was going to implode with joy just when glimpsing Yoongi’s Kakao profile picture – they had exchanged codes on the Saturday before Hoseok departed from Yoongi’s house – but not happy enough that Jimin’s messages had been eradicated from his mind.

Yoongi hadn’t said anything about Jimin trying to get a hold of him, so maybe Jimin was lying about that, being too spineless to talk to Yoongi face-to-face. But it didn’t make sense, why would Jimin ask if Yoongi was with him and proceed to tell Hoseok that he wanted to talk to Yoongi if he was too scared to? He didn’t understand why it was so hard to even entertain the thought of asking Yoongi if Jimin had contacted him. No, that was ridiculous. He did know.

He was scared that Jimin would rope Yoongi into meeting someone else, maybe as worse as Jinsoo, and Yoongi wouldn’t be able to say no; he knew how persuasive Jimin could be.

But he couldn’t decide for himself whether Yoongi would meet Jimin or not, it wasn’t his decision to make, which was why he asked Yoongi at Tuesday break time whether he had spoken with Jimin recently.

They were sitting on the same bench where he and Taehyung used to pretend that they weren’t watching their respective crushes play basketball behind a mesh fence. If Hoseok had known what that day would have brought when he and Taehyung formulated a plan, he would have thought himself deluded. It was just Yoongi and him, which was why he deemed it to be safe to ask as Namjoon was helping out at science club and Jeongguk was playing basketball with friends in his own year.
Yoongi shook his head, casting his eyes down at the floor. “No. He’s tried to contact me but I’ve just ignored him. I’ve been thinking about what you said; he must have said something to Jinsoo.”

Hoseok knew better than to act on the sudden surge of anger that rampaged through his chest. Yoongi would surely look at him with sadness in his eyes, maybe reach for his hand, and say, ‘it’s not your fault’ or something along those lines. Yes, Hoseok was beyond livid that he hadn’t been there to knock Jinsoo down a peg or two by quite literally knocking him out, as he had been too busy stupidly stewing in his own misery. But he was mostly outraged at the fact that his lifelong friend had betrayed someone who was supposed to have trusted, Yoongi. Jinsoo didn’t deserve to know Yoongi’s name, let alone to have touched him, and the only reason that event had taken place was because of Jimin.

“I thought I should let you know that he’s contacted me.” Yoongi looked up from the floor in alarm, his eyes wide. “He wants to talk to you.”

Yoongi was looking at him, looking into him, with his eyes dark but glowing golden in the partial sunlight. He felt a blush rise to his cheeks but refused to look away. He realised that it wasn’t the right time to act on his sudden impulse to touch Yoongi, so he continued on. “I haven’t replied because I wanted to ask you first. Remember, you don’t have to do anything that you’re not comfortable with.”

Without noticing, Yoongi had taken his hand. He looked down at their hands, stacked on top of each other, when he next looked up a small smile had graced Yoongi’s face. “I know.” Yoongi moved his hand away, knotted it into a fist. “I think I want to talk to him. I know it’s ridiculous, but I kinda miss him.”

“It’s not ridiculous,” Hoseok replied, suddenly very much aware of the two empty spaces on the bench that was once filled with Taehyung and Jimin. “He’s been your friend for a long time. You should talk to him, then.” He made sure that his tone was clear and that the concern tinted with anger was concealed in his voice. Hoseok wasn’t angry at Yoongi’s decision, in fact he was proud that Yoongi was facing up to Jimin and therefore Jinsoo, however, he wasn’t willing to accept the fact that Jimin had received the benefit of the doubt.

Jimin never really knew when to drop it, ever since he was little he had always been known for starting trouble. Whether it was using the adult scissors when they were in primary school and then running away with them, gripping the handle instead of the blade and laughing when the teachers had to sprint after him. Or whether it was being in the wrong place at the wrong time when he was older and winding up people who were ultimately dangerous and harboured no good intentions, it resulted with a few broken knuckles and ribs. Jimin had slept many nights inside of a jail cell and it was a wonder that he hadn’t been given an official sentence. It was just teenage angst, the local police had probably put it down to. He was too young, he had too much ahead of him to be locked away. Sometimes Hoseok wondered whether Jimin even cared about the future, and by the looks of his grades he probably didn’t.

Hoseok also often wondered why he stayed friends with Jimin, they had split apart after primary school because Jimin’s parents had enrolled him a prestigious school in hopes it would civilise him – it didn’t, of course. Hoseok privately thought that it had only made him worse – and Hoseok had still kept in touch even though he rarely received a response. By the fourth year, however, Jimin had moved to Hoseok, Taehyung and Seokjin’s secondary school, which meant that even if Hoseok wanted to he couldn’t block Jimin out of his life.

He couldn’t bring himself to fully despise Jimin; there was too much history between them, too many thoughts and jokes shared. But that was enough to know that Jimin could change if he wanted, he
could grow up from his ‘gangsta’ phase that he must have picked up from those American films, start to focus on his own well-being and what he must be inflicting upon his parents. Hoseok was beyond furious that Jimin had dragged Yoongi into a compromising position just to impress his shitty ‘friend’. Jimin was better than that, or had the potential to be.

Hoseok came to when he felt Yoongi’s eyes watching him warily. “Can you come with me? To talk to Jimin.” Hoseok’s eyes widened against his will. Yoongi added quickly, “you don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

“You’d let me be there with you?” Hoseok was well aware that his voice had gone high-pitched in disbelief.

“He’s your friend, too,” Yoongi explained himself, his eyes boring into Hoseok’s, conveying his earnestness. “I know you haven’t talked to him for the same amount of time as I have, and I’m fairly certain that’s he avoiding the both of us. It would make sense to talk to him together.”

Any pity he held for Jimin quickly dissipated when Yoongi recounted Jimin’s cowardice. Hoseok scoffed, kicking at the dirt. “And so you can hold me back.”

Yoongi snorted, nudging him with his elbow. “Don’t. You’ll end up in the jail cell.” It shouldn’t have been funny, but he felt no shame when laughing, collapsing onto Yoongi’s shoulder.

“Where is he, ‘Seok?” Yoongi asked. Hoseok gazed up at him, guilt sparking in his blood flow.

“Who?”

“Jemin. And Taehyung. You know, don’t you?” Yoongi didn’t appear to be hostile about the information that Hoseok withheld from him. He had tilted his own head to rest lightly on Hoseok’s.

Hoseok couldn’t lie or deflect the question, no matter how much Taehyung had begged him to abide by secrecy. He couldn’t do that to Yoongi, especially when he was certain that Yoongi knew more than he was letting on.

“I do, but not everything. I only know what Taehyung’s told me,” he spoke in a low tone, his guilt oozing out and itching in his ears.

Yoongi paused, his fingers dancing a fluid melody on his thigh. “You can’t tell me, can you?”

Hoseok moved his head from Yoongi’s shoulder, his hand stretching towards Yoongi’s wrist, his fingers curling around the skin under his blazer. “I’m sorry,” Hoseok mumbled, he was sure his eyes were full of the pain he felt. He traced circles on the soft skin of Yoongi’s wrist, as if to convey his heartfelt apologies. “It’s not mine to tell.”

Deft fingers stroked his. Yoongi smiled at him, shaking his head. “It’s fine, I expected nothing less. You’re a great friend, ‘Seok.”

If he were at home, in the privacy of his bedroom, he would have stroked the back of Yoongi’s neck, lightly brushing the hair that was in his reach. He would have traced down Yoongi’s wrist, his fingers hugging each patch of skin, and slowly, carefully, sensually placed his hand on Yoongi’s thigh. He would have gazed into the darks of Yoongi’s eyes, mesmerised by the pattern of Yoongi’s irises and the way his pupils dilated, then looked down at Yoongi’s lips, which parted instinctively.

If he were out of sight of the public eye, he would have he leant forwards, tugging Yoongi lightly towards him by the nape of his neck, his fingers would have caressed the sensitive nerves encased in Yoongi’s inner thigh. Before diving in headfirst and placing lips on lips, he would have hovered
slightly, savouring the jump of Yoongi’s throat and the feel of heavy breath on his mouth. He would have looked into Yoongi’s eyes, which would have been open and watching his every move, captivated by him just as he was captivated by Yoongi. And then he would have closed the gap, every feeling and sensation magnified as he vaguely heard Yoongi moan into his mouth, warmth connecting and multiplying, spreading throughout his body. Yoongi’s hands in his hair, on his neck, clawing at his bare back and moaning his name, sighing into his touch as he moved his lips lower and lower until-

He was at school. Holy shit. He was at school, right next to the basketball court where Jeongguk and a few dozen other kids were playing basketball. This was neither the time, nor the place to pin Yoongi down on the bench and begin to ravish him.

Instead, he coughed and failed miserably in hiding the flush that had crept up his neck. “Thank you, Yoongs,” he coughed slightly.

Yoongi was watching him curiously, his eyes surveying Hoseok’s expression. He broke out in a grin. “Why are you blushing?” He teased mercilessly. “Now, now, this is a rare sight.”

“W—well, it’s your fault!” Hoseok spluttered, edging away from Yoongi’s playful charm and enthralling smile.

“You!” Hoseok screeched in an accusatory manner. Yoongi was so surprised that he had halted in his movements. “You just being you. It’s adorable.”

There was a mutual silence in which Hoseok regretted everything and contemplated flinging himself into the sun whilst Yoongi shifted awkwardly on the bench, refusing to meet Hoseok’s eyes.

Hoseok coughed, and desperate for something to fiddle with he grasped his phone in his blazer. “Okay, so, I’ll just... Uh, tell Jimin that we want to talk,” and so he did, sending a message that he wasn’t completely certain made sense.

“When can you come back to mine?”

Hoseok almost dropped his phone. Almost. With fumbling fingers he saved it just in time. Yoongi was avoiding his stare, he seemed to be too busy regarding the ‘fuck’ that Jimin had carved into the bench with a wood whittler. It didn’t look like Yoongi had taken in what he had said about agreeing to meet Jimin.

“What—? Well, I guess... This weekend? Saturday?” Hoseok gave the best response he could but it didn’t appear as if Yoongi was satisfied. He looked like he were musing over something. “Yoongs, what’s wrong?” He sealed the distance swiftly, arriving once more at Yoongi’s side.

“What are we?” Yoongi asked suddenly, gazing into Hoseok’s eyes like a helpless child, desperate for answers.

Hoseok was taken aback. His hand found Yoongi’s knee. “What do you mean?”

“What are we? Are we dating?” Yoongi had sucked in his cheek, a perplexed expression overriding his face. “Do you need to go on dates to be dating? We’ve never been on one, have we?”

It was a valid question, one that Hoseok wasn’t exactly sure he had the expertise to be answering. He had never dated before. “Um, well, people use the term ‘dating’ when they’ve been on a few dates
and then both like each other. So, for us... I guess so? I mean, we haven’t gone anywhere intentionally on a date, but that doesn’t mean we’re not seeing each other in that sense, romantically, I mean. Sorry, am I making a mess of this?” He asked the latter part upon seeing the quizzical look form in Yoongi’s eyes.

“No,” Yoongi replied straightaway. “So, we’re... dating?” Hoseok beamed, his chest inflating when hearing the hope woven into Yoongi’s voice. Hoseok nodded. “So, you’re my boyfriend?”

With Yoongi looking at him like that, his eyes filled to the brim with an inquisitive nature and an undisguised happiness, made it impossible not to act out on his desire. He pulled Yoongi in for a hug, his heart racing and his pulse throbbing at a tremendous speed. His arms were wrapped tightly around Yoongi’s neck and his eyes were pressed close, he was so ecstatic that he felt giddy.

“Yes,” he breathed into Yoongi’s ear, sinking into Yoongi’s touch as Yoongi slowly wove his arms around Hoseok’s lower back, seemingly unsure of how to respond to Hoseok’s sudden reaction. “Have I died and gone to heaven? Yes, Min Yoongi, I’m your boyfriend. You’re my boyfriend. You’re mine.” He ran away with himself somewhat, spewing out things he wouldn’t dare project when his head was on straight and his heart wasn’t threatening to burst.

“Ooh!” A group of younger boys cooed at them as the ball hit the fence. Hoseok, who had forgotten where he was, jumped at the sudden noise and Yoongi ripped away, his face flushed and his smile wide. “Get a room!” One of the braver boys called. They grinned cheekily at the two on the bench and only dispersed after Yoongi laughed when Hoseok threatened to ‘pop their ball’. It was evident they would be left alone after that.

Hoseok sighed after them as they sprinted towards the school building when the bell rang, hurriedly pulling their blazers and bags on. He was immensely glad that Yoongi found it amusing instead of mortifying; he was relieved that Yoongi wasn’t ashamed of who he was, and ashamed of being with him.

“How long do you reckon it takes for everyone in our year to know?” Yoongi asked him as they walked across the field together, down to school. He was smiling, it was dizzyingly beautiful, and leaning into Hoseok.

Hoseok laughed. “I’m surprised they don’t know already. Besides, are you gonna be alright with that? People knowing?”

Yoongi looked searchingly at him, still his smile didn’t dampen. “You know, I don’t much care if they do or don’t.” And because he must have known Hoseok would keel over and die, he moved closer and lowered his voice: “You’re not my weakness, ‘Seok. You’re my strength.”

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**Jung Hoseok: we want talk**

**Park Jimin: huh?**

**Jung Hoseok: to talk to you, both of us**

**Park Jimin: u and yoongs?**

**Park Jimin: Friday**

**Park Jimin: aft-schl, tae’s house**

**Jung Hoseok: Fine.**
Jung Hoseok: yooooongs

Jung Hoseok: this Friday at tae’s house is where we meet Jimin

Jung Hoseok: wanna go 2gether???

Min Yoongi: Okay

Min Yoongi: yeah, thanks

Jung Hoseok: u nervous??

Min Yoongi: no

Min Yoongi: maybe just a little bit

Min Yoongi: Do you think it’s about Jinsoo?

Jung Hoseok: dont be ill be with u

Jung Hoseok: tae will be there 2

Jung Hoseok: it better be if i dont get an explanation hes going down

Min Yoongi: why not at his own house?

Min Yoongi: please don’t punch him to ‘defend my honour’

Min Yoongi: it’s so cliché

Jung Hoseok: idk

Jung Hoseok: i don’t think tae will tell me why either

Jung Hoseok: havent really talked much to tae, hes quiet

Jung Hoseok: No promises!!!!!!

Min Yoongi: Hoseok don’t punch Jimin

Min Yoongi: we’ll find out why on Friday

Jung Hoseok: u dont think i can do it? ive punched someone before

Min Yoongi: you have not

Min Yoongi: have you?

Jung Hoseok: well

Jung Hoseok: it was actually cuz of jimin i got in the fight

Jung Hoseok: with some other teens in this under 18 club

Jung Hoseok: this guy punched me and ive never hit anyone before but i hit him back then ran
Jung Hoseok: purely self defence!
Jung Hoseok: im an angel yoongs don’t worry :P

Min Yoongi: Wow
Min Yoongi: I can’t imagine you punching someone
Min Yoongi: Sorry you got punched

Jung Hoseok: aww its alright yoongs not ur fault
Jung Hoseok: I was really angry so i hit him hard, i think i made him bleed
Jung Hoseok: thats why i ran
Jung Hoseok: had bruises on my hand the next day :(  
Jung Hoseok: kiss them better???

Min Yoongi: wow
Min Yoongi: I can’t imagine you really angry either
Min Yoongi: Unless I can magically go back in time, there are no hand kisses for you

Jung Hoseok: :( can I get real kisses then?
Jung Hoseok: and uve seen me mad!!!

Min Yoongi: maybe, if you’re good
Min Yoongi: ;)
Min Yoongi: really? When?

Jung Hoseok: !!!! ill be on my best behaviour ;)
Jung Hoseok: when u came to mine
Jung Hoseok: and we talked about jinsoo
Jung Hoseok: i got really angry, im sorry about that
Jung Hoseok: i still feel really bad

Min Yoongi: Oh
Min Yoongi: No, it’s fine, you were upset
Min Yoongi: I felt awful that I made you upset
Min Yoongi: just glad you didn’t punch me then
Min Yoongi: sorry, that was meant to be a joke
Min Yoongi: pretty crap joke
Jung Hoseok: no its okay u made me laugh!!
Jung Hoseok: dw, u didn’t make me upset, was pissed at jimin and that other fucker
Jung Hoseok: u always know what to say
Jung Hoseok: thank you, yoongs

Min Yoongi: Oh
Min Yoongi: you’re welcome I guess
Min Yoongi: Never thought anyone would ever say to me
Jung Hoseok: :( well i did, so fuck everyone else
Min Yoongi: hahaha
Min Yoongi: true
Min Yoongi: anyway, you had dinner yet? It’s five pm
Jung Hoseok: WOW
Jung Hoseok: ur STILL on about that?? I never should have told u
Jung Hoseok: wats so weird about having dinner at 5????
Min Yoongi: it’s so early
Min Yoongi: it’s weird
Min Yoongi: I’ve never known anyone who’s had it so early
Jung Hoseok: ITS NOT WEIRD
Min Yoongi: no need to yell
Jung Hoseok: there is!!!!
Jung Hoseok: remember that I have dance lessons so i have to eat early
Jung Hoseok: 4 energy baby ;)
Min Yoongi: true, but you don’t have lessons every night
Min Yoongi: speaking of, you owe me a dance
Min Yoongi: specifically a lap dance
Min Yoongi: ;)
Jung Hoseok: ooh yeah, baby boy ;)
Jung Hoseok: ill give it to you this Saturday
Jung Hoseok: ill give u a lap dance 2 as well
Min Yoongi: I dislike you

Min Yoongi: ‘baby boy’?

Min Yoongi: is that part of the daddy kink

Min Yoongi: I want you to ;)

Min Yoongi: Daddy

Min Yoongi: do you like to be called ‘daddy’?

Min Yoongi: I’m never doing typing that out again

Min Yoongi: I never left

Min Yoongi: okay

Min Yoongi: I think I’m going to have to kink-shame you now

Min Yoongi: I don’t want to know how you know more

Min Yoongi: I only know about it because of the girls in my form

Min Yoongi: shut up

Min Yoongi: Hoseok
Jung Hoseok: :(  
Jung Hoseok: yh?  
Jung Hoseok: hello???  
Jung Hoseok: yoongs?

Min Yoongi: can you come to my house this Saturday?

Jung Hoseok: yh probs  
Jung Hoseok: will ur parents be okay with it

Min Yoongi: I don’t know

Jung Hoseok: ?  
Min Yoongi: they won’t be there

Jung Hoseok: oh  
Jung Hoseok: yoongs?

Min Yoongi: sorry

Min Yoongi: I don’t know what I’m saying

Min Yoongi: sorry

Jung Hoseok: dont be!!!

Jung Hoseok: yoongs, don’t be embarrassed  
Jung Hoseok: did you want to  
Jung Hoseok: do it?

Min Yoongi: no

Jung Hoseok: oh  
Min Yoongi: not all the way

Jung Hoseok: oh

Min Yoongi: sorry, I shouldn’t have said anything

Min Yoongi: pretend I didn’t

Min Yoongi: I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable

Jung Hoseok: no no!!!

Jung Hoseok: u didn’t, don’t apologise u didn’t do anything wrong  
Jung Hoseok: im proud of you for being honest with me
Jung Hoseok: im sorry, i didn’t know what 2 say before
Jung Hoseok: I want to as well

Min Yoongi: oh
Min Yoongi: really
Min Yoongi: you’re not just saying that

Jung Hoseok: no!!!
Jung Hoseok: I mean yes, rlly
Jung Hoseok: i want to do stuff with you
Jung Hoseok: ughhh it’s embarrassing writing this stuff

Min Yoongi: it’s embarrassing when you do the stuff

Jung Hoseok: what?????????????

Min Yoongi: not that it doesn’t
Min Yoongi: I mean that

Jung Hoseok: ????

Min Yoongi: you like to make eye contact

Jung Hoseok: oh
Jung Hoseok: I like seeing ur reactions
Jung Hoseok: ur hot

Min Yoongi: it’s embarrassing

Jung Hoseok: oh

Min Yoongi: I can’t believe I’m going to write this

Jung Hoseok: ????

Min Yoongi: it turns me on
Min Yoongi: when you look at me when you
Min Yoongi: do stuff
Min Yoongi: I can’t look away
Min Yoongi: I want to but I can’t

Jung Hoseok: oh

Jung Hoseok: yoongs?
Min Yoongi: yeah?
Min Yoongi: sorry

Jung Hoseok: I want to kiss you
Jung Hoseok: I want to taste you
Jung Hoseok: when you kiss me, you moan, did you know that?
Jung Hoseok: don’t be sorry, I like it
Jung Hoseok: I want to make you moan
Jung Hoseok: I want to touch you, I want to make you touch yourself
Jung Hoseok: I want you to feel safe with me
Jung Hoseok: I want you to make you feel things that the bastard never could
Jung Hoseok: you’re not saying anything
Jung Hoseok: did I go too far?

Min Yoongi: at first I was shocked that you typed something grammatically correct

Jung Hoseok: ive been known for my many talents

Min Yoongi: and then
Min Yoongi: I wanted you to go on

Jung Hoseok: holy shit
Jung Hoseok: really??

Min Yoongi: yeah
Min Yoongi: I do
Min Yoongi: please

Jung Hoseok: yoongs
Jung Hoseok: are you
Jung Hoseok: touching yourself?

Min Yoongi: I was about to

Jung Hoseok: can I call you?
Jung Hoseok: please

Min Yoongi: please
Min Yoongi: I want to hear your voice
Jung Hoseok: hold on
Jung Hoseok: headphones
Jung Hoseok: don’t touch yourself without me

Min Yoongi: I won’t

(You called Min Yoongi)
(Min Yoongi answered)

Chapter End Notes

HOT DIGGITY DOG OMFG I need to do sexting more often, not me personally I mean like writing it, im a good christian woman karen

so: hoseok and yoongi talk about terms of their relationship and THEY ARE OFFICIALLY DATING NOW!!! just so you know there will be no homophobia in this story, i do not have the time for homophobes

okay but like yoongi being all hesitant and hoseok being clueless but they both want the d??? i am Living

also; protective hoseok. im on the floor guys. save me. also hes such a dom wtf im SHOOK

so like always, if you liked this chapter and/or want to leave feedback please drop me a comment! i am very excited to read your reactions for this chapter <3
did you shudder when i touched you? was it imagined?

Chapter Notes

HAPPY NEW YEAR'S EVE YA'LLLLLLL

omfg 2017 is gonna be over and bts have accomplished so much????? thank you so much ARMY

okay so apparently the sexting was popular???? and it wasn't even full on sexting, im probs gonna add some later because i love freaky yoonseok

(yoongi is hoseoks baby boy, sorry i make the rules and im not changing Facts)

OKAY ANYWAY, ENJOY BINC!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Tuesday night it was more gruelling than ever to keep his hands off of Yoongi. To hear Yoongi trying to muffle his moans as he pleasured himself while Hoseok talked aloud, describing Yoongi as if he were there, touching Yoongi, whispering in his ear and feeling Yoongi arch against him as he climaxed was a whole new experience that he wanted to treasure. He drifted around in a daze for a solid hour after Yoongi was called down for dinner.

He felt like he was a pre-pubescent teenager again who had just discovered what his dick was and how it functioned, practically obsessed with finding ways to get himself off. A few years later he had looked back on his twelve year old self with disgust. He felt he had been like an uncontrollable animal and he didn’t know how he had brought himself to look in his mum’s loving eyes after using the family computer to look up heterosexual porn, and wondering why all of the comments were about how the woman reacted and why no one was watching the man like he had been.

Either Yoongi knew how much torment he was putting Hoseok through, or he was blissfully unaware. On Wednesday break time, Taehyung bid his goodbyes and the two broke apart. Hoseok found Yoongi in the courts with Namjoon, Jeongguk and a few of his friends scattered here and there. Yoongi was scrutinising the way that he aimed for the hoop, the way that he jumped for it, and he was vividly aware that Yoongi was watching him, that was the only thing that caused him to miss miserably and risked almost decapitating one of the Year Nine’s. Yoongi insisted on giving him advice, which involved helping Hoseok on his posture and his footwork, even how he gripped the ball.

Hoseok could barely breathe with Yoongi’s hands on his hips, his fingers scathing Hoseok’s when he passed him the ball, and then the concentrated look on Yoongi’s features when he ran his fingers through Hoseok’s hair in order to tie it up in a ridiculous ponytail. He was certain that he was either going to pass out from the effort it took to restrain himself or devour Yoongi where he stood when Yoongi finished tying his hair up, but stayed gazing up into Hoseok’s eyes with the softest and warmest smile on his face and his fingers still locked in Hoseok’s hair. It was revolting how quickly his self-control had diminished, and it was terrifying that Namjoon seemed to know this, giving Hoseok a knowing smirk when Yoongi next turned his back.

All he could think about was Yoongi. There was never a time where his head was empty of thought,
it was stuffed to the brim with recollections of Yoongi’s smile, Yoongi’s resting tired face, Yoongi’s voice and the way it dropped into a bass when he spoke Hoseok’s name, Yoongi’s fingers and how they practically melded into his every time they held hands, Yoongi’s mouth and the way his lips parted eagerly when accepting Hoseok’s kiss, Yoongi’s scent and how he hadn’t washed his spare uniform ever since Yoongi had worn it, the way that Yoongi watched him when he thought that Hoseok wouldn’t notice, the way Yoongi laughed and how happy he looked with his eyes crinkled and mouth wide in a gleeful smile, Yoongi, Yoongi, Yoongi.

He couldn’t bring himself to focus on anything. School work was insanely stultifying, it drained his life when he laid eyes on a maths question or had to work out the grammar of an English sentence. Hoseok was sure that it was unhealthy to be this obsessed with someone, especially someone who was able to keep themselves in check and not give any sign that they were actively lusting over Hoseok at all. Sometimes Hoseok wished that Yoongi would, just so he would feel a little less alone, but then he realised that it would inevitably only make Yoongi more irresistible and would surely lead to them being found in a compromising position in the janitor’s closet.

Hoseok had been more than somewhat shocked when Yoongi had been the one to propose that Hoseok visit on Saturday, he had also been mind-dizzingly relieved. Perhaps Yoongi wanted him just as much as he wanted Yoongi, and to hear – or read – that he had the ability to turn Yoongi on had made him unable to sleep, a broad grin taking up most of his face whilst fantasies, maybe more plausible now than they had been before, raced through his mind.

He couldn’t stop thinking about Saturday either, couldn’t stop fathoming as to what they would get up to in a house without parents, hopefully Yoongi’s brother would be out, and alone together in Yoongi’s bedroom. He had a pretty good idea about what was going to happen, what he was going to do, and how Yoongi would react to it. But then the plans for Friday would flash across his mind, crashing his thought process as he remembered Jimin and naturally linked Jimin with Jinsoo. What exactly had Jinsoo done to Yoongi (to rather than with; Yoongi wasn’t a willing participant)? Yoongi had confessed that he believed that Jinsoo, if he had had the chance, might have raped him – this alone filled Hoseok with the sense of guilt and raw anger – so what exactly had Jinsoo enforced upon Yoongi? He was too afraid to ask, fearful to hear the answer and fearful that Yoongi would wonder why Hoseok kept thinking about it.

Hoseok considered if Yoongi ever thought about what Jinsoo had done to him. He wondered whether Yoongi was scared, scared of intimacy and scared of touch. It made him feel awful, him and his lecherous mind filled with scummy thoughts about Yoongi, what made him different from Jinsoo? Perhaps not as much as he had originally thought.

This disturbed him to every extent, and this epiphany effectively muted his desperate yearning. Yoongi was too radiant for Hoseok’s hands to touch his skin, to blister it and burn it with his licentious desires. He couldn’t do it, he couldn’t do it to Yoongi.

Friday was a blessing and curse when it rolled around. It gave him something to focus on, to roll around in his brain, mulling over everything that Taehyung had confided in him, wondering what else Taehyung hadn’t told him and why Jimin had been not only avoiding Yoongi, but him, Namjoon and Jeongguk.

However, he was going to be faced with Jimin, stupid, smug-faced Jimin who would no doubtedly tease Yoongi about Jinsoo like it was no big deal. Hoseok didn’t think he would be able to constrain himself if such a situation ever played out, he would just have to remember to punch with the side of his fist rather than with his knuckles. In a way, he found himself getting het up about the idea of punching Jimin, as if it took away the damage done that Jimin had brought about, it was a replacement outlet for the restless energy that he had allowed to build up inside of him.
“What are you thinking about?” It was Friday last lesson, the two were supposed to be working on their History project but Hoseok was too distracted by not allowing himself to focus on Yoongi whilst Yoongi was too busy sparing glances at him. Yoongi had asked him in a mono-tone, as if he couldn’t care less, yet, Hoseok knew that Yoongi was extremely curious.

“Tonight.” He answered truthfully enough. Hoseok sat up from where he was bent over, his arms folded on the table. “What have you done this lesson?” It was increasingly taxing to feign ignorance when he knew that Yoongi was watching him, internally asking for Hoseok to look at him.

“I’ve edited some paragraphs,” Yoongi replied, his voice casual but his concern imminent. “We’re really not trying, are we?”

Hoseok snorted and then tried to hold back from doubling over in pain when he glimpsed Yoongi smiling at his reaction.

“Are you worried about it?” It was safe to look at Yoongi, he was focussed on the laptop screen. “You can tell me, you know.” Hoseok felt like the worst person to ever walk the earth, Yoongi would never step reaching out for him, to try and comfort him, but here he was being un-talkative and broody. He wanted to apologise for his behaviour but he couldn’t bring himself to, it wasn’t the right setting to talk about Jinsoo and what happened that night, there were too many people flitting about, ears were everywhere.

“There’s not much to say,” Hoseok lied, leaning back on the couch and folding his arms, staring hard at the notes on the table in front of him. “I’m just... I don’t know why we’re going to Tae’s house, Tae hasn’t said anything about it.”

Yoongi was back to watching him warily, his eyes scanning Hoseok’s face. He had to strike and kill his natural instinct to ensure he wouldn’t end up looking into Yoongi’s eyes. Underneath the shield of his arms, his hands had tightened into fists with nails digging into his skin, his self-restraint was so close to snapping; he had to keep replaying the mantra of ‘you’re just like Jinsoo’ to certify that he wouldn’t give into the unchaste horrors of his mind.

“I haven’t been to Jimin’s house in ages,” Yoongi mused. “Maybe Taehyung’s house was more convenient to meet at.”

“Maybe,” Hoseok hummed, but didn’t really agree. It didn’t sound like Yoongi was convinced with his own words either. They were both as equally clueless as each other, so it was all they could really do but to wait until the bell rang, exchange glances – to which Hoseok hurriedly looked away from – and walk together to the bus stop in an unanimous silence.

Taehyung was already there but he was standing alone, no Jimin at his side. It was so unlike Hoseok to be unsure whether to approach one of his best friends, but with no other option he followed Taehyung’s suit and climbed onto the bus. Without looking, he grabbed Yoongi’s wrist, as he was dithering uncertainly by the bus stop, and hauled him onto the bus. Without asking, he paid for Yoongi’s ticket and then walked down the aisle, gesturing for Yoongi to settle into the pair of seats next to Taehyung. He took the seat next to Yoongi, and despite all his efforts, his fingers curled around Yoongi’s hand. It was like he had inhaled for the first time that day when Yoongi reciprocated Hoseok’s action, squeezing Hoseok’s hand before releasing the pressure as if to assure Hoseok that he was still there. Hoseok hadn’t realised how deprived he had been until he had contact with Yoongi, it were as if he had been breathing in water up until this moment.

Taehyung shot him a concerned glance, silently asking why Hoseok hadn’t chosen to sit next to him. Something about that action irked Hoseok, and he realised that he was vaguely mad at Taehyung as well. Taehyung had told him the minimal about what was going on, and most of it didn’t really have
to do with Jimin, mostly Jeongguk, and Hoseok felt like he hadn’t truly talked to Taehyung in over a week. Why would he chose to sit with someone who was distancing themselves over his boyfriend?

His boyfriend. It was still sinking in. Yoongi was his, nobody else’s. Yet, he couldn’t have Yoongi, he didn’t have the right. It was Jinsoo’s fault. Jinsoo. Jimin. Jimin was his friend, why did he have the desire to punch him? To hurt him, to pay him back for all the times he left Hoseok drunk and alone in a club to go and have a fist-fight, to take revenge on all the times that Jimin promised to pay him back only to blow his parent’s money on alcohol and arcade games. He wanted to inflict pain on Jimin, for always souring what could have been happy memories of his youth, for enforcing Jinsoo onto Yoongi, for causing Yoongi - his Yoongi - fear.

It was all mixing together in his head, colliding and churning into a revolting mixture of reasons and questions both interchanging. So much had happened in such a short amount of time, it was impossible to keep track of everything. He hadn’t had time to process anything, to recognise the amount of pain he was in. The bus lurched forwards unsteadily and his stomach flipped, it was all going to come out, the words, the confusion, the suffering-

“Are you okay?”

A voice. A voice that rose above all the noise on the bus and inside of his head. A voice that was calm, soothing, and gentle. A voice that Hoseok latched onto. A voice that came from the right of him. He turned his head, Yoongi. It was Yoongi’s.

Yoongi’s eyes surveyed his face, his eyebrows creasing when he seemed to find something he didn’t like. “You look ill. Are you okay?”

He realised that their hands were still entwined. “Yeah,” it ripped out of his throat. The storm inside of his head had quietened for now. He managed a smile, even though he was certain that it was wavering. “I’m okay. When I’m with you, everything’s fine. More than fine. Better.”

Hoseok hadn’t visited Taehyung’s house in over three weeks. This fact registered with him and it felt wrong, immoral somehow. Although he was still slightly angry with Taehyung, he missed him.

Taehyung unlocked the front door, his fingers were shaking somewhat and fumbling with the keys. Hoseok didn’t comment. It was pathetic of him, but he didn’t feel like he was in the right mood to be giving comforting support. When they walked inside, Hoseok was instantly targeted by Taehyung’s mum who asked where he had been, that the house had felt empty without him. He didn’t know what to say and silently thanked Taehyung when his excuse was provided for him. “Hoseok’s just been busy, mum. We all have. If you want him as your son, you might as well say so.”

His mum tutted at him, and chucked him under the chin. She welcomed Yoongi into the house, calling him a ‘handsome young man’, and then proceeded to ask what time Jimin was expected to get here. Taehyung replied with a vague, “soon.”

They were offered snacks and drinks to which they all politely shot down; there was no way that Hoseok could risk putting anything into his stomach when it was wailing and rolling around. Taehyung excused them and gestured that they should follow him upstairs after taking off their shoes and coats.

Taehyung’s room was the same as Hoseok had last seen it, which was the Sunday after he had messaged Yoongi properly for the first time. It felt like years ago now. However, there was several new things added to it; a plastic bag that enshrouded a ball, a football to be precise, it was ridiculously filthy. There was a pile of clothes on Taehyung’s chair, most of which Hoseok didn’t
recognise. He didn’t understand it, maybe Taehyung purchased new clothes and a ball, but why would the ball be so dirty if it were new?

“You can both sit wherever, I’ll just move all of this,” Taehyung pointed vaguely to the pile of clothes. He attempted to lift them and a few garments slid to the floor. Taehyung looked at them dejectedly like they were the remains of a dog he had just crushed beneath his foot. Hoseok laughed. Intentionally it was supposed to sound spiteful, however, it came out naturally as he watched Taehyung’s familiar antics.

Taehyung looked up at him, a hopeful smile sliding across his face. Hoseok sighed inaudibly, the feeling of irritation slowly ebbing away, and he bent down to help retrieve the fallen clothing.

“Thanks,” Taehyung said, shoving his handful in a drawer. He reached out to take Hoseok’s but Hoseok couldn’t rip his eyes away from the fabric. These weren’t Taehyung’s clothes. They were Jimin’s.

He forced them into Taehyung’s hands, unable to stand touching them any longer. He turned away from Taehyung and stood in the corner of the room, beside the window. Yoongi, who was perched on the end of the bed, had watched his reaction and was now regarding him with an intense stare. Hoseok couldn’t meet Yoongi’s eyes, he felt the world spin, and his palms grew sweaty as he had balled them into fists. What was Taehyung doing with Jimin’s clothes? Was all that Taehyung confessed to him a lie?

Hoseok didn’t have time to steady himself to ask the question, nor did he have time to act on his sudden thought of how Yoongi must be feeling. There were footsteps on the landing, Taehyung threw them both a nervous glance after looking at his phone and moved towards the door. There was the sound of a knock against wood. Taehyung opened the door. Jimin.

Chapter End Notes

*the eastenders theme songs plays in the background*

wow it wasn't even one paragraph in and hoseok is thinking with his dick, our boy has it bad but now hes all like omg im not good enough to touch yoongs :((((((( do you all hate me now. sorry ill leave

wow this is like total drama island theres so much going on

anyway, as usual, if you liked this chapter and/or want to leave feedback please drop me a comment! i cant wait to hear what you think's gonna happen next <3
he's next to me but i don't just feel him. i am him

Chapter Notes

happy NEW YEAR!!!!

hopefully 2018 brings you everything you want, gives you new dreams, or is just chill so you can do what you want with no fuss

i hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin had barely stepped into the room before Hoseok had stalked towards him, barely conscious of his own feet moving with the rising fury surging through him. He vaguely registered pushing Taehyung aside and grasping Jimin’s collar, undone by one button and his tie loose, shaking him with arm muscles trembling with rage.

“What are you playing at?” The words flew out of his mouth, exploding violently when they came in contact with the air. Taehyung started beside him. Jimin grinned wearily at him, his hair had grown too long and was covering his eyes. This detail only made him angrier.

One moment he was clutching hold of Jimin, throttling him and ready to provoke him to raise his fists, the next he was being pulled away, his arms held down and prevented from being raised. His fury was slowly ebbing, the hands on his arms were warm and consoling. Yoongi.

“Hey, hey, calm down.” Unmistakeably Yoongi’s voice. No one else could have the same effect on him. The anger that fuelled the blood to throttle through his veins subsided somewhat.

“You don’t have to listen to him, you know.” Jimin’s voice. It rang in his ears, cascading over Yoongi’s consolidation. Yoongi seemed to be aware that Jimin was slowly sparking the fury residing within him as his grip on Hoseok tightened. “If you want to hit me, hit me. I won’t even fight back.”

“Jimin.” A word of warning from Taehyung. Hoseok tore his narrowed eyes from Jimin long enough to catch the angry glare that Taehyung shot Jimin. “Talking, remember? No fighting.”

Jimin raised his eyebrows along with his hands in mock-surrender. “Fine.” He swept his hair out of his eyes, nodding vaguely at Hoseok and Yoongi. “You should sit down,” and because Hoseok glared at him, as if ready to pounce because Jimin dared give him an instruction, Jimin backtracked, “I’ll sit, too. Even ground, okay?”

Yoongi reluctantly let go of him, a part of Hoseok longed for Yoongi to continue the contact but it was rapidly quelled when Jimin collapsed haphazardly onto a stall in the corner of the room as if he couldn’t give a single fuck. Taehyung climbed onto the bed and Hoseok made it a point to edge away from him, practically sitting on Yoongi’s lap.

“Well, now that we’re all comfy,” Jimin began, as if he were about to bestow onto them a bedtime story. It made Hoseok’s veins crawl with repressed outrage. “I’ll tell you a little story.” That was it. Something in Hoseok snapped.

“I know,” Hoseok began, his voice trembling with rage. He watched in satisfaction as the cockiness
in Jimin’s eyes hastily faded. Hoseok knew what Jimin was playing at, taking control of the situation, pretending to be in the right and making Hoseok out to be a foolhardy, irrational idiot. In reality, Jimin was frightened – feigning as if he was the toughest guy in the room was an old trick that had never truly left him, it only emerged when Jimin felt threatened. Cornered. Trapped.

“Oh, do you now?” Jimin asked coolly, his face concealed everything but his eyes held sinister truths that Hoseok seized onto.

“We’re not, and that’s just the top of the iceberg.” Jimin affirmed, his confidence growing when Jimin struggled to maintain eye contact. “I’m going to ask you a question.” Yoongi tensed next to him, possibly guessing that there would be some sort of attack. Jimin smiled, but Hoseok noticed how his fingers were lost in his sleeve, itching at his skin. Taehyung was watching him silently.

“Why the fuck are you living with Taehyung?”

The reaction his words received were instantaneous. Jimin’s eyes grew ridiculously wide under his shaggy hair, Yoongi had gripped onto his wrist and Taehyung had jolted. Jimin shrunk into the wall, as if expecting an ongoing attack of words, but Hoseok didn’t have any ammunition left. He wanted an answer. He wanted to know why Jimin seemed to have turned Taehyung against him, and cut out all of the people he called friends.

“‘Seok, I can explain, it’s not what you-’ Taehyung began when Jimin failed to say anything.

“No! I don’t want to hear it from you, not when you’ve practically ignored me for days. I want to hear it from the person who started this.” Hoseok turned from Taehyung, his eyes boring into Jimin’s. “Explain. Now.”

He genuinely didn’t think he would provoke a response from Jimin. He thought that Jimin would retreat into himself and force out his hyper-masculinised persona, sneer at him and then leave like Hoseok wasn’t worth the dirt on his football that sat near Yoongi’s feet. He didn’t expect for a minute that Jimin would look at him in the eye, his jaw contorting as his lip trembled and say the words that rendered the whole room silent.

“I don’t have anywhere else to go.”

Yoongi was still clinging onto his wrist. He wondered whether Yoongi could feel his pulse throbbing under his skin, throbbing at the contact and also pulsing with emotion at Jimin’s words.

“Jimin,” Taehyung started again, his tone consoling. Hoseok noticed how Taehyung had swung his leg off of the bed as if to approach Jimin.

“Tae, it’s fine,” Jimin effectively halted his movements. “I was going to tell them anyway.”

“What’s going on?” Yoongi spoke for the first time. His voice sounded strangely empty. Hoseok noticed that Yoongi’s grip on his wrist had tightened.

Jimin looked at Yoongi with a startled expression as if seeing him for the first time, and then his face changed. His eyebrows drew together and eyes saddened. “Yoongs...” He started, leaning forwards with his hands balled into fists. “Yoongs, I’m so sorry about what happened with Jinsoo. I didn’t know he would – I thought that he was-” His words were strewn all over the place, not giving anyone any valid answer.

Frustration bubbled in the pit of Hoseok’s stomach. “Why did you say that about Yoongi?” Jimin’s mouth stammered to a halt. Hoseok only grew angrier, forcing his words out of ground teeth. “Why did you tell Jinsoo that he was entitled to have Yoongi? What the actual fuck is wrong with you to
do that to someone who was supposed to be your friend?”

Yoongi tightened his grip again, tugging at Hoseok’s arm so he would stay seated. Jimin’s face soured, his eyes flicked from Hoseok to Taehyung and when he looked back at Yoongi his expression collapsed.

“I didn’t say anything to Jinsoo, you have to believe me,” he implored Yoongi, his eyes wide and frantic. Hoseok audibly scoffed but he was silenced when Yoongi dropped his head. “He asked me loads of stuff about you and I said that you were his type but that was it, I would never give someone permission to do that to you. To any of my friends. He made it all up. I’m so sorry, Yoongs.”

A surge of protective vexation burst through him. Hoseok wanted to yell abuse, wanted to inflict pain of Jimin’s face to erase that innocent expression. He didn’t want Jimin to lay eyes on Yoongi.

“Stop it,” he snarled, his hatred of Jinsoo breeding with the negative feelings he held for Jimin. “Stop pretending you’re innocent in this! Stop saving your own skin! I’ve had enough of you doing that. After all these years of you leaving me, leaving us, when you went off and got high, got beaten up, or spent all of our fucking money, you’d come up with some pathetic excuse, like, ‘Oh, they started it,’ or, ‘I’ll pay you back.’ I let it slide because you were my friend, but now I’m just starting to see that you’re not my friend. You’re anything but! Friends have a mutual relationship; I’m not just a puppet you can use for your childish idea of ‘fun’. Especially after what you did to Yoongi, you’re nothing to me.” He spat each word, fuelling it with fire filled with loathing, wanting – needing – to hurt Jimin, to get under his skin, to make him feel something. Regret. Shame. Guilt.

It worked. He watched Jimin’s eyes water, saw the first tear roll down his cheek before Jimin ducked his head, hiding his hurt.

“Seok...” Taehyung breathed, his voice quiet, winded. “Jimin’s telling the truth. He didn’t do it-”

“Of course you’re going to side with him!” Hoseok exploded.

“-He has the messages to prove it,” Taehyung swiftly carried on over him. “Jimin,” he called, once Hoseok had fallen silent. “Show him. Show both of them.”

Jimin shoved a hand in his pocket, took out a battered phone with its screen cracked and unlocked it. He threw it towards Hoseok, who caught it without much effort. The messages lay under his fingertips, messages that Jinsoo’s fingers had typed out. The same fingers that had touched Yoongi, hurt him and perhaps even pleased him. Hoseok’s hand tightened on the phone; he was applying such a large amount of force that his arm was shaking. Yoongi had let go of his wrist, now his hand was on Hoseok’s shoulder.

He scanned the messages, his mind was covered in a cloud of red haze, barely deciphering what the words meant. Yoongi was reading over his shoulder, his head too close to his ear. He could hear every breath that Yoongi drew and expelled, feel his chest expand and deflate. The pure sensation that was Yoongi ran over his skin, seeping into his pores and into his bloodstream. The tension in his shoulders dissipated ever so slightly, and he regained his natural breathing pace. He pushed the phone into Yoongi’s hands, shivering when Yoongi’s fingers lingered on his.

“I never said that Yoongi would be fine with doing anything. I didn’t even know that Jinsoo was going to try anything; he told me he was looking for a meaningful relationship. That fucking maggot lied.” Hoseok looked up, thoroughly scanning Jimin’s expression, searching for a sign that Jimin was lying. He found none. He stared down at his lap, unblinking.

“Yoongs, I’m so sorry that that happened to you, that I even introduced you to him. When I found
out what had happened, that the fucker who hurt you looked in my eyes and tried to turn the situation around on me, I lost control. Punched him.” Jimin’s voice was breaking. He sniffed furiously and rubbed at his eyes with the grey sleeve of his school shirt. “Yoongs, I’m so, so, so sorry I avoided you after. I couldn’t face you. I was sure you hated me. I know it doesn’t seem it, but you mean so much to me. You all do,” he swept his eyes over to Hoseok, who couldn’t take it and dropped his gaze, silently cursing his cowardice. “I didn’t want to lose you, didn’t want to give you a chance to push me away. I’m so sorry, Yoongs.”

“I believe you,” Yoongi spoke quietly, his hands wrapped around Jimin’s phone. “I forgive you.” All of the fury that was buzzing around Hoseok’s body, numbing his thought process, ebbed away, pouring out of his ears and evaporating into the air. He looked at Jimin and no longer felt like raining down a fire of wrath, stamping on his hands until his fingers broke. Instead, he felt something akin to pity. It was amazing how much power Yoongi held over him.

Jimin’s face contorted. It looked as though he wanted to smile but something came over him, something painful, and the happiness washed away as quickly as it had come. “Thank you, Yoongs. That means a lot.”

It was strange. Seeing Jimin be sentimental without saying a corny line from an American movie. It was unfamiliar to see him break down and cry. Whatever had happened must have been truly awful for him to be unable to equip his bad boy persona.

“What happened to you?” Yoongi seemed to be thinking along the same lines as him. His voice sounded wounded, he, too, disliked seeing his friend in pain. “Why is Taehyung’s house the only place you can stay?”

Jimin looked lost. He cast his head over to Taehyung, and then looked to Hoseok, his eyes harbouring something dark. “I can’t go back. Not to my parents.” He shook his head as if to clear away thoughts that evaded his mind.

Hoseok’s throat constricted. “Why not? How long have you been here?”

“About two weeks now,” Jimin admitted, itching at his wrist again. He seemed to be doing that a lot, maybe a new habit he had picked up, something to do when he was uncomfortable. “I can’t stay here forever, even if you insist it’s fine, Tae.” Hoseok turned to face Taehyung, his eyebrows were drawn and his eyes were cast down at the floor.

“I didn’t want to tell you, Tae’s the only one who knows.” Jimin met Hoseok’s eyes and seemed to sense the question that was stinging the tip of Hoseok’s tongue. “I didn’t want to tell you because it’s my fault. I was... Ashamed.” The word didn’t sound right spoken in Jimin’s voice, it was like hearing him speak a different language. Jimin had always been assured in what he did, always found a justification for his actions. It was alien seeing Jimin like this.

“What do you mean ‘your fault’?” Yoongi pressed. Hoseok barely processed he was watching Yoongi’s thumbs delicately rub the cracked screen of Jimin’s phone. “What happened?”

Jimin exhaled, rubbing at his eyes again before running a hand through his hair, pushing it from his face. “I left. I packed my stuff and left at night, I left a note saying ‘I’m leaving, don’t find me, you can be a proud family without me’, something like that. I heard them talking – my parents – about how much of a disappointment I am, how, with the way I’m living, I’ll never amount to anything. Some other shit about ‘wasted potential’.” His usual cocky attitude had started seeping into his voice but it faded out as soon as yet another tear glistened as it slid downwards from his eyes.

“They heard I got in a fight, see. Heard I got a night in jail. They had to pick me up from the station.”
Hoseok’s breath hitched, he had completely forgotten that Jimin had had to sleep in a cell overnight. “Usually, someone old enough to claim to be a guardian bails me out, and then I owe them, right? So, it’s a cycle, a cycle I was fine with. But one of the girls in the club freaked out, called my house phone and told my parents. Do you know how fucking awful it is to be seen in handcuffs by your parents who don’t know shit about your ‘illegal activity’? I half-expected them to say I wasn’t their son,” he snorted in spite.

“But they did. They took me home, didn’t talk to me. Next day, they call me down and say that they were disappointed in me. They grounded me, took away my phone – have to use my old one now,” he pointed at the phone encased in Yoongi’s hands. “Then they said that they were gonna enrol me in some delinquent program, alcohol anonymous, drug addiction therapy, you name it. To ‘help me’. My own mum didn’t even fucking look at me. How shitty of a son do I have to be for my own mum not want to look me in my eye?” Hoseok couldn’t imagine the burden that Jimin was shouldering. He imagined the look of disappointment and sadness etched on his mother’s face if he were in Jimin’s situation. He wanted to cry.

“They didn’t want to hear my side of it. But even if they did I wouldn’t have been able to say anything, I’ve got no excuse. That’s it. I’m shitty for no good reason. No tragic past or anything – I’m just a shitty person who drinks and takes drugs just for the thrill. But now there’s no thrill, there’s nothing. So, I left. I didn’t want to burden everyone, I knew what they would say, that I was being stupid. I didn’t want to talk to anyone else, outside of you guys, I don’t have anyone. Not really. The people I hang out with, party with, they’re not my friends, they don’t know who I am. I don’t know who I am.”

He itched at his wrists again, the sound of nails on skin irritated Hoseok’s ears but he didn’t care. He felt his eyes smart at Jimin’s truth. Hearing that Jimin felt lost and alone but didn’t want to burden them angered and saddened him at the same time. They had been through thick and thin together, did Jimin really think that Hoseok wouldn’t have jumped at the chance to help him? Why had Jimin gone to Taehyung?

“My mum keeps texting me,” Jimin said, his voice blank but quiet. Hoseok could no longer see his eyes, Jimin had lowered his head. “She keeps asking me to come back, that together we can change my dad’s mind. She tells me she loves me. But I don’t know how she can say that when I don’t even know who I am. I don’t know why I do what I do. It seemed fun at first, just fucking around at parties, but then I met people, got invited to more parties. I met the wrong people as well, got into fights. And I was proud. Proud of being punched, breaking my knuckles and getting arrested. I thought I was cool. It’s so pathetic,” Jimin choked out a laugh, tilting his head backwards.

“I thought that if I lived like that, it would achieve something. I don’t know. I wanted to be known, like those gangster’s in those films, ‘Seok,’” Jimin nodded at him, a reminiscent smile lingering on his face. Hoseok nodded back at him and the smile grew. “Yeah, remember?” The smile diminished. “It was stupid. I was stupid. Before I knew it everyone was taking exams, they couldn’t go to parties anymore, but I still dragged you out even though I left you half those nights.” Hoseok’s fists clenched. “I was scared, to be honest. That’s why I brought you guys with me. Some people at those parties scared me, terrified me. Yet, I kept trying to prove myself to them. Fought with them, left my best friends.”

The anger building up in Hoseok quickly dispersed. He didn’t know whether it was due to Jimin’s explanation or Yoongi’s hand atop of his loosened fist.

“It was wrong of me. ‘Seok...’” Hoseok looked up at him, his mouth tightened and his brow clenched. Jimin appeared scared, yet earnest. “‘Seok, what you said, everything you said, is true. I was a shitty friend, I was never there when you really needed me and I always dragged you into my
problems, yet, you were always willing to help me. You too, Tae. And you, Yoongs. ‘Joon and ‘Guk as well. Jin even tried talking to me about it once, you know that? Told me that I should value the friends I had before they left, and they would if I carried on like this. That’s why I couldn’t talk to you guys after Saturday, I couldn’t bring myself to know if you all left me for good.”

Hoseok didn’t realise he was crying until a tissue propelled itself into his peripheral vision. Taehyung was offering it to him.

“I’m sorry, Tae. I told you not to say anything to them about it. I didn’t mean to cut you off from them.”

Hoseok accepted the tissue, allowing a small smile to spread across his mouth. “That’s why you were being so sneaky,” he commented.

Taehyung smiled weakly back at him. “Sorry, ‘Seok. I did want to tell you, but if I did I knew you’d be angry at me – that I’d betrayed someone’s confidence in me. You’ve got a noble streak.” The weak smile grew into a teasing grin. Hoseok threw the tissue at him after pointedly blowing his nose into it.

Taehyung shrieked, and batted it onto the floor where he stared at it in disgust. Jimin laughed, though it sounded dim compared to his usual gusto, whilst Yoongi snorted and leant into Hoseok. His hands started to sweat and the guilt started to pound through him as he crushed his fantasy of taking Yoongi’s head into his hands and kissing him senseless, losing control when Yoongi moaned into his mouth and entwined his hands in Hoseok’s hair, exchanging tongue and unbearable warmth.

“I think you should talk to your mum,” Yoongi said, cutting their laughter short. Jimin was refusing to make eye contact, toeing at the rug under the stall. “You should talk it over with her. What you feel, and how you’re going to change. I think she wants to hear you out. I think it’ll help you. It’s not right seeing you so sad.”

Jimin chewed his cheek, itching at his wrist again. “What if she doesn’t like what she hears?”

“She’ll love you no matter what,” Hoseok sided with Yoongi. It was the most sensible suggestion. He no longer wanted to see Jimin look so unsure with himself, to be unhappy about who he was.

Taehyung nudged his arm, smiled at him. Hoseok returned the grin. Taehyung looked over to Jimin and said the words which had probably been weighing heavily on his mind ever since Jimin had spilled his situation to him. “You’re her son, Jimin. She wants to understand. Let her in.”

“You should try the watermelon flavour, it’s so good, I think it killed me and then revived me,” Taehyung joked as he walked the two to the bus stop. In all honesty, Hoseok wasn’t going to take the bus and Taehyung knew this but hadn’t commented on it. He was going to wait until he saw Yoongi onto the bus and act like he was getting the next one. In reality, he lived relatively close to Taehyung’s house, close enough to walk home.

Jimin had remained in Taehyung’s room, and after their heavy conversation had transitioned to general chit chat he had fallen asleep. Hoseok had privately thought that he looked exhausted, and was surprised that he hadn’t passed out sooner.

“Orange flavour is better,” Yoongi stated, smiling when Taehyung let out a gasp of betrayal. Hoseok was grateful that Taehyung stood in the middle of them, separating him from Yoongi. Yoongi had held his hand throughout the rest of their time in Taehyung’s room, and although it was a sweet gesture that Hoseok was grateful for, his mind twisted the action, corrupting it until he was certain
that it was Jinsoo polluting his thoughts, desperately trying to touch Yoongi through him.

The two continued to have a debate as to which flavour of gum drops was superior whilst Hoseok kept a muted quiet, only laughing when Taehyung took a particularly large breath which signalled he was about to start a laughing fit. The three eventually reached the bus stop, it wasn’t the bus stop that he had first kissed Yoongi but it bore a strong resemblance to it. It had all happened in such a short space of time, but it felt like he had lived years since his lips first touched Yoongi’s.

“Alright, so I’ll see you Monday!” Taehyung called cheerily to Yoongi as the bus drew up to the stop. Yoongi smiled and nodded, his eyes skimming over to Hoseok who automatically tensed, feeling himself being entranced by the mysterious light that glinted in the erotic darks of Yoongi’s eyes-

“See you,” Hoseok got out, cutting off his train of thought. He forced a smile which he knew wouldn’t fool Yoongi for a second.

Yoongi regarded him coolly, then nodded without uttering a single word. He climbed onto the bus and the bus driver sped on eagerly, not giving Hoseok time to watch Yoongi at the window.

“‘See you’? What the hell was that?” Taehyung asked incredulously, hitting Hoseok on the arm. It were as if no time had passed between them and they had been talking normally all week. It brought some comfort to Hoseok’s heart.

“Well, it’s true, isn’t it? I’ll see him!” Hoseok responded, rubbing his sore arm.

“But that is your boyfriend!” Taehyung’s voice rose into a screech. Hoseok didn’t appreciate that Taehyung was looking at him as if he were crazy. “You should have kissed him or something, something a little nicer than ‘see you’!”

“Drop it, Tae,” Hoseok deflected moodily, flopping onto the bus bench with his arms folded. “Like you can talk anyway.”

“No, we’re not talking about that now. What’s going on between you and Yoongi?” Taehyung collapsed next to him, intent on keeping eye contact to tease out all of his secrets.

“We’re dating,” he grudgingly obliged, giving Taehyung something valid enough so that he would leave him alone.

“Well, I know that,” Taehyung dismissed. “We both saw how you two were being all couple-y with each other, holding hands and stuff. It’s adorable. But what’s up with you, hmm?” Hoseok had looked away from him but Taehyung was insistent and leant forwards to stay in his eyesight.

Taehyung was not going to leave it alone. That much he was certain about. Hoseok sighed, but realised that perhaps sharing his burden with someone who knew him inside and out was exactly what he needed.

“On Saturday, tomorrow,” Hoseok began, a thrum of panic started to hum within him as he realised that in less than 24 hours he would be at Yoongi’s house. “I’m going to Yoongi’s house...” Taehyung nodded at him enthusiastically, prompting him to continue. “We’re going to...” Taehyung frowned, clearly missing what Hoseok was insinuating, “Uh...”

“Oh,” Taehyung breathed, his mouth forming a perfect ‘O’ shape. He wiggled his eyebrows in a suggestive fashion. “You’re gonna get freaky.”

“Oh, God, please never say that again,” Hoseok chuckled weakly, pushing Taehyung’s face away as
he drew nearer, his eyebrows going manic.

Taehyung laughed, leaning on Hoseok’s shoulder before pulling back. “Okay, so what’s wrong with that? You nervous or something?”

“Not exactly,” Hoseok began, unsure on how to phrase the problem he was facing. “Well, you can’t tell anyone,” he warned and Taehyung sighed.

“When have I ever? I won’t tell Jimin if that’s what you’re worried about.” He said it lightly enough, but he looked slightly upset.

“Sorry,” Hoseok murmured before continuing on as Taehyung shook his head, silently saying Hoseok was in the clear. “Yoongi told me that... that he was fairly certain that Jinsoo was gonna – was gonna rape him.” Taehyung’s eyes widened and his brows drew together in concern. “Yeah, exactly, it’s terrifying. So, it made me think how Yoongi feels about being physical now after that whole experience. I don’t want to take advantage of him just because he thinks that he can’t say no because we’re in a relationship, I’d be just like Jinsoo.” He added the last part in a frenzied whisper, petrified of saying it aloud. Taehyung gripped at his knee reassuringly.

“And lately, fuck,” he exhaled in frustration, leaning his head backwards onto the bus timetable behind him. “It’s been so hard to try and hold back. I want to touch him, and now I can. But I can’t because I don’t want to scare him. I want him to feel safe with me, to know I’d rather die than to hurt him.” His eyes slid over to Taehyung who was watching him, a thoughtful expression on his face mixed with extreme concern. “What do I do, Tae?”

Taehyung sucked in a breath, held it, and then let it escape through his nose. “That’s a hard one, ‘Seok. Literally.” He wiggled his eyebrows again and laughed when Hoseok gave him the finger. “Okay, sorry, sorry.” He composed himself before humming in thought. “Firstly, you are one whipped man, Jung Hoseok. No drama or movie can compare. Secondly, you’re nothing like Jinsoo – don’t look at me like that – because you are a caring, considerate and loving partner, okay? Thirdly, did you plan to get down, get funky on Saturday?”

Hoseok couldn’t help but laugh at Taehyung’s phrasing and then sobered up when he recalled the conversation he had online with Yoongi. “I think he kinda mentioned Saturday on Tuesday at school, and then he asked if I could come over when I was messaging him after school.”

Taehyung quirked his brow and looked rather impressed. “Wow, didn’t know your little Yoongers had it in him.” Hoseok rolled his eyes fondly and elbowed Taehyung. “What? I’m being serious! ‘Seok, I don’t think you have anything to worry about. He was the one to initiate it, so I think he wants you as much as you want him.”

It was incredible to hear the words from another person, the words his conscience desperately needed to receive, but he still couldn’t quite bring himself to believe them. It was too good to be true. “What if he changes his mind? What if he doesn’t say ‘no’ because he’s afraid of what he thinks will happen?” A new kind of horror filled his head and he choked the thoughts up his throat, turning to sludge in his mouth and spitting them out in word form. “What if he liked what Jinsoo was doing and only stopped liking it when it went too far? What if whatever I do doesn’t compare? What if he likes what Jinsoo did better than-?”

“Whoa, whoa,” Taehyung practically leapt at him, touching his cool fingertips on Hoseok’s temples. “I’m stopping those thoughts right now. In no universe will Yoongi like a potential rapist’s touch to that of his boyfriend’s, ‘Seok. You really are worried about hurting him, aren’t you?” Hoseok moved away from Taehyung’s touch and settled for leaning his head on Taehyung’s shoulder. Taehyung ran a hand through his hair, Hoseok almost purred.
“Petrified, Tae,” Hoseok whispered, looking out at the houses across the street. “I don’t want to lose him. Not after everything we’ve been through.” He felt Taehyung’s chest vibrate as he hummed in understanding. Something dislodged in his mind and he was in such a state of relaxation with Taehyung playing with his hair strands that he found no fear in blurting out: “Why did Jimin come to you and none of us?”

The hand froze in his hair. The air grew colder and clawed at Hoseok’s throat as he drew it in. Taehyung had tensed, Hoseok felt a knot of tension under his head, knots of trepidation in Taehyung’s shoulders.

“He told me not to tell you,” Taehyung murmured. Hoseok was about to part from Taehyung’s warmth before Taehyung carried on, “but that was two weeks ago. I trust you not to tell anyone, especially Jeongguk.”

Hoseok sat up, confusion racing through his veins and tangling loose ends in his brain together. “Of course I won’t. You already told me some, right? That the reason you weren’t talking to Jeongguk was the same reason Jimin wasn’t talking to any of us. I trusted you would tell me one day.”

Taehyung looked slightly shifty. Hoseok frowned, what was going on? Why was Taehyung so reluctant to tell him anything?

“I may have not told you the complete truth,” Taehyung started hesitantly, his eyes unsure on whether to settle on Hoseok or the bus timetable next to him. “I stopped talking to Jeongguk because of Jimin. Because of what happened when we went to the club.” Hoseok struggled to remember most things from that night, so Taehyung’s brief explanation only made him more muddled.

“What did Jimin do?” He inquired, struggling to recall a memory he wasn’t even sure he possessed.

Taehyung finally decided to focus on him. He bit his lip and squeezed his eyes shut. “He told me he liked me.”

What!?

Hoseok was shocked speechless. All words had been snatched from his mind and chucked out of his air. He was aware that his mouth was open and that his eyes were bulging. The air began stinging him. Jimin liked Taehyung. Jimin fancied Taehyung. Park Jimin, local bad boy and lifelong best friend, had a crush on Kim Taehyung, international mathlete and innocent childhood companion. Where had this come from? Maybe Hoseok could have read into the skinship between the two, but Jimin was just as touchy with him as he was with Taehyung, wasn’t he?

“I know,” Taehyung read his expression. “I felt just the same as you. I had no idea how or why, it was like it had come up out of nowhere. I was in the toilets with Jeongguk, and I was so sure that he was going to make a move on me, he washed his face and we had this eye contact in the mirror that was pure animalistic, but then Jimin came in – clearly smashed – and demanded he talk to me.” Hoseok was certain that his eyebrows would forever be frozen into an expression of confusion and disbelief.

“Jeongguk left after Jimin told him he wanted to speak to me in private, but he looked back at me with this concerned look and I wanted to call him back but the door closed, and then Jimin started talking.” Taehyung gulped, looking down at his hands. “He talked a lot. He told me that he had heard that I liked someone and that I was going to be at the club with them tonight, but the only person he had seen me with was Jeongguk, and was there something going on between us? And it would be an awful shame if there was because he was sure that we would make a great couple.”
“What!?” This time Hoseok managed to say it out loud, it exploded out of his mouth and ruptured the air. Jimin had come onto Taehyung? Jimin was jealous of Jeongguk?

“I know!” Taehyung related, his eyebrows raised in disbelief before he calmed down to carry on the story. “At first, I thought it was a joke. Jimin was clearly drunk. But because this had never happened before I didn’t really know what to do, so I just told him that maybe he should practise his pick-up lines on someone else. And then I think he said something like ‘would you call this a pick-up line?’ And he kissed me.”

Hoseok didn’t know how much more wide his eyes could grow. “What!?” He repeated, his throat threatening to give up on his voice with his manic high-pitched tone. “You didn’t kiss him back, did you!?”

Taehyung shook his head wildly, grabbing hold of Hoseok’s shoulders. “No, no! I like Jeongguk, ‘Seok. I couldn’t do that to him.” He released Hoseok, who swayed unsteadily. “So I had to push him away. I said that I liked someone else, that it wouldn’t be fair to him or Jeongguk if I went along with it. Once he heard this, I don’t think he took it too well because he told me not to tell anyone before he left, and when I next saw him he punched someone. I felt awful even though I was sure I had done the right thing, Jeongguk messaged me but I couldn’t reply, I kept thinking about Jimin and then the next thing I know he’s at my door in tears telling me that his parents hated him and that he was the only one he could think of to turn to.”

Although the idea of distant and laid-back Jimin having a crush on out-going and involved Taehyung was alien to him, the premise that Jimin had ran to Taehyung because Taehyung was the only person his frantic mind could focus on made a lot of sense. It was extremely similar to how he needed Yoongi in times of distress, to comfort him and assure him that everything was going to be fine.

“Oh.” It was all he could say. There was too much happening in his mind - half-thoughts throwing themselves against the walls of his brain and colliding with his feelings of confusion and understand - to form a coherent response.

“Yeah,” Taehyung exhaled, nodding slowly and then yawning, his nose crinkling. “I’m exhausted, ‘Seok. Wanna sleep over? Oh, I guess you can’t’”

“Then what’s going on between you and Jeongguk?” Hoseok interrupted, curiosity feeding into his thoughts.

Taehyung looked pained. “I’ve messaged him but it’s just about school. I haven’t told him anything about what’s going on and I don’t want to start anything with him when Jimin’s living with me, that’d just be cruel. I haven’t even had a chance to talk to Jimin about what happened at the club, I don’t want to have to add to his burdens.” Taehyung looked so troubled that Hoseok couldn’t take it and pulled him in for a hug.

“It’ll be okay, Tae. When Jimin sorts his life out, you can talk to him. But this is your life, remember? Your feelings for Jeongguk. You don’t owe anything to Jimin just because he’s your friend. If Jeongguk likes you back,” he had to choke down the laughter at the thought of Jeongguk not liking Taehyung, “then you’re free to start something. Don’t kill your own happiness, Tae.”

Hoseok wasn’t sure how long they stayed like that, arms wrapped around each other, silent thank you’s and apologies being exchanged, all he knew was that when they parted ways, it was pitch black outside and his hands were so numb that he couldn’t hold his house key. He had to ring the doorbell for his mum to let him in.
Min Yoongi: Hey

Min Yoongi: Is tomorrow still happening?

Jung Hoseok: heyy

Jung Hoseok: yh

Jung Hoseok: ?

Jung Hoseok: is something wrong?

Min Yoongi: No

Min Yoongi: I should be asking you the same thing

Jung Hoseok: ? im fine

Min Yoongi: right

Min Yoongi: see you tomorrow

Jung Hoseok: yh!

Jung Hoseok: yoongs?

Jung Hoseok: ???

(Seen)

Chapter End Notes

YOONGS??????????????///////////
i think this is the longest chapter in this fic? wow much time spent

okay but tomorrows chapter is gonna be so fun to write OML

as always, if you liked this comment and want to leave feedback, please drop me a comment <3 jimin isnt a dirty snake omg but jinsoo definitely is, whats gonna happen with taekook? whats GONNA HAPPEN TOMORROW??? thank you for your support! <3
It was torture. That was the only thing Yoongi could compare it to. The torment of not being able to touch Hoseok throughout the week was painstakingly excruciating. He had found himself blurting out if Hoseok could come over to his on the weekend, and then repeating the question online later that night. It had been mortifyingly embarrassing to insinuate his intentions, but incredibly appeasing to know that Hoseok wanted the same thing. Their phone call on Tuesday night had only increased his longing for Hoseok to touch him, to kiss him, to take him. His relief had only lasted that evening, however, as when he first saw Hoseok in school on Wednesday morning a ravenous monster curdled within him, causing every inch of his skin crave and scream for contact.

He had ended up giving Hoseok tips on how to play basketball, he had hoped it was a decent enough excuse for his hands to secure themselves on Hoseok’s hips – itching to lift the material of his shirt to feel the muscle that writhed underneath – but, of course, Namjoon saw right through it and had the audacity to ask if he was ‘getting any’.

When Friday rolled around, Yoongi was extremely certain that he would implode, Hoseok couldn’t seem to look him in the eye and was insistent on avoiding his touches. He had told himself that he was simply imagining it, that maybe it was a way for his body to respond to his sexual frustration by twisting the image in front of him to make it appear as if Hoseok couldn’t stand to be in the same room as him, just so that he could control himself.

So, of course, Yoongi was immensely relieved that Hoseok sat next to him on the bus to Taehyung’s house, he was becoming increasingly unnerved about Jimin and what he was going to say – he wasn’t sure whether to trust Jimin or not – so when he was battling with himself about whether to reach to Hoseok for comfort and Hoseok wrapped his fingers around Yoongi’s hand, he felt every negative energy drain out of him. No one had ever had that effect on him before and he was bewildered by it. And then Hoseok had said that to him, “When I’m with you, everything’s fine. More than fine. Better.” Yoongi didn’t think his heart could beat any faster, he was sure that the
happiness formed from Hoseok’s words was radiating from his skin.

When Jimin had arrived at Taehyung’s bedroom door, Yoongi was certain that Hoseok had figured something out about the whole situation, something that had made him livid. He had no hesitations when moving towards Hoseok and pulling him away from Jimin – no matter any ill feelings Yoongi or Hoseok held towards Jimin, he couldn’t let Hoseok take his anger out on one of his friends, he knew that Hoseok would be bound to regret it later. Hoseok had leant into his touch, not repulsed by his contact as Yoongi was sure he had been earlier on that day, and he had savoured it.

Hoseok wasted no time in ripping apart the tough guy persona that Jimin fronted with. Yoongi sat in shock as he heard the boy next to him spill his heart with seething anger, he hadn’t realised just how many compromising scenarios that Jimin had pulled him, Hoseok, Taehyung, Jeongguk and Namjoon into, and hearing it all be hurled into the open air had only made any ill will towards Jimin multiply at a rapid pace. His ears stung upon listening to how upset Hoseok was, and his heartbeat increased erratically when Hoseok expressed his concern with Yoongi. All words of sadness and heartbreak coated in malice. It was all Yoongi could do but cling onto Hoseok’s wrist to stop him from splintering.

Still, Jimin sat through it all, his body bent and tears gushing from his eyes like a flooding river, and apologised. He had turned to Yoongi, begged for his forgiveness – something that Yoongi had never seen him once do, it was refreshing to see Jimin like that, changing before his eyes; but he wasn’t sure he liked it. Jimin was supposed to be a headstrong character with light-hearted grace, not a broken mess. It had pained Yoongi.

Yoongi had read the texts that had been exchanged between Jimin and Jinsoo, Jimin must have backed up the files on the phone that had been taken by parents – he seemed to always be one step ahead of everything, at least that hadn’t changed about him. Yoongi had read the texts over Hoseok’s shoulder with a struggling heart, one part of him wanted to believe in Jimin’s innocence whilst another screamed that he was too gullible, that Jimin could have erased the texts that were too incriminating.

But Yoongi couldn’t bring himself to do it, to turn his back on someone who was clearly struggling with their mistakes – he had made mistakes too, ones that could have cost him one of the dearest people closest to his heart, Hoseok. If Yoongi abandoned Jimin in his time of need, he must not have learnt from his own mistakes. Although Hoseok was right, Jimin hadn’t been the greatest friend, Jimin seemed to be past the point of no return – openly crying and admitting he was wrong in front of the people that he needed the most – and was in desperate need of change. Yoongi couldn’t do it to him. After hearing Jimin out, feeling his own heart thaw, he spoke the words of forgiveness, ultimately freeing any ill intention. He felt lighter somehow, more hopeful.

The feeling of hope didn’t diminish once Jimin began his story, in fact it only grew stronger, fluttering around in his stomach. Jimin wanted to change, he was sure of it, and because he wanted to change there was every possibility that he could. Yoongi was the one to speak first about Jimin’s predicament, telling him that he should reach out to his mother so that she could aid him in every way a mother could do. His heart felt warm when Hoseok backed him up, insisting that it was the right thing to do, and a smile raised on his lips when Taehyung agreed with him – maybe silently apologising for the cold attitude he showed towards Yoongi on that Saturday night at the club.

Ultimately, Jimin was still their friend and they wanted what was best for him. Perhaps, all of their thinking was that if they showed Jimin how he could benefit from their friendship, Jimin’s heart would soften and he would re-mould himself into the person that he had always wanted to be. Someone loving, considerate and kind but still with an air of teasing and mischief that hung about him. Someone that Yoongi had first saw in Jimin but had become overshadowed by a cocky persona
to hide his insecurities. Jimin was sure to become someone Yoongi would be more than happy accept back into his life.

Hoseok’s hand in his had never felt warmer than before, sparking a fire of new hope and new beginnings.

It had all come crashing down around him, the high of friendship and the chance to recover, when Hoseok refused, yet again, to make eye contact with him. They had just locked eyes when Yoongi was about to climb onto the bus before Hoseok tore his attention away, bidding him goodbye with a flat, “see you.” He didn’t even mention seeing him tomorrow.

Yoongi had step foot on the bus, pointedly not glimpsing out of the window, shame-faced and his heart quivering. It was evident that he hadn’t been imagining it earlier on today, Hoseok was avoiding him deliberately. But why? It didn’t make sense. Hoseok was just as interested as he was about what come tomorrow, wasn’t he? A cloud of doubt crossed over his mind, contradicting his thoughts. Maybe he was wrong. He had been the one to suggest Hoseok coming over; he had been the one to bring up the talk about sexual activity in texts, and he had been the one who had had no self-constraint and had acted like an animal, insisting on touching Hoseok with no real excuse – touching his hips, running his hands through Hoseok’s hair and clinging onto his wrist like an uncivilised monkey.

Maybe he had read into all of Hoseok’s cues incorrectly. Maybe Hoseok had grudgingly agreed to come over to his house so that Yoongi would stop inappropriately touching him in the eye of the public. He ripped his eyes away from his ridiculous sorrowful expression when the thought occurred to him that maybe Hoseok didn’t even want to touch him, and that’s why he had been so tense every time Yoongi initiated contact.

But none of this made any sense. On Tuesday at school Hoseok had confessed with a bright red face that he found Yoongi adorable, – which had been the spark to the fuel which propelled Yoongi forwards and caused him to ask if Hoseok would come to his – and on Tuesday night, Hoseok had told him that he wanted to do ‘stuff’ with Yoongi. Hoseok had said that he wanted to kiss him, wanted to touch him, wanted to make him moan. It was like every fantasy that Yoongi had ever had about the other was coming true, which made him question everything further.

He wanted to find out the truth, which was what inspired him to message Hoseok when he had returned home. Hoseok wrote back, distant and unapologetic about the way that he had treated Yoongi today, so Yoongi retaliated in the same way. Hoseok was vague before writing his nickname, calling for him to come back, just like a pet dog. A sudden burst of rage mixed with the frustration lurking inside of him, and he followed what every couple did when they were in a fight – he left Hoseok on read.

No particular feeling of satisfaction swirled within him when Hoseok was silenced, in fact it only made the anger thundering inside of him fade into abandonment. It was like Hoseok didn’t care enough. And then the anger was back, but at himself, how dare he slump around and stew in his own pity?

The anger transitioned back into frustration, starvation of the lack of touch. He recalled Hoseok’s voice in his ears from Tuesday night’s calling session. With a shaky breath, he laid back and gave in. His hand crept downwards, pulling at his pants and his underwear, swirls of pleasure humming through him and exploding when he pictured Hoseok on him, in him, moving against him and growling in his ear, leaving marks all over Yoongi’s body and stroking him exactly the way Yoongi needed to reach his climax.
After clearing himself up, Yoongi had so many conflicting emotions parading around in his heart, that when he went to bed at a surprisingly early time - turning his phone off when receiving no new messages – he felt very much numb.

It was a dismal day outside when he woke up at a disgustingly early hour. It matched his mood perfectly as he watched the downpour of rain from his window, the overcast skies rumbled with the threat of oncoming thunder and the pavement was damp and shined in the early morning streetlights.

With nothing much to do, and his house silent as it was free of its usual occupants save for him, he turned his phone back on. One new message. His heart leapt and then deflated upon reading it, it was a text from his service provider, something about a deal package. How riveting. He sighed in frustration and headed off to the shower.

He didn’t really know how it happened but suddenly it was 9AM and he was sitting at his desk with his laptop propped open watching make-up tutorials online. Yoongi didn’t wear make-up because his skin was sensitive, and he didn’t know enough to find make-up that was skin sensitive, but he appreciated the art. He liked the satisfaction he received from a make-up artist blending out his or her eyeshadow, or creating the perfect contour. It was relaxing and quelled the nerves that were jostling about inside of him, eating him alive.

His stomach rumbling was the only thing that distracted him from his task, reluctantly he shut down his laptop and climbed downstairs. His parents had left late last night, they were trying to explore the country they had lived in all their lives as much as they could as they had both agreed that they should have partaken in more travelling when they were younger. They had offered for Yoongi to join them, but he had shaken his head and excused himself, saying that he had too much homework. It was only partially true, but they didn’t need to do that. His brother had returned to college this weekend to participate in an open day to entice new students to join.

He was well and truly alone, which he didn’t mind. Yoongi rather liked silences, it offered him the chance to zone out and think about things that the stress of school never allowed him to. It gave him the chance to dream, to contemplate the important questions, like: what was the purpose in life? What did he want to achieve? And why did some people pour milk in the bowl before the cereal?

Yoongi had breakfast in the living room, something he was forbidden from doing, so he could watch morning TV. He didn’t know why he did it, there was never anything interesting on in the morning – it was universal knowledge. He realised when staring blankly into the last dregs of milk that he was searching despairingly for a source of noise to distract him from the hopeless thoughts of Hoseok that were churning something sour in his head. He really was pathetic.

He switched off the TV and made his way to the kitchen humming a melody that he had composed in his head, he wasn’t sure if it was pleasing to the ear so he silenced himself as he washed up. Yoongi left the kitchen and climbed the stairs, back to his room again. His phone lay on his desk and buzzed. He had received a message. From Hoseok.

Jung Hoseok: morning :)
Jung Hoseok: im bored
Jung Hoseok: are u free now?
Jung Hoseok: i can come over

It was a sudden change of attitude that Yoongi hadn’t prepared himself to adapt too.
Min Yoongi: Morning

Min Yoongi: it’s raining

Min Yoongi: I don’t mind, but do you want to wait until it stops?

Jung Hoseok: im surprised ure not out in it, u love the rain dont u??

Jung Hoseok: yh but im getting the bus so it doesn’t matter

Jung Hoseok: should i leave now then?

Min Yoongi: I like watching it, not being out in it

Min Yoongi: I’ll get cold

Min Yoongi: Yeah, okay then

Min Yoongi: I’ll see you soon

(Seen)

It was strange, Yoongi thought. Hoseok had seen his texts and not replied, not trying to have the last word or to drop a pick-up line of: ‘I’ll warm you up’. It reinforced the fact that something was wrong, something had changed and Yoongi didn’t know what. It was incredibly frustrating and increasingly taxing not to turn the whole situation to blame himself, wasn’t it obvious by now that Yoongi’s advances were making Hoseok uncomfortable? No matter how much he had tried to control himself, he had failed.

Yoongi tried not to dwell on those thoughts, instead focussing on getting ready. His hair was still slightly damp but he was sure that it would be dry by the time that Hoseok arrived. He opened his wardrobe and was thoroughly unimpressed by what he was greeted by. His eyes trailed over the red shirt that he had shoved at the back, it was bound to be creased and although it had been washed he knew there would be a phantom smell of Jinsoo attached to the material.

He decided on jeans, dark blue instead of black so Hoseok would know that he didn’t possess only one outfit. He pulled on a plain white shirt as it paired well with his jeans, it was made to appear a size too big and it hung low on his legs. It was cold outside, he could feel the draft through the glass of his window, so he shrugged a hoodie over his head. He contemplated on spraying on some cologne but realised that his bottle had run dry, the idea was less likeable when he registered that he would have to borrow his brother’s.

The doorbell rang quicker than anticipated and he felt like his legs had turned into rusting metal when he forced his knees to bend in order to climb down the stairs. Eventually he reached the hallway with a pounding heart and an overwhelming sense of trepidation pouring through his veins. His lips were dry and he licked them nervously before unlocking the door and unlocking it.

The first thing Yoongi heard was the sound of the rain pattering onto the pavement and cars driving past which splashed through puddles. Hoseok was standing before him, similar to how he was last week, except his smile was restrained. His eyes latched onto Yoongi’s and Yoongi couldn’t look away, the feelings of lust and devotion – the same feelings he had tried so hard to douse – re-kindled inside of him and a shaky breath was expelled into the air. He could feel it already, Hoseok’s warmth on him, in him, possessing his entire body – he wanted it more than anything, he wanted, no, needed Hoseok.
“Hey,” Hoseok greeted, his voice quiet, yet, warm. It stole Yoongi away from his fantasies, jolting him back into the present where a damp Hoseok lingered hastily at his doorstep. He hurriedly stepped aside and allowed Hoseok to enter the house.

Hoseok unnecessarily thanked him, bending down to remove his shoes while Yoongi shut the door, trapping him, leaving him with no exit. He was suffocating, being so close to Hoseok yet unable to talk to him, to touch him, in fear of provoking rejection. Yoongi hated being so unsure of himself, so unsure of how Hoseok was feeling.

“So,” Hoseok straightened up, treating Yoongi to a fairly natural smile, one that Yoongi had craved to see, to feel against his mouth. “How are you?”

It was painful to hold back a disgruntled expression. Hoseok was talking like they were two strangers who were trying to become acquainted, not two lovers trying to find even footing. “Fine. Tired. I woke up too early. You?” He wished he could just ask Hoseok what was wrong, but the paranoid fear inside of him held him back from doing so.

“Same here,” Hoseok replied, shoving his hands in his pockets. Yoongi tried extremely hard not to watch his movements but it was impossible. “Couldn’t sleep.”

Yoongi hummed, swallowing painfully when he pictured Hoseok’s hands kissing his body with their touch, tracing the sensitive skin of his thighs before- “Want to go upstairs?” He didn’t mean it in the way that it probably sounded, he just wanted to find some space away from Hoseok in this cramped hallway.

“Oh. Yeah, sure,” Hoseok was trying his best to look convincing but Yoongi saw raw panic flicker in Hoseok’s irises. What was going on?”

Instead of asking like a rational human being, Yoongi merely nodded, feeling numb, and jumped to a conclusion that had been rattling around in his skull. He led Hoseok up the stairs with legs that were on the verge of buckling. Hoseok didn’t want to be alone with Yoongi in the privacy of Yoongi’s bedroom, it was the only thought that occupied Yoongi’s mind and he couldn’t dismiss it. It invaded every corner and crevice, leaving no room for doubt.

He had entered his bedroom without processing it, he vaguely heard Hoseok shut the door behind him and watched blankly as Hoseok made a beeline for his chair, using his legs to propel it away from the bed. Legs that were muscular from dance practice, legs that would be taunt and contoured under his touch, pinning him down.

Yoongi grasped at the sleeve of his hoodie as he sat down on his bed, the mattress squeaked at the sudden pressure, knotting the material around his thumb as tightly as it would go to distract him from his lewd, invasive thoughts.

“Did you watch that show I told you about? The eating challenge one?” Hoseok asked, his voice was muted. The rain banging against the window was louder. Yoongi was growing weary of this game, he was growing anxious as to why Hoseok hadn’t touched him yet. He couldn’t silence the realisation of, it’s because he doesn’t want to.

“Yeah,” he replied, his voice a monotone. “It was pretty good.”

“Yeah,” Hoseok agreed with little to no enthusiasm. It was incredibly disheartening to hear Hoseok talk without passion in his voice. “Shame it’s only on once a week.”

“Mm,” Yoongi hummed. “Shame.”
Silence. The only silence that Yoongi despised with every fibre of his being was the one in which there were so many unspoken words, so many feelings that couldn’t be uncovered because both parties refused to give in. He couldn’t deal with it, not with this restless energy rampaging inside of him. It wanted Hoseok to wrap his arms around him, to de-clothe him and make him feel a pleasure that nothing on earth or heaven could hope to replace.

“Why can’t you look at me?” Yoongi caved in, his voice fuelled with frustration – but not anger, it was the frustration brewed by the fact that Hoseok was sitting in front of him and wasn’t making moves to touch him, to kiss him, to unleash the repressed passion inside of him. “You’ve been acting weird ever since yesterday. Did I do something wrong?”

Hoseok shook his head, his eyes finally meeting Yoongi’s. His hands tightened on the arms of the chair, his veins were conspicuous, and alluring. Yoongi had noticed it before but had never really focussed on the strength that Hoseok carried, it wasn’t terrifying like Jinsoo’s because Yoongi knew that Hoseok would never use it against him, he would use it for him – grasping hold of Yoongi’s legs with strong fingers, teasing and fondling the sensitive skin of his inner thighs; he would let Yoongi trail his mouth down the muscle of his stomach, feeling it twitch under him, coming to life at his touch.

“No, no! You didn’t do anything!” Hoseok insisted, seemingly attached to the chair. He ran a hand through his hair, Yoongi’s eyes followed his movements hungrily. He felt any saliva in his mouth slide down his throat as he latched onto the visible muscle of Hoseok’s arm through his shirt. Hoseok sighed in defeat, apparently blind to Yoongi’s visible lust. “I’m sorry about yesterday – I was trying to... I don’t know.”

Yoongi diverted his attention to Hoseok’s words. Hoseok had admitted to acting strange on Friday, apologised for it. “What is this about? You can tell me.” There was another silence, the rain was still loud and poignant, drumming against the glass in a relaxing pattern. Yoongi didn’t much hear it, he was too focussed on what was about to spill from Hoseok’s lips.

“I...” Hoseok looked completely grief-stricken, his voice dripping with shame. He couldn’t meet Yoongi’s eyes. “I was trying to distance myself from you.” Yoongi felt his eyes widen and the breath be knocked out of him, it was like the rain from outside had flooded his lungs. His worst fears were true; Hoseok didn’t want to be anywhere near him. “I was trying to avoid you because I couldn’t handle it.” Yoongi’s stomach hurled itself against his ribcage in protest, he didn’t want to hear anymore, he didn’t know what would become of him if Hoseok admitted his repulsion of Yoongi out loud.

Hoseok looked up into his eyes, catching him off guard. The wild storm of thoughts in his head quelled somewhat. “I don’t know exactly what happened with you and Jinsoo but I don’t want it to happen again – Yoongi, Yoongs, if you don’t want anything to happen between us yet, you can say no. I’m not expecting anything from you if you’re not ready after what happened. I – I understand.” It sounded like it caused Hoseok extreme pain to talk, Yoongi detected a tinge of anger bleeding into his tone when he mentioned Jinsoo’s name.

Nothing was clicking together in his mind and he struggled to find a correlation. “What are you saying?” He was desperate for an answer.

Hoseok’s brow fastened together like an uncomfortably tight seatbelt, his eyes were fixed on Yoongi and Yoongi’s on him. It was like nothing else existed apart from each other. “I don’t want you to feel like you have to be intimate with me because that’s what most relationships consist of. I want you to be comfortable with me.”

The words ricocheted through the air and pierced through Yoongi’s heart. Any breath left in his
lungs was wrenched out of him and he was left winded. Hoseok had not wanted to touch him in fear of hurting Yoongi, he didn’t want Yoongi to be reminded of Jinsoo. It was such an unexpected thing to hear but such a loving and considerate thing for Hoseok to dwell upon. Pieces of the puzzle started to click together in Yoongi’s mind as he applied Hoseok’s reasoning to the events that had happened yesterday.

“I am comfortable with you.” The words poured out of his mouth, scrambling to comfort Hoseok who looked far too worried at what Yoongi’s response would be. “I’d never thought that a relationship could be so natural. I can say anything around you, any joke or thought, and you’ll join in. I feel like you know me inside and out, like we’ve known each other longer than we have, which is why I trust you.” Something else was about to jump out of Yoongi’s mouth, but he retrieved it and shoved it to the back of his throat.

He pulled his gaze away from Hoseok’s softening face, focussing on the material wrapped around his thumb. “I thought that you didn’t want to touch me.” His voice was muted, yet, it projected itself over the sound of the distant rainfall.

Yoongi lifted his gaze to find Hoseok running his hands over his face, strands of his hair being pushed back. “Oh, god, Yoongs. I’m so sorry. I’ve really fucked this up.” Yoongi was about to disagree, about to admit that he should have talked to Hoseok beforehand about his feelings, before Hoseok dropped his hands in his lap and bit his lip, almost nervously, before saying:

“I want to touch you.” Yoongi’s heartbeat accelerated at an unsteady rate, and he felt himself twitch at Hoseok’s words, his voice wrapping around him and drenching him in the finest silks. “I’ve wanted you ever since you told me you liked me back. Our phone call wasn’t enough, I was trying so hard to hold back that I was grossing myself out. I kept thinking about Jinsoo and how far he had gone with you, and then – I don’t know, I linked myself with him because I thought I was pushing myself onto you too quickly. So, I tried to hold back, but it just got more difficult. I didn’t mean to make you feel like that, I would never – I always – Yoongs, I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay,” he breathed, he forgave Hoseok on a reflex because it was intrinsic within Hoseok to always want to do the right thing, so Yoongi trusted him completely. Yoongi’s heart felt warm inside his chest, he was so touched – Hoseok had been worried about hurting him, he was always thinking about Yoongi. Yoongi knew that Hoseok was protective, having seen the way that Hoseok had stuck up for him and berated Jimin yesterday, but he hadn’t considered that Hoseok would be thinking about all aspects of what may or may not hurt him.

Yoongi realised then that he held no fear, he was no longer insecure about the possibility of Hoseok losing interest in him. He had seen with his own eyes and felt with his own heart that Hoseok cared too much about him to suddenly break from him, and he felt exactly the same.

There was no hesitation left, Yoongi shoved all thoughts from his mind and savoured the moment. There was only him and Hoseok now, what he had subconsciously wanted since he had laid eyes on the boy’s signature easy-going grin. He felt the cool flooring beneath his feet as he rose from the bed, his eyes never leaving Hoseok’s. He saw the way that Hoseok’s nostrils flared, and his eyes slid over Yoongi’s form before lingering on his lips and then resting back on Yoongi’s eyes.

“I want you to touch me,” he said, his words seemed to make the noise of the rain halt. He noticed that the swell of Hoseok’s chest had increased. He took a step towards the chair, the blood simmering in his veins and making every nerve stand on end. “I can’t stop thinking about you.”

Something flashed in Hoseok’s eyes, Yoongi picked it out and addressed it. “You’re scared, aren’t you?” He stopped a few steps away from the chair Hoseok was perched on. Hoseok was watching his every movement, every jump of his throat and every flicker of his fingers. “You’re scared you’re
like Jinsoo.” A tiny nod of Hoseok’s head was all he needed.

Yoongi closed the distance, Hoseok stayed still, paralysed, his eyelids growing heavy. “You shouldn’t be. When he touched me, he only did it for his benefit. When you touch me…” He leant in, slanted over Hoseok so that Hoseok had to tilt his head backwards to follow his movements.

“When you touch me, you do it for me, you want me to feel good – and I do. I don’t want you to stop, ‘Seok.” He was whispering now, sinful little secrets slipping from his tongue and seeping into Hoseok’s ear. Hoseok’s knees twitched against his legs. “You’re so caring, kind, everything I want,” his voice was honey, his mouth stroked against Hoseok’s ear, “I touched myself yesterday. I was thinking of you, of all the things I want you to do to me.”

Hoseok turned to him, his eyes glazed and heavy-lidded. “Are you sure you want this?” His voice was husky, deep. It pulsed through Yoongi, amplifying his yearning.

“I do,” Yoongi confirmed, losing himself in Hoseok’s eyes, they pulled him in and swallowed him whole. He wished that Hoseok would do the same, he longed for Hoseok to devour him.

Hoseok reached to him, pulling him down onto his lap. The chair groaned under their combined weight, but Yoongi’s moans were louder. Hoseok’s mouth was the purest water in the desert that was Yoongi’s life without Hoseok’s kisses. He felt himself go limp as Hoseok’s tongue wrapped around his, their warmth entangling together and pulsing through Yoongi. Hoseok rose from the chair, their lips still melded together, and Yoongi felt strong arms ensnaring his waist, his legs wrapping around Hoseok’s back, and then a mattress underneath him.

He didn’t have parents, he didn’t have friends, he didn’t have anything except his senses that Hoseok was claiming as his own. Yoongi belonged to Hoseok, that was the only explanation, how else would Hoseok know where to kiss his neck, sucking at his sensitive skin until a flood of warmth boiled in his neck? Hoseok must have created Yoongi to respond only to him, and Yoongi surrendered himself completely.

“You’re so beautiful,” Hoseok’s voice was lost in Yoongi’s mouth but found itself in Yoongi’s ears. “Tell me, what do you want?” He was back down to Yoongi’s neck, pushing down his hoodie to lick at the delicate flesh of his collar bone. Yoongi heard himself moan, a moan which belonged to Hoseok. He knew what he wanted.

“Undress me,” Yoongi keened into Hoseok’s hair, inhaling all that was Hoseok. It made his heart shudder. “Do what you want to me. I’m yours.”

“You’re mine,” Hoseok repeated, moaning into the heat of Yoongi’s mouth, his eyes sparkling as he gazed down onto Yoongi. Hoseok’s hand traced Yoongi’s face, his thumb caressing the plush of Yoongi’s lips.

It only occurred to Yoongi when Hoseok obeyed him, kissing him through the fabric of his hoodie when Hoseok struggled to pull it over the top of Yoongi’ head, that perhaps Hoseok had been made for him, not just him made for Hoseok. It was the type of epiphany which made his skin crawl with an untamed fire, only dousing when Hoseok ran his fingers over him, taking in every inch of flesh that was sculpted for Hoseok.

Hoseok, true to his unspoken word, obliged by Yoongi’s command. Yoongi let himself be undressed by Hoseok’s careful fingers and worshipping words, it were as if Hoseok considered Yoongi to be a precious china doll, made of porcelain and the finest gold and silver. As Hoseok gazed down on his undressed body, adorning only what he felt towards Hoseok and what Hoseok was doing to him, wearing an expression of reserved splendour, – in awe of what he saw – did he know that Hoseok
saw him as such, a precious china doll never to be dropped, never to be shattered. And in that moment, Yoongi knew that Hoseok would never, ever, drop him, leaving him to ruin.

Chapter End Notes

FUCK

fuck fuck fcu kfuck fuckfukc

they arE SO WHIPPED

okay the most of the next chapter will be smut so like,....., ENJOY. but dont worry these two are gonna talk as well

if you liked this chapter and want to leave feedback please drop me a comment <3 okay so if you appreciate yoongs being a temptress (i know this refers to females but idk another word for it and its 2018 what even is gender lmao) yell AYE because i am shook, and then hoseok just worshipping yoongi holy fuck

thank you for all your support <3
he's in every heave, he's the reason i breathe, why i'm down on my knees

Chapter Notes

so i pretty much just listened to lana when writing this so if you do like listening to music when reading just listen to her - probs one million dollar man, lust for life, 13 beaches, cherry and pretty much anything else?????

okAY just a word of warning before you plough on through: this isn't SMUT smut, so there's no penetration. yet. because am i going to make them having sex for the first time a big deal? yes. because i wont forget to treasure them and they wont forget to cherish each other

guys just so u know i wrote the last part in front of my mum and im aCTUALLY CRYING OMGJEK SHE HAD NO IDEA

okay anywAY ENJOY GUYS <3333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fire. Hoseok’s mouth worked on his body, starting from the dip of his neck trailing a path of flames down from his chest to his lower stomach. Yoongi arched into Hoseok’s kisses, feeling as though Hoseok’s hands were somehow inside of him, conducting his reactions and voice as if he were a piano. Hoseok worked his way back up, never missing an inch of flesh that screamed Hoseok’s name, craving contact. He made his way into Yoongi’s mouth, Yoongi tasted himself on Hoseok’s tongue and felt his own warmth entwined with Hoseok’s. A spark of pleasure ran through him, tickling every nerve and causing his bare toes to curl against the bedsheets.

Yoongi’s arms wrapped around Hoseok’s neck as Hoseok breathed into him, parting his lips and stroking the inside of his mouth. He found himself being lifted up off of the bed, the blood in his body grew confused and rushed to his head instead of pooling southwards, causing his world to spin. Yoongi knelt, naked and empowered, before Hoseok, who was still fully clothed.

Hoseok was melting into his neck, his mouth on Yoongi’s bare flesh, moaning Yoongi’s name into it. Yoongi could feel nothing – couldn’t feel the cool air on his skin – and could hear nothing – not even the rain throwing itself against the window – except for Hoseok. Hoseok was his only sense and he submitted into it, tilting his neck to grant Hoseok better access. Waves of tingling heat surged through him, his fingers pulled at the material of Hoseok’s shirt maddeningly yearning to feel the skin that breathed underneath.

“Take it off,” Yoongi vaguely heard himself order breathily. Hoseok pulled himself away from Yoongi long enough to look at him, his lips puffy and red – erotic, enticing. The height of Yoongi’s pleasure ached.

Hoseok’s eyes ran over Yoongi’s face and Yoongi could feel it, feel how much Hoseok wanted every inch of him. Hoseok went to obey him, reaching for the bottom of his shirt, but Yoongi moved first, touching at Hoseok’s thigh with the briefest lingering of fingers. The slight contact ran through his body, every nerve and cell knowing that he had touched Hoseok and Hoseok had responded to him.
“Let me do it. Please,” Yoongi spoke with a begging tone, his breath quivering at the prospect of seeing Hoseok bare before him for the first time. Hoseok nodded his consent, his eyes were glazed and traced every flicker of Yoongi’s own eyes.

Yoongi reached towards him with shaking fingers, he touched at Hoseok’s heaving chest with his fingertips before placing his whole hand on the dip between his pectoral muscles. He felt the heat radiating from Hoseok’s skin. There was the sound of creasing cotton as Yoongi slid his fingers under Hoseok’s shirt and tugged it over his head.

Mounds of muscle stretched themselves under Hoseok’s melanin skin, glowing with a sheen of sweat. Yoongi found it alluring, his fingers found Hoseok’s chest and then the layers of tissue that encased the muscles built from years of training. Hoseok’s skin was scalding beneath his searching fingertips, shuddering with anticipation under his touch. Yoongi was trained in on the outcome of Hoseok’s passion for his hobby, was feeling it perform under his fingers, a private dance just for him. It hit Yoongi that Hoseok was like this because of him, leaning into every touch and breathing at a rapid pace.

“Wow,” Yoongi found himself exclaiming mutedly, leaning forwards with both hands on Hoseok’s broad shoulders, both of their chests pressed together, his head tilted as he gazed up into Hoseok’s shining eyes, exposing the slender of his neck.

Hoseok’s chest vibrated as he let out a breathy chuckle, Yoongi caught it in his palms. “You’re so cute,” Hoseok’s voice was a rumble of thunder, striking at Yoongi’s mouth. Yoongi opened his lips to catch Hoseok’s storm, feeling it pulsate through him and find his arousal.

He was lowered onto the bed again, Hoseok wrapping his arms around Yoongi’s shoulders and lower back, lifting him slightly into the open-mouthed kiss. Hoseok’s hand found his hair, his fingers coiled into it and tilted Yoongi’s head back kissing him with a passionate ferocity, sparking a desperate flame spreading throughout Yoongi’s lower half.

Hoseok, his creator, his sculptor, his everything, fed into his desire and moved downwards, he kissed Yoongi’s neck, his chest and the base of his want. A carnal flame of lust spiralled through him and ignited every inch of his skin with a dangerous fire, he arched into Hoseok’s touch moaning his name, feeling like Hoseok had taught him the sweetest of melodies.

“You’re so beautiful.” Hoseok was in his mouth again, his ears flushed as he heard the sound of their kiss, and Hoseok’s chest leant onto Yoongi’s outstretched hand. Something happened below, his aching need was growing hot and sending waves of pleasure through him. He had never felt anything like it before, his own hand could never bring about such a primal response, never make him beg for more. His mouth opened to whine in satisfaction as Hoseok’s hand worked the molten liquid from the tip of his arousal down to his base. Hoseok’s mouth caught him mid-keen and he lost himself on Hoseok’s tongue.

“Look,” Hoseok pulled away, a whine threw itself out of his throat in protestation as Hoseok’s lips parted from his. Hoseok’s eyes crinkled, amused, and he reached back down to move into Yoongi’s greedy lips, tugging at them lightly with his own, before raising himself away again. He moved southwards on Yoongi’s body, trailing a hand down Yoongi’s chest and stomach, tickling the hair that formed a trail from his navel to the base of his groin. “Look at what I’m about to do, baby.” Hoseok was looking up at him from the foot of the bed, his hand tracing at Yoongi’s inner thigh and sending ripples of carnality up to the height of his arousal.

It was incredibly embarrassing to see himself erect with Hoseok ensnaring him with his gaze, forcing him to watch, unable to close his eyes and to just feel. A smirk curved itself onto Hoseok’s mouth, his mouth that was swollen from merging with Yoongi’s, painting his own lips with the sinful colour
Hoseok scathed Yoongi’s base with hot breath, Yoongi’s lungs inflamed as a gasp ripped from his throat, tremors of bliss throbbing through him. “You like that, baby?” The pet name registered in Yoongi’s ears and melted into his bloodstream, rushing downwards and pooling at the gathering of his lust. Hoseok’s breath ghosted his tip and a mangled scream tore itself free from his mouth. Every nerve was shaking inside of him and his bones felt like they were disconnected. He was the china doll in Hoseok’s hands, he was broken by his desire but Hoseok was piecing him together, giving him everything he had dreamt of and more. This wasn’t pleasure imitated by his own hand, this was pleasure drawn from its most sinful definition.

“Look at me.” Yoongi had closed his eyes and arched his head back, trying to reach Hoseok’s tease with his lower half. Hoseok had created him to obey, so he did, obliging by Hoseok’s demand. Black spots had started to puncture his vision but he could make out Hoseok hovering over his length. “I want to see you, Yoongs. I want to see your beautiful face when I make you come.”

It was maddening. With every word that spun out of Hoseok’s mouth, – candyfloss woven with blasphemous sugar, entangling Yoongi and ensnaring his heart – hot air spilled free from his mouth and coated his arousal. Yoongi took a gulp of air, aware that he didn’t have control of his body as only Hoseok did, and willed himself to look Hoseok dead in the eye. Hoseok grinned at him consolingly and traced the hair that gathered before Yoongi’s base. “Let me take care of you, baby.”

“A-ah!” Yoongi failed to stifle a moan when an overwhelming cavern of warmth and moisture enclosed over him, his eyes shut on instinct as his very core shuddered with delectation and he felt sparks of pleasure roll through him. His fingers closed tightly around the bedsheets before loosening when Hoseok reached under his arousal and fondled him, warmth spreading over the base of his lust. He vaguely heard the sound of a zipper and a sharp intake of breath arising from Hoseok, any other sound was diverted from Yoongi’s ears as a tremor of euphoria rolled from his tip to his inner core. Yoongi had never experienced anything as immense as this, he hadn’t even thought that such a feeling would be possible. It felt like he was tasting the concoction of heaven that blended in with the very essence of hell. His legs lifted on instinct and wrapped around Hoseok’s neck as he pushed himself upwards into Hoseok’s mouth, blazing for more of the feeling, warmth entwining with moisture and the intimacy and erotica of the moment. Suddenly, Hoseok hummed into him, projecting a plethora of vibrations through him, snapping at his vocal chords and working at the heat that was building in his lower stomach.

“Ah-” He moaned along with Hoseok, who had now taken in most of his length and was causing his eyes to roll into the back of his head. Something was thrumming under his skin, under his tissue and muscles, drumming in his bones. It caused him to lose all control of his body and he felt his lungs threaten to collapse as air failed him. Hoseok was everywhere his desire was, it roamed around his body and was closely followed by Hoseok, his phantom mouth on every patch of Yoongi’s skin that glistened with a flustered sweat, his ghost-like kiss on Yoongi’s lips, his miraged hands on Yoongi’s thighs and that inexplicable heat melding around Yoongi’s arousal belonged to Hoseok as well. He couldn’t escape and nor did he want too.

There was a sudden burst of tension inside of his stomach, he seized up and let out a pained gasp as Hoseok moaned into him again. He felt like his innards were hollow, just like the china doll that he was, and Hoseok was filling him up, giving him feeling and allowing him pleasure. Hoseok gifted Yoongi hunger as well, a hunger that only Hoseok could satisfy. He felt his whole body lift into the air and his desire about to burst, but Hoseok didn’t stop, when the cold air hit his length as Hoseok pulled away it was quickly replaced with a scalding and sensual swipe of Hoseok’s tongue.
“Seok, I’m gonna-” Yoongi’s words came in heaving breaths, he arched again as a coil unwound within him, the heat inside of him stammering in his stomach being teased out by Hoseok, his mind was whirling in haze and his voice was going haywire, moaning, keening and praising Hoseok’s name-

Yoongi came undone, letting out a final sigh of ecstasy as a surge of liquid silver erupted from his satisfied desire. He felt Hoseok detach himself from Yoongi and lean back to pant, the next thing he was aware of was Hoseok clutching at Yoongi’s waist and turning him on his side so that Hoseok could lie next to him.

He collapsed into Hoseok’s bare chest, his erratic heartrate eventually calming with the comfort of the steady rise and fall of the pillow of muscle breathing beside him. Hoseok’s fingers trailed down Yoongi’s back absentmindedly, feeling ever curve of his body. Their legs had entangled together, the material of Hoseok’s jeans rubbed against his bare thighs and it occurred to his sluggish mind that he was lying bare in Hoseok’s arms. Jung Hoseok had seen him naked. It wasn’t a startling thought, but there was some comedy etched into it. He snorted into Hoseok’s collarbones and he realised how sore his throat was.

“What is it?” Hoseok smiled into his hair, and Yoongi couldn’t contain a shiver when Hoseok buried his lips into his fringe and kissed his forehead. He noticed how Hoseok’s fingers were edging lower and lower, faintly tracing his lower back.

“I’m naked,” Yoongi murmured into Hoseok’s neck, feeling stupid at his obvious statement. Hoseok didn’t seem to think it was ridiculous, though.

Hoseok chortled into Yoongi’s hair and moved downwards to catch the helix of Yoongi’s ear between his lips, nibbling on it slightly. Yoongi laughed, his stomach tingling with the after effects of sexual satisfaction and the glowing happiness he received from Hoseok.

“Indeed you are,” Hoseok purred. “I want to ravish you!” He rubbed his nose in the bend of Yoongi’s shoulder, supposedly ‘ravishing’ him. Yoongi chuckled into Hoseok’s hair, threading his hand into Hoseok’s strands and appreciating the tickling sensation between his fingers. “Are you cold?” Hoseok asked him, his fingers tracing circles on Yoongi’s lower back. “Do you want to get dressed?”

Yoongi considered this. “I should probably clean up,” he said, but couldn’t bring himself to withdraw from Hoseok’s arms.

“No need,” Hoseok grinned at him. “I took care of it.”

Yoongi frowned as bemusement trickled into his brain. Realisation dawned on him as he registered Hoseok’s playful smile. “You didn’t swallow-?”

“Uh huh,” Hoseok interrupted his disbelief, his smile still evident even though it had disappeared into Yoongi’s hair. “Don’t worry. It tasted good.”

“That’s so gross,” Yoongi mildly complained, unsure of what to think. Was it bad to swallow semen? He wasn’t too sure. It wasn’t as if he had performed extensive research on said topic.

“It tasted more sweet than salty. Sweet like you, Yoongs.” Either Hoseok knew exactly what he was doing to Yoongi, whispering sweet somethings into his ear and kissing his hair, or he was blind to it. Yoongi leant towards the former.

“Oh, shut up,” Yoongi spoke into Hoseok’s neck, not strong enough to look Hoseok in the eye.
“And if you’re going to touch my butt, stop stalling and do it, you’re making me nervous.”

Hoseok let out a burst of laughter, tilting his head back and allowing cold air to come creeping in. Yoongi shivered and instinctively huddled closer to the only source of warmth. Hoseok tightened his hold on him. “Can I, really?” Hoseok spoke with a childish note of glee in his voice, like he had been let loose in a sweet shop and promised an infinite amount of candy.

“If you must,” Yoongi complied with a grudging note that he didn’t really mean. Hoseok was entitled to any and every part of him.

It was a strange sensation for a sudden heat to be pressed onto his backside, and Hoseok sighed contentedly as though he was merely clutching at a teddy bear and not Yoongi’s bare arse. “You have a cute butt,” Hoseok spoke into his ear, amusement colouring his tone.

Yoongi was about to offer a sarcastic response before Hoseok’s fingers swiped the lower plush of his backside, inciting a tremble from Yoongi as the sensitive nerves sheathed in the skin quivered excitedly at the touch.

“You like that?” This wasn’t the smiling happy-go-lucky Hoseok anymore, this was the side of Hoseok that awoke when he sensed that Yoongi was experiencing any sort of arousal. It seemed as though Yoongi could coax Hoseok into taking control simply by being touched by Hoseok’s steady fingers.

“You’re so sensitive, Yoongs, I barely touch you and you moan my name.” Hoseok was teasing him now, but his hands were still placed on Yoongi’s backside, kneading into the muscle. Yoongi bridled with embarrassment, hiding his face in the breadth of Hoseok’s chest.

Hoseok chuckled into his ear, burying his face in the crook of Yoongi’s neck. “Don’t be shy, Yoongs. I love it. You’re so sexy.” He repositioned his hands on Yoongi’s back, kissing Yoongi’s neck and inhaling deeply into the ends of his hair. Hoseok’s breath caressed the skin of his neck along with his mouth.

“So are you,” Yoongi mumbled abashedly, shifting his head to allow Hoseok better access to his neck, shuddering when delicate skin was nipped at.

Hoseok pulled away, gazing down at Yoongi with a proud smile written on his face. He stroked Yoongi’s cheek with his thumb, brushing stray strands of hair from Yoongi’s eyes. “Really? You think so?” He asked, a small hint of uncertainty etched into his tone.

Yoongi raised an eyebrow. “Don’t pretend like you don’t know.” Hoseok quirked both of his eyebrows, obviously more insecure than what he made out to be. Yoongi mentally resigned himself to telling Hoseok the truth, even it was mortifyingly embarrassing. “You are sexy. When you touch me, I – it feels amazing. I don’t want anyone to touch me but you. It’s only you, ‘Seok.”

Hoseok’s face broke into an expression of pure glee. He laughed into Yoongi’s hair and then grasped either side of Yoongi’s face with his hands and made an exaggerated noise when planting a smooch onto Yoongi’s forehead before plastering Yoongi’s whole face with kisses. Yoongi snorted happily, pushing lightly at Hoseok’s face.

Hoseok rested his head on the pillow, gazing at Yoongi was a relaxed smile, caressing Yoongi’s temple and cheek with a warm hand and drifting fingers. “Thank you, Yoongs. That means a lot to me, I was worried I wouldn’t be able to please you. I was scared that Jinsoo had made you feel better before – before he tried to-”
Yoongi had silenced Hoseok with a kiss, muting his words with a flick of his tongue, darting over Hoseok’s lips and into the open of his mouth, his hands latched onto Hoseok’s face and traced the curve of his jaw. He pulled away, eyes darting from one side of Hoseok’s face to the other and seeing the fear registered in Hoseok’s eyes.

Yoongi’s brow furrowed with concern. “Please don’t. Don’t compare yourself to Jinsoo; he can’t compare to you.” Hoseok leant into his words, his eyes desperately clinging onto Yoongi’s, seeking reassurance in them. “He’s nothing to me, ‘Seok – but you... You’re everything. You mean so much to me. It would have scared me a few weeks ago because I was afraid of losing you, but now I know how you feel about me. You care about me so much, and you make me feel that I’m something to be treasured. I’m safe with you. I would do anything for you. You can trust me with anything, you know that, ‘Seok?”

Tears spilled onto the tips of Yoongi’s thumbs as his hands framed Hoseok’s face and wiped the excess rivers from underneath Hoseok’s eyes, eyes that stared so lovingly into his. “I’m so glad, Yoongs,” Hoseok cracked a wobbly smile which was underlined with bliss. “I want you to be happy, whether it’s with or without me. I want you to know that you can talk to me, about anything you’re worried about – whether it’s to do with me, or that spider in the bathroom – or anything you’re sad about.” Yoongi smiled back at him, his heart beating with joy and revelling in Hoseok’s devoted words.

“You can even tell me to get lost if I’m being too clingy! Just say the word, I’d do anything for your happiness, because I-” Hoseok cut himself off, swallowing his words. The tears froze on his face and his eyes softened tremendously, his smile widening. “I really, really like you, Yoongs.”

Time seemed to stand still. The rain, which had been trickling against the glass of the window, had frozen, and Yoongi’s heart along with it. There was something so raw and intimate in Hoseok’s tone that coaxed the words from his heart and they naturally poured out of him, his voice breathless and his mind clear, honest. “I really, really like you, too, ‘Seok.”

Chapter End Notes

did i do smut well??? because i dont really read smut?? so idk know how to do it lol

UMMMM THE ENDING?? WHO ELSE HAS A CAVITY?? IMMA NEED A WHOLE SET OF FALSE TEETH

also hoseok is such a dom ive said it before and i'll say it again

whoever said AYE for last chapter, i love you, and in general i love all of you <3

okay so let's talk about the next chapter, its not REALLY a chapter, its more of something i originally added onto this but i thought the ending of this was perfect so what i have is now chap 27 - so i hope you enjoy, im a lil bit nervous about it tbh but ive added it because THATS THE WAY I WANTED IT TO HAPPEN IM SORRY

as usual, if you liked this chapter and want to leave feedback please drop me a comment <3 im excited to read your reactions from this chapter jekwwjok xxxx
what does it mean when i think of you and my heart is revived?

Chapter Notes

hey guyssss, sorry i didn't upload yesterday, i've got offers from uni's so ive been looking through the courses again and it took up most of the day

okay so i had to combine what was left from last chapter with some stuff i added to it

i'm really glad and relieved that you seemed to like the smut from last chapter fkgfogkw! hopefully next time will be better ;)

okay so i hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jung Hoseok: yoongs

Min Yoongi: hey :)

Jung Hoseok: wow! An emoji!

Jung Hoseok: i just wanted 2 say thanks 4 today

Jung Hoseok: it was amazing

Jung Hoseok: you were amazing

Min Yoongi: so were you

Min Yoongi: there’s no need to thank me

Min Yoongi: Am I not allowed to show my happiness? :( 

Jung Hoseok: NO

Jung Hoseok: I MEAN YES

Jung Hoseok: yoongs ive been meaning to ask u something

Min Yoongi: yes?

Min Yoongi: You can ask me anything

Jung Hoseok: when i called u baby

Jung Hoseok: did u mind it?

Jung Hoseok: i only realised I said it after everything

Jung Hoseok: its only cuz we talked about kinks and u said it was weird

Jung Hoseok: so im really sorry if i made u uncomfortable
Jung Hoseok: i wont do it again

Jung Hoseok: im sorry

Min Yoongi: Oh

Min Yoongi: I didn’t think too much into it, I thought it was just a pet name

Min Yoongi: I assume you mean the daddy kink

Min Yoongi: So I guess you do have a daddy kink then?

Jung Hoseok: NO

Jung Hoseok: well

Jung Hoseok: idk

Jung Hoseok: i just like being on top??

Jung Hoseok: i like it when you're submissive i guess

Min Yoongi: right

Min Yoongi: Let’s talk through this, okay?

Jung Hoseok: if ure okay with it

Min Yoongi: it’s fine

Min Yoongi: what do you mean you ‘don’t know’?

Jung Hoseok: idk

Min Yoongi: Very helpful

Jung Hoseok: AHHHHH im sorry!!!

Jung Hoseok: i just mean that i get why ppl think its weird

Jung Hoseok: cuz of the whole ‘dad/dy’ thing

Jung Hoseok: IM NOT INTO INCEST

Min Yoongi: Seok, I know that you don’t want to fuck your dad

Min Yoongi: I know what the daddy kink is to an extent

Min Yoongi: It’s not that weird to me, so don’t be embarrassed

Jung Hoseok: AAAAAA that made ME LAUGH BUT IT SHOULDNT HAVE!!!!!!!

Jung Hoseok: thanks Yoongs :)

Min Yoongi: it’s fine, Seok

Min Yoongi: tell me why you think you might have a daddy kink
Jung Hoseok: ok, ok, this is probs gonna be rambley so sorry

Jung Hoseok: so

Jung Hoseok: I like being in control, like i like being assertive and knowing how to make someone feel good

Jung Hoseok: i like watching someone feel good, i want to see how they react to what i do to them

Jung Hoseok: i like giving pleasure and knowing how to do so

Jung Hoseok: i like someone who gives into what i want and lets themselves feel good by my hand (or tongue or whatever) but also isn’t totally submissive

Jung Hoseok: ive never really thought about kinks before but ??? idk being with u is making me think about sexy stuff and then idk

Jung Hoseok: I think about u calling me daddy when i do stuff with u

Jung Hoseok: i want to take care of u, to make u feel so good, to make u moan, to make u think of no one but me on top of you

Jung Hoseok: it turns me on

Jung Hoseok: you turn me on

Jung Hoseok: sorry

Jung Hoseok: this took a turn, sorry

Min Yoongi: no

Min Yoongi: it’s fine

Min Yoongi: I never knew you felt like that

Min Yoongi: You probably have a daddy kink, Seok

Min Yoongi: Or you’re just an assertive top, I guess

Min Yoongi: I don’t really know that much about it

Jung Hoseok: oh

Jung Hoseok: I might maybe do

Jung Hoseok: yoongs

Jung Hoseok: if i do, is this a problem?

Jung Hoseok: obviously I won’t bring this onto you

Jung Hoseok: i don’t want u to be uncomfortable

Jung Hoseok: i’ll control myself

Jung Hoseok: are you okay?
Min Yoongi: Seok

Jung Hoseok: yes??

Min Yoongi: today

Min Yoongi: when you called me ‘baby’

Min Yoongi: I liked it

Jung Hoseok: kfge

Jung Hoseok: iowohh

Jung Hoseok: sirry

Jung Hoseok: u think u liked it?

Min Yoongi: it’s okay

Min Yoongi: I know I did

Min Yoongi: I liked you being on top, you knew exactly where to touch and what to do

Min Yoongi: I liked it when you looked at me, made me watch what you were doing

Min Yoongi: I liked it when you called me baby

Jung Hoseok: oh

Jung Hoseok: wow

Min Yoongi: yeah

Jung Hoseok: so

Jung Hoseok: do you

Jung Hoseok: maybe

Jung Hoseok: have a daddy kink?

Min Yoongi: I don’t know

Min Yoongi: I’ve never thought about it

Min Yoongi: I don’t know if I have any kinks

Min Yoongi: you’re the first person I’ve ever been with so I don’t know

Min Yoongi: I just like it when you’re in control

Jung Hoseok: oh

Min Yoongi: Seok

Min Yoongi: this doesn’t change anything, you know that, right?
Min Yoongi: You can call me ‘baby’, I don’t mind

Jung Hoseok: thanks, yoongs

Jung Hoseok: i don’t want to gross you out

Min Yoongi: you could never

Jung Hoseok: even though i swallowed????

Min Yoongi: wow

Min Yoongi: yes, even though you swallowed

Min Yoongi: Seok

Jung Hoseok: :)

Jung Hoseok: yes yoongs??

Min Yoongi: when can you next come over?

Jung Hoseok: umm I think not next week but the week after?

Jung Hoseok: why? Wanna go on our first date???

Min Yoongi: Oh, okay, cool

Min Yoongi: I hadn’t even thought of that

Min Yoongi: Yes, I’d like that

Min Yoongi: very much

Jung Hoseok: yessssss!!!!! Ill start planning it!!

Min Yoongi: Thank you, Seok, I can’t wait

Jung Hoseok: no problem!!! :)

Jung Hoseok: wdym u hadn’t thought of it? :( 

Jung Hoseok: why did u ask when i was free??

Min Yoongi: oh

Min Yoongi: I want you

Min Yoongi: when you described what you wanted to do to me and what you liked

Min Yoongi: I got turned on

Min Yoongi: I want you to touch me again

Min Yoongi: but I can wait
Min Yoongi: I’ll do anything for you

Jung Hoseok: yoongs

Jung Hoseok: you're making me hard just thinking about you

Jung Hoseok: I touched myself when I went down on you

Jung Hoseok: you tasted so good, you had a shower didn't you?

Jung Hoseok: you look beautiful naked

Jung Hoseok: you look beautiful clothed

Jung Hoseok: I want you to touch yourself

Jung Hoseok: I'm there with you, my hands on your body

Jung Hoseok: you feel that?

Min Yoongi: yes

Min Yoongi: yes i do

Min Yoongi: what about you?

Min Yoongi: I didn’t pay you back

Jung Hoseok: next time baby

Jung Hoseok: you can dream of what ure going to do to me

Jung Hoseok: I'll dream of you

Jung Hoseok: I always do

Jung Hoseok: I love your voice, when you moan for me

Jung Hoseok: are you moaning now?

Jung Hoseok: you could be a singer with that voice

Jung Hoseok: but I don't want u to share it with anyone other than me

Jung Hoseok: you're not replying but you're reading

Jung Hoseok: I can imagine you, are you laid back on the same bed I touched you on today?

Jung Hoseok: Imagine my hands on you baby, my mouth on your skin, marking you, making you mine

Jung Hoseok: do you want that? Do you want everyone to know you're mine?

Jung Hoseok: then say my name, don’t be embarrassed

Jung Hoseok: im picturing u touching yourself Yoongi
Jung Hoseok: I want to watch you do it
Jung Hoseok: I want to help you
Jung Hoseok: god look at what you're doing to me yoongs
Jung Hoseok: you made me cum today without touching me and now you've got me hard
Jung Hoseok: I'm thinking of u baby, thinking of your face when I touched u down there
Jung Hoseok: u were so wet for me yoongs, it was so hard to hold back
Jung Hoseok: I'm touching myself yoongs im thinking of you losing control
Jung Hoseok: stroking yourself with your top ridden up your hair a mess
Jung Hoseok: god I want to be there hearing the noises ure making
Jung Hoseok: I should have stayed
Jung Hoseok: yoongs I want u

Jung Hoseok: so much
Jung Hoseok: look at what ure making me do yoongs
Jung Hoseok: I can't believe u thought id leave you
Jung Hoseok: I'm nothing with you yoongs you mean everything to me
Jung Hoseok: when you cum I want you to say my name
Jung Hoseok: because you're mine
Jung Hoseok: not jinsoos not anyone elses but mine

Min Yoongi: I came
Min Yoongi: just now

Jung Hoseok: I haven't yet
Jung Hoseok: yoongs
Jung Hoseok: send a pic
Jung Hoseok: I don't care of what, anything will do as long as its u

Min Yoongi: it's embarrassing
Min Yoongi: but you helped me, so I'll help you

Jung Hoseok: thank u
Jung Hoseok: did u say my name?

Min Yoongi: yes
Min Yoongi: I’m yours
Min Yoongi: (picture attached)
Min Yoongi: it’s embarrassing

Jung Hoseok: oh fuck
Jung Hoseok: is that u right now baby?
Jung Hoseok: lying there all messy
Jung Hoseok: its not embarrassing its hot
Jung Hoseok: youre so hot yoongs

Min Yoongi: you’re hotter
Min Yoongi: do you want me to stay with you until you come?

Jung Hoseok: yh
Jung Hoseok: say something
Jung Hoseok: dirty
Jung Hoseok: record it
Jung Hoseok: please

Min Yoongi: (voice attachment)
Min Yoongi: my voice is gross, sorry

Jung Hoseok: yoongs do u know how hot your deep voice is?
Jung Hoseok: didn’t know you thought like that yoongs
Jung Hoseok: I like it
Jung Hoseok: im almost there

Min Yoongi: when you come, say my name
Min Yoongi: you’re mine

Jung Hoseok: I am I am
Jung Hoseok: id worship you Yoongi fuck look what ure doing to me

Min Yoongi: you’re perfect, Seok
Min Yoongi: I’ll be there next time
Min Yoongi: I’ll pay you back
Jung Hoseok: yoongs you’re too good to me
Jung Hoseok: I feel icky
Jung Hoseok: but really good

Min Yoongi: ‘icky’?
Min Yoongi: so do I
Min Yoongi: I’m going to clean up
Min Yoongi: thank you, Seok

Jung Hoseok: it’s a valid word!!
Jung Hoseok: same here
Jung Hoseok: thank you, yoongs :)
Jung Hoseok: yoongs

Min Yoongi: yes?

Jung Hoseok: why didn’t we call each other?

Min Yoongi: oh
Min Yoongi: I forgot
Min Yoongi: you were typing and I read it in your voice

Jung Hoseok: oh hahahaha
Jung Hoseok: this way all have it forever
Jung Hoseok: so if im not there and ure lonely u can read it J

Min Yoongi: gross

Jung Hoseok: im joking!!!!!!!
Jung Hoseok: I’ll always be here
Jung Hoseok: anything for you yoongs
Jung Hoseok: you know that right??

Min Yoongi: yeah
Min Yoongi: yeah, I do
Min Yoongi: thank you, Seok
Min Yoongi: I’ll always be here for you, too

Sunday was fairly uneventful. Yoongi’s parents didn’t return until late at night, and his brother was
still at college which left Yoongi to his own devices with no distraction from Hoseok to provide him with any real entertainment. He spent the majority of the day watching make-up tutorials and researching piano score sheets to practice on his own. It was refreshing to play again, he felt like he were a little kid whose biggest problem was that he didn’t like the fruit that his mum packed in his lunchbox. However, this time he tackled practice with a matured and more determined attitude, although he still may have cursed when his fingers slipped.

It was early Monday morning when he received a text from Jeongguk, Yoongi was just about to clamber onto the school bus. He headed towards his usual seat in the middle of the bus, and positioned himself next to the window before opening the message.

‘Tae said he wants to talk to me? he wants to meet after school at that western restaurant me and u used to go to. Do I say yes? He’s ignored me for over a week’.

Yoongi frowned in bewilderment. Taehyung was reaching out to Jeongguk after so long? What was the purpose behind it? He had the sudden urge to grill Hoseok but refrained from doing so as he knew that Hoseok would probably rather die than betray his friends’ secrets.

‘Ask him what he wants first. It’s weird he’s messaging you now’. Yoongi replied with and then eagerly awaited a response.

He didn’t have to wait too long. ‘Okay, i just did, and he said ‘to apologise’. Yoongs what do I do?’

Yoongi found himself at a loss, Taehyung wanted to say sorry for his behaviour which most likely required an explanation. Jeongguk had nothing to lose and everything to gain, from his perspective at least. ‘Agree to meet with him and demand an explanation.’

‘Ok ok ok I just did and he said he’ll tell me everything. I’m oddly nervous. He makes me so nervous I almost forgot holy shit.’

Yoongi guffawed and had to hide his laughter into his hand. ‘make sure you turn up then. And don’t worry, you probably do the same to him.’ It was a struggle not to correct ‘probably’ with ‘definitely’.

Jeongguk responded with a variety of emoji’s which Yoongi interpreted correctly to be satire. He smiled and shook his head at the younger boy’s attitude as the bus halted at the bus stop outside of the school. Yoongi remembered that he had agreed to meet Hoseok near the courts before the bell rang and his heart folded inside of his chest.

Everything that Hoseok had confessed to him on Saturday had been replaying on his mind consistently. His heart throbbed almost painfully with the fondness that Hoseok held for him. It was entirely overwhelming and completely staggering to be showered with adoration from a boy who was the definition of perfection itself. Yoongi wondered whether Hoseok knew how amazing he was, how much he occupied Yoongi’s mind and heart. Hoseok had re-kindled the spark of passion in him for music, a passion that he had let die, and had also aroused a ravenous hunger for Hoseok and his touches. Yoongi pondered whether Hoseok was aware just how much he meant to Yoongi - he wanted to show Hoseok, whether it be through words of through actions. Hoseok had re-birthed him into someone he was profusely happy to be.

Suddenly, inspiration cascaded over him, bleeding into his veins and feeding his heart. He had an idea to show Hoseok how much he meant to Yoongi, he would need time, though. And a lot of patience. But he was certain that he could do it, after all, Yoongi had told Hoseok the truth. That he would do anything for him.
“Hey, Yoongs!” Namjoon called him over to the courts when he was walking past the field where Jeongguk was playing football with a group of people in his year. Yoongi’s eyes drifted past Namjoon and focussed on the figure next to him. The same figure that had undressed him and had leant over him, causing him pleasure that was sapped from heaven itself and bestowed it onto him. Hoseok was watching him and Yoongi was fairly assured that Hoseok was thinking along the same lines as he was as he spied through the mesh fence that Hoseok had licked his lips whilst watching him.

Yoongi entered the gate to the courts and approached the two, removing his earphones from his ears and wrapping the wire around his phone. “Don’t be so loud in the morning, it’s not healthy.”

Namjoon simply smiled at him, raising a visible eyebrow over the frames of his glasses. “I think you just don’t want me to be happy.” Yoongi raised an eyebrow back at him as if to say, ‘you’re exactly right’. Namjoon laughed, nudged him with an elbow.

Yoongi returned a smile, his heart warm. He was over the moon that he and Namjoon had managed to restore their friendship ever since he and Hoseok had begun their relationship. He had confided in Namjoon first, not wanting to seem as though he were dragging Jeongguk’s face through the dirt by confessing that he was in a relationship whilst Jeongguk struggled with his situation involving Taehyung. After Yoongi admitted to having taken Namjoon’s advice, Namjoon’s face had broken into an unbelievably wide grin and had pulled Yoongi into a hug, congratulating him on his bravery.

Yoongi was significantly aware that Hoseok was watching he and Namjoon jousting. He could feel Hoseok’s eyes running over him and could hear Hoseok’s quiet intake of breath when Yoongi turned his head to look at him.

“Hey,” Yoongi greeted, a shy smile seeping onto his face when he heard how quiet his voice was and noticed how intense Hoseok’s gaze was.

“Hey,” Hoseok responded, his tone equally as soft but his smile wide and his eyes warm, latching onto Yoongi’s as the golden sunshine poured down on them.

Yoongi had almost forgotten that Namjoon was standing in their proximity. “I was just telling Hoseok about this weekend - Jin told me that he was going to meet up with Taehyung and Hoseok, and he asked if it would be alright for all of us to officially meet.” Namjoon smiled, but it was too distant to be directed at Yoongi. “He’s really interested in meeting you guys, he didn’t get to last year so he wants to make up for lost time.”

It was strange to see the cool, calm and collected Namjoon be so completely love-struck, but it was refreshing as well.

“It sounds great, Namjoon,” Hoseok said earnestly, ripping his eyes away from Yoongi’s long enough to direct his attention at the person he was talking to. “I honestly don’t mind it. It’s the first time we’ve all hung out, and I want to get to know Yoongi’s friends better.”

At Hoseok’s words a bright smile had flashed across Yoongi’s face which Namjoon caught instantly. Namjoon smiled back, a knowing glint in his eyes. “Thanks, Hoseok, that means a lot – and I’m sure it means a lot to Yoongs, here, as well.” Hoseok turned to Yoongi with a gleamingly bright grin, Yoongi turned his back slightly and made to observe the football game Jeongguk was partaking in that was playing out on the field. “Does anyone know if Jimin will be available?”

Yoongi caught Hoseok’s uncertain glance and he cast his eyes down at his shoes. “I haven’t heard from him. I think...” He paused, mentally deciding whether he was allowed to tell Namjoon the truth. He realised that Namjoon was Jimin’s friend too, and would definitely want to be in the know as to
whether Jimin was alright. “I think he’s trying to sort himself out.”

Namjoon watched him carefully. “So, I take it that you’ve talked to him, then?”

Yoongi registered the slight hurt in his voice and words blundered around in his mind trying to shove themselves together to form an explanation.

“We both did,” Hoseok jumped to his aid. “We weren’t purposefully trying to leave you out – Jimin wanted to talk to Yoongi, probably to apologise about what had happened at the club, but I wanted to come with; I wanted to know why Jimin was avoiding all of us.” Namjoon nodded slowly, and Hoseok continued. “I’m sorry, I should have invited you – and Jeongguk, too. You’re both Jimin’s friends, you both deserve to know what’s going on. But, I don’t think me or Yoongs can tell you.”

Hoseok was standing close enough to touch, to cling onto his hand, but he refrained from doing so. His heart was jumping wildly inside of his chest as Hoseok had lent him support without him asking. Hoseok really did care about him, and although he very much appreciated Hoseok telling him so, it was rejuvenating to hear it through different means. Yoongi very badly wanted to do the same for Hoseok and he found some comfort in the fact that he already had an idea how to do so.

“Seok!” Someone was calling for Hoseok’s attention. The three turned towards the noise and found a rather frantic Taehyung on the opposite side of the fence, gesturing desperately for Hoseok to join him.

Hoseok waved back and yelled at him to ‘wait up’. He turned to them rather sheepishly. “Sorry,” he smiled weakly. “We should make a group chat? To talk about this weekend?”

“Oh, god,” Namjoon groaned and Yoongi snickered, getting at what he was insinuating. “This is going to get messy.”

Hoseok laughed in agreement. “Exactly! I can’t wait! I’ll make it tonight.” Yoongi’s hand received a familiar warmth. He looked to find Hoseok gazing at him, adoration woven into his smile. He squeezed Yoongi’s hand. “Talk to you in History.”

“Yeah,” Yoongi breathed out, his hand tightening around Hoseok’s before loosening his grip and allowing Hoseok to leave, his eyes never leaving Hoseok’s. “History...” He murmured faintly once Hoseok had quirked his lips into his signature enthused smile and waved goodbye before running out of the courts to meet Taehyung.

There was a brief silence before Namjoon guffawed and then let out a burst of laughter. Yoongi glared at him but couldn’t keep the smile off of his face. “What?” He demanded, struggling to keep down a laugh of his own.

“Nothing, it’s nothing,” Namjoon bluffed, his voice coming out in gasps before his laughter sobered. He shot Yoongi a sheepish glance. “It’s just I’ve never seen you so – so...”

“So what?” Yoongi challenged without threat, his smile imminent.

“So soft,” Namjoon finished, reaching to pinch at Yoongi’s cheeks. Yoongi tried to scowl but feared it came out in a grimace and moved away. “It’s adorable, really. The way he defended you was impeccable! He really likes you, Yoongs.”

Yoongi flushed. “I know. He told me.”

Namjoon’s eyebrows rose and impressive amount of centimetres. “Wow. I’m really glad you’re being open about your feelings. You said it back, right?”
“Of course!” Yoongi defended, and then pretended not to glow when the bell rang as it signalled two whole hours he would be spending with Hoseok.

“So, how far have you two gone?” Namjoon asked casually once the two exited the courts and was out of earshot of any potential eavesdroppers. Yoongi spluttered with shock, his face turning ruddy at the aptness of Namjoon’s questioning. How had Namjoon known?

Namjoon laughed again, poking Yoongi in the ribs. “You don’t have to tell me. It was just so obvious! The way he couldn’t keep his eyes off of you, and the way you greeted each other like young lovers – I feel like I’m in a rom-com.”

Yoongi fell silent in mortification, thrown at Namjoon’s interpretation of the briefest of their actions. He was glad that Namjoon’s goal was to become a psychologist; that way Namjoon would be too busy reading other people to pay attention to him. Namjoon’s interpretations of others were no longer a thrill to listen to; they were becoming too accurate. Scarily accurate.

Yoongi hadn’t expected the school day to be that stressful but as he arrived back home with a stack of homework and the lectures from his teachers about applying to the right university, he resigned himself to sitting at his desk the whole night with stress surging through his system.

He had finished his Science homework and had begun researching universities, silently having a breakdown because what the fuck – he had to decide his whole future now? What did he even want to do with his life? Fortunately, his phone began buzzing persistently and distracted him from his existential crises. He checked the caller ID and was pleased to see it was Jeongguk – someone without the pressures of having to decide their fate in a span of a few months.

“Hey,” he answered, grateful for the distraction. A mutilated screech filled his eardrum and he gasped in pain, holding the phone away from his ear. “What the fuck?”

“YoongsIdiditIdiditaskedTaehyungoutIcan’tbelievelididthat-”

“Whoa, whoa, what?” Yoongi tried to get Jeongguk to slow down. “Was that even a language? Did you meet up with Taehyung?”

A shuddery breath was breathed into his ear as he leant back on his chair. “Sorry, Yoongs. I kinda don’t know what to do with myself.”

“Start from the beginning,” Yoongi instructed. “Did you go and see Taehyung?”

Jeongguk, on the end of the line, must have collapsed onto a chair as there was a sound of furniture squeaking. “Yes, I did. I was thinking about it the whole day, and I had figured out what I was going to say and everything, but when I met him after school at the bus stop all of the words just – I didn’t know what to say.” Yoongi snorted and Jeongguk shushed him.

“He said that it was nice to talk to me again, and I realised that I had no idea what I was doing but it was okay because I was with him – does that make sense?” Yoongi felt a stirring in his heart as the image of Hoseok flashed across his mind, but he didn’t get a chance to agree as Jeongguk continued on. “So I said, ‘likewise’, and he laughed. Have you ever wanted to drown in someone’s laughter because it’s the most beautiful sound you’ve ever heard?” Yet again, Jeongguk didn’t give Yoongi the opportunity to answer affirmatively as he swiftly carried on with his story.

“Tae was really nice from the outset, he paid for my bus ticket to town and he kept telling me stories about his family and stuff that his dog does. It was so calming just sitting there and listening to him, I could have sat there forever. He has this little smile when he remembers something funny, and then
he would turn to me and that smile would get bigger and I wanted to kiss so badly him, Yoongs, but I couldn’t.” Yoongi smiled and didn’t dare interject; he knew that feeling all too well and had only first started to experience it a few weeks back.

“So, we get to town and we’re walking so close together – at one point I think he’s trying to hold my hand, but he’s trying to stop my phone from falling out of my pocket. And when we get to the restaurant he holds the door open for me, and I don’t think I’ve ever been in more pain, his smile was – was – ethereal.”

“Oh, nice word,” Yoongi commented, running his eyes over a prestigious university before clicking off the page. There was no way that he would ever acquire the grades to be accepted, he would have to aim lower.

“Thanks, Yoongs. Anyway, after we order he tells me that he’s been wanting to talk to me for a long time – and that he’s ‘really, really, really glad’ that we started talking in the first place, to which I agreed with – but he couldn’t talk for the last few weeks because he was ‘going through a situation’... He told me about Jimin, Yoongs.” Yoongi remained silent, unsure of what to say. “It’s okay, Yoongs, don’t feel bad. I know you couldn’t tell me. But Jimin told Tae that he could tell me, so Tae said that he barely talked to anyone because he was stressing about Jimin. That’s what he said anyway.” Jeongguk didn’t sound convinced.

“You don’t believe him?”

Jeongguk sighed and Yoongi’s phone shuddered at the plosive volume. “I don’t know. I’m not sure, it’s just when he was telling me he seemed... off? Like, there was something else he wasn’t saying. Anyway, he said that he was extremely sorry and that he would do whatever it took to restore what ‘we had’, if I was willing.” There was a note of tension in Jeongguk’s voice and Yoongi tensed in anticipation. “One of the things I noticed was that he didn’t say ‘friendship’ was the only thing we had between us, and I remembered when we went to that club and we were dancing – the way we were dancing, it just didn’t... It didn’t feel platonic.”

Yoongi hummed in agreement, recalling a fragmented image of how Taehyung and Jeongguk had been practically wrapped around each other on the dance floor.

“So...” Jeongguk started and then let out a nervous bout of laughter. “So, I thought to myself: I want him, and right now I think he wants me, so what do I have to lose? Obviously, I was ignoring the soul-crushing fear of rejection.” Yoongi laughed loudly along with Jeongguk and then silenced himself, looking forward to hearing the continuation.

“I...” Jeongguk sounded hesitant, then he cleared his throat and Yoongi heard the squeak of a chair. “I asked him what sort of things he had in mind to make it up to me, and he said ‘anything’, so...” Yoongi awaited eagerly with baited breath. “I told him, ‘how about you let me take you on a date?’”

Yoongi let out a low whistle and Jeongguk laughed into his ear. “I didn’t know you had lines, ‘Guk.”

“Oh, be quiet,” Jeongguk teased. “I haven’t got to the best bit, yet, so don’t interrupt!” Yoongi mock-tutted at Jeongguk’s attitude but abided by his request. “Right, so after I say that – and then wanted to die because that was probably one of the most cringe-y things I’ve ever said – he just looked at me for a solid five seconds before leaning in, and smirking, and he said, ‘how about we not wait and count this as our first date?’”

“Wow,” Yoongi drew out in disbelief, excitement bubbled within him as he imagined Jeongguk’s incredibility towards the whole situation. He was ecstatic that things seemed to be moving forwards
between the two of them; they had been smitten for years.

“I know!” Jeongguk practically yelled, his voice breaking. “Somehow I managed not to faint and I said, ‘I’d like that’, and that I’d pay because he paid last time. And then he smiled, and we started talking about everything and anything, really.” He paused. “Yoongs,” he started, his voice muffled.

“Yeah?” Yoongi answered, intrigued.

“He told me that Jimin moved back into his parents’ house after he met up with his mum. I think... I think it’s going well for him.” Happiness seeped into Jeongguk’s voice which caused the same emotion to fizz within Yoongi at the news.

“I’m glad to hear that. I was worried,” Yoongi admitted. “I’m really happy for you, ‘Guk, I’m glad that Taehyung feels the same.”

“Well, I don’t really know,” Jeongguk began, his voice hesitant. “We talked about our next date – which is this Sunday, the day after we meet up with Hoseok and all of his friends – but we didn’t talk about our feelings. I don’t know if he feels the same for certain.”

“Oh,” Yoongi floundered, his mind stuck. “Message him.”

“You said the same thing about Chunhei,” Jeongguk chuckled. Yoongi’s mind scampered to place the name with the person and remembered, Jeongguk’s ex-girlfriend. Oh. Right. “It’s impersonal. I’d rather do it in person, so I’ll try on Sunday.”

“Still, it’s something, isn’t it?” Yoongi offered to try and redeem himself. “He turned your meet up into a date and agreed to go on another one. Don’t think about it as getting your hopes up, and think confidently. He likes you, ‘Guk.” It was advice that he wished he could have believed in when Hoseok had first confessed his feelings to him, Yoongi had second-guessed every single one of his own actions when he had begun to like Hoseok back.

He didn’t need to see Jeongguk to know that he was smiling. “Thanks, Yoongs. You’re a good friend.”

Yoongi was sure that the warmth in his chest had nothing to do with the heat radiating from the radiator in his room. He felt extraordinarily blessed by every person he was surrounded by. Yoongi longed for a future where it could be so, him and Hoseok happy together, along with Namjoon, Seokjin, Jeongguk and Taehyung. It felt right. Like it was meant to be.

(Jung Hoseok formed a chat)

(Jung Hoseok has invited you, Kim Taehyung, Kim Namjoon, Kim Seokjin, Jeon Jeongguk and Park Jimin to the chat.)

(Jung Hoseok has named the chat: saturdays loser-fest)

Kim Seokjin: I’m not a loser :

(Jung Hoseok has named the chat: saturdays cool-fest minus Jin cuz he’s a loser)

Kim Seokjin: we haven’t spoken in a month and this is how you treat me?

Jung Hoseok: maybe if u weren’t such a loser id be nicer :)
Kim Seokjin: It's been a month and you haven't learnt grammar. This makes me sad
Kim Namjoon: I can't believe you ever held such grand expectations for him.
Kim Seokjin: I didn't, I lied ;)
Jung Hoseok: GET A ROOM!!!!!!!!!!
Jung Hoseok: and RUDE!!!! :( 
Kim Seokjin: We were on our own chatROOM until you interrupted us!
Jung Hoseok: fine go back to it then i didn't wanna see u this saturday anyway :)
Kim Namjoon: I take personal offence.
Jung Hoseok: Namjoon pls stop with the fullstops it makes me nervous
Kim Namjoon: Why?.
Kim Namjoon: Does grammar offend you so badly?.
Kim Namjoon: .
Jung Hoseok: i rate you the worst out of yoongs friends
Kim Namjoon: :( 
Kim Seokjin: hey, back off of my man!
Jung Hoseok: thats not how young ppl talk
Kim Seokjin: Okay, now I remember why I didn't talk to you for a month
Jung Hoseok: ????? why ever not im an angel :)
Min Yoongi: you're really not
Kim Namjoon: ooooh drama
Kim Seokjin: brb I'm getting popcorn
Jung Hoseok: u guys are officially the worst, u deserve each other
Jung Hoseok: yoongs why are u being mean?????? :( 
Jeon Jeongguk: Hoseok, why can't you type?
Kim Seokjin: OOOOH! SHOTS FIRED
Jung Hoseok: again thATS NOT HOW YOUNG PPL TALK!!!!!!!!!
Kim Seokjin: Joon, please hit him when you see him tomorrow
Kim Namjoon: Will do, I'll defend your honour
Jeon Jeongguk: Just a warning for Joon, if you send any of your poetry on this group chat, I'm
leaving

Jung Hoseok: POETRY????? JIN U DIDN’T TELL ME THIS

Jung Hoseok: also don’t worry Jeongguk ill kick them out if they do

Kim Seokjin: It’s not my job to tell you every detail of our relationship, dear :)

Kim Namjoon: You just confirmed it on purpose, didn’t you?

Kim Seokjin: maybe :)

Kim Seokin: maybe I want everyone to know how sweet my boyfriend is :)

Kim Namjoon: the amount of smiley-faces tells me otherwise, it tells me you want me to suffer.

Jung Hoseok: NAMJOON PLEASE STOP WITH THE STOPS

Jung Hoseok: yoongs don’t think i cant see u lurking and not replying to my question: why am i not an angel????

Min Yoongi: I was just reading the messages

Jung Hoseok: did u see them all ganging up against me?????

Min Yoongi: yeah

Jung Hoseok: :)

Min Yoongi: I laughed

Jung Hoseok: :(  

Kim Seokjin: PAWWWNED

Jung Hoseok: i will kill you

Kim Namjoon: and I won’t stop him.

Kim Seokjin: Why is my boyfriend so mean?

Jung Hoseok: why is MY boyfriend so mean??????? ;(

Jeon Jeongguk: wait, are you guys officially dating?

Min Yoongi: oh, shit, Guk, I’m sorry

Min Yoongi: I didn’t tell you

Min Yoongi: I’ll tell you why on private

Jung Hoseok: oops

Jung Hoseok: did i fuck up???

Min Yoongi: No, Seok, don’t worry, it’s my fault
Jung Hoseok: ill miss u

Kim Seokjin: GET A ROOM!

Kim Namjoon: GET A ROOM!

Kim Seokjin: Joon, care to explain why you're stealing my words?

Kim Namjoon: That freaked me out, too.

Kim Namjoon: Maybe it's because I know you so well?

Kim Taehyung: I come online to find everyone flirting, can I join in?

Kim Seokjin: No

Kim Taehyung: ...t a problem??? WOW THANKS! <3

Kim Taehyung: Seok you looked really nice today ;)

Kim Taehyung: Jin I didnt see you but I assume you looked nice today ;)

Kim Seokjin: Is this how you flirt with that kid you told me about a year back? It's disgusting

Jung Hoseok: Jin can u send us some poetry that Namjoon sent u

Jung Hoseok: Namjoon do I have permission to call u Joon cuz we’re defo gonna be bonding after this

Kim Namjoon: Jin, if you do that I will break up with you.

Kim Namjoon: You can, but that sounded very ominous.

Jung Hoseok: omfg no please dont break up Joon might write some sad poetry :( 

Kim Namjoon: Any chance of us becoming close just crumbled away.

Jung Hoseok: im sorry!!!!

Kim Taehyung: Seok, why dont you tell everyone that haiku you wrote about Yoongi in the fourth year?

Jung Hoseok: i fucking hate u Kim Taehyung

Kim Taehyung: thats a shame because I love you <33333

Kim Namjoon: Oh? You know what, Hoseok, you should share your haiku.

Jung Hoseok: JIGKW I HATE U ALL

Jung Hoseok: u know what??? Fine, I will!!! Im not ashamed of it because I love

Jung Hoseok: love it

Jung Hoseok: I love the haiku because it’s nostalgic
Jung Hoseok: and im not ashamed of it being about yoongs because yoongs is my bae

Kim Seokjin: That's not how young people talk

Jung Hoseok: I curse you and your work-out routine

Kim Taehyung: omg, Seok do you still have it??

Jung Hoseok: should do

Jung Hoseok: but heres the deal!!!

Jung Hoseok: if I send the haiku, Jin sends one of the poems Joon wrote for him!!!

Kim Taehyung: oooOOH I love this!!!

Kim Namjoon: Jin. If you want me to come to yours on Sunday you will not give in.

Kim Seokjin: (Picture attachment)

Kim Seokjin: Oops! My hand slipped!

Kim Namjoon: WHY.

Jung Hoseok: O H MY GODODODO

Jung Hoseok: ARE U SEEING THIS TAE???

Kim Taehyung: sorry, I blacked out after, ‘you're the only one, it’s you my heart has won’

Jung Hoseok: (Picture attachment)

Jung Hoseok: ACTUAL PICTURE OF ME RN

Kim Taehyung: oh MY GOD, ARE YOU CRYING???

Jung Hoseok: OF LAUGHTER

Kim Taehyung: I’m so glad! I was gonna say if you liked this you’re so weird

Kim Seokjin: Oh? Really now?

Kim Taehyung: SHIT

Kim Namjoon: For the record, I wrote that a year ago.

Kim Taehyung: I'm sure you can do loads better now!

Jung Hoseok: omg tae are u trying to win Joons favour? JIN!! TAES TRYING TO STEAL YOUR BOYFRIEND!!!!

Kim Seokjin: Put your hands up, Tae!

Kim Taehyung: NEVER!

Kim Taehyung: while we’re here, the real question is: Jin, did you ever write poems back?
Jung Hoseok: there is silence

Jung Hoseok: OJIGKN HE DID!!!

Min Yoongi: We’re back

Min Yoongi: What’s going on?

Jung Hoseok: yoongs I missed u

Jung Hoseok: SCROLL BACK UP OKRGLW

Min Yoongi: I missed you, too

Min Yoongi: Okay

Kim Taehyung: holy shit, you two are married

Jeon Jeongguk: you two are so whipped

Jung Hoseok: whOA, the telepathy twins are here!!!!

Kim Taehyung: hey, ‘Guk :)

Jeon Jeongguk: hey, Tae

Jung Hoseok: is it just me OR IS IT GETTING STEAMY IN HERE

Kim Taehyung: Hoseok shut up.

Jung Hoseok: oh sorry

Kim Seokjin: Joon, you still are coming to mine this Sunday, right?

Kim Namjoon: It depends.

Kim Seokjin: On?

Kim Namjoon: Will you wear what I bought you?

Jung Hoseok: O EWUFJKNK

Jeon Jeongguk: Is this kinky? I think it’s kinky

Kim Seokjin: Of course, I’ll wear it

Kim Namjoon: Then I’m all yours

Kim Seokjin: I’m yours

Jung Hoseok: WOW OH JEEZ PEOPLE WE HAVE MINORS HERE

Jung Hoseok: Jeongguk look away!!!!

Kim Namjoon: It backfired, Hoseok. My poems worked.

Jung Hoseok: ?????
Kim Namjoon: Question, Hoseok: Did your haiku get you laid?

Jung Hoseok: O MY GODDDDOODODOD

Min Yoongi: it might

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS GET OFF THE CHAT NOW

Kim Seokjin: I think he'd rather get you off, Seok

Jung Hoseok: choke. Actually choke

Kim Namjoon: Oh, I've got that covered.

Kim Taehyung: I feel like I'm reading R 18 smut

Jeon Jeongguk: Am I watching porn right now?

Kim Taehyung: oh

Jeon Jeongguk: hi again

Kim Taehyung: we need to stop doing this hahaha :)

Jeon Jeongguk: We should, but I guess our minds are connected now hahaha

Jung Hoseok: IT KEEPS GETTING WORSE

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS???

Min Yoongi: yes?

Kim Seokjin: Now your boyfriend's here, Seok, I think it's only fair you keep your part of the bargain and send your haiku :)

Kim Namjoon: God, I love you, babe.

Jung Hoseok: ok i think this its time that u two GO AWAY

Kim Namjoon: Never.

Min Yoongi: Seok, you should always keep your word

Kim Seokjin: Yoongi, I don't know you very well, but I love you

Kim Seokjin: [your picture is so cute, by the way, I can see why Seok likes you :)]

Jung Hoseok: ummm excuse me but stop flirting with my boyfriend!!!!

Jung Hoseok: also yoongs is so much more than his beautiful appearance u loser

Min Yoongi: Thanks, Seokjin

Min Yoongi: You were always the most handsome guy in your year, I remember that

Min Yoongi: Also, Seok, trying to butter me up won't change anything
Min Yoongi: you owe me a three year old haiku

Kim Seokjin: aww, you know just what to say, thank you :)

Kim Taehyung: Seok, listen to your boyfriend and send it

Jeon Jeongguk: I agree, please do

Kim Namjoon: Do it.

Kim Namjoon: Yoongs, make a threat.

Min Yoongi: If Seok doesn’t actually want to send it, he doesn’t have to

Min Yoongi: I don’t want to make a threat

Jung Hoseok: SORRY IM BACK I FOUND IT

Jung Hoseok: (Picture attachment)

Jung Hoseok: aww yoongs its fine i want the people to see how much I love

Jung Hoseok: love this haiku and the memories it brings :’)

Kim Taehyung: what the hell, Seok

Kim Taehyung: I don’t remember it being this sweet??

Jeon Jeongguk: that was actually pretty good, Hoseok

Kim Seokjin: Jung Hoseok. You never told me about this talent!

Kim Seokjin: It’s good, isn’t it, Joon?

Kim Namjoon: I’m

Kim Namjoon: You

Kim Taehyung: SEOK! I THINK YOU BROKE NAMJOON!!

Jeon Jeongguk: Namjoon is currently malfunctioning

Jeon Jeongguk: Okay, we need to stop saying the same thing

Kim Taehyung: hahahaha :)

Kim Namjoon: That was good.

Kim Namjoon: I’m being serious, Seok – can I call you that?

Kim Namjoon: That was three years ago and you liked Yoongs that much?

Jung Hoseok: wait what really all of u like it

Jung Hoseok: ?????

Jung Hoseok: ah sorry yes Joon you can call me Seok
Jung Hoseok: i cant believe this oh wowooo

Min Yoongi: Hoseok

Jung Hoseok: oh god

Kim Taehyung: THE FINAL JUDGEMENT IS HERE PEOPLE

Jung Hoseok: hi yoongs

Jung Hoseok: please don’t dump me im so sorry its so cringey and really weird

Min Yoongi: I love

Min Yoongi: it

Min Yoongi: your haiku was really good

Min Yoongi: I’m really impressed

Min Yoongi: I didn’t know you could write like that

Jung Hoseok: oh

Jung Hoseok: you really liked it??

Jung Hoseok: that makes me so happy

Min Yoongi: I didn’t know you felt that strongly back then

Min Yoongi: I don’t really know what to say

Min Yoongi: I wish I could repay you

Kim Taehyung: Um Namjoon

Jeon Jeongguk: It looks like the haiku CAN get Hoseok laid

Kim Taehyung: ‘Guk I’m convinced that we were separated at birth

Kim Seokjin: I think that would be incest

Kim Namjoon: Maybe I should start writing haiku’s.

Kim Seokjin: You don’t need to do that to get laid, just say the word

Kim Seokjin: Where’s Seok?

Kim Namjoon: You can’t just say things like that and expect to get away with it.

Jeon Jeongguk: this is getting kinky again

Jung Hoseok: Yoongs, you honestly don’t need to do anything in return, having you is enough already, I’ve got everything I’ve wanted for seven years and that’s never going to change. It means so much to me that you like my cringey haiku, it means so much to me that you care about my feelings when you said I didn’t have to send it. You mean so much to me, I want you to know that, Yoongs, and I can’t wait for our first date next Saturday, I really hope you’ll like it. And I was
thinking that if you still wanted to, you could come to mine on the Sunday after the date? I'll do something about my parents and my sister, so it'll just be us. I want you in my room, Yoongs, I want you on my bed and I never want you to leave.

Kim Taehyung: UM

Jung Hoseok: IWOPJWEK OH MY GOD

Jung Hoseok: WRONG CHAT HOLY SHIT

Jung Hoseok: I WAS LITERALLY ABOUT TO SEND THE SECOND PART OF THAT MESSAGE

Jung Hoseok: TAE YOU SAVED MY LIFE

Kim Taehyung: there wasn’t much to save

Kim Taehyung: I need to clean my eyes

Kim Seokjin: Joon, forget about the haiku’s and the dirty poems, can you write smut like Seok was about to?

Kim Namjoon: Why write it when I can do it to you, babe?

Jung Hoseok: I HATE YOU GUYS OMFG YOONGS IM SO SORRY

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS CAN U EVER FORGIVE ME

Min Yoongi: Seok

Min Yoongi: I just got your other message

Min Yoongi: Go onto private

Min Yoongi: Now

Jung Hoseok: oh god yes

Kim Taehyung: oh, that’s disgusting

Jeon Jeongguk: gross

Kim Seokjin: Joon

Kim Namjoon: Yes, baby?

Kim Seokjin: Private, now, please? :)

Kim Namjoon: Finally.

Jeon Jeongguk: is it just us left?

Kim Taehyung: And Jimin, but I don’t think he’s been using his phone

Jeon Jeongguk: Oh, I see

Jeon Jeongguk: No one even talked about the time we’re supposed to be meeting up at
Kim Taehyung: They’re hopeless

Kim Taehyung: It’s up to us! What time are you free?

Jeon Jeongguk: We should all go for lunch, so I’m free at 12 :)

Kim Taehyung: okay, 12 it is

Jeon Jeongguk: Are you definitely free then?

Kim Taehyung: I have this thing, but I can reschedule

Jeon Jeongguk: are you sure?

Kim Taehyung: yeah, definitely

Kim Taehyung: if you’re coming then I definitely am not gonna miss it

Jeon Jeongguk: :)

Jeon Jeongguk: are we still on for Sunday then?

Kim Taehyung: I wouldn’t miss it for the world <3

Chapter End Notes

WOWSER

sorry that most of the chapter was messaging but i wanted all of them to meet before they officially met irl

OKAY SO: hoseok may or may not have a daddy kink lol sorry not sorry, sexting. im all for it. i wanted to do more but decided to keep it to a minimum. and then ummmm hoseok and yoongi are so. fucking. SOFT. for each other?????? namjoon is gonna join criminal minds, taekook is HAPPENING EVERYONE STAY CALM ITS HAPPENING, okay and then the group chat where: NAMJOON AND SEOKJIN ARE THE PERFECT COUPLE GODDAMN, NAMJOONS POETRY ISNT APPRECIATED but everyone is Living for hoseoks haiku, namjin kinky lol, yoonseok getting freaky. ONLINE. AGAIN. CONTROL YOURSELVES BOIS. and taekook unsurely flirting?? cuz is he flirting with me?? idk???

okay so yesterday i planned the ending for this fic. and you’re all either gonna HATE me or LOVE me so i hope its the latter :)

as usual, if you liked this chapter and want to leave feedback, please drop me a comment <3 was the messaging tolerable? i’ll defo cut it down after this chapter but i kinda had to put it in here so soz <3
“So, which universities are you looking at?” Taehyung muttered to him in Science class on Tuesday morning.

Hoseok was bent over, trying to appear as if he were immersed in his work when he was anything but. He had better things to do, like text-yelling at Seokjin as to why he hadn’t been informed about Seokjin’s and Namjoon’s relationship. It was far more satisfying and rewarding than figuring out formulas for his chemistry work. “Huh?” He looked up from his phone to see Taehyung glowering at him.

“I said,” Taehyung hissed, “what universities are you looking at?”

Hoseok wrinkled his nose in distaste. “I don’t know. I’m looking at the courses more than the actual places to study.”

Taehyung lifted an eyebrow, a knowing smile crawled onto his face. “So, what are the courses you’re looking at?”

Crap. Abort mission. Hoseok looked back to his notes and began elaborating on them. “Oh, you know... This and that.”

“Interesting,” Taehyung commented, flicking his eyes back onto his own work. “In all the courses I’ve looked through, I haven’t ever seen one for ‘this and that’.”

“Oh, please don’t,” Hoseok whined, rolling his eyes. “You sound just like Jin.” Taehyung laughed but quickly ceased when the teacher cast a beady eye over to him. “Speaking of Jin,” Hoseok continued, “you know, he’s been with ‘Joon for almost three months?”

“Lucky,” Taehyung hummed, most of his attention directed on his worksheet.

“That’s three months he didn’t tell us!” Hoseok exclaimed. Someone aimed a piece of paper at his head and he opened it once it rebounded and landed on the table. ‘You’re so loud! Don’t get another detention!’
“Well, maybe he wanted their relationship to be private. You know that Jin’s not really open about that kind of stuff. We didn’t even know that Namjoon had asked him out until Yoongi told you – No!” Hoseok had opened his mouth once Taehyung had mentioned his boyfriend’s name and abruptly shut it at the interruption.

“What?” He questioned, noting Taehyung’s weary glare.

Taehyung dropped his pen and rubbed his temples. “You’re in that honeymoon phase.” Hoseok scrunched his brows into his nose bridge – he was fairly certain he and Yoongi hadn’t gotten married. Taehyung sighed in exasperation. “The honeymoon phase is where your whole world revolves around your significant other, ‘Seok. You won’t stop talking about him, it’s Yoongi this and Yoongi that. It was cute at first, but now... Now I want to suffocate you.”

Hoseok was affronted and let out a winded gasp. “Well, I’ll keep that in mind when you get with Jeongguk!” Taehyung glared at him. “What’s wrong, Tae? You’ve been all... Not so nice lately. I’m sorry if I’ve annoyed you.”

A sigh escaped Taehyung’s lips and he buried his head in his hands. “Sorry, ‘Seok. I’ve just been... A little busy lately.” Hoseok frowned in concern and waited for Taehyung to elaborate, but he didn’t. “And this whole thing with ‘Guk isn’t really helping.”

“Well, you scored a date with him, didn’t you?” Hoseok asked, uncertainty pooling in the pit of his stomach. “And he was the one to ask you, not the other way ‘round.”

He was trying to approach delicately but by Taehyung’s groan he could tell that he wasn’t going about it in the correct way. “Yes, but it’s no real confirmation. I wanted to tell him how I feel in that restaurant, but I couldn’t do it! He was just sitting there, looking so beautiful that I – I freaked out. I don’t know how I’m going to survive this Sunday.”

“‘Well, you’ll have to survive Saturday first,’” Hoseok mused. His mind fixated on what Yoongi was going to wear and how adorable he would look, and how he himself was planning to pay for Yoongi’s food and order him a hot chocolate just so he could see Yoongi with a cream moustache – something his parents always used to do to him.

Hoseok missed Yoongi’s intoxicating presence, missed hearing his enchanting voice. He had last seen Yoongi an hour ago in the courts for fifteen minutes as it was their break, but it wasn’t enough. Fifteen minutes was nowhere near the time that could suffice Hoseok’s hunger for Yoongi. To see him, to hear him, to laugh with him, to smile at him, to touch him, to smell him-

Maybe Taehyung was right about the honeymoon phase. Only Hoseok disagreed with the ‘phase’ part of that term. Whatever he had felt for Yoongi before had only amplified when finally being allowed to hold him, to care for him, to love him. A phase did not last for seven years, that he was adamant about.

“You’re really not helping me here, ‘Seok.” Hoseok was dragged back into reality upon hearing Taehyung’s lament.

“Sorry,” Hoseok replied sheepishly. He decided to move on from Jeongguk, that conversation topic only seemed to be a dark one at this moment in time. He leant in closer, in order for any potential eavesdroppers to be unable to hear him. “What’s going on with Jimin?”

Taehyung tilted his head and bit his lip in contemplation. Hoseok watched, slightly in awe. Taehyung really was a work of art, how had Jeongguk not snatched him up yet? “Well, he’s moved back into his parents’ house.” Hoseok’s eyes grew wide in shock. “He’s agreed to go to the doctors
to see if there’s any lasting damage, but he doesn’t think there will be because he didn’t do a lot of
the stuff he said he had, and I think he’s thinking about going to relationship counselling along with
his parents.”

“Wow,” Hoseok breathed out, impressed and shocked at how rapidly Jimin seemed to be changing
for the better. “I’m so glad.”

“So am I,” Taehyung agreed, rubbing out a spelling mistake.

“Now you can jerk off without him being there,” Hoseok quipped as soon as a heavy silence settled
over them. Taehyung let out a vague snort and his lips barely quirked into the smile that Hoseok
knew and loved. “Did you... Did you sort things out with him?”

Taehyung bit his lip again, kept his eyes on his paper. He shook his head and Hoseok deflated. “I
didn’t have time. There’s a lot going on for the both of us.” Hoseok didn’t have time to question as to
why Taehyung was suddenly so busy as he had moved on. “But I thought a lot about what you said,
as I’ve told you, and that’s why I asked ‘Guk if he wanted to talk. But now I’ve got a date with him
and I don’t really know what to do.”

Hoseok watched his best friend with a pained sadness in his heart. He rubbed Taehyung’s arm
consolingly. “It’ll work out, Tae. Once you’ve decided something with Jeongguk, you can figure out
how to deal with Jimin. It’ll all fall into place. It always does.”

Saturday fast approached and along with amounted to a mountain of messages from the newly
formed group chat. By Saturday morning and awaking to Namjoon’s: ‘. Good morn.ing. . .’, Hoseok
felt as if he had been lifelong friends with the five boys. It was as if years of distance between him,
Namjoon and Jeongguk had been replaced with years of history within a week. It was almost scary
how quickly they had bonded and how they all got along, their personalities melding together to
create a gold encrusted jigsaw puzzle.

Jimin hadn’t read any of the messages although he had been online. Hoseok blamed the streak of
cowardice that ran within him for stopping him reaching out privately to Jimin to invite him to
join Hoseok and the others today. Although that they had ended on a positive note the last time they
had seen each other, it was tinged with memories of Hoseok’s explosion of repressed frustration. He
wanted to apologise but felt it was insincere to do it over the phone. Hoseok tried to find an excuse,
Jimin must not want to talk to him because Jimin hadn’t contacted him to inform him about his
developments. So, even if Hoseok did reach out, Jimin wouldn’t contact him back.

It didn’t make him feel any better, but he pushed it into the back of his mind. He could dwell on it
later, for now he had to get ready.

Hoseok decided on jeans, a turtleneck jumper that Taehyung had recommended and some cologne
that was circling the bottom of its packaging. His mum handed him some money and petted his
cheek, telling him to have a good time with his friends. He had just clambered onto the train when he
received a message from Yoongi. He smiled upon just reading the contact name and opened the
private chatroom.

Min Yoongi: hey, are you on your way?

Jung Hoseok: yh im on the train! Ive never been to this restaurant

Jung Hoseok: its Italian isnt it?

Jung Hoseok: are u on your way??
Min Yoongi: Yeah, it is, do you like Italian food?

Min Yoongi: Yeah, I’m on the train as well, I’ll meet you at the station

Jung Hoseok: I've never really tried it

Jung Hoseok: okay then!!!! :)

Min Yoongi: Well, we’ll try it together

Min Yoongi: Jin told me on private that you’ve written another haiku, is this true?

Min Yoongi: He said that if you recite it today, he'll bring physical copies of Namjoon’s poetry

Min Yoongi: You don’t have to if you don’t want to

Jung Hoseok: I'm going to kill him

Jung Hoseok: ur so sweet yoongs

Jung Hoseok: I think i remember it, so I'll give it a shot

Jung Hoseok: I wanna see Joon’s poetry!!!

Jung Hoseok: tell him it's on

Min Yoongi: okay, I will

Min Yoongi: I hope this poem is better than the ever classic ‘Flower Boy’

Min Yoongi: I hope it’s erotic

Jung Hoseok: OENGKW SAME HERE

Jung Hoseok: that made me laugh out loud yoongs i hope you're happy

Min Yoongi: I am :)

Min Yoongi: How could I not be happy when you're mine?

Jung Hoseok: yoongs u know your way to my heart

Jung Hoseok: okay the stations coming up, ill see you in a bit :)

Min Yoongi: See you, Seok :)

As soon as he saw Seokjin’s face any intent to kill him rapidly subsided and was replaced with overwhelming joy. “Jin!” Hoseok yelped and leapt into his arms, narrowly avoiding smacking Namjoon in the face.

“Wow – hey there, ‘Seok!” Seokjin greeted and Hoseok slid out of his grasp and stood back, realising now just how tall Seokjin was as he hadn’t noticed Seokjin’s height in the dim lighting of the party a few months back. “How’ve you been?”

“Busy,” Hoseok bluffed. “You?”
“Same here,” Seokjin grinned at him.

“Get a room,” a voice quipped from beside of him. Namjoon was surveying their exchange with a fond smile.

Hoseok laughed at the reference, “it’s nice to see you, too.” He checked the time on his phone before realising that a familiar presence had disappeared from his side. “Where’s Yoongs?” He asked, peering around the corner of the restaurant as if Yoongi was hiding in the alleyway.

“You left him when you ran over to me,” Seokjin replied, laughing when seeing Hoseok’s horrified expression.

“Oh, crap!” Hoseok spotted a familiar head in the distance, quietly approaching them. He excused himself hurriedly and sprinted towards the figure, launching himself onto Yoongi and wrapping his arms around Yoongi’s neck. “I’m sorry, Yoongs, I didn’t mean to leave you, I just saw Jin and got so excited I had to run-“

Yoongi laughed into his neck and pulled away. “It’s fine, ‘Seok, just – we can’t stay here, we’re in the way.”

“Oh,” Hoseok joined Yoongi’s side when realising that many people were swarming around them trying to turn in different directions. The back of his hand brushed against Yoongi’s so he eagerly grasped for the familiar and much loved warmth, interlocking their fingers. His heartbeat hummed loudly when Yoongi applied pressure and squeezed his hand.

Whenever he was with Yoongi like this, allowed to touch such a creature who was the definition of perfection, he almost felt like he were living in a dream and the tips of his toes were barely skimming the floor. Hoseok felt as if he were flying.

Together, they met up with Seokjin and Namjoon outside of the restaurant just as the same time as Jeongguk crossed the street to greet them.

“Well, look at you two,” Seokjin cooed at them and their conjoined hands. Namjoon nudged him to let go of it but seemed to be captivated when Seokjin turned his head to meet his eyes. “Don’t they remind you of us? Young and in love?”

Hoseok froze slightly, the ‘l’ word catching in his ears and resonating around his mind, like someone had struck his brain and the contact had clanged like a gong. He prayed that Yoongi hadn’t noticed and smiled stiffly. “’Joon’s in the same year as us, Jin. Stop trying to age us to make yourself feel better.”

Namjoon laughed and Seokjin appeared affronted but it all paled in comparison to hear Yoongi’s snort of amusement next to him.

“Good afternoon,” Jeongguk greeted, having lingered on the edge of their exchange. Namjoon smiled at him whilst Seokjin gasped.

“And you must be the youngest! Jeongguk, right?” Jeongguk nodded shyly, Hoseok heard Yoongi scoff from beside him. “Wow, you’re so cute.”

Jeongguk flushed. “Thanks. So are you. Don’t worry, ‘Joon, I’m not trying to steal your guy.” Hoseok howled at the speechless look written on Namjoon’s face and the way that Jeongguk’s features had morphed into a mischievous expression.

“He could never win me over, ‘Joon,” Seokjin agreed, a similar look of innocent mischief forming
on his face. “Not with your poetry kept in my heart.”

“And on your person,” Hoseok called out, eyeing the bulge in Seokjin’s coat pocket. “I’m keeping my side of the deal.”

Seokjin grinned whilst Namjoon eyed them warily, and then understood. He clicked his tongue and rolled his eyes. “You’re kidding me,” he sighed heavily and Hoseok laughed, leaning into Yoongi who chuckled with him.

“Don’t worry, ‘Joon, it’ll be worth it!” Seokjin got out after laughing extremely loudly causing many passer-by’s to look over in alarm. “We get to hear another one of Hoseok’s amazing haiku’s.”

Hoseok flushed slightly at the praise but also at the haiku in question. There was no way that he could have forgotten any of the lyrics or poems he had once written about Yoongi, they were etched into every inch of his brain, every crevice of his heart. “It’s really not-”

“No,” Yoongi interrupted. “It is. It’s really good.” His voice was soft, not imposing. Hoseok felt himself relax at the comfort laced in Yoongi’s tone.

“As much as I love you guys being cute,” Jeongguk spoke up and smiled at them. Hoseok looked away and at the floor, it was quite embarrassing with everyone peering at them. “I’m quite hungry.”

“Should we go in and get a table and not order until Tae shows up?” Hoseok offered. Everyone seemed keen on the idea so he opened the door of the restaurant and led them inside.

Hoseok was about to ask for a table for six but then with a flash of guilt he remembered Jimin. If there was any chance that Jimin would be joining them, he would like for there to be an opportunity for all of them to sit together rather than Jimin feeling excluded.

They were shown to a table of eight and had their chairs moved out for them. It seemed that Italian restaurants tended to be classy, suddenly Hoseok felt terribly underdressed. Yoongi positioned himself opposite Hoseok and unbuttoned his coat to reveal a thick jumper and snug fitting jeans. He looked adorable and Hoseok felt an urge to order a hot chocolate with lots of whipped cream for Yoongi to try.

“Did Tae text any of you?” Seokjin asked once they were all seated and had explained their situation to the staff.

Hoseok reached into his jacket pocket and checked his phone. The only messages he hadn’t opened were from a Science group chat. He had received nothing from Taehyung. He cast his eyes over to Jeongguk whose tongue was probing his left cheek worriedly as his eyes latched onto his phone. Had Taehyung contacted Jeongguk?

“He hasn’t messaged me or the group chat,” Yoongi responded, tucking his phone back into his coat pocket. He caught Hoseok’s gaze and smiled, his eyes flicking down to the elaborate menu which lay in front of him. Yoongi was nervous. How adorable.

“What about you, ‘Guk?” Namjoon asked, obviously having noticed that Jeongguk was staring at his screen in concern.

Jeongguk blinked up at them. “Oh, Tae? Yeah, he messaged me... He said that he’s sorry that he’s running a little late but he’ll be here soon.” He shot them all a reassuring smile but Hoseok saw the worry lingering in his eyes. What was Jeongguk not telling them? What else had Taehyung said to him?
He didn’t get a chance to ask though as the waiters returned to ask for their drink order and to explain that they would come back to take their friends’ order once he had arrived. Hoseok peered at the menu and ordered a fizzy drink that he had never heard of, it was Italian. It tasted nice. It seemed more authentic than other fruit-flavoured drinks he had tried before.

Hoseok was about to lightly kick Yoongi under the table to gain his attention, to ask if he wanted to order a hot chocolate with him when the door opened. Hoseok craned his neck to see if it was who he was expecting, and he smiled when seeing Taehyung enter. But there was something wrong, he had stopped and turned around to talk to someone... But who?

Taehyung looked over his shoulder at the table and smiled, then he faced the person again and said something. The two approached the group shortly afterwards. Hoseok’s face broke into a grin as relief poured through him. “Jimin!” He cried, jumping out of his seat.

“Easy there, tiger,” Namjoon laughed at him as some of his drink sloshed out of his glass when his knees hit the table. But he didn’t much care, he had only realised just how much he had missed Jimin and how happy he was to see the other.

Jimin smiled at him in the same manner as always, cockily and cheekily, as if he knew something that Hoseok didn’t. Hoseok wouldn’t have it any other way. “Hey, ‘Seok,” Jimin greeted, and then nodded at everyone. “I’m sorry I haven’t been on the group chat. I haven’t used my phone much recently. Tae, here, told me I should come today to see you guys.” Jimin flushed suddenly and dropped his eyes. “I’ve missed you all.”

Taehyung threw an arm around Jimin and squeezed him. Hoseok frowned, something clicking inside his mind. He watched Jeongguk’s reaction instead, saw him watch the scene with narrowed eyes. Ugh oh.

“We’ve missed you, too!” Hoseok called, redirecting everyone’s attention to him. “Sit down, sit down!”

“We’ve waited long enough for you, and we’re all hungry,” Seokjin quipped and then proceeded to laugh at his own joke. Namjoon snorted whilst rolling his eyes fondly and then laughed with him. Hoseok’s heart softened seeing this display. He wondered if Namjoon had told Seokjin he was in love with him.

Love. His eyes darted from Namjoon to the seat next to him. It was where Yoongi sat.

Hoseok almost audibly sighed in relief when the waiters returned with enthusiastic beams. He was desperate for a distraction from the stirrings in his heart. The more he thought about it, the more likely he would slip up and he would have to refrain from doing so. He had already made many mistakes with Yoongi, and he was not about to make another one he could easily prevent.

He focussed his attention on the menu instead. What did he want for the main course? Spaghetti, of course, he was in an Italian restaurant. Spaghetti bathed in ripe tomatoes and fresh basil. Remember that old Disney film with those dogs? The spaghetti kiss, one of the most romantic clichés.

Yoongi ordered the same as him. He met Yoongi’s gaze and smiled. His heart clenched when Yoongi smiled back, so soft and serene.

Oh, god. Oh, god. There was no rethinking it, no realising that he had made a mistake and correcting himself, like how he had done when he wrote it carelessly but meaning it with every beat of his heart in the group chat. It was in every breath he took, every smile he saved for the other, every jump his heart made when Yoongi smiled back and in every throb of his pulse when Yoongi touched him.
Hoseok was in love with Yoongi, and he had never been more fucked.

That boy's an angel,

I don't want him to like me;

Angel's shouldn't fall.

Chapter End Notes

OPOWEFKW FUCK DUDE

LOVE AND ANGST IS IN THE AIR EVERYWHERE I LOOK AROUND

btw i havent written a haiku in over 9 years and you can tell lmao

questions: what is up with tae? why is he so 'busy'? what's up with taekook? what is tae gonna say to jimin?? WHY IS HOSEOK SUCH AN INSECURE BUN??? what are they all gonna do with their futures????

okay so that's a lot of questions but it's probably maybe gonna be under 6 chapters to answer them all and to conclude this fic :( 

as usual, if you liked this chapter and want to leave feedback, please drop me a comment! i havent updated in so long it'll be nice to hear from you again and how youve all been <3
Hey hey! I'm back! I'm glad you enjoyed the last chapter, this one's slightly longer!

Thank you for all the feedback from last chapter!

I think I've found the perfect Yoonseok song and I've been listening to it on repeat; this was the song of my childhood from the cheesiest/best movie of all time, so feel free to give it a listen: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zVMP1psp3Lw

Anyway, I hope you enjoy this!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Hoseok couldn’t sleep that night, images and rampant thoughts paraded through his mind. It were as if pictures of Yoongi had been nailed into every crevice of his brain, every time he closed his eyes he saw Yoongi smiling back at him from across the table of the restaurant with a cream moustache decorating his upper lip.

The first thing he had done after arriving back home was paying an emergency visit to his computer, smacking at the keys to type in every variant of ‘how to know when you love someone’ he could possibly think of.

The results were pretty much the same on each website: ‘you think about them too much’, and ‘you want to see them as much as possible’. It was at this point his heart was on the verge of giving out as he felt he could relate to every point. Somehow he was guided towards a flashy website which listed exactly what he wanted to know: signs you’re in love with somebody.

1. **They are the best part of your day.**

This one was a given; Hoseok awaited for nothing more than to see Yoongi on a daily basis, and if he couldn’t see him then texting or calling was the next best thing.

2. **They are the first person that you think about.**

Hoseok frowned in concentration and recalled the last few weeks. When he woke up what did he think about? Breakfast. Lessons for today. Yoongi. Oh. He bit his lip and continued to the third point.

3. **You prioritise them above your own needs.**

Yet again, this was fairly obvious. Surely if you liked someone this was a given? Hoseok would do anything to prioritise Yoongi’s happiness, as Yoongi’s joy was also Hoseok’s.

4. **You would do anything for them.**

This corresponded very much with the third point, Hoseok thought. There wasn’t much he wouldn’t sacrifice for Yoongi.

5. **You are never afraid to express your feelings for them in public.**
Hoseok recalled the events earlier today, him wrapping his arms around Yoongi’s neck in the middle of a crowded street and feeling Yoongi’s hair tickle his cheeks. He remembered entwining their fingers together and squeezing Yoongi’s hand. He still felt Yoongi’s lips on his as they kissed goodbye after they went separate ways when departing from the train station. He would never feel ashamed of being with Yoongi. Sometimes he considered climbing to the rooftops with a megaphone and announcing his love-like for Yoongi. But, then again, that would be dramatic, even for him.

6. *You love their imperfections.*

Hoseok read the sentence and then the description. He cast his mind back but found nothing, did Yoongi even have any imperfections? He leant back in his chair and stared up at the ceiling. What even counted as an imperfection? Maybe something that Yoongi wasn’t comfortable with? So... Letting people in? Maybe being insecure? But Hoseok didn’t consider that as Yoongi’s weakness, Yoongi was just more guarded than other people and there was nothing wrong with that. Hoseok concluded that if Yoongi did have any imperfections, he would love them either way, and then he moved on. It was more than nerve-wracking, he was close to the end and hadn’t disagreed with any point yet.

7. *You think long-term about your future with them.*

Hoseok shifted on his chair and then realised why he was so uncomfortable; he still had all of his layers of clothes on. He shrugged his coat off and then contemplated. The closest he had gotten to thinking about his future with Yoongi was their first date and what he had planned for it, he was even hoping that if it went well then it would be up to Yoongi to plan for their second date. Hoseok wondered how many dates they would end up having before they had to part for university. University. What if Yoongi found somebody else? No, he couldn’t worry about that now, he had much more pressing matters at hand.

If they were still together after university and had endured hardships and struggles but felt more strongly for each other than ever before, Hoseok would want Yoongi to be a permanent part of his life more than he did now. He envisioned them living together, and a picture swam into his mind effortlessly. A picture of waking up early on the weekends to cook Yoongi breakfast and surprise him with breakfast in bed, or sleeping in late together and then commenting over a crappy reality TV show. He considered pets, not a cat but a dog – Yoongi owned a dog.

Hoseok thought about the lavish date nights where he could finally afford to pay for the finest food and wine, but still nothing would compare to Yoongi. Yoongi was priceless, no cost would ever be enough to cherish him how he deserved to be treasured.

So, it was him, Yoongi and their dog living together in a nice apartment in the city, or the countryside – wherever Yoongi wanted. It was almost as if they were a family. Almost. Hoseok regarded the prospect of children, adoption, of course, but maybe surrogacy? He didn’t think too much about the details, he focussed instead on what Yoongi would be like as a father. He would be sweet with their children, one boy and one girl, most definitely. Reading stories to them outstretched on a fluffy carpet, taking them out for walks or play fighting with them. The image was perfection, imagining Yoongi healthy and happy, and healthy and happy with him, nonetheless.

Hoseok wanted it more than anything.

He zoned back into the present and read the seventh point again, then he cursed. It had tricked him! If he hadn’t thought much about the future before, he most definitely had now.

8. *You become a better person because of them.*
Oh, most definitely. Before he met Yoongi properly, he tended to be rash and impulsive, jumping into things – like hobbies or friendships – that he didn’t particularly feel anything for. After opening up to Yoongi and realising how fragile emotions could be, Hoseok wanted to become a person who cared deeply for others. He wanted to help people in any way he could instead of worrying about himself, and that was Yoongi’s influence.

9. *Your feelings are unconditional.*

Hoseok snorted at this point as he remembered the feeling of jealousy running amok through him when he confronted Yoongi about Jinsoo. Even if he had been livid at the situation and overwhelmingly confused, his feelings remained strong throughout. It was one of the reasons why he couldn’t bear picturing Yoongi with another guy.

In such a short amount of time, he and Yoongi had been through so much together. It felt like they had been with each other for seven years instead of a month.

10. *They are your best friend.*

This point was slightly trickier; Hoseok considered a few people his best friends, like Taehyung, Seokjin and Jimin because they had known him the longest. Yoongi was everything and more. Yoongi understood him to the point where it was slightly disconcerting and left him to wonder whether Yoongi could read his mind. They had bonded in such a short space of time it seemed almost impossible, but here they were. It were as if it was meant to be, like Yoongi had been made for him and him for Yoongi.

So, yes. Yoongi was his best friend, and everything else around it.

Yoongi was his everything.

Hoseok scrolled down the page, pressing down hard on his mouse, but to no avail. There were no more points, no more lists. It was over. The verdict was obvious, that’s what the website informed him, if the reader could relate to every point then... It was confirmed.

He shut down his computer and hurriedly changed into his pyjama’s with fumbling fingers and a numb brain. He climbed into bed, pulling the covers over his head and pinching his eyes shut.

It was far too early to claim that he was in love with Yoongi, surely. They had only been together for... Maybe a month? But what about the time before that where they both harboured feelings for each other but did nothing to act on it? Did that count?

Hoseok groaned from under his bedcovers and turned on his side, his back to the wall. He had liked Yoongi for a far greater period of time than Yoongi had liked him, he needed to remember that. Seven years he had had a crush on Yoongi, he was certain that was enough time for a crush to grow into liking someone, and then the months that he had spent with Yoongi surely accounted for this like to grow into love?

But, if he loved Yoongi, what did it mean? There was no way he could tell the other, it would be too soon. They hadn’t even been on their first date yet, so for Hoseok to rock up and confess his undying love would be met with a disbelieving laugh. No, Hoseok couldn’t tell Yoongi, not yet anyway. But how long would he have to keep his heart buttoned?

Sighing in impatience, he decided to push it from his mind for now and hope that the restless stirring in his heart would cease. He settled on going to sleep and taking each day as they came, if he was really that worried about it, he could always talk to Seokjin about it. Seokjin would surely know
what to do. All he needed to do was not think about Yoongi and therefore he would fall asleep.

Hoseok lay vividly awake the whole night.

It was six in the morning when Hoseok messaged Seokjin and an hour went by when Seokjin eventually replied and agreed to call.

“Hey, Jin,” Hoseok greeted, his voice quiet as he was trying not to awake his sister who was in the room opposite his.

“Morning, ‘Seok. May I ask as to why I have the honour of receiving your call?” Seokjin’s voice sounded optimistic and a coil of tension unwound in Hoseok’s body upon hearing a familiar, friendly voice.

“Well,” Hoseok began and then stopped uncertainly.

“Well?” Seokjin prompted.

“I need to ask you something. Something that I don’t know if you’ll be comfortable with,” Hoseok explained, flopping down on his bed from where he was pacing around his room. Seokjin hadn’t confided in him when Namjoon had asked him out, so he wasn’t sure whether Seokjin would even answer his question.

“Oh, wow. Now, that sounds interesting,” Seokjin responded. “You can ask me, ‘Seok. Feel free. May I ask if this has something to do with your lovely Yoongi?’”

Hoseok flushed and was extremely thankful that Seokjin couldn’t see him. “No.” Oh, god, he was so obvious. He cleared his throat and tried to recover himself, “no, it’s not to do with Yoongs. It’s... Namjoon, actually.”

There was a loud intake of air from the end of the line. “Hoseok. Is this your way of telling me that you and ‘Joon are having an affair?”

Hoseok snorted and rolled his eyes. He flicked his eyes to the sky outside of the window. It was a dull sort of blue. “Oh no, you’ve caught me! I was just so enticed by his poetry, I couldn’t hold back-“

Seokjin cut him off with a burst of ear-piercing laughter. Hoseok winced and pulled the phone from his ear, only returning it to its previous position once there was silence on Seokjin’s line. “No, no, it’s not like that. I just wanted to... How are you and ‘Joon? Are you happy?”

Seokjin hummed, as if he were intrigued. “Of course, ‘Seok. Why are you asking? Is it because of the poetry? He told me that he’s fine with all of you knowing about it even if you don’t like it, he said that the only thing that matters is that I do.”

A smile crept onto Hoseok’s face. Namjoon was such a romantic. “I see, but it’s not about that, Jin. I mean... Are you guys serious?”

There was silence, and then an exhale that sounded suspiciously like an, “oh!”

“Are you okay?” Hoseok inquired.

“Oh, yeah, yeah,” Seokjin reassured. “‘Are we serious’, huh? What do you mean by that?”

“Well...” Hoseok struggled, his tongue refused to get the words out. “I mean, are you guys thinking
about your future?”
“Together?”
“Mm,” Hoseok confirmed, his heart staggered in his chest, awaiting for Seokjin’s next words.
“Well, yeah, we have,” Seokjin admitted. His tone was quieter, shy. It was quite cute. “I’d say we’re pretty serious. In all the relationships I’ve been in, none of them have been as supportive as Namjoon. He knows me, and I know him.”
“Do you love him?” Hoseok’s heart ceased beating when there was a pause.
“Of course,” Seokjin affirmed, his voice louder and assured. There was no hesitation. It was amazing. Hoseok’s heart fluttered at the declaration.
“Have you told him?”
“Yes, of course. It’s something that he needs to know.” A cesspool of guilt gurgled in his stomach. “Why are you asking?” Hoseok was silent. “Is... Is this to do with Yoongi?”
Hoseok opened his mouth but only a strained sound came out. He regretted every decision he had made this morning as he heard Seokjin audibly gasp.
“Oh, ‘Seok, that’s great! That’s... That’s really something! When did you realise?”
And because he had nothing else to say, he deflected the question: “When did you realise?”
“Me?” Seokjin questioned, his voice still coated in excitement. “It was at the beginning of the university year. I realised that nothing would be as immense as it is being with him, and I realised that I wanted to be with him always. Now, what about you?”
Hoseok’s heart stung upon hearing Seokjin’s confession. The image of Yoongi rippled through his mind at those relatable words. “I... Last night, I think.” Seokjin cooed and he began to panic. “But, Jin, it’s too soon! I can’t tell him, we’ve only been together for about a month, I can’t-”
“Calm down,” Seokjin instructed. “You’ve liked Yoongi longer than a month though, haven’t you? So, it’s understandable. Now, about telling him – you don’t have to. Not yet. If you do, he might feel like you expect him to say it back. I’d wait, and when it’s the right time, you’ll tell him.”
A wave of dizzying relief washed over him but was quickly diminished by a new surge of menacing panic tearing through him. “But how will I know when it’s the right time?”
Seokjin blew out air. “It’s hard to explain... You’ll just know. You can’t really plan to say it, it’s got to come naturally. Just don’t let it eat you up, ‘Seok. You don’t have to worry about it. You’ve got Yoongi, haven’t you? He likes you back and you’re happy. Just enjoy your time together. It’ll be fine, it always works out in the end.”
Hoseok prayed that Seokjin was right.

The week flew by in a series of classes and lectures from his form tutor about the different types of courses to apply for and which universities specialised in what. By Friday, Hoseok was more than exhausted, he was on the brink of collapsing. He had no idea what he wanted to spend three to four years of his life studying, although he achieved well in certain subjects he didn’t feel particularly passionate towards any of them.
The only thing he could imagine doing for three or four years of his youth was dance. The only dream he really had ever since he was little was becoming a professional dancer. But there were so many career branches he wouldn’t even know where to begin, and he didn’t want to think about it too technically; he just liked how easily dance came to him. It was an art and was the passion of his soul.

He had collapsed onto his desk chair and had booted up his computer when he received a message on his phone.

Min Yoongi: hey, Seok. I’m looking forward to tomorrow even though I have no idea what’s going on.

Hoseok smiled and then caught a glimpse of his reflection in the PC monitor. His eyes sparkled and a grin had taken his face hostage. Is this what being in love looked like? Eternal happiness?

Jung Hoseok: heyy yoongs :)

Jung Hoseok: ahahah don’t worry just trust me on this!

Jung Hoseok: or don’t

Jung Hoseok: now im thinking about it im not sure if youre gonna like it

Jung Hoseok: but you should do!

Min Yoongi: You don’t sound very convinced

Min Yoongi: but it’s okay. I’ll love it no matter what, Seok

Min Yoongi: It’s a gift from you, after all

Jung Hoseok: yoongs why do u insist on imploding my heart?????

Jung Hoseok: youre so cute, I just wanna kiss u

Jung Hoseok: haven’t kissed you since last Saturday :(  

Min Yoongi: I’ll kiss you tomorrow

Min Yoongi: As much as I’d love to continue what I’m sure would become a sext session, I’m going to have to leave it there

Min Yoongi: I’m looking at uni’s

Jung Hoseok: ah no :( well tomorrow night then????

Jung Hoseok: same here!!!!!!! Which ones have you been looking at?

Min Yoongi: Am I still coming to yours on Sunday?

Min Yoongi: ones in the city, I get more money that way

Min Yoongi: what about you?

Jung Hoseok: yes! I meant what I said, Yoongs.

Jung Hoseok: ah I see tbh i havent really looked
Jung Hoseok: but i don’t mind where i go
Jung Hoseok: im thinking of studying dance
Jung Hoseok: what r u gonna study??

Min Yoongi: What about your family?

Min Yoongi: Oh, wow, I’m glad you’re pursuing your hobby

Min Yoongi: I haven’t seen you dance

Min Yoongi: I don’t know what I’m going to study

Min Yoongi: Maybe literature or something like that

Jung Hoseok: I told mum and dad to do a date night, so theyve booked a restaurant
Jung Hoseok: my sisters sleeping round her friends house

Jung Hoseok: why not study music?

Jung Hoseok: oh yh u haven’t seen me dance have you??

Jung Hoseok: i think theres a vid on youtube hang on

Min Yoongi: you’re very cunning, Jung Hoseok

Min Yoongi: I don’t know, I don’t know what I’d do with a degree in music

Min Yoongi: My parents might think it’s a waste of time and not even pay for it

Min Yoongi: I’m waiting

Jung Hoseok: I know baby, im cunning and sexy *blows kiss*

Min Yoongi: never use asterisks with me again

Jung Hoseok: fine

Jung Hoseok: *runs away crying*

Min Yoongi: *chases you with a sharp object*

Jung Hoseok: OUCH

Jung Hoseok: yoongs you like music, whenever u talk about it with me you get really passionate

Jung Hoseok: it’s really cute

Jung Hoseok: I think your parents will support u if its something u want to do

Jung Hoseok: just think about it

Min Yoongi: maybe

Min Yoongi: thank you, Seok
Jung Hoseok: J no problem!
Jung Hoseok: anyway here’s the vid (link attached)
Jung Hoseok: its quite old so know im tonnes better now

Min Yoongi: That’s you?
Min Yoongi: All The Single Ladies, huh?

Jung Hoseok: eijkwqwp ITS A GOOD SONG

Min Yoongi: Never said it wasn’t. I like it, too
Min Yoongi: You’re good
Min Yoongi: Really good

Jung Hoseok: aww thanks yoongs

Min Yoongi: what’s this one?

Jung Hoseok: which one??

Min Yoongi: contemporary dance competition

Jung Hoseok: oh wow that was years ago
Jung Hoseok: my group came first place

Min Yoongi: I can tell
Min Yoongi: It’s amazing

Jung Hoseok: awwww thanks yoongs!!!!! :)

Min Yoongi: Seok

Jung Hoseok: yh yoongs?

Min Yoongi: When you dance

Jung Hoseok: ?
Jung Hoseok: yh?

Min Yoongi: You’re really hot
Min Yoongi: Your expressions are really hot
Min Yoongi: You’re more muscular now though
Min Yoongi: I always see your muscle under your shirt
Min Yoongi: I remember you without your shirt on
Min Yoongi: I want to touch you again
Jung Hoseok: yoongs

Jung Hoseok: you’re done with looking at uni’s aren’t you?

Min Yoongi: yeah

Jung Hoseok: I’m going to call you

Jung Hoseok: And I want you to touch yourself

Min Yoongi: I didn’t think we’d be doing this tonight

Min Yoongi: This is what you do to me, Seok

(You called Min Yoongi)

(Min Yoongi answered)

“Hey, baby. Ready to moan for me?”

It was half past eleven in the morning and Yoongi was standing outside his door wrapped up in a coat and scarf. Hoseok had peered at him through the peephole in awe and when opening the door he couldn’t resist any longer and pulled Yoongi in for a hug.

Yoongi let out a noise of surprise upon his nose colliding with Hoseok’s neck but eventually relaxed in Hoseok’s arms. Hoseok breathed in and felt his eyes shudder in their sockets when his nostrils were graced with Yoongi’s scent, the smell of lemon-scented shampoo and the musk from feather pillows. He started swaying Yoongi from side to side and laughed when Yoongi muttered into his neck for him to stop but didn’t make a move to pull away.

“I’ve missed you,” Hoseok admitted into Yoongi’s ear, clutching Yoongi tighter to his chest to feel Yoongi’s warmth underneath all of his layers.

“You saw me just yesterday,” Yoongi replied. Hoseok could feel him smile into his neck.

“You know what I mean,” Hoseok responded, pressing his lips to the helix of Yoongi’s ear which was touched pink from the cold. Adorable. He released Yoongi, who was smiling softly, and took a step back, inviting Yoongi into his house.

“I was wondering when you were going to let him go.”

Hoseok almost jumped out of his skin. He turned in horror and was met with the unnerving sight of his mother beaming at him from the bottom of the staircase. “Mum!” He called in surprise. “How long have you been-?”

“Long enough,” she cut over him effortlessly. She walked over to Yoongi and bowed. “It’s so nice to meet you, I’m Hoseok’s mother, and you are...?”

“Min Yoongi,” Yoongi bowed in return. “It’s nice to meet you, too. Thank you for letting me into your home.”

“Well, it’s not in me to let someone so close to my son stand outside and freeze,” she joked lightly. She kept smiling. It was like the time when dad had told that one stupid joke that reminded her of their ‘teenage love’ and she hadn’t been able to stop laughing for a solid five minutes.
Yoongi shifted, his smile faltering, not used to being the centre of attention. Hoseok had never wanted to kiss him so badly in his life. But, unfortunately, he had to refrain from doing so.

“Well, we’re gonna go now, so I’ll see you later,” Hoseok hinted heavily but his mum ignored him, like he should have known she would.

“Come,” she moved to the kitchen and gestured for them to follow. Hoseok cast an apologetic look to Yoongi who merely smiled, ‘it’s fine’.

She sat them at the dining table and perched opposite them. Her soft brown eyes slid from Hoseok’s tense face to Yoongi’s uncertain one. Hoseok watched her inhale, and then exhale. She leant in and cupped her face with her hands as if she were about to divulge them with the latest gossip. “Tell me. Are you two dating?”

Hoseok choked on air and started to splutter, Yoongi’s hand appeared on his back and patted him lightly. He almost wished he choked on his own tongue; he knew he had gone an unsightly shade of red due to mortification. How had his mum known the truth? He had never even mentioned Yoongi to her to avoid suspicion. It was incredibly embarrassing when parents knew about your love life, he had heard from various girls he sometimes chatted to.

His mum watched him until his throat opened again and he had nodded at Yoongi to reassure him that he was not going to choke again anytime soon. “So, I’m guessing that’s a yes,” she confirmed, her eyes dancing with – if Hoseok wasn’t imagining it – amusement.

She turned to Hoseok, lines creasing on her forehead as she frowned. “You should have told me, Hobi. It’s a massive deal when your children become romantically involved with someone.” A sense of shame came upon him and he averted his eyes. She moved onto Yoongi. “How long have you been dating, dear?”

“About a month now,” Yoongi answered. His voice was soft, delicate. Hoseok reached for his hand underneath the table and felt a shudder ripple through him when Yoongi gripped back.

“Do your parents know?”

Yoongi dropped his gaze and then shook his head. “No. I’m sorry. I should tell them.”

Hoseok looked back at his mum, the lines etched on her forehead were less visible now. “It’s fine. I understand that it can be overwhelming, but you can’t hide it forever. I don’t mind you seeing each other as long as it’s not getting in the way of your studies; I know how important this year is for you.”

She was smiling again. “So, enough of that. Where are you going today? Hobi, here, hasn’t told me anything.”

Yoongi smiled back at her and then glanced briefly at Hoseok. “He hasn’t told me either.”

Hoseok laughed and leant into Yoongi. “It’s a surprise! I’m not being mean!” He exclaimed. His mum chuckled at him.

“So, it’s a date then?” She looked from Yoongi to Hoseok, her eyes sparkling and smile wide.

“Yes, it’s our first one,” Hoseok confessed, glancing at Yoongi and smiling at him reassuringly. Yoongi quirked his lips into a grin and squeezed his hand underneath the table. Hoseok’s heart burst and gushed crimson adoration.
“Oh, how exciting!” His mum rose from the table, her eyes wide. “I mustn’t disturb you then. I hope you boys have an amazing time!” She blessed them with her words and with one last smile, she bowed and exited, disappearing up the stairs.

There was an awkward silence which was quickly broken by Yoongi. “Your mum is pretty.”

Hoseok raised an eyebrow at him, his lips splitting into a bigger smile. Yoongi stared back at him evenly before saying: “You look like her.”

Min Yoongi, his boyfriend, had just indirectly called him pretty.

Hoseok would be lying if he said that his heart didn’t flutter madly and a frantic blush invaded his face.

A smile grew on Yoongi’s face as he surveyed Hoseok’s reaction, and then he leant in and kissed him on the mouth. Yoongi’s full and textured lips caught him off guard, but he fell into the kiss happily.

Hoseok wanted to push Yoongi onto the table and lean over him, taking in every inch of his body. But he stopped himself. He’d save that for Sunday.

“Where are we going?” Yoongi asked for the seventeenth consecutive time after they piled off yet another train.

Hoseok bit his lip and scanned the station looking for a map. When he found one, he grabbed hold of Yoongi’s coat sleeve and pulled him over to it. Hoseok compared the map to the one on his phone and he felt relief pool through his veins. After many errors in navigation he had finally found where the event was taking place and hadn’t disappointed Yoongi - so he wasn’t a complete failure.

“‘Seok, do you even know where we’re going?” Yoongi asked dubiously, his eyes tracing over the multi-coloured lines that made up the underground on the map.

“Of course I do!” Hoseok exclaimed, hoping that Yoongi wouldn’t catch the relief in his voice. Yoongi shot him A Look which roughly translated to, ‘you are the worst liar’. Hoseok laughed and trailed his hand down Yoongi’s wrist to meet the palm of his hand. Yoongi reciprocated the action and locked his fingers around Hoseok’s. “Now, come on, it’s this way!”

Hoseok led Yoongi to the main exit. He saw Yoongi reading the sign in confusion before he pulled Yoongi away and dashed down the street, praying that the doors hadn’t closed.

“Hoseok!” Yoongi called to him. “Why are we running?”

Hoseok couldn’t spare the breath to answer him and practically swung Yoongi around a sudden corner, they raced past a few more buildings until the music hall swam into place. It was lit up by bright blue lights and Hoseok pulled Yoongi towards the entrance.

Yoongi struggled to catch his breath whilst Hoseok dug through his bag upon entering to show the smartly dressed man positioned at the barrier the two tickets he had purchased online after landing on the site. The man regarded the tickets with a cool stare and then nodded at them. “You should hurry to your seats. The concert starts in less than ten minutes.”

Hoseok thanked him and then reached to grab at Yoongi again, who was red in the face from the sudden spurt of exercise and the cold air. They entered a large hall which had an elevator at the end, but Hoseok knew they wouldn’t make it and frantically dashed towards the staircase.
“Oh, please, no, ‘Seok,’” Yoongi begged but his complaint fell on deaf ears as Hoseok was already dragging him up the stairs. Finally, they reached the floor that their seats belonged on and Hoseok ran towards the entrance to the seats.

At least ten thousand people were spread around the hall, no noise was made as the lights dimmed suddenly. Hoseok swore far too loudly and reached blindly for Yoongi, grasping at him and pulling him to aisle F and apologising for stepping on people’s toes as they reached the seats at the end of the row.

Yoongi sat down onto the seat gratefully, he bent over panting whilst Hoseok made circles on his back and offered him water. “Sorry about that,” Hoseok whispered. He could make out Yoongi smiling weakly at him after taking the water bottle from his mouth. “We just had to make it in time-”

“Ladies and gentleman!” An announcement rang out as the host for today’s concert strutted out onto the stage. He smiled up at everyone and presented his conductor’s baton. “Welcome to the classical music concert, where each piece is picked by the vote of the majority!” He continued talking but Hoseok didn’t hear anything apart from the high-pitched buzzing in his ears as Yoongi had reached out and grabbed his hand.

Yoongi looked to him with wide incredulous eyes. “Hoseok...” He whispered.

“The first piece is entitled ‘Nocturne’ and was originally composed by Frederic Chopin. Please save your applause until the end.’

Hoseok didn’t dare draw breath until the first note was played, the song that he had been listening to over and over for the last week, the song that reminded him so much of Yoongi’s grace and the way his hands fell rhythmically over his keyboard, began playing on the piano on centre stage.

Yoongi leant onto his shoulder and sunk into him. Every breath Hoseok took was entwined with the adoration leaking from the keys and the natural scent of Yoongi that he loved with every quiver of his heart.

It was perfect. Yoongi was perfect, and even the smallest of his breaths was far more breathtakingly beautiful than any piece that could possibly be played on any instrument.

Min Yoongi: hey, Seok, I just wanted to thank you for today
Min Yoongi: It was amazing. No one’s ever done that for me before
Min Yoongi: I’ve never been to a concert before, and there’s no one else I’d rather go with
Min Yoongi: You put so much thought into it
Min Yoongi: So, thank you :)

Jung Hoseok: it’s no problem yoongs! Im glad u had a great time
Jung Hoseok: i was worried you weren’t that into classical music
Jung Hoseok: so im really happy you enjoyed it

Jung Hoseok: its your turn next time btw it can be anything and ill love it yoongs

Min Yoongi: wow, okay, no pressure
Min Yoongi: Seok?

Jung Hoseok: ahahhaahahah

Min Yoongi: I’ve been thinking about it, and I think I want to study music for my degree

Jung Hoseok: yh?

Min Yoongi: yeah, I’ve always loved music ever since I was little

Min Yoongi: and it didn’t feel right when I neglected playing the piano

Min Yoongi: If I’m going to university I want to do something I love

Min Yoongi: I think I want to make music

Jung Hoseok: whoa really????

Min Yoongi: If I’m going to university I want to do something I love

Min Yoongi: I think I want to make music

Jung Hoseok: wow

Jung Hoseok: im so happy for you yoongs

Jung Hoseok: ur musics gonna sound like angels

Jung Hoseok: perfect music made by a perfect person

Jung Hoseok: im glad youre choosing music yoongs!!

Min Yoongi: thank you, Seok

Min Yoongi: it’s all thanks to you

Min Yoongi: you mean so much to me

Min Yoongi: Thank you

Chapter End Notes

VISIONS SO INSANE TRAVELLING UNRAVELLING THROUGH MY BRAIN
COLD WHEN I AM DENIED IT YOUR LIGHT IS ULTRAVIOLET

sorry i love that song so much i think im going to EXPLODE

anyway.... hoseok is the most romantic person of all time and he is in love with yoongi.

am i going to make the love confession angsty??? YOU KNOW YOUR GIRL IS

if you enjoyed this chapter and want to leave feedback please drop me a comment! it
was so nice reading all your comments again, so thank you so much <3
“So, Hobi,” Hoseok’s mother peered around the doorway and her eyes latched straight onto him. He was lying in bed, his fingers dancing across the keypad of his phone and a silly smile spread on his mouth. He was immersed in the group chat and was currently trying to convince Jeongguk to re-enact one of his pictures taken in third year and come into school wearing a cap at a jaunty angle and oddly fitting Timberlands. So far he was having no such luck convincing him, even with Namjoon insisting that Jeongguk would look ‘cool’ and ‘totally not ridiculous’. “Hobi!”

Hoseok jumped and his phone slid out of his grasp, bouncing off of the covers and landing on the opposite side of the bed. “Hi! Yes? Mum?” He smiled up at her after recovering from his initial shock.

She smiled back at him, somewhat sarcastically he noticed. “Your sister is going away tomorrow, you know that, don’t you?”

Ah. She was suspicious. Luckily, he had prepared for this. He frowned in mock-confusion and reached for his phone. “Really?”

“Yes, Hobi. She’s been talking about it all week, surely you must have heard?” Her voice wasn’t coated in disbelief, more weariness.

Ah. She was suspicious. Luckily, he had prepared for this. He frowned in mock-confusion and reached for his phone. “Really?”

“Yes, Hobi. She’s been talking about it all week, surely you must have heard?” Her voice wasn’t coated in disbelief, more weariness.

He shook his head and slid his thumb across the phone screen to unlock it. “Nope.” He popped the ‘P’ sound to enunciate his cluelessness. “I’ve got more important things to do than listen to her.”

“Hobi.” His mother shot him a warning glare which he smiled sheepishly at. “Now, you’re going to be alone tomorrow afternoon and most of the evening.” Hoseok nodded as if he weren’t the slightest bit interested. “So, you’re not to go out, do you hear me? No partying, or going to Taehyung or Jimin’s house. Not even Yoongi’s.”

“I hear you, mum. I won’t go out,” Hoseok repeated, keeping his expression blank as his thumbs glided across the screen. “Enjoy yourself tomorrow.”
“Thank you, Hobi,” his mum deflected, not to be distracted. “So, naturally, if you’re not going out – no one stays over.” Her tone was filled with warning. This erased the second part of the plan which was where he would ask her, and if nothing doing, then beg her for him to have a friend over. She was not going to budge; her mind had been made up.

“Alright, mum,” Hoseok made sure to sound as if he were bored with the conversation as his way of getting back at her. “Have a fun evening.”

“You heard me, Hobi. I don’t want anyone coming around here. It’s time that I made you buckle down and start studying, your mock exams are coming up soon and I do not want you to fail them.”

“I study,” he retorted, his brow creasing in mild annoyance.

“I’m not saying that you don’t study, I’m saying that you need to study more. So, from here on out – no more parties, okay? In general.”

Hoseok bristled. His responses turned into grunts.

“No guests over tomorrow then, right?” His mother reminded again, eyeing him warily. He gave no visible reaction and merely grunted. There was a mutual silence. She sighed, turned on her heel and shut the door behind her.

Hoseok pulled a face at the door, one that caused the muscles in his forehead to ache slightly, and then he exited the group chat on his phone and scrolled down his list of contacts until he found the one he was longing for.

Jung Hoseok: cant wait to see you tomorrow baby

Min Yoongi: I can’t wait either, Seok :)

#justiceforjeongguk’ssnapback

Kim Seokjin: Good morning!

Kim Namjoon: Why are you talking on this dead chat when you have me?

Jeon Jeongguk: Who changed the group name when I was sleeping?

Kim Namjoon: Jin.

Kim Seokjin: My own love... My liege... Betrayed me... How shall I live on?

Jeon Jeongguk: You won’t

Kim Seokjin: That was definitely a threat! Namjoon, protect me!

Kim Namjoon: Fight your own battles.

Jeon Jeongguk: Sorry to interrupt your breakup, but has anyone talked to Taehyung recently?

Kim Seokjin: He hasn’t messaged me, sorry ‘Guk

Kim Namjoon: He hasn’t been on the group chat since yesterday.

Jeon Jeongguk: Oh okay it’s just that he hasn’t replied to my messages either
Jeon Jeongguk: Anyway I’m going for a run, I’ll be back to read Jin’s poems of betrayal

Kim Namjoon: They won’t be as good as mine.

Kim Seokjin: :))

Kim Seokjin: Jeongguk. And Yoongi, I’ve seen you reading the chat. Would you like to see something?

Kim Namjoon: Jin. Please. If you love me.

Kim Seokjin: Aw, I’m so sorry, sweetheart, but I can’t hear you over the sound of my crappy poems! :0

Kim Namjoon: I never said that your poems were crappy!

Jeon Jeongguk: What is so important that it’s stopping me getting my morning exercise? >:o

Min Yoongi: It’s not like your heart will kill you in retaliation

Jeon Jeongguk: It might do Yoongs

Kim Seokjin: I’m sure you’re all aware that Namjoon visited me last Sunday

Min Yoongi: Too aware

Jeon Jeongguk: I remember

Jung Hoseok: why r we all awake at this ungodly hour in the morning????

Kim Namjoon: Oh, no. Please. Not you, too.

Jung Hoseok: morning yoongs and the rest of u losers!!

Jung Hoseok: Jin get to the juicy part make Joon suffer

Jeon Jeongguk: Please hurry I need to go out for a run

Kim Seokjin: If a certain someone hadn’t interrupted me like some sort of un-civilised ape I would have gotten to the ‘juicy part’ :)

Jung Hoseok: WOOOOOW

Jung Hoseok: so passive aggressive

Jung Hoseok: good luck with ur load Joon

Kim Namjoon: Thanks.

Min Yoongi: I’m googling ‘how to kick the host out of the chatroom’

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS WHAT THE HELL??????

Jeon Jeongguk: Good luck with your load Seok

Kim Seokjin: Anyway...
Kim Seokjin: Remember how you all freaked out like little children when Namjoon instructed me to wear a certain something that he had bought?

   Jung Hoseok: REMEMBER???, HOW COULD I FORGET????

   Jung Hoseok: omg its kinky isnt it

   Jung Hoseok: omg oMG

Min Yoongi: I'm starting to think that I don't want you to tell us

Kim Namjoon: So please don't.

Kim Seokjin: I'm so sorry, sweetie, but I don't understand? Wasn't it you last week who told me that, 'I want everyone to know that you're mine, slut'?

Jeon Jeongguk: holy shit

   Jung Hoseok: ummm excuse me Jeon Jeongguk but keep it pure or I will tell the police!!!

Min Yoongi: That's what you're worried about?

   Jung Hoseok: hahahahaha

   Jung Hoseok: no

   Jung Hoseok: holy fucking shit on a white wall Joon you're fucking kinky

   Jung Hoseok: slut????

Kim Namjoon: Oh, please, don't tell me that someone like you doesn't have kinks.

   Jung Hoseok: ummmm wtf is THAT supposed to mean????

   Jung Hoseok: AND I THOUGHT WE TALKED ABOUT THE FULLSTOPS

Min Yoongi: he doesn't mean anything, Seok, trust me

Kim Seokjin: I'm starting to think you guys don't care about my story :(((((

Jeon Jeongguk: Can you just tell it so I can run already

Min Yoongi: If you have to

Kim Namjoon: Which he doesn't!

Kim Namjoon: Jin, if you do this I won't visit you for over a month.

Kim Seokjin: :)))))) honey, who are you kidding?

Kim Seokjin: You can't last without me. Who else will do all of the things you ask of?

   Jung Hoseok: HOLY. SHIT.

   Jung Hoseok: yoongs close your eyes youre far too innocent!!!!!!

Jeon Jeongguk: Very funny Seok!
Min Yoongi: What’s that supposed to mean?

Jeon Jeongguk: It means you need to learn to hide your love bites Yoongs

Jung Hoseok: OOOOOO

Kim Namjoon: Fine.

Kim Namjoon: Babe, don’t do this, if you do they’ll never let me live it down.

Kim Seokjin: :)))))

Kim Seokjin: I know

Kim Seokjin: (link attachment)

Kim Namjoon: fuck

Jung Hoseok: IEOW

Jung Hoseok: OOAQNO

Kim Namjoon: Oh, god, no.

Jeon Jeongguk: urm. Nice?

Jeon Jeongguk: I’m going for a run now

Jeon Jeongguk: I’ll try to run this image out of my head

Kim Seokjin: Have a nice run, ‘Guk! :)

Jung Hoseok: IJWEKGWNJK OH MY GFOOOFO

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS LOOK OH MY GOD

Kim Namjoon: It’s not that big of a deal.

Kim Seokjin: Joonie’s right. He can’t help what he’s attracted to!

Kim Namjoon: You look so good in it, babe.

Jung Hoseok: UMMMM IS THIS ALLOWED????

Kim Namjoon: Don’t try to tell me that you’ve never heard of it.

Jung Hoseok: well duh

Jung Hoseok: i do live in the 21st century

Jung Hoseok: i know that guys wear skirts and that clothing doesn’t have gender and all that

Jung Hoseok: but i dont get why u find ‘girl’ clothes hot

Jung Hoseok: and wearing a full on outfit just for sex????

Kim Namjoon: It’s nothing new.
Jung Hoseok: I've never heard of it

Kim Namjoon: It's not just 'girls' clothes. Clothes can look good on anyone.

Jung Hoseok: Ok, I think I can see that

Jung Hoseok: But isn't sex about being naked??

Jung Hoseok: It defeats the purpose

Kim Seokjin: It didn't seem to on Sunday

Kim Seokjin: But that was probably because we were doing a lot more than just dress-up

Kim Namjoon: Please. Stop there. I'm being deadly serious this time.

Kim Seokjin: Oh, don't worry, Joon. I won't tell someone who's so innocent what we do ;)

Jung Hoseok: You guys are like the old couple who should have stopped fucking ages ago

Kim Namjoon: Speaking of, how's your sex life, 'Seok? What's your lasting time? Up to six seconds now, are we?

Min Yoongi: Seven, actually

Jung Hoseok: IKEOFWKWN

Jung Hoseok: Yoongs, where have you been??

Min Yoongi: Here

Min Yoongi: That outfit is cute, Jin

Kim Namjoon: I think you mean, 'thank you for knowing what looks good on your boyfriend, Joon'.

Min Yoongi: No

Kim Seokjin: Ooo sick BURN!

Jung Hoseok: That's not how young people talk!!!!!!!

Jung Hoseok: Anyway, can we talk about the link??

Jung Hoseok: Why.


Kim Seokjin: *Jin's (hot).

Kim Namjoon: I second this.

Min Yoongi: I third this

Jung Hoseok: Yoongs????? I feel betrayed
Jung Hoseok: no but i don’t get it

Jung Hoseok: what's the point in dressing up in a literal dress??

Kim Namjoon: I don’t think I’m the one to give you an in-depth explanation.

Kim Seokjin: Pft

Kim Namjoon: Anyway. It’s what some people find attractive and others don’t. It can link in with roleplay, or it can just be an outfit.

Kim Namjoon: It’s barely a kink.

Kim Seokjin: Long story short; it’s not weird, so don’t judge me

Kim Namjoon: Pretty much, yes.

Jung Hoseok: ok then

Kim Namjoon: So, now that’s out of the way, what kinks do you actually have, ‘Seok?

Jung Hoseok: sorry ive gotta go my mum wants me to help my sister pack

Kim Seokjin: Yoongs? Care to divulge?

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS

Jung Hoseok: youve been quiet so youre probably busy but NOT A WORD

Min Yoongi: I’m muting the group chat

Kim Seokjin: Good call

Kim Namjoon: Wise decision.

Hoseok was practically bursting with restless energy. He had swamped his sister with an overbearing hug before pushing her out the door onto her awaiting friend, and then jumped into his mum’s arms and almost dragged his dad to the floor when wishing them goodbye in the late afternoon. His mother had described him as ‘full of beans’, and then eyed him with suspicion whilst his father had remained cheerily unaware of anything sceptical.

“I’m not taking back what I said yesterday evening,” his mum had said to him before departing. Her lips, lined red, tightened into a line. “The holidays are coming up and I know you have mocks straight afterwards, so I expect you to be studying and to start today. I want you to succeed, Hobi, I know you can do anything you put your mind to.” She had reached for his chin and had looked him in the eyes, her own eyes lined with worry. It was deeply unnerving, so he had laughed nervously and stepped away, allowing his father to lead her out the door.

With one final surveying glance from his mother he was left on his own with the anxious frustration clawing at his lower stomach. He had been waiting for this all week, and yesterday with Yoongi kissing him in the kitchen had been the final straw. Hoseok yearned for Yoongi to touch him, and for him to touch Yoongi. He wasn’t sure how much he could hold back and was contemplating ravishing Yoongi as soon as he stepped through the doorway.

It was the awkward hours near the evening and at the closing of the afternoon, Hoseok sat idly by
and wasted minutes by watching a cooking show that he wasn’t even remotely interested in. He found himself staring at his phone instead of the TV screen half the time and then decided to cave in and switched the television off, bringing his phone to his chest and unlocking it.

\[ \text{Jung Hoseok: you on ur way???} \]
\[ \text{Jung Hoseok: i want to see you} \]

\[ \text{Min Yoongi: Yeah, I’m walking up your street now} \]
\[ \text{Min Yoongi: I want to see you, too} \]

Yoongi was dangerously near his house. Hoseok’s heart caught fire and stirred him into motion. He kicked himself off of the couch and used the momentum to propel him out the front door and stand outside of the house, his arms crossed to protect himself from the cold and his eyes wide to pick up any figures in the distance. He saw a bundle of coats and scarfs approaching his house. \textit{Yoongi.}

Hoseok’s heart was pounding so rapidly in his chest that he felt giddy. His skin blistered with excitement as he entered his house again and waited inside, bouncing on the tips of his toes. He reminded himself of a hyper-active toddler and immediately tried to compose himself, thankful that no one was around to see his little performance.

The doorbell rang a few moments later and he tore open the door in barely concealed glee, his face about to burst from smiling so much.

“Yoongi!” He exclaimed, his heart burning when seeing his boyfriend at his doorstep wrapped up in what must have been fifty layers.

Yoongi’s eyes just about managed to peer over the thick scarf wrapped around his face and they filled with happiness. “Seok,” he greeted warmly, his voice muffled.

Hoseok grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him inside, shutting the door behind him and blocking any cold air from seeping in. “Look at you! You look like you’re going snow-shovelling!” He cooed, giggling in adoration when Yoongi’s heavily gloved fingers failed to undo the zipper of his coat. Hoseok stepped towards him, taking hold of Yoongi’s hands and gently pulling them away from the zip of his coat, undoing it for him.

“My mum wanted me to – she made me wear all this.” Yoongi was flustered, whether it being from the cold, the amount of layers he was adorning, it didn’t matter. He was perfectly adorable. Hoseok’s stomach felt as if it were filled to the brim with newly-hatched butterflies, he couldn’t help but laugh fondly.

“You look cute,” he commented truthfully, which only made Yoongi blush more.

Yoongi unwrapped the scarf from his face after removing his shoes, Hoseok caught the first glimpse of his eyes and frowned. He moved towards Yoongi at lightning speed and caught hold of his face, enclosing the plush of Yoongi’s cheeks with his fingers. Yoongi blinked back at him, his eyes unusually large and entrancing.

Hoseok squinted at him before his mouth fell open in shock. Yoongi’s eyes were outlined in a natural shade of brown, and had been smudged under his eyes to create what appeared to be an erotic look.

“Are you... wearing makeup?” His voice sounded as if it were drenched with disbelief, but it probably paled in comparison to the look on his own face. Yoongi quickly grew defensive and...
withdrew away from Hoseok’s grasp. He instantly felt cold.

“It’s not a big deal, loads of guys do it—”


He was absolutely pathetic.

But Yoongi didn’t seem to think so. His face grew warm in Hoseok’s grasp and he cast his eyes down, his eyelashes fluttering as he blinked and swallowed. “Thanks,” he muttered, Hoseok detected his pleased tone.

And then Yoongi looked back up at him, his breath caught in his throat and tickled his tongue cruelly. “So,” Yoongi moved towards him, bringing his arms around Hoseok’s neck, his kohl-rimmed eyes tracing over Hoseok’s lips, making him gulp in aroused anticipation. Yoongi reached for his ear, his hot breath ghosting against Hoseok’s earlobe. “Where am I going to pay you back?”

Hoseok’s stomach roared in repressed emotion and he tried to mask the flush that had invaded his face with an impressed smirk. “You’ve just arrived though, baby. Are you sure you don’t want something to drink?”

The pair of arms woven around his neck grew tighter and caused him to lean into Yoongi’s advances. Yoongi’s bottom lip traced his neck as he spoke into Hoseok’s rapidly pounding pulse. “A drink?” Yoongi’s voice was a low rumble as he chuckled. “I was thinking you.” It was strange, to see Yoongi so needy without him making an advance. It was oddly reassuring to know that Yoongi wanted him just as badly as he wanted Yoongi.

Hoseok gaged Yoongi’s expression, heavy-lidded and lips begging to be prised apart by his own. He could feel Yoongi’s heartbeat under his own jumper, it jolted consistently along with his. Hoseok pulled away slightly from Yoongi’s grasp but still maintained their close proximity. He gently pushed Yoongi against the wall of the hallway, the dimming light of outside shining through the narrow window and catching on the golden hues of Yoongi’s eyes.

“You can have me, if you want me,” Hoseok felt the words drip off of his tongue like drizzling honey, pouring sweetness into Yoongi’s ear and making the boy shiver in his grasp. Hoseok’s hands gravitated towards Yoongi’s hips and he placed a lingering kiss in the warm crook of Yoongi’s neck. “I’m yours.”

“Mine...” Yoongi latched onto his words, his tone dreamy as if Hoseok had snatched the soul from his body with a heated kiss of the neck.

Hoseok closed the distance completely and grinded himself into the centre of Yoongi’s hips. Yoongi’s breath second-guessed itself and hitched, Hoseok’s heightened senses caught hold of this and it amplified in his ears as the pleasure received from the friction mounted. Yoongi felt so good pressed up against him, the smell from Yoongi’s neck and hair arousing, and every sigh and twitch from the other boy intoxicating.

He only remembered where they were stationed when a phantom image of his mother’s appalled face flashed across his mind. Panting heavily, he managed to refrain from grabbing Yoongi’s hips again and pushing up harder to ignite a licentious reaction from the object of his desire.
Yoongi’s eyes briefly flickered open, confusion registered on his face when he silently pondered why Hoseok hadn’t repeated the action. Hoseok grinned at him sheepishly, “I’ll race you upstairs?”

The hand that had clenched around the front of Hoseok’s jumper remained as its owner caught his breath. Yoongi smiled back at him after a few moments, and then leant upwards as if to land a kiss with his alluring lips-

Hoseok was pushed to the side, caught up in his lust, by Yoongi who had made a frantic dash for the stairwell. “You’ve gotta catch me first!” Yoongi called down to him whilst he staggered in shock. Once he shook himself and realised that Yoongi had used Hoseok’s attraction to his advantage, an enthralled smile broke out on his face and a surge of bubbly laughter made its way out of his throat.

“You cheater!” Hoseok yelled up at him, using the banister as a hold and swinging himself up the steps. He caught Yoongi by legs and swiped at him, causing his knees to buckle. Hoseok launched himself upwards at the correct time and managed to save Yoongi a fall.

With a pounding heartbeat and a dizzy mind, infectious laughter broke free as he leant over Yoongi who was peering up at him with a wide smile and eyes soft with adoration. “So,” Yoongi started as Hoseok processed their position. “Did I win?”

Hoseok let out a sigh of air which sounded like an amused scoff. “No! You cheated!” Yoongi gazed up at him with brows that twisted in confusion as a look of innocence took over his face. Hoseok frowned back at him, using one hand that was holding himself up over Yoongi to trace the soft of Yoongi’s cheeks and the tender of his under eyes. “You know I find you irresistible.”

A flash of perfect teeth graced Hoseok’s vision when an uncontrollable smile possessed Yoongi’s face. He tilted his head upwards so Hoseok would avoid seeing. “Be quiet,” Yoongi muttered, clearly embarrassed at the attention.

Hoseok’s hand lingered in the air before reclaiming its original position on Yoongi’s face, he leant upwards to meet Yoongi’s eyes and lowered himself so that they were chest on chest. “Oh no, come on, baby. I want to see your smile!” Hoseok spoke softly, an earnestness lingering in the air.

His sincerity must have translated well to Yoongi, who flushed an adorable shade of crimson as his lips split into a dazzlingly wide grin. Gums and all. Hoseok felt slightly faint, his heartrate had increased to the point where it felt like he was sprinting. His boyfriend was the most beautiful thing to ever grace the earth.

“Oh, look, baby. You’re so beautiful,” Hoseok uttered delicately, brushing away the hair from Yoongi’s forehead with light fingers. Yoongi’s hands darted to his own face, and he turned away from Hoseok, struggling to get out from underneath him. The whole scene reminded Hoseok of an incredibly skittish kitten.

“Hey, hey, hey,” Hoseok laughed and managed to prise Yoongi’s hands away from his face. Yoongi gave up quickly, clearly seeing that the only way out of his situation was to fight Hoseok seriously. “Why are you struggling?” Hoseok heard the smile in his voice, but also heard the adoration. He hoped that Yoongi could feel it, as well as hear it. “I just want my baby boy to know how much I – I adore him.”

Fuck. That had been close. Hoseok only hoped that Yoongi was much too flustered to properly recognise what he had been so close to saying.

Yoongi blinked up at him with his lips pressed together in a pout and his eyebrows tightened, the brown of the wooden staircase complimented the colour that outlined his eyes. Hoseok almost forgot
to breathe, he was stunned by Yoongi’s emitting beauty. “It’s embarrassing when you say stuff like that, but... But I want to say them to you, too.” Hoseok was caught off guard but Yoongi continued on determinedly, if not slightly embarrassed. “I don’t think you know how handsome you are. So, there you have it. You’re handsome. Too handsome. It’s annoying.”

It was unexpected. It was inexplicably endearing. It was charming. It was sweet. It was tinged with humour. It was so typically Yoongi that Hoseok wanted nothing more than to curl up and die, happy with the knowledge that Yoongi felt these things for him.

“I’m happy you said that, Yoongs.” A complete understatement. Hoseok was certain his skeleton was going to burst out of his skin in ecstasy. Yoongi peered at him, scepticism in his eyes. Hoseok wanted to melt any disbelief that Yoongi had but wasn’t sure that he could find the words, so he did it in the only other way he knew how. Hoseok bent down and kissed him.

Yoongi leant up eagerly, but Hoseok refused to give in and moved Yoongi’s lips slowly around his own, feeling the slightly rough texture of the skin of Yoongi’s lips and the profuse heat of the other boy. A jolt of pleasure ran through his system as hands fisted into his hair, forcing his mouth to work faster against Yoongi’s.

He felt and heard Yoongi moan into him, opening his mouth to form syllables that sounded suspiciously like a sigh of Hoseok’s name. Hoseok used the opportunity to taste the blazing heat of Yoongi’s mouth. The surface under his hand was cold and smooth, too hard to be comfortable. Yoongi was lying on the stairs.

Burning with guilt, Hoseok ripped away, leaving Yoongi gazing up at him with his mouth wide open, lips glistening with the moisture from Hoseok’s mouth. Hoseok felt his jeans strain as he twitched at the erotic sight that lay underneath him.

“I’m sorry, Yoongs,” he apologised. He rose up and pulled Yoongi up with him onto the landing. “I shouldn’t have done that to you on the stairs. Are you okay?” His hands ran over Yoongi’s back in concern, feeling for anything that seemed out of place.

“I don’t know,” Yoongi sounded out of breath, his voice raspy and low, his back rumbled against Hoseok’s searching hands. “I think you should check me. Properly.” Yoongi slowly turned towards him, his eyes twinkling with barely controlled lust and Hoseok knew that Yoongi would say whatever it took for him to abandon all self-control just so he would touch Yoongi right then and there. And he fell for it. Hook, line and sinker.

“You want to take care of me. You want to protect your baby boy, right?” Hoseok nodded slowly, Yoongi’s hands reached for his chest. He peered up into Hoseok’s eyes with carnal resolution. Hoseok fell in love with that look written into Yoongi’s eyes and wanted nothing more than to reach to him and give him every pleasure that he deserved.

Yoongi’s hand enclosed his face. Yoongi’s proximity was perilous, his heavy-lidded eyes doing an erotic dance that trained his focus on Hoseok’s eyes and Hoseok’s lips. “You can do whatever you want to me later. But, for now, let me take care of you...” Yoongi leant towards him, his lips ghosting over his own and when Yoongi next spoke, his lips moved into Hoseok’s mouth. “Daddy.”

Chapter End Notes

*LOUD SCREECHING ENSUES*
YOONGI. IS. SUCH. A. TEASE.
GRRRRR

anyway as you can guess the next chapter's going to be smut, well most of it is anyway, so i hope you enjoy :) i think it's better than the last time i wrote smut? i still dont really know what im doing but oh well

this story makes me so soft holy crap i love it that you all seem to love it

and 6000 hits??? NEVER in my LIFE

if you enjoyed this chapter and wanted to leave feedback, please drop me a comment <3 i’m interested to hear what people want from this story before i write it all up

thank you for reading <3
It's the weekend FINALLY and I'm back with some smut (which I hope isn't disappointing).

I love Yoonseok so much every time I listen to a song I think of them and feel alive I need help

Anyway, I hope you all enjoy this chapter! ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

His self-control snapped at the utterance of Yoongi's voice spelling out that word. Endorphins swept over his body, and they commanded him to move, to seize control of the one thing that he wanted - and what he wanted was Yoongi.

Hoseok caught the word with his mouth as he pushed his lips into Yoongi's, and using Yoongi's eager response as momentum Hoseok fumbled behind him for his door all the while trying to keep all of his limbs on Yoongi's body, the body that felt so hot it were as if it were melting and had solidified with Hoseok, merging them as one.

He pushed the door open with trembling anticipation and by pulling at Yoongi's hips which rutted against his, he managed to drag Yoongi into his room and slam the door behind him.

Yoongi's moans were delicious in his ear as he backed Yoongi up against the wall, devouring the plush of his lips and the soft skin that peeked above the wool of Yoongi's jumper. Hoseok had never felt so aware of anything before; he felt as if it were programmed within him to respond to every twitch that Yoongi made as Yoongi's mouth welcomed his tongue. And when Yoongi's arms tightened around his neck when Hoseok's mouth trailed down the tender of Yoongi's neck to make its mark, Hoseok felt as if he had been made to evoke such scandalous reactions.

"'Seok," Yoongi breathed heavily, his head leaning on the wall and his face flushed with a sinful red. Hoseok's hand had traced downwards from the sensual dip of Yoongi's waist and was now playing with the waistband of Yoongi's jeans, his fingers stroking at the zip. "No, please, I -"

At the sound of the utterance of that single syllable, Hoseok froze in his actions. Instantly, he dropped his hand from the button of Yoongi's jeans as if it had electrified him. But he couldn't back away; Yoongi's arms were still interlocked around his neck, holding him in place. Fear replaced any lustful desire that roamed freely around his body as he looked Yoongi in the eye. Yoongi stared back at him, his eyes still heavy-lidded but his expression puzzled as if he didn't understand why Hoseok was no longer touching him.

"I'm sorry, Yoongs," he apologised with clear regret in his tone. Had he been too forward with his advances? "I'll stop."

He cut himself off when a snort escaped Yoongi's throat. Yoongi's lust-drunk expression had been transformed into an adoring smile. A full blown bout of laughter was released from Yoongi's mouth as he tilted his head back to laugh, his hair growing mussy from where it had been rubbed onto the
“What? What is it?” Hoseok asked, his emotions clashing together wildly and causing a frenzy inside of him. All he wanted to know was if he had hurt Yoongi somehow, and why Yoongi looked so spectacularly beautiful when he laughed.

Yoongi silenced himself long enough for him to be able to talk. He raised an eyebrow at Hoseok as if he were being an ignorant child, the corners of Yoongi’s mouth twitched as he seemingly repressed another laugh. “‘Seok,” he started seriously and Hoseok nodded, clinging onto every word that fell past Yoongi’s erotically swollen lips. “In no universe will I ever want you to stop touching me.” It took every, and any, willpower that Hoseok possessed not to press himself into Yoongi, to show him that in every universe Hoseok would never want to stop touching him.

“But...” Yoongi trailed off, his wide smile shrinking shyly. He removed his head from the wall and placed it in the crook of Hoseok’s neck, and mumbled embarrassedly: “I want to touch you first.”

Oh. Right.

Hoseok felt his lungs shudder as exhaled a heavy sigh of relief. He found himself laughing dizzily into Yoongi’s ear as he pressed his lips onto the nape of Yoongi’s neck. “How could I forget?” He drew his lips away after Yoongi’s lemon-scented hair tickled his nose. Lemon. Usually it was strawberry. Yoongi must have used a new shampoo. Hoseok was intrigued by the smallest of details – anything to do with the person he loved was what he found the most interesting.

Yoongi’s arms had grown slack around his neck, so he found withdrawing to be a simple task. Happiness cascaded over him as an undeniable thrill of sexual anticipation shot through him, and he grinned at Yoongi who was peering up at him through those gorgeous lashes and kohl-rimmed eyes. “Where do you want me?” He asked, his hand finding Yoongi’s face and caressed his cushy cheeks which were stained with a flustered pink.

He watched, fascinated, as Yoongi’s eyes roamed around his room before finding their way back to him. Yoongi’s lips lifted slightly into an adorable grin and parted to utter his next words. “How about here?”

Hoseok’s brain stalled and he was about to question what Yoongi meant before Yoongi disappeared from his grasp to slide down the wall, collapsing onto his knees. Oh. Right here. On the floor of his bedroom. Yoongi’s blemish free knees on his hard lamented floor. Something about it seemed so forbidden, so hopelessly enticing. That feeling of the height of erotica only increased when Yoongi tipped his head to gaze up at him, the fond smile on his face ever present as Yoongi’s hands gripped the firm of Hoseok’s thigh muscles.

“Holy shit, Yoongs,” Hoseok exhaled shakily as Yoongi’s delicate fingers made their way upwards and traced his prominent erection through the tightness of his jeans. The slight sensation of friction made him shudder and he could no longer question whether or not Yoongi was truly alright with the situation at hand. All he wanted was Yoongi, the swirling in his lower stomach yearned for Yoongi to touch him and provide him a pleasure that he had never experienced with his own hand.

All he could hear was the sound of his grievous breathing as the anticipation mounted as Yoongi palmed at him. He pushed himself into the contact, desperate for any sign of relief, he felt the heat of Yoongi’s hand through his jeans and wished for nothing more than to remove them. Yoongi seemed to be thinking exactly the same thing as he lifted a trembling hand to the waistband of Hoseok’s jeans. He dithered slightly, and Hoseok waited patiently as he knew that Yoongi had never done anything of this nature before and the last thing that he wanted to do was pressure him, before his fingers curled around the button and resulted in undoing it.
There was a brief moment before he felt Yoongi’s hand pressing into him as Yoongi tugged the zipper of his jeans downwards. The pressure around his arousal lightened slightly - all that was in its way now were his boxers. Yoongi must have had the same realisation as he paused before tugging at Hoseok’s jeans, bringing them down towards his knees.

It was more than a tempting sight, to look down and see Yoongi’s hands on his exposed thighs and Yoongi staring rigidly at the bulge in his boxers before deciding to go through with it and exhaling a determined breath that effortlessly worked its way through the material of Hoseok’s briefs, and coated the tip of Hoseok’s erection. A scalding ripple of pleasure tore through him and his breath hitched. But there was no use in demanding Yoongi to help him, he was in Yoongi’s hands now. Every decision would be up to Yoongi to make.

Slowly, sensually, Yoongi peered up at him. His eyes were large, innocent, as his hands trailed the delicate inner skin of his toned thighs and seized the waistband of his boxers. Hoseok captured the moment in his mind so that he could treasure it forever; the way that Yoongi tugged at his boxers whilst maintaining deliberate eye-contact, feeling the cold of the air swirl around his heated erection and then the scalding breath belonging to Yoongi scathe the tip of its head.

“Oh, god, baby,” Hoseok moaned in response to Yoongi placing timid fingertips on the pre-cum that had leaked in his desperateness for pleasure, and then proceeded to work the liquid down the base of his shaft with trembling fingers. “You’re doing so good.” He was extremely aware of how frantic he sounded, but it was the only way he was able to praise Yoongi. His body had been completely invaded by the premise of Yoongi touching him, and now that it was finally happening he didn’t know whether he could take it.

Yoongi didn’t respond verbally, only hovering closer to the tip of his arousal and gazing up at him with a question in his eyes. Hoseok didn’t have time to decipher it before Yoongi changed the direction of his focus and focussed on the problem at hand; Hoseok’s leaking erection that demanded attention.

A breath ghosted the tip, and then a stroke of warm moisture circled the head of his length. Oh, fuck. Blissful gratification took Hoseok hostage as his body responded to Yoongi’s mouth on him, and he shuddered in indulgence as Yoongi took his uncontrollable moans of pleasure to be a good sign and take his arousal in deeper. He felt his centre of gravity shift as Yoongi’s tongue inched over every vein and sensitive patch of skin it could find, he was certain that soon he would have nothing left to give and Yoongi would have taken all of him in.

His hand found Yoongi’s hair instinctively and Yoongi gave in to his silent command. A ravenous hunger devoured his insides as he savoured the sight of Yoongi’s swollen and intoxicating mouth wrapped around his dick, along with a sick desire that throbbed helplessly through him as he experienced the overwhelming moist heat that emerged from Yoongi’s tongue envelop his length.

Yoongi was gripping mercilessly at his thighs and Hoseok felt his body shake. He vaguely registered, with his mind encased in a thick haze of lust, Yoongi’s hand leave his thigh and journey down to the zipper of his own jeans. With an aching amount of effort, desperate to be lost in the ecstasy that he was receiving, Hoseok batted away Yoongi’s hand with his foot and proceeded to prise apart Yoongi’s knees with the powerful muscle sheathed in his calve. He pressed his leg against the crotch of Yoongi’s jeans and then bent his knee, applying pressure to Yoongi’s erection.

“Grind on me, baby,” Hoseok growled in a low tone. Yoongi seemed hesitant at first, his glazed eyes flickering upwards to gage his reaction, his mouth filled with Hoseok’s aching arousal and his lips glistening with a concoction of saliva and pre-cum. Every porno he had ever watched instantly imploded in his mind and melted out of his ear, because in that moment because Hoseok had never
seen a sight so lasciviously enticing. His lower stomach moaned as an inexplicable fire danced through him; he was close.

Uncertainly, but surely, Yoongi lifted himself off of the ground and into the pressure that came from Hoseok’s calve. Hoseok felt the warmth that emitted from Yoongi travel up his leg and into the molten heat that gathered at his base. Still with his lips attached to Hoseok’s erection, Yoongi began to ride Hoseok’s leg, gasping into the sensitive of Hoseok’s arousal and causing vibrations to resonate in the very core of Hoseok’s being.

Seeing Yoongi so desperate and needy beneath him all the while trying to provide him pleasure was enough to send him over the edge. The fire that danced through his lower stomach threatened to shoot out sparks as unnerving pleasure – pleasure that he had never felt before – drummed through him, humming along with Yoongi’s sighs of bliss as the friction increased as he sped up his movements when grinding himself on Hoseok’s leg.

“Baby, I’m gonna-” Hoseok forewarned, trying to give Yoongi enough time to pull away. His words must have fallen on deaf ears as Yoongi, caught up in two acts of delectation, only pushed himself up Hoseok’s leg and took Hoseok’s length in deeper. The fire within him roared and shuddered ferociously in his base before flooding to the head of his arousal. His hand, fisted in Yoongi’s hair, tensed on reflex along with every muscle in his body as he climaxed straight into Yoongi’s gaping mouth, still filled to the brim with his cock.

Yoongi deflated, his hips retreating from grinding against Hoseok and his mouth going slack and pulling away from Hoseok’s length that was growing flaccid. Hoseok’s hand loosened in Yoongi’s hair, he realised he had been holding on so tightly that it must have been painful. Guilt replaced the pool of fire that had recently gathered in his stomach. He had to lean backwards to catch his breath, his lungs expanding and collapsing as they adjusted to breathing in oxygen instead of a lust-coloured mist.

Once composing himself, he hurried with pulling up his underwear and re-fastening his jeans. “Yoongs, are you okay?” He crouched down in order to capture his beloved’s head between his hands. Yoongi looked at him, his eyes unfocused. “Yoongs?” Hoseok questioned, concern beginning to overtake the lingering of carnal satisfaction that roamed in his veins.

“‘Seok,” Yoongi responded somewhat distantly, but a soft smile broke free on his face. “Was it good?” He sounded hopeful as if he were truly concerned about what Hoseok’s answer would entail.

Hoseok ran his thumbs over the apples of Yoongi’s cheeks, aware that a smile was making its way onto his own face. “You were amazing, baby.” A radiant beam possessed Yoongi’s mouth and his eyes sparkled. “God, you were brilliant. You looked so sexy sucking me off. And when you rode my leg – fuck – I thought you were going to kill me.”

Yoongi snorted, but his pleased smile told Hoseok all that he needed to know. “Now, I’ve got to ask you a serious question.” Yoongi looked towards him with an uncertain look, his lips stained with an intoxicating red and his dark eyes piercing. “Are you sure you’ve never done that before? That was too good for it to be your first time.”

Yoongi smiled again and pushed at Hoseok’s shoulder. “Come off it,” he protested. “I could say the same about you.” He shot Hoseok a smirk to which Hoseok returned with a wink.

“Well, I’ve watched porn, so I just guessed at what I was doing would feel good. Besides, I know you, Yoongs. I know what’s gonna feel good to you,” Hoseok explained, tilting forwards to press his lips against Yoongi’s. He felt Yoongi smile into the kiss and lean into it, parting his lips of his own accord. Hoseok gently pushed Yoongi backwards into the wall and dragged his fingers
downwards lightly to trace at the sensitive hickeys that had formed on Yoongi’s neck.

Yoongi’s mouth tasted different than it had before, it tasted sweeter but tinged with a hint of something salty. Hoseok pulled away slowly, tasting Yoongi on his tongue. “Yoongs, did you swallow?”

Yoongi could only meet his eyes for a few brief seconds before focussing on the logo written onto Hoseok’s shirt. “You did, too.”

Holy shit. Yoongi had swallowed his cum. Knowing that a part of him was currently inside of Yoongi would have been unsettling to an outsider, but to him it felt so personal and intimate. It was a total aphrodisiac.

“That’s so hot,” he confessed in an attempt to make sure that Yoongi didn’t feel ashamed. His attempt proved successful as Yoongi scrunched up his nose.

“You’re so weird,” Yoongi retorted to which Hoseok laughed at. Yoongi regarded him with a look that Hoseok couldn’t decipher before lifting his arms around Hoseok’s shoulders and leaning into him. Hoseok’s chest rose at the sudden contact and his heart rate increased when he felt Yoongi’s chest breathe in sync with him.

With bated breath, Hoseok reciprocated Yoongi’s actions and entwined his arms around Yoongi’s lower back. Although the act they had just engaged him had been intimate, this felt completely different. This was vulnerability at its core and something so personally raw it made Hoseok’s heart ache, dripping with love for the boy that he cradled in his arms.

“Yoongs?” He started, his voice as gentle as possible. He received a hum in response and relished in the sensation of Yoongi’s chest vibrating against his. “I don’t want your legs to hurt. Want to move to the bed?” Yoongi hummed again, presumably in confirmation.

Hoseok obeyed, grasping Yoongi by the back of his legs and securing him before lifting him off of the ground. He was pleasantly surprised and spectacularly pleased when he could not only carry Yoongi, but Yoongi fit snugly in his arms. Hoseok placed one leg on the bed, settling Yoongi onto the sheets before Yoongi grabbed at him and pulled him down onto the covers.

Failing to stifle a laugh at Yoongi’s indignant impression, he rose an eyebrow at Yoongi to silently question him for his action.

“You were taking too long,” Yoongi replied with casual indifference before readjusting his head on Hoseok’s pillow so that he practically snuggled up to Hoseok’s chest.

Hoseok was shocked into silence as he watched the act of Yoongi being completely and utterly adorable and perfect be displayed before him. “Holy shit,” he found himself expelling the words in a heavy breath as he hand slipped into Yoongi’s hair and began playing with the strands of silk.

“What?” Yoongi asked, peering up at him with those insanely breath-taking outlined eyes.

“You’re so beautiful,” the words slipped out of his lips automatically, and along with them, so did his heart.

Yoongi’s brow twitched and he struggled to suppress a smile. “So are you.” Yoongi placed his leg around Hoseok’s hip, locking him in place – not that he had planned on moving an inch away from the object of his adoration.

Hoseok’s hand traced Yoongi’s thigh through his jeans and he leant forwards to whisper into the
delicate shell of Yoongi’s ear, “are your knees bruised?”

He felt Yoongi shiver at the low tone of his voice that he may or may not have done on purpose. “I don’t know,” Yoongi answered, his voice small. “I’ll probably find out tomorrow.”

“I think I better inspect them now, Mister Min,” Hoseok chuckled into Yoongi’s ear and then placed a gentle kiss on the side of Yoongi’s temple.

Yoongi laughed with him and playfully prised Hoseok’s fingers from his thighs. “Are you a doctor now?”

(Of course! And a great doctor must always see to his patient’s needs!” Hoseok exclaimed, sitting upwards to slide his hands under Yoongi’s elongated jumper to get at the zipper of his jeans. Yoongi laughed at his impression and kicked at him half-heartedly.

“You’re a pervert doctor then,” Yoongi concluded whilst lying back and allowing Hoseok to unzip his jeans and slide them off with some struggle.

“Well,” Hoseok wiggled his eyebrows suggestively as his hands roamed freely over Yoongi’s delectably pale thighs, fingertips tracing over fine, dark hair that protruded. “I specialise in head... injuries.”

Yoongi’s mouth dropped open before his eyes closed and his body shook with uncontrollable laughter. “I hate you so much. I really do,” he got out. Hoseok simply smiled upwards at him, tracing his hands over Yoongi’s thighs once more before creeping slowly towards Yoongi, his hands on either side of Yoongi’s hips, waist, and then head.

“Why do you hate me?” Hoseok inquired in a polite tone whilst Yoongi tried to shoot him an unimpressed look that was devoured by an infectious smile. “Are you dissatisfied with my service?” Yoongi couldn’t even part his lips to answer before Hoseok lowered his hips and attempted a horizontal body roll, crashing the crotch of his jeans into Yoongi’s half-flaccid cock, concealed only by his jumper and his underpants.

Yoongi’s eyelids opened significantly as a gasp ripped from Yoongi’s throat, his hands scrambling for Hoseok’s shoulders and latching onto him frantically. “Seok,” he breathed out wildly as Hoseok relished the reaction elicited and grinded against Yoongi again, feeling Yoongi’s length hardening against him.

“Did you come before, baby?” Hoseok muttered into Yoongi’s mouth, his lips teasing Yoongi’s needy ones. “When you got on your knees for me and made me come in your mouth?” Yoongi stared helplessly up at him, his hands tightened around Hoseok’s shirt, signalling for him to repeat the pleasurable action. Hoseok obeyed, aligning their hips and then igniting the friction that drove Yoongi into a frenzy.

“See, I don’t think you did, baby,” Hoseok carried on, one of his hands reaching lower and lower until he seized his prize and tugged at Yoongi’s underwear. Yoongi’s legs rose on an instinct around his shoulders and Hoseok used this to his advantage, pulling the garment off of Yoongi completely. He rose up slightly, dangling the underpants from his fingers and investigating them like an intrigued detective. “These are wet, but not wet enough.”

Hoseok flicked his wrist with enough momentum so that Yoongi’s underwear flew across his room and skidded onto the floor. Yoongi challenged his gaze, pulled Hoseok down to his ear, “help me, Seok. Make me wet enough.”
A wonderful feeling of power crept over him and he couldn’t keep it from dominating his mouth. He smiled into Yoongi’s neck, heard the sound of saliva meeting skin and felt the skin break under his teeth. Yoongi’s gasps were alluring and he captured them in his mouth as he drove his hips into Yoongi’s erection once more before removing himself from on top of Yoongi’s person, rolling to the left of him.

“I want you to touch yourself.”

Yoongi audibly whined in discomfort and disapproval of Hoseok’s retreat. Hoseok chuckled, he clasped at Yoongi’s hand with his own and travelled with it down Yoongi’s waist and to the conspicuous bulge that had appeared under Yoongi’s jumper. The wool of the jumper was coloured black and was soft under Hoseok’s fingertips as he pinched at it to ride it upwards. Hoseok noticed the contrast of Yoongi’s milky thighs with the dark of the long jumper, he appreciated it. It was the perfect outfit to elicit such strong reactions in him.

“I’ll be right here, baby,” Hoseok murmured into Yoongi’s ear as he released Yoongi’s hand. “You want lube?”

Yoongi shook his head and gave in to the temptation that presented itself in front of him. Hoseok watched hungrily as Yoongi’s fingers wove around his erect length, traced the liquid leaking from the slit and used it as lubricant. Yoongi’s shaky breath snagged in Hoseok’s ear as Yoongi began moving his hand, up and down the base of his arousal.

“Who are you thinking of?” Hoseok asked in a baritone, inching closer to Yoongi’s side, stroking at Yoongi’s waist with slow fingers. He watched Yoongi’s eyelids flicker and his mouth part to release a moan of ecstasy. The noise triggered the animal that resided inside of Hoseok, trained to only respond to Yoongi, and he felt himself stir and reawaken. “You’re thinking of me, aren’t you? Do you do that every time you touch yourself? Imagine that I’m there with you, touching you?”

Yoongi let out a, “yes,” that sounded laden with frustration. He didn’t understand why Hoseok was taunting him, why Hoseok wasn’t touching him.

Hoseok, with his other hand, reached towards the zipper of his own jeans and grabbed at his own erection, following Yoongi’s pacing. The only thing he could hear was the sound of Yoongi’s erratic breathing and occasional moans, no longer muffled by the speaker of a phone. Yoongi was here with him, thinking of him, and he was following Yoongi’s lead.

“You wanna know what I think of when I touch myself?” Hoseok concentrated on talking whilst feeling the familiar stoking of a fire in his lower region. Yoongi’s pace was growing sloppy, the head of his erection swollen and glowing in the dimming light of the afternoon with pre-cum. “I think of you, Yoongs. I think of you and everything that you are and everything that you do to me. The way you moan my name when you come, the way that your existence is the best thing that’s ever happened to me.”

Hoseok decided that it was time, his breath was coming in quick pants, and with the hand that was placed upon Yoongi’s waist Hoseok placed his hand over Yoongi’s. Yoongi groaned in bliss, and buried his head in Hoseok’s chest, pushing himself into Hoseok’s hand. Yoongi’s length felt hot in the palm of his hand and he felt a familiar storm of fire raging in the base of his erection as he fondled underneath Yoongi’s cock.

“’Seok - a-ah!” Yoongi cried into Hoseok’s chest. He felt Yoongi shudder and tense in his hand before he reached his climax, euphoria dripping onto Hoseok’s hand. The sight of it all, the sound of Yoongi sighing his name, tipped him over the edge and he groaned as the fire rampaged through him. He felt himself spill onto his own hand, arching into the side of Yoongi’s leg and ejaculating
onto the creamy skin of Yoongi’s thighs.

Yoongi lay next to him, his breath coming out in heavy pants and his body trembling as the ecstasy running through him had yet to ebb away. Hoseok felt it, too. The same feeling of yearning fulfilled and satisfaction taking the place of where lust and desire had recently paraded inside of his veins.

“Fuck,” Yoongi cursed, his voice deep with a post-climax haze. Hoseok followed Yoongi’s eyes and glanced at the mess they had made. Semen decorated the already white sheets of Hoseok’s bed and was strewn along the majority of Yoongi’s thighs and the slight reveal of his pale stomach. “Icky.” A laugh escaped his throat, though it was slow and sounded weary. “I don’t know. When it’s not just me, it’s kinda hot.”

Yoongi glanced up at him, his eyebrows drawn together in obvious distaste. “I’m not lying here just to get you off. Again.”

Hoseok sighed in mock-disappointment before turning over and reaching for the box of tissues on his desk. He wiped any liquid off that tainted the skin of his hands and then swiped along Yoongi’s legs, along with his stomach. Yoongi showed no signs of protest, in fact he had closed his eyes and gave a sigh of contentment.

“You want a shower?” Hoseok asked once he thought he was done with the task. He scrunched the tissues used up into one hefty ball and contemplated standing up to throw them in the bin, but decided against it when Yoongi curled into him. “I’ll give you some new boxers if you want.”

Yoongi nodded into his chest. “Yeah. Thank you.”

Hoseok kissed Yoongi’s temple, breathing in deeply to inhale the smell of lemons that radiated from Yoongi’s hair. “It’s no problem, Yoongs. You can borrow my shampoo and stuff.”

“Thank you,” Yoongi repeated before clearing his throat. “Seok,” Yoongi began, his eyebrows creasing together showing that he was uncertain about something.

“Mm?” Hoseok hummed, encouraging him to continue whilst battling with a yawn of exhaustion.

“I know school’s tomorrow but is there... Is there any way that I can stay over?” Yoongi’s tone was serious yet slightly sceptical, as if he knew the answer already.

Hoseok felt his heart collapse in disappointment. “I’m sorry, Yoongs,” he kissed the furrow in Yoongi’s brow. “My mum thinks I’m studying. She told me yesterday that I couldn’t go out today or even have anyone over.” Yoongi merely nodded his understanding, and Hoseok went to hug him before realising that Yoongi would probably not appreciate having a ball of tissues stained with cum being rubbed against him. “Yoongs, I want nothing more than for you to stay over – I’ve never had a sleepover with you, and I want one more than anything.”

“It’s okay, Seok,” Yoongi said with understanding laced in his voice. “I just... Didn’t want today to end with us leaving each other and then next seeing you tomorrow at school. I guess I want to spend more time with you.”

A blizzard of love ran throughout his being, causing him to shiver as goose bumps made their way up and down his skin at Yoongi’s words. Hoseok reached towards Yoongi, inflicting his lips upon his, hearing their kiss and the sound of Yoongi’s eagerness for Hoseok’s tongue to enter his mouth. With much difficulty, Hoseok pulled away and gave Yoongi’s eyes a weighty gaze. “I feel the same way. I can’t bear to be without you.”
Yoongi returned the gaze, his eyes jumping from Hoseok’s left eye to his right eye as if to judge the sincerity in them equally. Something akin to fear dawned upon Yoongi’s facial expression. “I can’t be without you either.” Whether it was the fear of commitment or the fear that Yoongi assumed that one day Hoseok would leave him, Hoseok didn’t want to battle with.

“And you’ll never have to be,” Hoseok replied earnestly, ready to demolish any doubt weighing on Yoongi’s mind. “I’ll always be here for you, Yoongs.” Yoongi didn’t respond, merely gazed up at Hoseok as if testing his word. Hoseok looked to the side shiftily as if second-guessing himself. “Well, except for now, obviously. Because you’re gonna go and get a shower.”

“You don’t want one?” Yoongi asked him in surprise, and if Hoseok detected it correctly, with a tinge of disappointment.

“I’ll have to get one after you. I don’t think that shower’s big enough for the two us.” Hoseok kissed the top of Yoongi’s head one last time before re-buckling his jeans and swinging his legs over the bed. He stood up somewhat successfully as he only staggered instead of falling over as his blood adjusted to the new centre of gravity. He threw the ball of tissues into his bin and then rifled through his drawers, pulling out shampoo, conditioner and body lotion.

He turned around to find that Yoongi had sat up and was staring at his underwear that Hoseok had carelessly thrown onto the floor. “Oops,” Hoseok laughed lamely and scooped up the underwear with his spare hand. “I’ll go put this in a bag, and I’ll have to put those sheets in the wash when you’re in the shower. I’ll get mum’s hairdryer, too – do you want a hairdryer?”

Yoongi was looking at him incredulously, his gaze flickering to the underwear that Hoseok gripped in his hand. “I can’t believe you just picked those up.”

“Hmm?” Hoseok questioned, looking to Yoongi’s underwear. “Well, I don’t mind. They’re yours, aren’t they?”

“They’re dirty,” Yoongi deadpanned, but accepted the shower treatments that Hoseok bestowed upon him.

Hoseok finally understood what Yoongi was getting at and he let out a loud laugh as he tossed a pair of his own clean underwear towards Yoongi. “Oh, come on, Yoongs, like I’m gonna care about that! Besides, I know the reason why they’re dirty, and it’s not like I haven’t partaken in your fluids before.”

Yoongi’s face crumpled up into an appalled expression. “Did you have to phrase it like that?”

“Yes!” Hoseok replied indignantly, gathering Yoongi’s jeans from where they had slipped onto the floor and adding it to the pile in Yoongi’s arms. “Speaking of, do you have a gag reflex?” The question had occurred to Hoseok as he looked back upon the scene that was now permanently engraved in his memory.

Yoongi watched him warily before answering. “Yes.”

Hoseok collapsed next to him on the bed, disbelief running through him. “But how did you... You took all of me in! How did you...?” He was aware that sounded like a complete moron, but he was astounded.

Yoongi sighed through his nose and cast his attention back to the pile that lay in his lap with his arms circled around it. “I looked online for tips. I found out that if you hold your thumbs down, your gag reflex disappears.”
“No fucking way.”

“I didn’t believe it either. But, it works. As we both know.”

“Holy shit. That’s something they should definitely teach in science.”

“Maybe we could go to the front of the class and demonstrate.”

Hoseok threw his head back in hysterical laughter whilst Yoongi snorted at his reaction. “Is that your date idea, Yoongs? Just know that I don’t have any qualms.”

“Your idea of romance is really disturbing,” Yoongi retorted, but Hoseok spotted a smile easing its way onto his face.

“Yeah, but you love it,” Hoseok replied, his hand curving around Yoongi’s neck in order to turn Yoongi’s head towards him.

“Do I, now?” Yoongi smiled into Hoseok’s lips before leaning forwards and closing the distance between them. Hoseok dipped into the kiss, humming slightly as he felt Yoongi shiver as his fingers scathed the tender of his neck that was now marked by hickeys left by Hoseok.

Yoongi tilted his head to avoid their noses from colliding and he licked at Hoseok’s bottom lip, to which Hoseok responded by pulling away and gazing into Yoongi’s eyes which shone back at him with unexpressed fondness. He started again by kissing at Yoongi’s bottom lip before inviting his tongue into the blisteringly hot, damp oven that was Yoongi’s mouth.

Yoongi moaned, the noise resonating on his tongue which bled into Hoseok’s. Hoseok reached for Yoongi’s face, cupping his jaw and cheek with his hand and with his thumb he swiped softly at Yoongi’s under-eye. Hoseok made to push Yoongi back onto the bed, to begin stroking at the tempting thigh that was concealed under Yoongi’s long jumper, but found that he was gripping at empty air. Yoongi had slid out of his grasp and was now backing away from the bed.

Hoseok pouted and whined, “Yoongs, that was so cruel!”

Yoongi threw a smirk at him and headed for the door. “Deal with it. You’ve already had me today, are you so hormonal that you can’t even wait an hour?”

Hoseok’s mouth dropped as Yoongi proceeded to rip him apart. Yoongi seemed perfectly fine with it, however, as he opened Hoseok’s bedroom door wearing nothing but that provocative jumper that ended above Yoongi’s knees, showing off his delectable and delicious thighs – which weren’t sculpted from muscle like his own, but were shapely in their own alluring way.

“Fine!” Hoseok exclaimed, and flopped back onto the bed dramatically. “The bathroom’s at the end of the hall, there should be a wash cloth and a towel literally labelled ‘guest’ for you to use.”

“Thanks, darling,” Yoongi said back to him, lingering in the doorway. Hoseok couldn’t deny his instincts any longer and sat up, only to stare gormlessly at Yoongi who had positioned himself against the doorframe with one leg raised and bent whilst one of his hands trailed up his thigh, dragging the material of the jumper up with it, all the while supporting the pile that Hoseok had given to him. Hoseok almost felt that he could have been drooling.

Yoongi snorted at Hoseok’s dumbfounded expression and lowered his leg, he shook his head and rolled his eyes amusedly. “Hopeless,” he muttered fondly before walking in the direction of the bathroom.
Hoseok felt that he very much agreed. When it came to matters concerning Yoongi, he was very much hopeless in falling for him, wanting to rush to his aid when the other boy encountered any problem. So, yes, Hoseok was hopeless. Hopelessly in love.

“This is ridiculous – he’s only saying that so she doesn’t cry again! Her presentation’s crap,” Yoongi murmured with an angry passion into Hoseok’s shoulder as two were curled up on the couch downstairs watching a re-run of the same cooking show Hoseok had been watching earlier on in the day.

Hoseok laughed at Yoongi’s comment, finding that he agreed with it, and continued tracing circles on Yoongi’s hand with his thumb as their hands were intertwined and rested on Hoseok’s lap. “Isn’t all that black stuff her mascara? Or burnt bits?”

Yoongi chuckled and, with his spare hand, he reached for the bowl of popcorn that sat between them. “Ugh, not this guy again.” Said ‘guy’ appeared on screen and promptly knocked his tray on the floor due to his own skittish nerves. Hoseok let out a burst of manic laughter and caused some of the popcorn pieces he had cooked to scatter onto the floor. Yoongi raised an eyebrow at him, looked to the screen and then back to him. “I see no difference.”

“Hey!” Hoseok protested, his lips stretching into an affronted grin. “Take that back! I’m nothing like that guy!”

“The only difference is that he wears glasses,” Yoongi commented, turning his attention back to the screen.

Hoseok frowned in mock-offence and gasped melodramatically. “Yoongi! Are you telling me that everything we’ve done, you’ve done with him?” Yoongi turned back to him and rolled his eyes, a smile forming on his lips.

“Well, I couldn’t help myself, ‘Seok. He was just so...” The guy on screen began to panic as the judges regarded him with disappointment, and he started to pick up the pieces of cake and frantically tried to stick them back together with the icing. “… Sexy.”

It was a desperate struggle to hold back his laughter. “How could you?” Hoseok lifted a hand to his forehead and faked a swoon. “I’ll have to win you back with my manliness! Grr...” Hoseok succeeded in knocking the bowl of popcorn onto the floor and having it roll over as he grabbed Yoongi by the wrists and toppled him backwards onto the remaining part of the couch.

Yoongi stared up at him in disbelief before his eyes crinkled in amusement. “You’re crazy,” he laughed as Hoseok head-butted Yoongi’s chest as an act of ‘manliness’.

“Crazy for you, baby,” Hoseok replied, half-jokingly. Only when Yoongi looked up at him with a wide smile did he take into account the suggestiveness of their position. Him on top of Yoongi, thighs either side of Yoongi’s hips.

It seemed Yoongi realised the same thing as well. He coughed, looked away from Hoseok and back to the TV screen. “As much as I’d love to go where I think this is gonna go, I don’t think we should do this in your family room.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” Hoseok affirmed, but still he didn’t move from on top of Yoongi. Instead, he gazed down at the boy that lay beneath him. The most beautiful thing he had ever laid eyes upon. “Yoongs,” he began, his brain beginning to whir.

“‘Seok,” Yoongi replied, looking back up at him and making no move to remove himself from
underneath Hoseok’s person.

Hoseok leant down again, but this time he laid his head atop of Yoongi’s chest that rose at the sudden contact. Hoseok’s fingers grasped a hold of the material of Yoongi’s jumper and knotted it around his thumb. “This is gonna be pretty embarrassing.”

“What is it?” Yoongi asked, his chest rumbling underneath Hoseok’s ear. Hoseok closed his eyes and relaxed when he felt a pleasant tickle of his scalp as Yoongi had begun to play with his hair. “You picked up my dirty underwear without a care in the world, ‘Seok. You can tell me anything and it won’t be as embarrassing as that.”

Hoseok chuckled at Yoongi’s reply. “True,” he said. Deciding that he had trodden into too deep waters to back out now, he lifted his head to face Yoongi. “Have you ever thought about wearing a skirt?”

Yoongi’s hand froze in his hair, his fingers tensing as it worked out a knot. Yoongi chewed his cheek in thought as Hoseok felt instant regret and wished that he could take back the words, so he wouldn’t have put Yoongi in the situation they were in now.

“What do you mean?” Yoongi asked, meaning that Hoseok was going to have to explain it.

“Well, it’s just what ‘Joon and ‘Jin said on the group chat...” Hoseok admitted sheepishly. Yoongi nodded his understanding, though his eyes were imperturbable. “At first I didn’t get it, but... Seeing you today in this jumper...” Yoongi’s eyes flickered downwards to where Hoseok had knotted some of the material in his hand, “... made me think.”

There was a brief pause in which only the sound of the TV in the background could be heard. Yoongi’s hand flexed in his hair before he continued playing with the strands absentmindedly. “You want me to wear a skirt.” He didn’t pose it as a question.

To say that Hoseok panicked slightly would be an understatement. Hoseok’s instincts kicked into survival mode as his brain tore itself apart in a frenzy. “N-no! Well – no, it’s just – I thought that you would look – not if you don’t want to, it’s up to you, but – I-”

“Hoseok,” Yoongi interjected, his hand combing through Hoseok’s scalp instantly calmed him down. Hoseok looked up at the usage of his full name, a smile played on Yoongi’s lips. “It’s fine. I’m not offended.”

“You’re not?” Hoseok questioned, leaning into Yoongi’s touch.

“Yeah, I’m not. Wasn’t it ‘Joon who said that dresses and all that are just clothes? I’ve never heard of guys wearing anything like it before for those purposes, but when ‘Jin sent the link... I don’t know.” Yoongi seemed slightly uncomfortable with whatever he was about to admit. “I thought about it. I didn’t mind it. What made you change your mind?”

Hoseok frowned up at him in bemusement. “What do you mean?”

Yoongi shrugged. “You seemed against it.”

Hoseok cast his mind back to the texting conversation that had played out on his phone. “I don’t think I was against it, as such. I just didn’t understand it.”

“Okay,” Yoongi spoke softly, his fingertips tracing the nape of Hoseok’s neck and evoked a shiver. “So, what made you change your mind?”
Hoseok grinned up at him with a teasing smile. “You, looking so damn gorgeous in this jumper. Your legs are so sexy.” His imagination began running away with him, began pouring out of his mouth like sinful secrets. “I can imagine you in thigh-highs, Yoongs. God, I could probably come without you touching me.”

Yoongi’s hand had stilled in his hair again, a flush had risen to his face. Hoseok chuckled and reached upwards towards Yoongi’s lips, applying pressure with his own and feeling how swollen Yoongi’s lips were with the day’s previous activities. “Okay,” Yoongi sighed into his mouth.

Hoseok pushed himself off of Yoongi, staring down at the boy in shock. “What?”

Yoongi looked embarrassed but tried to play it off. “I said ‘okay’. I’ll do it. For you.”

“Are you serious?”

“As serious as I am about you getting off of me,” Yoongi quipped and pushed at Hoseok to return to their original seated positions. Hoseok was too astonished to notice that he had been moved. Yoongi was going to agree to it? “Your parents are coming back at eight, right?” Yoongi checked his phone and moved off of the couch, settling to pick the popcorn up off the floor and place them back into the bowl.

“Yeah, eight,” Hoseok replied distractedly, moving automatically to assist Yoongi. “You’re being serious, Yoongs?”

“About your parents?” Yoongi avoided looking him in the eye. He was clearly having fun with this.

“You know what I mean,” Hoseok directed him back to the recent conversation that had taken place. “About wearing a skirt. You’re not kidding?”

Yoongi threw in the last piece of popcorn and smiled smugly when it landed perfectly in the bowl perched on Hoseok’s lap. “Nope.” Yoongi rose from the floor and shot Hoseok a self-satisfied smirk. “I’ll wear thigh-highs, too. Maybe even stockings. A suspender belt and all.”

Hoseok gazed up at him, completely bewildered. His eyes followed Yoongi’s movements, as the other boy made his way towards the door, on reflex. His mind was stuck on the prospect of Yoongi adorning such clothing in a way that made it seem scandalous.

“You know,” Yoongi spoke without having to raise his voice, knowing that Hoseok would latch onto every word. Yoongi spared him a glance, his eyes glittering in seductive amusement. “I might even go the whole way.” He clocked the obvious intrigue on Hoseok’s face and fed into it, stoking the flames of his fantasies. “Might even put on panties.”

And then with a smile turned innocent, Yoongi turned and left the room, entering the hallway so that he could prepare to leave. Hoseok sat on his knees in the living room, his brain power malfunctioning and his mouth agape all because of the deliciously erotic image that Yoongi had built up had been etched into his mind.

“What kind?” Hoseok called to the hallway, finding that his leg muscles proved useless in allowing him to stand.

“You pick,” Yoongi called back to him, his casual tone laced with a flirtatious undertone. “Anything you like.”

“Hobi, you better not have spent your whole day watching movies downstairs. I’ve just had to clear
up some popcorn from the floor so that your mother didn’t see.” Hoseok’s dad knocked on his door. Hoseok succeed in restraining a laugh and called for his dad to enter.

“Don’t worry, dad, I only did that on my break,” Hoseok bluffed, gesturing to the masses of textbooks on his desk that he had poured out of his drawers in the last half an hour. “I’ve been going over these for most of the time.”

“Well done,” his father beamed proudly at him and Hoseok felt a twinge of guilt eat at his heart but he continued on smiling in an accomplished manner. “I never liked studying when I was your age, so I’m glad you’re ploughing on through it.”

“Thanks, dad,” Hoseok smiled. “Did you have a good evening?”

“Oh, yes, it was lovely. Your mother and I had an excellent time. You were right, an evening out was just what we needed. Thanks again, Hobi.” His father then excused himself and shut the door behind him with the notion that he was leaving Hoseok to study in peace.

Hoseok sat at his desk for a few seconds, ensuring that no one would come bursting in on him unexpectedly and cry that they knew there was no way that he could be studying. When nothing happened and his mother’s disappointed face didn’t appear, he allowed himself to breathe a sigh of relief. He reached for his phone that he had conveniently placed out of sight and rifled through his messages that he hadn’t had the chance to check ever since Yoongi had arrived and then departed.

Min Yoongi: Now that I’m gone I want you to study

Jung Hoseok: of course i will! but tomorrow, im tired now :)

Jung Hoseok: my dreams will be filled with u baby ;)

He was mildly surprised when he found that Taehyung had contacted him a few minutes ago. He opened the chatroom curiously.

Kim Taehyung: hey, Seok

Kim Taehyung: sorry I’ve been quiet recently, I’ve been sorting some stuff out

Kim Taehyung: I think I’m allowed to tell you, I trust you not to tell anyone bestie :P

Kim Taehyung: can I meet you tomorrow after school? The coffee shop in town??

Jung Hoseok: hey tae!!!

Jung Hoseok: nah its fine as long as you’re okay!

Jung Hoseok: have u been talking to jimin? He hasn’t been in school recently

Jung Hoseok: well ive gotta ask my mum cuz she told me i wasn’t allowed out today cuz i had to study

Jung Hoseok: but i told her ive been studying all day

Kim Taehyung: your concern is adorable!!

Kim Taehyung: I’ve been taking work around to his house so I think his parents are making him do it
Kim Taehyung: he’s alright, he just needs some time away from school. His mum told me that he’ll be back before winter break starts! :D

Kim Taehyung: aaah my lil bookworm :’D

Kim Taehyung: and have you been studying?

    Jung Hoseok: im glad to hear that, he doesn’t use his phone anymore so i never know what’s happening with him

    Jung Hoseok: ahhhh what do u think????

Kim Taehyung: Yeah, I know, I don’t blame him though cuz people he used to hang out with keep texting him asking him for money for drinks and drugs and stuff :/

Kim Taehyung: aaaaa, Seok, you’re a legend among us procrastinators

Kim Taehyung: My parents are making me study now

Kim Taehyung: Especially my dad

Kim Taehyung: It’s why I’m not free on the weekends anymore

    Jung Hoseok: i feel bad for him :( i should go and visit him some time

    Jung Hoseok: :( thats sad tae, good luck soldier

Kim Taehyung: good idea, bring lover boy with you, I’m sure he’ll be pleased to see you again! :D

Kim Taehyung: indeed it is my dear :

Kim Taehyung: But it’s all for the best (I think :P)

    Jung Hoseok: ok ill ask yoongs at school tomorrow

    Jung Hoseok: tae u never told me details about ur date with guk

Kim Taehyung: and there’s a perfectly good reason for that

Kim Taehyung: have you ever heard of confidentiality between me and my love interest?

    Jung Hoseok: no now spill

Kim Taehyung: ahhahahaha

Kim Taehyung: maybe tomorrow

Kim Taehyung: can you make it?

    Jung Hoseok: should do

    Jung Hoseok: anything for u bestie ;)

    Jung Hoseok: gotta go, talk to u tomoz, mums at the door

Kim Taehyung: :D okay bye bye! <3
Hoseok responded to the familiar knock on his door, calling out that his mum could enter, after shoving his phone under his pillow. The same pillow that Yoongi had rested his head on today.

“Hello, Hobi,” his mother smiled warmly at him, which Hoseok was grateful for. He was paranoid that she would be suspicious no matter how he acted. She was dressed in her pyjamas with a nightgown wrapped around her. “How was your day? I see that you studied hard.” Hoseok nodded and shut one of his textbooks for show. “You look happy.”

Hoseok instantly tried to quell his smile, but to no avail. “Just happy to see you, I guess.”

She tipped her head to the side, and he instantly regretted his choice of words. He was going about this too nicely. “I’m glad to hear it. But next time you eat in the living room, make sure you clear up completely, okay?”

Obviously his father had missed a few popcorn pieces that his mother’s keen eye had picked out upon entering the room. “Sorry about that. The bowl tipped over.”

“You should have got the hoover out,” his mum scolded lightly. “That whole room could do with a good clean.”

“What did your last servant die of, mum?” Hoseok jested, beginning to pack up the textbooks that he had barely glanced at, but held them in way that he had used them for the last couple of hours and was intimate with them.

“Nothing, you’re still alive,” she retorted, an amused smile pulling at her lips. Hoseok laughed and threw in the books that he needed for tomorrow’s lesson into his open school bag. He was aware that she was still standing by his doorframe, the same frame that Yoongi had leant on today and had pulled a provocative pose to tease Hoseok. He bit his cheek harshly to bring himself back into the present. “Did you use my hairdryer today, Hobi?”

Hoseok tried not to visibly stiffen and to carry on zipping up his backpack. “Huh?” He feigned ignorance. “Oh, yeah, I did. I had a shower before I took a break and didn’t want to get the couch wet.” He could have applauded his flawless excuse.

There was a painfully obvious pause before his mother next talked. “Right,” his mother said. “Please put it back correctly next time. The wire’s all knotted up.” Hoseok nodded and saluted, as if to say, ‘will do, sergeant’. He began piecing together his uniform for tomorrow, silently questioning why his mother was still lingering by the threshold of his room.

“Did you change your sheets?” She asked another question in the same tone of voice. An inquisitive tone. One that suggested she was slowly piecing things together.

Hoseok looked to his bed where cream sheets lay instead of his usual pristine white coloured ones. “Yeah. I brought an energy drink up here and accidentally spilt it, so I had to put it in the wash. Sorry.” He tried not to act too remorseful, not too guilty. He needed to act as if he had broken a simple household rule not to have drinks upstairs and not as if he had gone against an order that she had given to him directly.

She tutted, a sign of her disapproval. “You know what I say about drinks upstairs.”

“Yeah, I know, mum. I won’t do it again,” Hoseok replied, hanging his blazer up on his wardrobe and finally turning to face her. She had her arms folded now, and her eyes were searching. His stomach twisted in fear. Was she onto him? No. It wasn’t possible. There was no way that she could possibly know about Yoongi’s visit, let alone what they did together.
She regarded him with a heavy look, her eyebrows creased together almost as if she were concerned or battling with her thoughts. “You know,” she began slowly, as if planning the next set of words out in her head. “I don’t mind if you invite over a study partner. I’m sure it can’t be easy for you on your own. You can have someone over, as long as you actually study of course.”

What was with this sudden change in attitude? Did she believe that she had pushed him too hard? Hoseok shot his mother a convincing smile, trying not to seem too bemused or sceptical. He didn’t want to appear as if he had something to hide. “Cool. Thanks, mum.”

His mother shot him a strained smile and then she made to leave but something held her back. She entered his room and shut the door slightly behind her, but not sealing it completely shut. “Hoseok, the next time you have Yoongi over don’t go about it like this. I don’t want to seem like the villain in your relationship. Next time, ask me please. Don’t sneak around behind me and your father’s back.”

Hoseok was shocked into silence. How the hell did she know? He couldn’t bring himself to say anything, shame running through him like a knife, so he nodded his confirmation instead.

“Good,” a natural smile worked its way onto her face and her hand found the door. She turned back towards him, her smile too plastic to seem real and her eyes glittering in a sadistic way. “Oh, and, Hobi? Before things go too far, make sure you’re using protection, alright, honey?” Hoseok’s eyes widened in mortification at his mother’s words.

As her way of revenge she looked pointedly at him before continuing on, “there are no energy drinks cans in your bin, or the bins downstairs.” And then she smiled again, the implications of her statement buzzed around the air and stung Hoseok’s skin like angered bees. “Good night, sweetie.” Without waiting for a response, she left the room and closed the door behind him, sealing him in with her last amused words and the embarrassment that he was experiencing.

He didn’t know how he was ever going to look his mother in the eye again.

Chapter End Notes

mAN DOWN. WE’VE GOT A MAN DOWN. MAMA KNOWS

i am now planning how yoongi's fam is gonna react to him and seok and i have this one idea and it makes me laugh SO MUCH so i think i shall write it

okay so the smut i hope it was goodish? yeah

and yoongs. is. gonna. wear. a. skirt. IM SORRY (BUT NOT REALLY)

I JUST WANT DOMESTIC YOONSEOK. THATS IT. THATS ALL I WANT FROM MY LIFE.

Anyway, if you liked this chapter feel free to leave feedback and drop me a comment! i love reading what you all think <3 thank you!
The subject of History was boring, that much Hoseok had come to realise. It had come to the point where once entering the library, he trailed after Yoongi to borrow a school laptop, and he spent the two hours they had to work on their project which was due before the winter holidays to research universities instead.

On their usual set of couches, which were pushed up against each other to form an L-shape, Yoongi scooted closer to Hoseok to sneak a peek of what Hoseok was busying himself reading. "Hey," Yoongi reprimanded when reading a list of ‘best universities for dance in the world’ that Hoseok was busy reading. "You’re supposed to be editing those last paragraphs I sent you. Once you do those we can finally work on the conclusion, and then we’re done.”

Hoseok tilted his head to the side to purposely bump heads with Yoongi. “Sorry, Yoongs. Editing is just so boring. I think my brain will collapse inside my skull if I read another sentence about the American West.”

“What brain?” Yoongi shot back, reeling his head back only to replace it on top of Hoseok’s. Hoseok protested whilst exiting the tab to which Yoongi chuckled at. “Just read it, or my brain will suffer an aneurysm.”

“Yoongs...” Hoseok muttered in urgency as he pulled open the email attachment that Yoongi had sent him.

“What is it? Do you find a mistake already?” Yoongi leant over him to peer at the screen, the scent of coconut body-wash cascaded over Hoseok’s senses and he struggled to suppress the urge to pull Yoongi closer. Perhaps a library with many schoolchildren loitering around was no place for public displays of affection.

“No. I just thought – we’re just skeletons, Yoongs. Wearing sacks of skin.”

Yoongi ripped his head away from the laptop screen, his face adorning an appalled expression. “Never say that again. That just made me feel so uncomfortable.” Hoseok pouted at him as Yoongi
slid the laptop back into his hands. “Skeletons are so... repulsive,” Yoongi concluded.

An amused smile took control of Hoseok’s face at Yoongi’s oh-so-factual comment. “If it makes you feel any better, Yoongs, I happen to love your sack of skin. I’m sure you’re skeleton’s not so bad either, but I don’t think we’ve personally met – I’ve never seen it.”

“Hoseok, I swear I will choke you with your own tongue. Please just do the work,” Yoongi reprimanded him, an amused smile twitching at his lips.

“Kinky,” Hoseok quipped, but began to focus on the document in front of him and ran his eyes over a few of the opening sentences.

“You would know all about that,” Yoongi muttered into the palm of his hand as it propped his head up so he could stare listlessly at the screen of his own laptop.

Embarrassment poured over Hoseok’s skin like molten lava. He felt his face flush at Yoongi’s insinuation. “It didn’t seem like you had any complaints,” he tried, but to no avail as Yoongi merely shot him a cocky smile.

“Oh, I’m not complaining. In fact, I never got to thank you.”

“What for?” Hoseok looked towards Yoongi with curiosity brimming through his veins. Yoongi’s cocky smirk had transitioned into a soft grin at the bat of an eyelash.

“You know,” Yoongi replied, a conspicuous blush settling amongst his features. He turned his gaze back to his laptop to avoid Hoseok’s sudden attention. “For yesterday.”

Oh. Memories of the past Sunday hurtled through Hoseok’s mind. Memories of Yoongi gazing up at him from down on his knees with eyes glazed over with allure and lust, and phantom sighs of pleasure filled his ears as he recalled Yoongi curling into him as he climaxed into Hoseok’s hand where they lay upon Hoseok’s bed. “Oh. There’s no need to thank me. Thank you,” Hoseok smiled in return, his heart melting at the sight of the pleased smile that curved onto Yoongi’s mouth. “I’m supposed to be doing my work, but you’re making it really hard to concentrate, you know,” Hoseok half-joked, trying to constrain the urge to press a soft kiss to Yoongi’s tempting lips.

Yoongi briefly chuckled at him, his eyes trained on his own work. “I think I have a solution: stop talking to me and get on with proof-reading.”

Hoseok couldn’t tear his eyes away, Yoongi seemed to radiate that captivating beauty that had the ability to make him awwestruck with just a crinkle of the nose, or the stretch of intoxicating lips against stunningly perfect teeth. “You really think it’s that easy? You’re more distracting than you think, Yoongs.”

Yoongi turned to look at him in that moment, his eyes clouded with disbelief and his mouth parted in frantic hope. His lips tightened into a line and Hoseok watched, paralyzed, the apple of Yoongi’s throat jolt nervously.

“Are you nervous?” Hoseok approached teasingly, recovering when he found his breath again thanks to a fellow classmate letting out an extremely loud, hacking laugh due to a joke their friend had let slip. “Why are you nervous?”

Yoongi seemed to have recovered from his momentary trance as well, he blinked and the haze in his eyes disappeared. One side of his mouth raised, half-pulling into a content smile, before he turned his attention back to the screen. “I’m always nervous around you. Don’t tell me you haven’t noticed.”
It were as if he were talking about the weather, or some other matter-of-fact thing. It were just like saying, ‘my favourite colour is green’, or, ‘I need to walk the dog’. Being nervous around Hoseok seemed to be a fact of life for Yoongi. Fighting against the sudden rejoice in his heart as the feeling of nervousness was reciprocated, he was unsure about whether to feel concerned or to show his happiness at Yoongi’s confession.

“Oh.” Not a great start. “Why? Can you tell me?”

Yoongi shot him a glance that bore into the murkiest depths of his soul. He felt like he were a small child who had just been caught slipping unwanted food to the dog under the table. Then Yoongi exhaled, “you’re not going to stop pestering me until I tell you, are you?”

Hoseok nodded indignantly, inching closer to prove the point with a keen look arranged on his face. Yoongi sighed again, his fingers stilled in typing, and then in a small but determined voice he admitted: “because I like you so much.” Hoseok’s heart blistered in the immense burning heat that ran through him upon hearing Yoongi’s words. “You make me nervous when you look at me, I want you to stop watching me but when you do I feel disappointed. It's annoying. I annoy myself.”

“You shouldn’t,” Hoseok jumped to it, the rapid need to console taking over him. Yoongi’s eyes flickered towards him, widening with shock. “You shouldn’t feel annoyed at yourself. I understand, I – I feel the same way. I get nervous around you, too.”

Yoongi’s gaze didn’t leave his. He gave a disbelieving snort but Hoseok barely heard it. “You never seem it.”

“You don’t either,” Hoseok retorted naturally with the truth. He was studied for a moment by Yoongi’s weighty gaze, his heart speeding up inside of his chest and abusing his ribcage like it was a punching bag.

“Good,” Yoongi eventually mumbled, his hands dropping from the keyboard as his pretence at working crumbled along with his defences. “I always think I look stupid when I get nervous.”

“You could never look stupid. Only adorable,” Hoseok finished and placed his hand on top of Yoongi’s. Yoongi twisted his palm around to entwine their fingers, their hands lay interlocked and out of sight from any eye that might have been prying.

Something flashed through Hoseok’s mind when enjoying the comfort that Yoongi’s hand in his brought along. It was the scene in Taehyung’s house where the anger that ripped through him directed at the broken boy in front of him only quelled when Yoongi had grasped at his wrist. Jimin. The prospect of meeting up with him had completely been wiped from his mind when he set foot in school as when he had approached the courts and had laid eyes upon his boyfriend. All he could think, feel and know from that point on was Yoongi.

“Yoongs,” he began, his thumb beginning to stroke at the tender skin that coated Yoongi’s veins in his wrist. “I talked to Tae last night; he said that meeting up with Jimin would be a good idea. Would you want to come with me?”

Yoongi’s eyebrows raised in surprise. “Oh, yeah, he hasn’t been in school recently, has he?” It was a rhetorical question that didn’t need answering. The lack of Jimin’s presence was evidently known throughout the whole year as Hoseok had had people approach him and ask him where the class clown was, saying that lessons were ‘boring without Jimin’. Hoseok had had to lie and claim that he didn’t know, all to respect Jimin’s privacy. “Yeah. I’d love to go with you.”

“Really?” Hoseok asked, some part of him still hadn’t registered that maybe Yoongi wanted to do
things with him, to go on dates and meet up with friends. Although they had already had their first
date – which he had enjoyed thoroughly and hoped that Yoongi felt the same – he found himself still
living in a constant haze of I-can’t-believe-this-is-happening. Yoongi’s touch and presence felt so
familiar to him, yet so alien at the same time. It was endearingly confusing, just like the boy himself.
“I’m planning to go after school this week. Which days are you free?”

Yoongi’s eyes creased slightly as he cast his mind back to think. “Maybe tomorrow? My mum wants
me to keep studying every evening,” he moaned wearily. “But I think she’ll let me off for one night.”

“My mum wants me to study, too,” Hoseok related, feeling the same sense of tiredness. “I don’t
think she’s gonna let me out on the weekends now.” He pouted and Yoongi patted his shoulder
sympathetically.

“So, I guess our next date has to be after school, huh?” Yoongi smirked at him and caused Hoseok’s
heart to erupt. “I think that should fit in with what I’ve got planned.”

Yoongi had planned something for them to do together. Something about knowing that Yoongi had
considered his preferences and dislikes carefully to come up with a date idea, even though Hoseok
was bound to love it either way because a date entailed quality time with Yoongi, warmed Hoseok’s
innards. He was certain that he was about to implode with happiness. “I can’t wait,” Hoseok
responded, squeezing at Yoongi’s hand to show his sincerity.

Yoongi smiled back at him and Hoseok lost himself in Yoongi’s gaze, his eyes containing the very
essence of purity and warmth. It was in that moment that Hoseok realised that he had been in love
with Yoongi a lot longer than he had initially thought. He was thrown back to the time where
Yoongi perched on the chair in his bedroom where uncontrollable rage and jealousy had clouded his
mind, mad at the thought of some sleazy bastard pawing at someone as beautiful as Yoongi like a
piece of meat. He was twitching with his own fury, provoked by how rash he was being but unable
to express his emotions through any other means. He had set about explaining how he felt nothing
for Jihee and then went on to say that he couldn’t possibly feel anything for anybody else because he
was too busy being painfully and stupidly in love with Yoongi.

Hoseok had managed to stop himself, to tighten his own throat and restrict any sound from coming
out, and mercifully Yoongi had not heard the truth. It wasn’t the time. And Seokjin had said that he
would know when it was the right time. But how? Was it biologically engineered into his blood to
sense the moments approaching when it was best to spill his heart to Min Yoongi? Hoseok didn’t
know, but it didn’t get him anywhere by dwelling on it.

“Speaking of Jimin,” Yoongi began a little hesitantly, something obviously weighing on his mind.
He avoided looking at Hoseok, his eyes directed on the laptop screen that had faded to black. “Is it
true what his parents think? Was he on drugs?”

The impact of Yoongi’s question hit Hoseok, causing his stomach to thrum with a dull ache. He bit
his lip. “I don’t know, Yoongs. I know he used to hang out with people who did drugs, so I guess he
must have tried them once or twice. But I never saw him do them, only smoking. I don’t know if he
was... addicted.”

“But they wanted him to go to the doctors, didn’t they? They wanted him to go to those meetings as
well.” Yoongi sounded worried for his friend, something Hoseok could relate to but he didn’t want
Yoongi to fret about something he couldn’t change.

“Hey, hey, Yoongs.” Hoseok had placed his fingertips underneath Yoongi’s chin, raising his head so
that Hoseok could analyse his perplexed expression and reassure him that everything would be okay.
“It’s gonna be fine. Tae says that Jimin is doing well, I guess he’s just resting because his parents
Yoongi blinked up at him, his eyes wide and his eyebrows raised in surprise. Hoseok came to, after dispersing the worried haze that had wrapped itself around him from the mere thought of Yoongi feeling panicked, and realised that he was practically cradling Yoongi’s face in his hands. Yoongi’s skin felt hot from where a flush had crept under the slight weight of Hoseok’s fingers.

Hoseok dropped his hand rapidly and shuffled backwards several inches as an intense feeling of consternation came over him, realising that he had almost forced Yoongi into doing something intimate in a public setting. “Sorry – I shouldn’t have done that, not here, I didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable – you just looked worried, so I thought I could... Sorry.” His apology was a pathetic ramble and he wouldn’t have been surprised if Yoongi refused to talk to him for the rest of the lesson.

“Seok.” The concerned usage of his name brought his head out of his hands. Yoongi was surveying him with a small smile playing on his mouth, the blush still evident on his face. “You don’t ever need to say sorry for touching me. I thought I told you that yesterday.

It was Hoseok’s turn to flush now – it was an uncomfortable, yet, dizzying feeling. It were as if his insides were going to melt into a puddle of unpleasant slush. “Y-yeah, but I didn’t know if you were comfortable doing things in front of other people.”

Yoongi’s eyes focused in on him, the smile slowly disintegrating from his face. “I’m not embarrassed about being with you. I’ve told you this before.”

A thought that Hoseok liked to dwell on floated through his mind, something that Yoongi had once said to him: ‘You’re not my weakness, ‘Seok. You’re my strength.’ He recalled the firmness in Yoongi’s tone and didn’t doubt for a second that Yoongi had meant his words. He rushed to explain himself, to patch up the misunderstanding. “I know, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean that – I meant that... I don’t know if you’re one to get embarrassed by PDA? I always kinda assumed you were against it, that you’re someone who wants to keep it private.”

Yoongi considered his explanation before huffing and inching closer to him, bringing the laptop with him, so that their thighs were touching. “You don’t have to apologise. Not every blame is always on you.” Hoseok went to... to what? To apologise again? To laugh? To reveal that Yoongi’s words had struck a chord inside of him? Either way, he didn’t receive the chance. “I didn’t want you to stop. That’s why I got nervous. I wanted you to kiss me,” Oh. “I used to think PDA was gross whenever I saw it happen, but now... With you... I don’t mind.”

Holy crap. Hoseok felt a punch in his gut and he forced a wince from his face. Yoongi had said and done many adorable things, but snuggling into him whilst admitting that he wanted Hoseok to kiss and touch him in public had taken the cake. A feeling of pure euphoria enveloped him as he pulled Yoongi in for a one-armed hug, his hand slung over Yoongi’s shoulder which scraped the breast pocket of Yoongi’s blazer. “I’m so happy you said that, Yoongs.”

Yoongi muttered something nondescript but didn’t appear to have any qualms as he rested his head on Hoseok’s shoulder. No one spared them a glance as the couches they were perched on were shoved in a corner of the library, much too caught up in their own lives and the project they had been assigned. Even if people were around to notice them and interpreted their position correctly, Hoseok wouldn’t have cared – in fact, he would have revelled in the attention, knowing that it would soon be common knowledge that Min Yoongi was his.

“Seok, although your smile is beautiful and I want to kiss you, I want you to do the work I sent you a whole lot more.”
“Ah, I almost forgot. Will do, baby. And your smile isn’t half-bad either.”

“Hey, move up one,” Taehyung whined to him at lunch time, gesturing for Hoseok to slide over so that there was room for him to sit at the table.

“Sorry, Tae, no can do. I’m surgically attached to Yoongs now,” Hoseok grinned sadistically up at him.

Taehyung furrowed his brow and pouted in frustration. “BS. There’s room for six at this table and there’s only three of you. Why are so many bags on the seats?” Taehyung dumped his tray down onto the surface of the table and went to pick the bags up off of the seats and place them onto the floor.

“They’re ‘Guk’s,” Namjoon answered and Taehyung’s fingers stilled in their movements. “He went to buy a drink. ‘Seok, stop being sadistic and let him have a seat. Yoongs is not impressed by your attempts at being an alpha male.”

Yoongi laughed at Namjoon’s curt quip but when Hoseok shot him a startled glance he tried to drown his laughter by sipping at his bottle of water. Hoseok mock-sighed and moved along with Yoongi to make room for Taehyung, who accepted the seat gratefully. His hand found Yoongi’s waist again, his arm looping under Yoongi’s blazer specially unbuttoned just for this cause, and met the warmth of skin underneath the thin layer of cotton shirt. Hoseok relished the feeling of softness underneath his fingertips, stroking at the plush just above Yoongi’s hip. He distinctively felt Yoongi shiver at his touch and therefore lean into Hoseok’s side instinctively. Intrigue and axhilaration shot through Hoseok at he uncovered a new sliver of information – Yoongi’s waist was sensitive.

“You should have waited until ‘Guk got back,” Hoseok muttered not-so-quietly to Taehyung whilst fronting as if he didn’t know what his slight touches were doing to Yoongi. “He probably would have offered for you to sit on his la-”

“Ha ha ha,” Taehyung cut over him determinedly, his eyes set on the assortment of fruit and salad in front of him. “Hilarious! Why don’t you go back to doing something you’re better at; like failing at science?” And with that retort, Taehyung shot Hoseok a self-satisfied smile and took a crisp bite of an apple slice.

Hoseok was left speechless, his mouth agape. Taehyung, his secret keeper, had betrayed him for the first time. He briefly wondered whether he would ever recover before Namjoon pounced on him.

“You’re failing in science? You know you have to pass that with at least a C to be able to graduate, right?”

“Yeah, yeah, I know,” Hoseok dismissed it, kicking Taehyung under the table when he heard the boy snort into his assortment of grass and leaves - why was Taehyung suddenly so invested in healthy eating? He didn’t particularly care about exams at the moment; May seemed an age away at the moment, besides, he had more important things to dwell on, like Yoongi, and what the hell did Taehyung have to tell him tonight, Yoongi, the dance competition that was going to take place in January, – maybe he should invite Yoongi to watch, if Yoongi was even interested in that sort of thing? – if Jimin was going to be alright, and Yoongi. Had he already mentioned Yoongi?

Namjoon was pointedly staring at him with a perplexed look on his face as if he were assessing all of Hoseok’s possible futures if he failed science. Now Hoseok knew what Yoongi was talking about when he said that Namjoon could read the innermost of your private thoughts. It was terrifying, really.
Hoseok cleared his throat and reached for a couple of fries, he saw Taehyung follow his hand with hungry eyes. “What?” Hoseok asked. Taehyung shook his head and returned his stare back to his own tray. “You were staring at my fries. Want some?” Hoseok offered.

Taehyung shook his head adamantly. “No. Thanks though.”

Now this was strange. Taehyung, who had once eaten his way through an entire chocolate cake in one sitting, was refusing food? Hoseok almost fell off of his seat in shock. He huffed, as if to show how disappointed he was. “Well, obviously my food isn’t good enough.” He tightened his grip around Yoongi’s waist and turned to Yoongi who was half-heartedly playing a game on his phone. “You want the rest, Yoongs?”

Yoongi cursed as he lost the level of his game but as there was no real anger behind it Hoseok let out a laugh, his hand stroking the dip in Yoongi’s waist. “What did you say?” Yoongi asked with an endearingly blank expression.

Hoseok, who had almost lost himself in Yoongi’s gaze which was fixed on his own eyes, pushed his tray towards Yoongi and smiled. “You want some?” His breath was cruelly ripped from his lungs when Yoongi looked away from him to regard the fries and he was only revived when Yoongi looked back up at his eyes, a smile curving onto his mouth.

“Yeah, thanks.” Yoongi’s hand reached towards the bag on Hoseok’s tray but Hoseok caught him just in time. He admired the hand he had captured in his own, revered the veins that traced over bone and caressed the silk cushioning that was Yoongi’s skin. He blocked out the kissy noises that Taehyung tried to interject with by letting the smile he had been restraining flood across his face, Yoongi’s bemused gaze dropped to his lips before darting, flustered, back up to Hoseok’s eyes.

Hoseok reached towards the bag of fries, retrieved one, and held it in front of Yoongi between his fingertips. “The only condition is that you let me feed you.”

His eyes latched onto Yoongi’s mouth which had parted slightly clamp shut. Yoongi turned from him, his eyes rolling fondly. “Of course,” he muttered as Namjoon let out a loud laugh from across the table.

“Come on, Yoongs, that’s an offer that you can’t refuse,” Namjoon either taunted or encouraged. “What’s an offer Yoongs can’t refuse?”

Hoseok let out an undignified yelp as Jeongguk slid onto the seat after pushing his bags onto the floor. “Never do that again!” Hoseok warned as horror itched as his heart. Taehyung leant into his side, shaking with laughter, as a cheeky grin spread over Jeongguk’s lips and he quirked an eyebrow at Hoseok’s reaction.

“Never do what? Sit down? I’ll try to avoid sitting down in the future,” Jeongguk retorted casually as he struck a blow at Hoseok. He was fairly certain that Taehyung was now sobbing with laughter into his arm. It was all Hoseok could do but glare at Jeongguk whilst Yoongi chuckled next to him.

“Seok, here, just offered to feed Yoongi the rest of his fries like the charitable Samaritan that he is,” Namjoon supplied with too smug of a look. Jeongguk raised his eyebrows as he took a sip of his energy drink. Once lowering the bottle, he let out a wolf-whistle.

“Oh, shut up,” Yoongi all but growled to which Jeongguk laughed at causing Yoongi’s mouth to twitch into a smile.

“I didn’t say anything!” Jeongguk protested with a wide smile. “Seok, don’t feel bad if he doesn’t
do it. It’s not your fault that Yoongs hates public displays of affection.” Hoseok’s smile was short-lived at the truth in Jeongguk’s tone and his apologetic smile. His arm around Yoongi’s waist faltered.

Suddenly, there was a loud exhale from the right of him. Yoongi. He was surveying Hoseok with a mixture of frustration and panic, it didn’t look right on Yoongi’s face. “Do you like ketchup with fries?”

It was such a straightforward question but not to Hoseok, whose head was spinning, battling over what was true. Did Yoongi like to be touched in public? Should he dismantle himself from Yoongi’s person? He managed to shake his head to which Yoongi’s features transitioned into a clear expression: disgust.

“You monster,” Yoongi uttered before turning and causing Hoseok’s arm to flop uselessly, free of an anchor. Yoongi disappeared into the crowds of the canteen. Hoseok had never felt so confused.

“Hear that, ‘Seok?” Taehyung spoke up. “You’re a monster.” And Hoseok felt like one, it were as if he protruded tentacles instead of arms. “Who doesn’t like fries without ketchup?”

“Criminally insane people,” Jeongguk seconded, practically rushing to Taehyung’s aid. If Hoseok hadn’t been so bemused he would have made some comment about the two dancing around each other in revenge for Taehyung spilling his Science Secret.

“I love being called criminally insane by friends,” Namjoon commented sarcastically as his fingers darted across the keyboard of his phone, only half-immersed in the conversation that was taking place on the table.

“That’s what you get for liking fries on their own, you flea bag,” Taehyung spouted whilst trying to choke down his salad.

“‘Flea bag’?” Jeongguk questioned, his eyes solely trained on Taehyung, an adoring smile etching onto his mouth.

“It’s the first thing I could think of!” Taehyung exclaimed, pushing rocket leaves to the side.

“Why are you eating that? Are you on some sort of diet?” Jeongguk asked the question which Hoseok was too numb to – where had Yoongi gone to? Concern slowly made its way onto Jeongguk’s face at the silence on Taehyung’s end. “You don’t need to diet, Tae. You’re perfectly fine the way you are now.”

If Hoseok had said that, Taehyung would most definitely have scoffed at him or began cooing and made as if he was going in for a kiss, but not when those soothing words came from Jeongguk’s lips. Hoseok watched motionlessly as a large smile consumed Taehyung’s mouth, his eyes glittering and his ears reddening. “Really?” He sounded like he was in complete shock, like the fact that Jeongguk appreciated him on any level surprised him.

Jeongguk’s concerned look only amplified but was engulfed by the smile that had spread on his own face after seeing Taehyung’s approval of his words. “Yeah. Yeah, of course.” Oh, god, it were as if the two were melting into each other. If Hoseok were in his right mind he would have made a crude vomit noise.

Taehyung still continued to smile before casting his eyes back down at the mass of leaves on his tray. “I’m not on a diet, I just... Thought I should eat more healthily. Look after myself more, I guess.” This was news to Hoseok, but then again they hadn’t spoken properly for a few weeks.
“Tae, you hate being healthy,” Hoseok managed to coax the words out of his mouth.

Taehyung laughed. “No, I hate salad. There’s a difference.”

“Is there?” Hoseok asked but Taehyung was no longer listening, he was too busy being caught in Jeongguk’s intense stare.

“You know, if it’s okay with you, I could give you some tips,” Jeongguk began. Taehyung flicked miserably at his lettuce before nodding. “If you hate something, don’t eat it. You’ll go hungry.” Jeongguk slid the tray out of Taehyung’s grasp and dug through his bag. He pushed a bag of crisps in front of Taehyung, crisps that were apparently ‘low in fat’.

“You don’t have to-” Taehyung began, his fingers skittishly refusing to pick up something that belonged to Jeongguk even though they desired to.

“You’re right. I don’t have to, but I want to,” Jeongguk smiled. Holy shit, that was cliché. Hoseok didn’t sound like that when he flirted with Yoongi, did he? “I want to know that you’re eating, even if it’s crisps. You can work it off at the weekend.”

Taehyung’s eyebrows pinched at the thought of having to exercise. Hoseok snorted and then stared dejectedly at the cause of his worries: the bag of fries resting on his tray. He craned his neck to look out for Yoongi and found him at the front of the lunch queue. What was he doing? “’Guk, that’s exactly the reason why I was gonna eat healthily!” Taehyung mildly complained, performing the pout that caused Jeongguk’s eyes to dip slightly to Taehyung’s mouth. Subtle, dude.

“So you didn’t have to work out?” Jeongguk chuckled, swiftly relocating the position of his eyes back to meet Taehyung’s. “If you want, I’ll help you this weekend. If you’re serious about being healthy, that is.”

Taehyung looked strangely thoughtful, his brows setting into something serious. “I... I think I am. Yeah, I’d love for you to help me. Thank you, ‘Guk.” Taehyung sounded so deliriously happy that Hoseok didn’t know how Jeongguk managed to not give into the urge to kiss him. If it were Yoongi who had displayed that amount of happiness just from being granted more time in Hoseok’s presence Hoseok would have wasted no time in darting forwards and closing the distance.

“It’s no problem, Tae. I usually work out in the mornings, so do you wanna come to mine at around six in the morning?”

“You’re kidding.”

“Fine. Seven. I’ll go for a run before you get here.”

“You know what? I’ve changed my mind – give me back my leaves and dirt!”

“Not in a million years! You’ve made a commitment, you’re going running with me this Saturday at seven.”

“I’m older than you, you know, you have to listen to me. Give me back my tray. Please?”

“Usually I would respect that, but in this case I think I know a little bit more than you. Eat your crisps – don’t look at me like that! – or I will have to force-feed you.”

“Kinky,” Yoongi deadpanned as he appeared next to Hoseok, causing him to jump slightly. Hoseok released a nervous bout of laughter before seeing what Yoongi had placed onto the table. Two ketchup dips.
Yoongi had effectively caused the two conversing to be quiet and had even caused Namjoon to look up from his phone. Yoongi took his time peeling open the lids of the ketchup whilst Hoseok sat immobile, his hands clenched at his sides and resisting the urge to wrap his arm around Yoongi’s waist again to draw him closer.

Finally, the two ketchup dips were open and positioned next to the, now cold, fries. Yoongi tilted his head to capture Hoseok’s attention, looking into the very depths of Hoseok’s confused consciousness. “Don’t listen to ‘Guk. He doesn’t know what he’s talking about. I used to dislike PDA beforehand, but not with you – never with you. So, I want everyone here to know that I’m yours, and you’re mine.” Hoseok still felt conflicted. He desperately wanted to believe Yoongi’s words but some part of him held back as it was still at a loss to believe that Min Yoongi, after all the years of longing and nights lying awake and wondering just who the other boy was, was finally his.

“Yoongs...” Hoseok began, unsure of what to say or what to do. He felt the expectant glances of every occupant of their table upon them. What exactly was it that Yoongi wanted him to do?

It was staring him in the face. “Feed him!” Instructed Taehyung. “PDA! PDA!” He began to chant and Hoseok couldn’t bring himself to tear away from Yoongi’s smouldering gaze to tell him to shut up.

“Okay, okay!” Hoseok agreed, thankful when Taehyung was silenced. When he had previously been so cocky about talking of feeding Yoongi, it now seemed embarrassing when Yoongi was watching him expectantly, no ounce of a blush weighing on his adorable face.

Hoseok reached for a fry, it was cold to touch, and dipped it in the crimson sauce. Yoongi watched his movements with avid eyes and as Hoseok dragged the fry along the sauce container so as to not spill ketchup on the front of Yoongi’s white school shirt, he felt a tug at his hand. His arm was directed around the back of Yoongi’s waist, his hand reached for Yoongi’s hip instinctively and his heart jolted when he spotted the smirk that was making its way onto Yoongi’s face.

Slowly, hesitantly, Hoseok brought his hand up to Yoongi’s lips. Yoongi stared at him before opening his mouth. Memories of Sunday cascaded over Hoseok like a waterfall and it caused his hands to tremor in anticipation. He missed Yoongi’s mouth, the fry crumpling rather pathetically against the corner of Yoongi’s lips before Yoongi hooked his tongue around Hoseok’s finger and pulled the fry from his twitching fingertips. Hoseok almost fainted as a bolt of pleasure tore through him. Yoongi had practically sucked his finger. Holy shit. He was certain that his eyes had visibly widened at the implications.

Yoongi chewed thoughtfully and then swallowed, Hoseok’s eyes traced the sensual jump of Yoongi’s neck. “It was cold,” Yoongi commented and then inhaled sharply as Hoseok had used his arm around Yoongi’s waist to pull him closer. Hoseok dipped and proceeded to lick at the spot of ketchup that decorated the corner of Yoongi’s mouth. He was quickly pushed away by a scowling, flushed Yoongi. He laughed at the bewildered expression on Yoongi’s face. “What was that for?” Yoongi moaned, as he rubbed at the damp spot by his lips.

“Yeah, why did you lick him?” Taehyung exclaimed, his eyebrows scrunched up, repulsed. Hoseok noticed how Jeongguk was gazing at Taehyung like he very much wanted to lick him. He laughed aloud at his thoughts and Taehyung’s expression. “It was cute up until that point!”

“It was like a low-budget porn,” Namjoon stated, smiling when he evoked a burst of laughter from Taehyung and Jeongguk.

“You know, Yoongs,” Hoseok began, dipping his finger in the sauce. “I don’t usually like ketchup but if it’s on you, then I would want nothing more than to lick it off you.” Yoongi blushed at the
insinuation of his words and Jeongguk let out another whistle whilst Namjoon and Taehyung let out a bout of laughter.

With desire coursing through him, sparked by the occasional tremors that run up and down Yoongi’s spine and fed into the palm of Hoseok’s hand and the dilating of Yoongi’s pupils, he felt a smile curl onto his face. A smile that he knew would make the joints of Yoongi’s knees weak. He pressed the tip of his finger coated in sauce against the pink skin of Yoongi’s lips. “Would you like that?” Yoongi’s lips parted to welcome Hoseok’s index finger into his mouth. Yoongi’s tongue was scorchingly moist against his skin and when he withdrew the cool air of the canteen circulated his finger. Save for the people watching, the whole scenario was temptingly erotic.

Yoongi hummed, his eyes locked on Hoseok’s as he ran his tongue that had previously been wrapped round Hoseok’s finger around his desperately unkissed lips. “I think I’d prefer cream.”

The licentious image of Yoongi pinned underneath him, writhing into his mouth as Hoseok ran his tongue over the hair on Yoongi’s thighs, and then Yoongi’s smooth stomach, driving Yoongi into a frenzy by deliberately missing the base of Yoongi’s mounting lust-

“Um. I’m all for PDA, but you guys know that we’re still here right?” The sound of Taehyung’s voice effectively squashed any fantasy that was building in his head. Yoongi in a skirt. Him inside Yoongi- he must have been glaring, Taehyung’s eyes widened in fear. “What? What? Yoongs, please control your boyfriend, I think he’s going to kill me!”

“Let him.”

“Rude!”

The Italian styled coffee house was rather quiet at this time of day. Businessmen and women would rather be rushing home instead of stopping to grab a coffee. There were a few customers by their lonesome on devices taking advantage of the free wifi. Therefore Taehyung and Hoseok had managed to snag a table towards the back of the café.

Taehyung refused point-blank to pay for Hoseok’s drink even though it was him that had invited him out, Hoseok voiced his complaints and was met with dismissal. Hoseok whined that if he were Jeongguk, things would be a different story. Taehyung had tossed a used napkin at him and turned on his heel to order their drinks, leaving Hoseok behind to laugh to himself.

“So,” Taehyung exhaled when he eventually returned with their beverages. Hoseok accepted the mocha with greedy hands and a growling stomach. “Although I think I could tell from what happened at lunch today, how’s it going with you and Yoongers?”

“I don’t think he’d appreciate you calling him that,” Hoseok chuckled, flinging some cream that floated on the surface of his drink at the boy seated opposite with his spoon.

Taehyung cackled wildly, his eyes creasing with laughter. “Why not? It’s cute!” He wiped the cream, which had failed to hit its target, off of the table. He waggled his eyebrows suggestively at Hoseok. “Don’t you want to save some of this cream for Yoongers?”

“Oh, shut up!” Hoseok cried. Taehyung’s taunt dug under his skin and caused his face to flush.

“You were the ones who said it!” Taehyung exclaimed back, an amused grin on his mouth as Hoseok bitterly sipped at his hot drink. “Anyway, go on, tell me how it’s going between you two. Gory details and all.”
Hoseok crumpled his face in distaste at the thought of giving away explicit details of him and Yoongi’s sex life to his life-long friend whom he considered more as a brother. Besides the fact that it felt disturbing to divulge any details to Taehyung, he also didn’t want to betray Yoongi’s confidence. “No.”

“Oh, please,” Taehyung begged, pouting his lips.

Hoseok laughed and rolled his eyes. “I’m not ‘Guk, you know. That won’t work on me.”

“What won’t?” Taehyung tilted his head so as to resemble an innocent, curious child.

“Fine,” Hoseok sighed in defeat before taking a sip of his mocha. Taehyung leant forward eagerly, the lights in his eyes dancing. “It’s going well. Really well.” It was difficult to stopper his tongue so as to not spend the hour talking about how happy Yoongi made him, and how beautiful Yoongi was, and how he felt insecure that one day in the near future Yoongi might leave him for someone else. Someone who knew about music, and instruments, and who liked ketchup with fries.

“Well? One word, that’s all I get?” Taehyung challenged.

“Well, you said you don’t like it when I talk about him,” Hoseok replied, slouching in his chair.

Taehyung’s mouth dropped open in disbelief. “No, I didn’t! I just meant that I don’t want you talking about him all the time. Obviously I care how it’s going with you and the guy you like. So, tell me. And then I’ll tell you my news.”

Ah. So it was tit for tat, huh? Hoseok desperately wanted to know the reason why Taehyung had gone silent for the past few weeks, so he complied. “Fine, you little rat.” Taehyung grinned and preened like the insult was a compliment. “We went on our first date last Saturday.”

“Oh, nice,” Taehyung approved, leaning backwards and folding his arms. “Where did you go?”

“We’re taking it in turns, so I planned it. I took him to a music hall in the city to see this classical concert. It was really fun, I think he enjoyed it.”

“That’s cute, ‘Seok. You’re such a good boyfriend.” Taehyung batted his eyelashes whilst reaching for his drink. “Did anything else happen? Did you kiss?”

“Of course!” Hoseok was affronted. It was madness to be in the presence of Yoongi and not have the thought of kissing him flash through your mind, to feel his lips smile into yours and his hands snaking into your hair to deepen the contact. “I wanted to take him home afterwards so I could try and make him dinner or something, but I knew my mum would be there and she had just found out about us so I didn’t want to put him in an awkward situation.”

“What?” Taehyung spluttered on his drink. “No way. How did she find out? Were you two a secret?”

“No! Yoongs and I were never a secret – I just didn’t want to tell my parents. I knew they’d make a big deal out of it, and she did. She saw me hug Yoongs by the door. She guessed straightaway.”

“Awkward.”

“I know.” And then Hoseok snorted as another memory he hadn’t let process yet swam across his mind. Suddenly, once dwelling on it and turning it over in his head, the thought didn’t seem funny anymore. He groaned and Taehyung looked at him in concern. He spoke through his fingers, “and then yesterday, Yoongs came over to mine while everyone was out so we could... You know.”
Taehyung’s eyes were bulging out of his head. “What did you two do?” Taehyung whispered as if he were in awe. “Did you...?”

“No, no.” Hoseok shook his head and stirred at the contents circling the bottom of his mug. “We’ve never gone that far.” Taehyung looked slightly disappointed and then confused, as if a question were running through his mind. Hoseok, who knew Taehyung too well, caught on to the unspoken question. “Of course I want to. We’ve just been taking it slowly, getting used to each other and testing boundaries.”

He pushed the cup away and placed the spoon on the plain white napkin, watching as the dark liquid bled through the thin sheet. “I’d rather our first time to mean something rather than rush into it. I want to know everything about him, like where he’s sensitive and where he likes me to touch him. I want to make him feel good, and to know I can make him feel good. I don’t want him to have any regrets.”

Taehyung was silent, his eyes refusing to detach from Hoseok’s. Eventually he fell backwards onto the spine of his chair and exhaled loudly. “Can you be my boyfriend, ‘Seok? You’re so thoughtful. Yoongs is so lucky.”

Hoseok laughed weakly, slightly abashed at Taehyung’s heartfelt reaction. “I think that a certain someone would be jealous if you were to be my boyfriend.”

“Yoongi can date Jimin, that takes care of it.”

Hoseok laughed again and leant forwards, cornering Taehyung. “That’s not who I’m talking about and you know it.” Taehyung’s eyebrows furrowed and he shifted uncomfortably, his ears reddening. Hoseok felt as if he were breaking an unspoken rule but decided that it needed to be said. “I don’t know if you’re aware of this – though you’d have to have the IQ of a piece of lint not to – but ‘Guk obviously likes you. As in like like. Did you hear him today when he basically said that you were perfect? Holy shit, that boy has it bad.”

Hoseok thought he had proposed a rather convincing argument but Taehyung was shaking his head with a smile of disbelief. “He didn’t say that – he said I was perfectly fine. There’s a difference. Besides, he wants to train with me. Train. Exercise.” Taehyung let out a frustrated sigh and ran his hands through his hair, giving it a rather tousled look. Hoseok grew slightly frustrated; no matter what Taehyung went through during the day, he always emerged looking stunning. “I’m obviously just his ‘platonic straight friend’ he wants to talk about girls with. If he liked me he would have asked me on a date or something.”

This time Hoseok did let out a sigh of frustration. “Tae, he did ask you on a date – which you still haven’t told me about, by the way.”

Taehyung pouted. “For good reason.”

“Why?” Hoseok breathed, exasperated.

Taehyung slouched further down in his seat until all Hoseok could spy was a neck and a head. “I was gonna confess to him, but I froze. Again. He paid for my food, and it was really nice and he was so sweet and beautiful and sexy and I – ugh.” Taehyung sat up in his seat, annoyance with himself plastered on his face. “I just couldn’t bring myself to do it, so when he said that he ‘would like to do this again’, I just froze and said that I was going to be booked up for the next couple of months.”

“You what?” Hoseok asked, gobsmacked. How could Taehyung be so clueless to the cues that Jeongguk was giving him? Why couldn’t Taehyung function properly in romantic scenarios?
“I know!” Taehyung exclaimed, his nostrils enlargening with anger. “I fucked it up, and he didn’t message me for the next couple of days. I had to message him and tell him that I was sorry and that I did have a good time but I had to study amongst other things. When he replied it was so vague, he said things like ‘it’s cool’, and, ‘I understand’ and, ‘I’ll see you at school’.”

“He thinks you blew him off,” Hoseok concluded. He thought that he was stating the obvious but Taehyung looked up at him as if he were being ridiculously demented.

“What? No! He thinks I’m a clingy weirdo who preys on younger guys to buy me meals and then ignores them whilst I find other prey.” Taehyung’s head collapsed into his arms which were folded on the table. “Why did I think he ever liked me? Why did I ever think I had a chance? He had a girlfriend, he’s straight! He wants me to train with him!” The disgust and upset in Taehyung’s tone were evident, Hoseok felt crestfallen.

“Tae, Tae, look at me,” Hoseok attempted to console him. His heart almost gave out when seeing the pain in Taehyung’s eyes. “He likes you. You’re just overthinking everything because you’re nervous that the guy you like could possibly like you back and you think it’s too good to be true. Trust me, I know how that feels.” Taehyung nodded miserably. “I admit; you fucked up. You panicked and pushed him away and he’s probably confused by this which is why he’s more careful around you. All you have to do is show interest. When your schedule clears, invite him out again – and this time, you pay.”

Taehyung looked slightly chirpier after sitting for a few moments, basking in Hoseok’s advice, before he frowned in displeasure. “Does this mean I still have to go running with him?”

Hoseok laughed at his friend’s antics. “Yes!” He nudged Taehyung’s leg playfully with his foot. “Who says it’s a bad thing? It’s just gonna be you and him. Him all sweaty and heaving for breath, looking over at you to check how you’re doing – oh, what’s that? You fell? Well, he better carry you in his big, muscular arms to make sure that there’s no further damage-”

Taehyung cut him off with a loud burst of laughter, startling a nearby patron and causing her to look over in alarm. “’Seok, you’re the worst. But that’s why I love you.” Taehyung batted his foot in return and Hoseok took it as an invite to play a game of footsie.

“Aw, you’re going to make me blush!” Hoseok cooed, and then he took the mug in his hand and tipped it into his mouth to gain the last dregs of the drink. “So, what were you going to tell me?”

Taehyung’s flushed face smoothed into something serious. He seemed embarrassed though, he kept fiddling with the sleeve of his blazer before dropping his arms to the side and sighing in hesitance. Hoseok grew slightly nervous as he felt the tension mount. Any moment now, Taehyung was going to give him the reason for his mysterious silences and sudden busy schedule. Maybe Taehyung was undergoing tutoring and was too embarrassed to admit it in case Hoseok teased him? But that didn’t make any sense. Maybe Taehyung had gotten a job, but why would he need to keep it a secret? Maybe it wasn’t a job approved by society, maybe... Holy shit, was Taehyung a stripper? No, no, Taehyung hated the mere thought of working out. So, maybe it wasn’t that at all. Perhaps Taehyung was a prostitute and was going to ask Hoseok to join him in his line of work.

Maybe. Or maybe not.

“I got a job offer to become a model. And I accepted.”

Holy shit. Hoseok had not been expecting that at all. Needless to say, Hoseok effectively lost feeling of his fingers and the mug in his grip slithered out of his hand and smashed onto the floor. After receiving many annoyed and startled looks, they paid for the mug and then got the hell out of there.
“A model?” Hoseok shrieked once the two had chased each other to the park near Taehyung’s house. Hoseok scuffed the tip of his shoe against the ground below as they swung lazily on the swings.

“Well, I needed to get training first. But the agency who recruited me was willing to do it, all under my contract,” Taehyung replied, his voice soft and humble. He swung higher with more might so as to avoid Hoseok’s stare.

“But how did this happen? Did you sign up to something?” Hoseok asked, bewilderment numbing his brain. He could just about make out Taehyung shaking his head.

“No. It’s never crossed my mind to be a model, or anything like it,” Taehyung explained. “I was with my mum in this clothing store and a woman approached me and asked if I was signed. I didn’t know what she was talking about so I asked, ‘signed for what?’ And she told me that she worked this modelling agency which advertising companies hire models from, then she offered me a place as a model.”

“Holy shit, Tae,” Hoseok breathed out lowly. He was astounded. He always knew that Taehyung was a good looking guy, but to picked out among thousands in a shopping centre? “I’m so pleased for you.”

“Thanks, ‘Seok.” Hoseok heard the sound of gratitude woven in Taehyung’s tone. “That’s why I’ve been so busy. I finished the training at their headquarters in the city. I also had to build my portfolio after I decided to pursue it further. And then I had to revise and catch up on homework all the while looking up universities.” Taehyung sighed. “It’s exhausting. That’s why I haven’t wanted to talk recently. I also didn’t want to tell you what happened in case it crashed and burned.”

Hoseok slowed down his swinging until he came to a complete stop, mulling over Taehyung’s words. “What changed your mind?”

Taehyung joined him, his swings becoming feebler until he was on ground level, his head tilted forwards and looking towards the floor. “I got my first offer.”

The astoundment that ran through Hoseok’s veins ran dry for a split second before hurtling forwards and ejecting him from the swing. “Holy shit, Tae! You’re gonna be in an advertisement? Like, on TV? A magazine?”

Taehyung smiled at Hoseok’s enthusiasm before shaking his head, casting his eyes onto the dirt below. “No. Not an advertisement. It’s... Something more than that, I guess. Something more professional. It’s a type of photoshoot. For fashion.”

Hoseok collapsed at Taehyung’s feet, feeling very much like a deformed mutant bowing before a statue of an immensely beautiful God. He didn’t know what to say, didn’t even know he could speak.

Taehyung leant forwards, albeit slightly awkwardly, until his chin rested on Hoseok’s head. “It’s a lot of pressure and I don’t really know what it’s about. My parents are supportive of me as long as it’s what I want, and my agent and seniors think I should accept the offer, but... I don’t know. I haven’t even left school yet.”

“Exactly! That’s why it’s such an amazing opportunity!” Hoseok exclaimed, sitting backwards and leaning on his hands. Taehyung moved from the swing to join him on ground level, his hands lacing with the grass. “You should take it, Tae. It’s not like you’re joining a cult. You can try it just this
once and if you don’t like it, you can quit. You’re gonna get paid, aren’t you? Do you get paid more if it’s a solo shoot?”

Taehyung shrugged as if he were indifferent, but Hoseok knew that he was distracted by Hoseok’s opinion. Taehyung was deciding what he should do. “It’s going to be a group shoot, since it’s my first one I’ll probably be shoved at the back somewhere, but, yeah, I get paid.”

“Oh, nice,” Hoseok expressed, his fantasies of financial stabability running away with him. “Give some to me, will you? I might consider your offer of me being your boyfriend.”

Taehyung laughed for the first time since they had arrived at the park, he pulled out a clump of grass from the ground and chucked it at Hoseok. “I withdraw my offer. If I’m going to make it, then I need someone as rich as me to make me feel important. You’ll have to stick to Yoongers and cry about what you missed.”

Hoseok gripped at Taehyung’s kneecap tightly and laughed at the boy’s pained expression. “Yeah, right, keep telling yourself that. When you’re married to some old guy who’s got more money than he has inches, you’ll wonder why on earth you missed out on this sex god.”

“I’m sorry, where is this ‘sex god’? I don’t see him anywhere!” Taehyung pretended to scan the park and shrieked when Hoseok whacked his arm. “Ouch! How dare you! You can’t hit me, I’m a model! If I have a bruise, I have the right to sue!”

“Oh, sure,” Hoseok chided sarcastically, rolling his eyes in amusement. “You have to be blemish free and perfect at all times. Is that why you were gnawing at rabbit food today at lunch? Does that mean you get to sue the lettuce in your teeth?”

Taehyung’s mouth dropped open. “I-I was just trying to drop a few pounds, like all the other models do whenever they get a job offer. I want my angles to look nice. And I did not have lettuce in my teeth!”

Hoseok groaned in annoyance and grasped at his own hair to express his frustrations. “Tae, you don’t need to lose weight, you’re skinny enough as it is and even if you did gain a few pounds, there’s nothing wrong with that! People don’t look like they do in magazines, you know.”

Taehyung shifted, looking slightly abashed. “Yeah, I guess so.” A small smile lifted onto his lips. “I guess I’ll stop trying to diet then. I hate lettuce anyway.”

“I’m glad you’ve come to your senses.” Hoseok patted Taehyung on his back, and because he enjoyed seeing Taehyung suffer at his own wrath, he began to tease, saying: “Yeah, that lettuce leaf looked really gross in your teeth. I think ‘Guk hates lettuce as well after seeing it stuck in your gums-”

“Hoseok, stop it, I will cry.”

“Fine, fine, fine. I was just kidding anyway. It was a rocket leaf.”

“I’m leaving. I have to get home and look in a mirror.”

“You do that, I have to get to dance. Thanks for telling me, Tae. I hope it goes well. With ‘Guk and the modelling.”

“Thanks, and thanks for listening, ‘Seok. You’re a great friend.”

“So I love to hear.”
“You ruined it.”
“I know.”

Jung Hoseok: heyyy baby
Jung Hoseok: just got back from dance
Jung Hoseok: what r u doing???:)
Jung Hoseok: oh and r u still cool with going to see jimin tomorrow?

Min Yoongi: hey, Seok
Min Yoongi: oh, cool, are you practicing for that dance competition you told me about?
Min Yoongi: not much, I just finished the science homework
Min Yoongi: Yeah, I am. I messaged him but he didn’t reply – maybe I should ring his home phone.
Jung Hoseok: kinda, i had to sign up for it first and then i was assigned to a team and we just had to pick the music and stuff
Jung Hoseok: it’s gonna be in January so we have plenty of time
Jung Hoseok: oh don’t worry ill do that later :)
Jung Hoseok: wait what science homework?????

Min Yoongi: A group dance? Aren’t you a soloist?
Min Yoongi: thanks, Seok
Min Yoongi: The one that was set on Friday. The research for biology
Jung Hoseok: oh yeah yeah ive signed up for a solo too
Jung Hoseok: so i need to start going to extra lessons on Friday
Jung Hoseok: ohhhh that one
Jung Hoseok: ill do it now thanks for reminding me :3333

Min Yoongi: Cool, just don’t overwork yourself
Min Yoongi: Do you have any ideas about your solo dance?
Min Yoongi: it’s fine
Min Yoongi: Seok, why didn’t you tell me you were failing science?
Jung Hoseok: awwww look at u yoongs worrying about little ol me
Jung Hoseok: ill be fine don’t worry baby :)

Jung Hoseok: I’ve got tonnes of ideas, but i think theres one in particular that youll like so I might do
Jung Hoseok: wejikwn aaaaahhh im sorry yoongs don’t be mad at me!!!!

Jung Hoseok: it wasnt on purpose i didn’t even tell tae

Jung Hoseok: ive been distracted recently and ive never been much good at science :

Min Yoongi: I’ll still worry about you anyways

Min Yoongi: What does that mean? Where will I be able to watch it?

Min Yoongi: I’m not mad at you

Min Yoongi: If you want, I can help you study for the mocks that are coming up

Jung Hoseok: yoongs ure so adorable stop it

Jung Hoseok: im sure u can watch it on youtube when its uploaded

Jung Hoseok: or you could come and watch me on stage, if you want

Min Yoongi: You’re inviting me to watch you perform?

Jung Hoseok: yeah

Jung Hoseok: I’d like that

Jung Hoseok: if u want to

Min Yoongi: I’d like that, too

Min Yoongi: Give me the date and I’ll see if I’m free

Jung Hoseok: yayyy! :)

Jung Hoseok: its on the 13th of Jan

Min Yoongi: I should be free then

Min Yoongi: Is anyone else coming?

Jung Hoseok: tae usually comes to support me and so do my parents and my sister

Jung Hoseok: Me and my teammates go out for dinner afterwards with our teachers but then i go home with tae and my family have prepared another dinner

Jung Hoseok: u should come with me

Min Yoongi: How fitting – you have your test first and then my test comes second

Jung Hoseok: ???

Min Yoongi: first dinner with the parents

Jung Hoseok: oooohhhhh right I get u
Jung Hoseok: hopefully it won’t be the first! I hope that you meet my parents before January.

Min Yoongi: really

Jung Hoseok: yes!!!!!! Don’t sound so doubtful.

Jung Hoseok: they’ll love you yoongs.

Jung Hoseok: I think that liking Min Yoongi is written in the Jung family bloodline.

Min Yoongi: why didn’t you have lines like that when we first started flirting?

Jung Hoseok: RUDE

Jung Hoseok: back handed compliment :(

Jung Hoseok: in all seriousness yoongs.

Jung Hoseok: Before January I’d like my parents to meet you.

Min Yoongi: rea

Min Yoongi: Really?

Jung Hoseok: yes

Min Yoongi: oh

Min Yoongi: I’d love to meet them, and your sister.

Min Yoongi: I want my parents to meet you as well.

Min Yoongi: Minus my brother.

Jung Hoseok: :))))) yoongs im so happy right now.

Jung Hoseok: HAHAHAHHAHAH what a savage yoongs.

Min Yoongi: I live to inflict burns.

Jung Hoseok: oh I know baby you burn me up.

Min Yoongi: Before we change the topic again: would you like me to help you revise for science?

Jung Hoseok: yes!!!!! Sorry yoongs I forgot to respond.

Jung Hoseok: yes please I need all the help I can get.

Jung Hoseok: why don’t you come over one weekend?

Min Yoongi: are your parents okay with that?

Jung Hoseok: should be.

Jung Hoseok: my mum said she’s fine with me having a study partner.

Min Yoongi: is this weekend okay with you?
Jung Hoseok: yeah im not doing anything then

Jung Hoseok: oh wait

Jung Hoseok: ive gotta take my sister to this amusement park

Jung Hoseok: I promised her ughhhh

Min Yoongi: Such a noble older brother

Min Yoongi: That’s fine, the weekend after then?

Jung Hoseok: yeah!!!!

Jung Hoseok: wait yoongs this is perfect

Jung Hoseok: if its okay with u

Jung Hoseok: do u maybe kinda wanna have dinner with my parents that same day?

Jung Hoseok: only if ure okay with it

Min Yoongi: oh right

Min Yoongi: i

Min Yoongi: Yeah, I’d like that

Min Yoongi: I’ll likely to black out in the middle of dinner due to nerves, but I’d like that very much

Jung Hoseok: !!!!!!!

Jung Hoseok: IM SO HAPPY

Jung Hoseok: THANK YOU YOONGS

Jung Hoseok: don’t worry you have nothing to worry about my mum already likes you

Jung Hoseok: im so excited

Min Yoongi: It’s fine, Seok, thanks for inviting me

Min Yoongi: I’m glad I could make you happy

Jung Hoseok: u make me happy just by existing baby

Min Yoongi: :) you too, Seok

Min Yoongi: it’s late, you should go to bed after you do the homework and ring Jimin

Jung Hoseok: but I wanna talk to you

Jung Hoseok: u can even talk to me about science if u have to

Min Yoongi: I’m going to bed soon

Min Yoongi: Me talking about science will surely put you to sleep, if you don’t get distracted that is
Min Yoongi: Why do you get distracted? Is science that boring?

Jung Hoseok: hahahaha

Jung Hoseok: well I don't really like science so I don't find it that interesting

Jung Hoseok: why do you think baby?

Jung Hoseok: I keep thinking of you

Min Yoongi: I'm not worth you flunking science

Min Yoongi: if you go to bed earlier you won't zone out as much

Jung Hoseok: you're worth everything yoongs

Jung Hoseok: ummm I'd much rather zone out than sleep

Jung Hoseok: that way I can control what I think about (you);))))

Min Yoongi: smooth

Min Yoongi: Seok, if I tell you something I think you might like will you go to sleep at a reasonable hour?

Jung Hoseok: anything for you baby

Jung Hoseok: but if there's an incentive I might go to bed before 12

Min Yoongi: that's not reasonable

Jung Hoseok: to you

Min Yoongi: fine

Min Yoongi: Seok

Min Yoongi: Have you thought anymore about what I said on Sunday?

Jung Hoseok: not an awful lot was said from what I can remember

Jung Hoseok: but I remember your moans

Jung Hoseok: fuck baby you're so hot

Min Yoongi: you've got a one track mind, Seok

Min Yoongi: you really don't remember?

Jung Hoseok: Wait

Jung Hoseok: is this about the thing that I said I wanted you to do

Jung Hoseok: and then you said you would???

Min Yoongi: Yes
Min Yoongi: that ‘thing’ that you’re oddly intent on avoiding saying is what I’m talking about
Min Yoongi: did you change your mind?
Min Yoongi: if you have, that’s fine

Jung Hoseok: eigkwj bab
Jung Hoseok: baby no

Jung Hoseok: there’s no way I’d change my mind about something like that
Jung Hoseok: but I’ve been trying not to think about it because if I do
Jung Hoseok: I don’t think I could control myself

Min Yoongi: oh
Min Yoongi: So I’m guessing you haven’t picked anything out?

Jung Hoseok: No im sorry baby
Jung Hoseok: I haven’t looked online
Jung Hoseok: but after you left yesterday I imagined it
Jung Hoseok: baby you’d look good in any colour
Jung Hoseok: red, black, dark blue

Min Yoongi: not red

Jung Hoseok: that’s what I thought
Jung Hoseok: im thinking lighter
Jung Hoseok: pastel

Min Yoongi: I’ve never worn pastel before

Jung Hoseok: you dyed your hair mint before remember?
Jung Hoseok: it looked so good on you

Min Yoongi: It’s weird you remember that, I barely do
Min Yoongi: thanks

Jung Hoseok: it’s yoongs id never forget a thing
Jung Hoseok: maybe mint then?
Jung Hoseok: no
Jung Hoseok: pink

Jung Hoseok: pastel pink against your thighs
Jung Hoseok: god yoongs im getting hard just thinking about it

Min Yoongi: You had me just yesterday

Jung Hoseok: yeah but

Jung Hoseok: its not enough

Jung Hoseok: I always want you

Jung Hoseok: in any and every way

Jung Hoseok: its scary how much I need you yoongs

Min Yoongi: I feel the same way

Min Yoongi: about you

Min Yoongi: I think about you too much for me to cope

Min Yoongi: Seeing you at school isn’t enough

Min Yoongi: I’m being selfish

Min Yoongi: Sorry

Min Yoongi: You have things to do and I’m gonna sleep

Jung Hoseok: youre not being selfish at all yoongs, I feel the same

Jung Hoseok: I cant concentrate on science now i’ll have to do it at school

Min Yoongi: delinquent

Jung Hoseok: hahahaha that’s me!!!

Jung Hoseok: yoongs before u go to sleep

Min Yoongi: Yeah?

Jung Hoseok: can u send me a selfie?

Jung Hoseok: ive just realised I don’t have any pics of you on my phone

Jung Hoseok: or any of us together

Jung Hoseok: u don’t even have an Instagram :( 

Min Yoongi: I suppose I’ve made it difficult for you to secretly save pictures of me

Jung Hoseok: yes!!!!!!!! I demand compensation, it’s been a difficult 4 years

Min Yoongi: I didn’t do it on purpose

Min Yoongi: I don’t like taking pictures of myself

Jung Hoseok: but why not???????? Youre beautiful!
Min Yoongi: to you maybe

Min Yoongi: I never know what to do in pictures so whenever Guk forces me into one I always look awkward

Jung Hoseok: awwww poor yongs

Jung Hoseok: his cover pic is of you guys and I don’t see your awkwardness only your adorableness

Jung Hoseok: u don’t have to send one if it makes you uncomfortable yoongs

Min Yoongi: No, it’s fine, I don’t mind

Min Yoongi: I’m comfortable with you and I know you won’t show anyone

Min Yoongi: just

Min Yoongi: what do you want me to do?

Jung Hoseok: I wont I promise its just for me

Jung Hoseok: smile

Jung Hoseok: I really love your smile

Jung Hoseok: especially when you show your teeth and gums

Min Yoongi: oh

Min Yoongi: it’s going to be an awkward smile

Jung Hoseok: it doesn’t matter its still you

Jung Hoseok: yoongs???? its been almost 5 mins did u fall asleep?

Min Yoongi: (picture attachment)

Min Yoongi: this was the best one

Jung Hoseok: jfiowkjf

Jung Hoseok: AAAAAAAAAAAA

Jung Hoseok: yoongs I love it so much you look so sleepy and adorable I just wanna kiss your nose

Jung Hoseok: there are more?????????? SEND THEM ALL PLEASE

Min Yoongi: I am sleepy so maybe that’s why I look it

Min Yoongi: Why are you like this and why am I going to listen to you?

Min Yoongi: I’ll send them to you on one condition

Jung Hoseok: because you like me!!!

Jung Hoseok: name your price my liege
Min Yoongi: I want a picture of you
Min Yoongi: A picture no one has ever seen

  Jung Hoseok: yoongs you're so cute
  Jung Hoseok: look at you wanting me all to yourself
  Jung Hoseok: i hope what I look like now wont be that gross
  Jung Hoseok: (picture attachment)

Min Yoongi: how can you take amazing pictures so effortlessly?
Min Yoongi: thank you for giving me a heart
Min Yoongi: I need one since it fell out of my chest

  Jung Hoseok: actually the one I sent you was yours
  Jung Hoseok: I just picked it up and gave it back to you
  Jung Hoseok: but i take it back, your heart will forever be mine

Min Yoongi: I am perfectly fine with this information
Min Yoongi: treat it well
Min Yoongi: (12 picture attachments)

  Jung Hoseok: yoongs seeing these pics make me wonder why I don’t admire you more when I see you
  Jung Hoseok: I love the shape of your eyes
  Jung Hoseok: and when you wore makeup yesterday holy shit that was so pretty
  Jung Hoseok: im sorry im keeping you from sleeping
  Jung Hoseok: ill let u sleep and ill call jimin

Min Yoongi: Seok
Min Yoongi: thank you
Min Yoongi: for every time you say something nice about me
Min Yoongi: I feel like I never react in the right way but it’s because I don’t know what to say
Min Yoongi: I return the compliments but inside my head and I feel like you should know even though I don’t voice it
Min Yoongi: so in case you ever feel insecure about what I feel for you, I feel the same way that you feel for me
Min Yoongi: I’m just not as good as expressing it
Min Yoongi: so thank you for being patient with me

Jung Hoseok: yoongs theres no need to thank me, im just glad I can make you happy

Jung Hoseok: Thank you for saying that

Jung Hoseok: you’re not bad at expressing yourself at all, I understand you even if you don’t speak

Min Yoongi: I like you so much, Seok

Jung Hoseok: :) 

Jung Hoseok: I like you so much too yoongs

Jung Hoseok: now off to bed with you my sleepy beauty!!!

Jung Hoseok: ive gotta call jiminie

Jung Hoseok: and then ill dream of you

Jung Hoseok: you in pastel pink ;)

Min Yoongi: imagine my mouth wrapped around your pretty cock

Min Yoongi: that wasn’t me being serious by the way in case you think I’m going to sext you

Min Yoongi: that was me pretending to be you

Jung Hoseok: UIDFJK YOONGS THAT WAS SO CRUEL (but accurate) :((

Jung Hoseok: fine i guess ill have to make do with what I can imagine ;)

Jung Hoseok: before that ill call jimin

Jung Hoseok: night night yoongs! ill see you tomorrow! :3

Min Yoongi: tell him I hope he’s doing well

Min Yoongi: good night, Seok

Min Yoongi: sweet dreams

Min Yoongi: ;)

“Hello?”

“Good evening! It’s Hoseok, here. Is this Mrs Park?”

“Ah! ‘Seok? Yes, it’s me. I haven’t seen you in so long, how have you been?”

“I’ve been alright, thanks. I’ve been busy because of the mocks.”

“Of course – the exams are only a few months away after all.”

“No pressure, Mrs Park.”

“Oh, I didn’t mean to – ‘Seok, you were always a funny one. Anyway, I’ve taken up enough of your
time. I assume you’re ringing to talk to Jimin?”

“You haven’t taken up my time, it’s been nice to catch up! But, yeah, I am.”

“It’s been nice talking to you, too, ‘Seok. I’ll just call him down – Jimin! Your friend wants to speak to you!”

“... Hello? Jiminie?”

“‘Seok! It’s sweet to see you running back to me. Miss me, huh?”

“Of course, dear. We all do! You doing okay?”

“Eh. I’ve been better. I hate all this work we have to do, and revision. How’s it going for you?”

“Life’s given up on me. Listen, is it okay if I swing by after school to see you?”

“Oh, yeah, sure.”

“Cool. Yoongs is coming with me.”

“No ‘Guk?”

“Shit, I forgot to ask. I’ll ask tomorrow.”

“Loser. Is Tae gonna come, too?”

“I don’t think so, I think he just wanted it to be us.”

“Ah.”

“Jimin...”

“Yeah?”

“... Yoongs says he hopes you’re doing well.”

“Aw, how sweet. Is he worried about me?”

“We all are, dummy.”

“Cute. You think he’s got a crush on me, ‘Seok? You think what’s happened scored me pity points?”

“You’re kidding, right?”

“About what? Joking about it is the only defence I’ve got, let me have it!”

“I don’t find it funny.”

“Neither do I.”

“Well then, why do you do it?”

“I told you, didn’t I?”

“You can tell me about it tomorrow. If you can. I want to know.”
“Sure.”

“Okay.”

“‘Seok...”

“Yes?”

“Do you think I’m pathetic?”


“I used to think I was so cool, but I was an idiot, and now I’m recovering I realise that I don’t know who to be. I used to think I could have anybody I wanted, do anything... but now, what is there for me?”

“You’re young, Jimin. No one can blame you for that, they can only be proud that you realised the truth and wanted to change. That just shows who you are – strong and proud with a longing for perfection. You just need to find yourself, I guess. We all do. And we’ve got time to.”

“... So wise. Thanks, ‘Seok.”

“It’s the least I could do.”

“I’m glad you’re my friend. I don’t think I’ve ever said that to you.”

“Well, it’s nice to be told.”

“Hopefully, one day you can say the same for me.”

“Hopefully.”

“... Thanks for calling, ‘Seok. It’s nice to know that people still care.”

“Of course we do! Isn’t Tae a perfect example of people caring? Giving you your school work and stuff.”

“Yeah, I guess.”

“You don’t sound sure.”

“Well, he always leaves so quickly, like, he’s afraid he’ll catch something. I don’t mean to make him feel like that.”

“That’s... That’s not your fault, Jiminie. Tae’s – he’s going through some stuff right now.”

“‘Some stuff’, huh?”

“What’s with that little snort?”

“Just funny, that’s all. And you can’t tell me what this ‘stuff’ is?”

“... Sorry.”

“Does everyone know?”

“No. Only me, I think.”
“He doesn’t trust me.”

“No, no, no, he does! It’s just... I don’t know. He’ll probably tell you soon.”

“Seok. This isn’t – I don’t... It’s hard, isn’t it?”

“What is?”

“You know, don’t you?”

“Know what?”

“...”

“... Jiminie?”

“I’m not going to say it, but you know. He told you.”

“Jimin – He didn’t – I”

“It’s fine, I’m not mad. You’re bad at keeping secrets. You were so quick to save my feelings.”

“... Oh.”

“It’s hard. I don’t know what to do with myself. I want him to be happy but all I can do is run to him when I’m in pain.”

“That’s – that doesn’t make him any less happy.”

“He doesn’t think of me and become happy, does he?”

“... Sorry, can you speak up? I didn’t hear what you said.”

“It doesn’t matter. Sorry. I shouldn’t have said anything. I’ll get over it.”

“... Right.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow, yeah?”

“Yeah, of course. With Yoongs and maybe ‘Guk.”

“Maybe... Maybe not ‘Guk. I – you know.”

“He’s your friend.”

“He is. But still.”

“You can’t push him away because of this.”

“You don’t deny it then? There’s something going on between them.”

“No. Well... It’s not that simple.”

“I fucked it up, didn’t I? I got in the middle that night at the club.”

“I – I don’t – Maybe? It’s hard to say-”
“Good.”
“What?”
“It’s stupid but... Let me be selfish. It’s not in me to be so noble right away.”
“Nothing I can say will change your mind?”
“Sorry, ‘Seok.”
“You can’t think like this forever, you won’t forgive yourself.”
“I know. Not forever, just for now.”
“... I won’t invite ‘Guk.”
“Okay. Thanks.”
“But you’ll talk to him? Eventually.”
“Of course.”
“And Tae?”
“Why?”
“You can’t keep pretending like nothing’s happened. It’s preventing him from... You two need to talk.”
“He won’t be mine anymore.”
“I know.”
“That’s all I wanted. For years.”
“...”
“He’s why I wanted to forget.”
“Jimin, I-”
“I don’t know why I’m telling you this. Sorry.”
“Don’t be.”
“There was only him, you know. You ever like someone like that? It doesn’t matter about gender or whatever, I don’t want to put labels on myself. It was just him. But he never looked at me like I did him.”
“...”
“I’ll see you tomorrow, ‘Seok. And Yoongs.”
“Yeah. See you.”
“Thank you.”
“It’s alright.”
“Good night.”
“Night night.”

Chapter End Notes

*GASPS AND INHALES SHARPLY CAUSING MY LUNG TO COLLAPSE*
ooooh drama

wow so yoongs and seok are THAT couple now??? PDA PDA! seok’s invited yoongs to his dance competition??? yoongs is gonna meet seok's parents????? tae might become a model??? jiminie's all angsty????? wow so much happening omg, also taekook STILL dancing around each other and being awkward (mostly from tae's side)

i hope you enjoyed this chapter! if you did and want to give feedback, please drop me a comment <3 thank you so much <333
that's him, that's the boy i like, told me to touch him and i didn't think twice

Chapter Notes

howdy pardners is me back with some more

OKAY. WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT THIS BEFORE I BEGIN. HOPE WORLD. HIXTAPe. DECEASED. DEADENED AND SPREADENED. HOLY CRAP. OUR BOY, OUR MAN, OUR LIEGE IS SO TALENTEd AND SO EXTRAORDINARY AND HE HASN'T EVEN RELEASED ALL OF THE TRACKS YET?? IDK BUT BECAUSE OF THAT 'PT.1' IM GUESSING THERE'S MORE.

'blue side' is so.... pretty?????? i die every time

also. 'daydream' the forkin video. that not so sneaky bi flag in the background whilst a guy just happened to lie on his bed whilst he sat on it. JUNG HOSEOK OUR BISEXUAL ICON HOLY SHIT THIS IS NOT A DRILL

also, the taekook dispatch spread. them literally being dink to dink. the BOY LOVING BOY EMOJI IN THE COLOUR OF TAEKOOK?? IM NOT OKAY. FOORKKK

speaking of symbols/signs in music videos, i have a youtube channel now but i dont really know how youtube works tbh, but i analysed the romance arcs in BTS' music videos because itS SO GAY????

anyway im SORRY a lot has happened this week damn, i hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tuesday morning had already been stressful enough, with him having to cram research for his Biology homework into the same time frame that he had his breakfast, the last thing he needed was his sister being unreasonable and throwing a tantrum. Dawon glared at him from across the table, her eyes narrowed underneath her fringe. “Mum says I can’t go to town unless you walk me back. You said last week that you would, so what do you mean you’re ‘busy’ after school? You don’t have dance today!”

Hoseok had barely spared her a glance, busy cramming food into his mouth whilst scrawling information onto lined paper. “I’m seeing a friend. What do you need to go into town for anyway?”

Dawon continued to glare at him, clutching her chopstick in a rather threatening manner. However, the childishness of her face very much ruined the alarming nature of the scene and Hoseok didn’t even try to suppress a smile. “I need to get things for school, things that you didn’t have to pass down to me.”

“I’m sorry that I have a social life and you don’t,” Hoseok retorted, pausing in his writing to pull a mocking face.

Annoyance grasped at her brows and wrinkled her forehead. She brushed her fringe aside in a temper and threw down her weapon that she was brandishing. Her chopsticks clattered into her
breakfast dish. “I’m sorry that I’m a responsible student and you’re not!” She mumbled, the chair scraping against the floor as she stood up and left the table. “I’m telling mum that you went back on a promise.”

Hoseok felt something snap within him and he was brought to full attention. He dropped his pen and reached out to grip at the bottom of her blazer sleeve. “Oh, come on, don’t be such a suck-up! I’m sorry I can’t take you, ‘Won, but I can take you tomorrow!” She gave him a look of softening contempt. “I’m taking you to that amusement park this weekend, aren’t I? Doesn’t that make me the best big brother?”

Dawon shook off his arm and turned her head away, but he had already caught the look of anger disintegrate and blossom into an amused smile at her brother’s antics. “Fine. But you better not embarrass me.” She flounced away and disappeared through the open door of the kitchen.

“You’re the one who asked me to take you!” Hoseok called after her, waiting for an explanation for her bizarre behaviour but as he expected, he didn’t receive a reply. He leant back on his chair so that it tipped backwards on two legs and rolled his eyes. He returned back to his task at hand, making a mental note to tell Yoongi later and then ask for any weird sibling stories that he wished to share.

It was at quiet times like these, where he was left on his lonesome, that Hoseok’s mind drifted from the mundaneness of tasks such as homework and began to ponder the side of life that captivated his interest, capturing his focus and holding it to affairs of the heart.

At first, whilst gazing listlessly down at the half-full piece of paper in front of him, he thought about dance, the dance competition and debated back and forth amongst himself what ideas he would go ahead with. Then, he thought about studying dance at university and which one would be best to apply to. The university closest to him was mediocre but the one in the city at least three hours away offered a range of aspects he wanted to focus on, but not everything. He thought that he wanted to consider the business side of things, if he wanted to open his own dance studio. Maybe he would have to do a joint course, but where would they offer that?

The technicalities of his ponderings grew too much for him to bear, the difficulties crossing over his mind with jagged edges and drilling into his brain. He would have to look into later. His mind drifted to something much easier to process, something that he understood and felt the ease of his strained muscles when he thought about it. That thought was of Yoongi. Yoongi as a person, the person he loved, Yoongi as a concept and the Yoongi in his mind – the Yoongi that appeared when the real one wasn’t in his presence, the Yoongi that would laugh at the random thoughts inside of his head and would raise an eyebrow when Hoseok found himself doing something questionable or probably dangerous, like drinking out of the soy sauce bottle just to prove to Jiwoo that he could.

Everything and anything Yoongi was inconceivably precious to him. The different shampoo he used, which he confessed to Hoseok that he stole from his mother and sometimes from his father before returning it, and the scent it carried – and the way the fruity-scent seemed to morph into something else when intertwining with Yoongi's natural scent, it created the aroma of organic earth, something so fresh and beguiling. It left Hoseok wanting more and more, to have, to hold everything that Yoongi was and would ever be. Hoseok wanted to see every side of the boy, every dark shade of anger, frustration or jealousy that Yoongi considered ugly, Hoseok yearned to caress, to mix shades with his own.

It was at times like these when he had nothing and everything on his mind that Hoseok wondered if Yoongi thought of him, exactly as he had done. He wondered whether Yoongi ever saw a future together, him and Hoseok, together and apart at the same time. They were two separate entities, Hoseok knew this, and there was only so close they could get until there was only flesh and bone
between them, yet he felt like he could experience the stripping of flesh with Yoongi, so that he
could see – even for a split second – the very soul that Yoongi possessed, the very thing that made
Yoongi Yoongi. So, their bodies may have been forever separate – yet constantly yearning for each
other’s touch – but Hoseok liked to believe that their souls had touched and had entwined around
each other, like a garland around an arch, which would eventually meld together. Two bodies, one
soul.

Hoseok only jolted back into reality when his sister placed her school bag on the chair and tutted
audibly at him. He blinked up at the clock ticking away. Shit. He was running late.

The teacher didn’t check their homework, which was as annoying as it was a relief. Taehyung
murmured a faint, “thank God,” from the side of him which caused him to stifle his laughter into his
bag he had conveniently placed in front of him. His phone lit up and he eagerly read the reply that he
had been waiting for.

Jung Hoseok: he didn't even check the hwk!!! :(
Jung Hoseok: this is my licence to kill, my tragic backstory
Jung Hoseok: u have a free period don't u? what u doing?

Min Yoongi: maybe he'll be your nemesis, and his tragic backstory is you failing science because
you're too busy texting in class

Min Yoongi: Not much, I’m sitting with Joon who’s looking at universities
Min Yoongi: not for him though, he’s already got that sorted out (of course)
Min Yoongi: conveniently, it’s one near Jin
Min Yoongi: he’s looking at uni’s for me

Hoseok didn’t get a chance to reply, Taehyung nudged him which was his signal to look up at the
board and act as if he were paying attention, when in reality he was going to zone out and think
about the detail of the plush of Yoongi’s thighs being squeezed as the pastel pink thigh-highs gripped
his legs. Maybe things like this was why he was failing science.

When he finally saw Yoongi it wasn’t until lunchtime because Yoongi had to stay inside with the
rest of his form and lay out the chairs for today’s assembly. This meant that Hoseok spent most of his
day solely with Taehyung, which was extremely refreshing but also slightly stressful as the
conversation that had taken place between him and Jimin the night before was fresh in his mind.

“What is it?” Taehyung had asked him when the ball slipped free from between Hoseok’s fingers.
Now that he didn’t have anyone to impress, his skills were lousy.

“Nothing much, just...” Hoseok paused, unsure whether to continue but Taehyung was looking at
him with unconstrained concern and Hoseok knew he would be spilling the truth sooner or later.
“You never got to talk to Jimin, did you? About that night at the club.”

Taehyung visibly tensed, manoeuvring the ball between his hands in an effort to stall. His brow
furrowed. “No. You know I didn’t. Why?” He was on the defence.

Hoseok shrugged, hoping that nonchalance got him out of being verbally dissed by his friend. “I
don’t know, it’s just I thought that you wanted to clear things up with him before you started
anything with ‘Guk.’

Taehyung’s shoulders deflated visibly, the resolve in his eyes crumpled. “Running with ‘Guk isn’t ‘starting’ something. I... I will talk to Jimin but... not now. I mean – he’s not exactly in the right place to be rejected, is he?”

Hoseok shrugged again, the gears in his brain whirring. “I’m not one to say, but maybe you telling him is exactly what he needs to slap him out of it. That way, he isn’t clinging onto the past and can finally face the future.”

Taehyung was looking bemused, his lips tightened into a line before parting uncertainly. “Why do you think that?”

Hoseok was running out of ways to fake being casual, so instead he pounced for Taehyung and smacked the ball out of his hands. “It’s just if that were me, that’s what I would probably want. Whether I knew it or not.”

There were a few moments in which only the sound of Hoseok bouncing the ball onto the gravel covered ground was hard, and Taehyung looked so solemn that Hoseok wondered whether he would ever see his friend smile again. Taehyung beamed at him, his eyes glistening. “Okay. I’ll talk to him. Properly. Thanks, ‘Seok.”

“I know, I’m so wise. I have the answers to all your problems. But I can’t keep doing this for free, so next time, there will be a service fee.”

The bell had rung and signalled the end of the school day. There was a frantic dash for the school gates and Hoseok found himself being pulled along with the herds of younger years as they were eager to return home. Hoseok, who had agreed to meet Yoongi outside of school, decided on waiting by the school gates instead and texted Jimin that they would be a little later than planned as he calculated that they would have to take the next bus as it would likely be too full.

Taehyung had been shocked and pleased when Hoseok divulged to him his plan to meet Jimin with Yoongi after school, and Taehyung had wished him all the best. Hoseok quickly dismissed this though, and tackled the problem head-on. He told Taehyung that the two should arrange to talk later on in the week, the sooner the better, and although Taehyung looked reluctant, it hadn’t taken much of a push to get him to agree.

He saw Yoongi approach him from the distance, Jeongguk accompanied him and it seemed as if the two were having an in-depth discussion about something. Hoseok pretended as if he hadn’t seen them by scrolling through a music playlist on his phone, a playlist that was mostly composed of songs that Yoongi had recommended to him. He didn’t want to be caught staring at Yoongi from afar as if the two were in a cheesy rom-com movie that ended with Yoongi running towards him with a dazzling smile and arms outstretched. The scene was too vivid in his mind and he had to shake his head to rid himself of the picture; obviously he had watched too many rom-coms.

He heard the scuffle of footsteps on the path located next to him where he stood on the grass, the sound of voices was the cue for him to look up and be greeted with the sight of Yoongi already watching him, eyes tracing over his figure. He felt an intense sense of satisfaction jolt through him when Yoongi caught his eye and looked away hurriedly to say something to Jeongguk, pretending as if he hadn’t just been checking Hoseok out.

“I told you we didn’t have to hurry out, it was obvious he was gonna wait for you,” Jeongguk commented in a teasing tone before retreating when Yoongi shot him a split second glare of malice.
Jeongguk had obviously betrayed his confidence which Hoseok chuckled at warmly, feeling nothing but a rush of love for his boyfriend who had obviously fretted about not wanting to cause Hoseok any trouble.

“I’d wait an age for you, Yoongs, no need to worry,” Hoseok half-joked and gave into his desire of closing the distance that Yoongi seemed so intent on keeping, slinging an arm around Yoongi’s shoulder to draw him to Hoseok’s side. Hoseok, who had been feeling the chill of the oncoming winter air, immediately was encapsulated by a sudden blaze of warmth. Hoseok turned to bury his head in Yoongi’s hair, pressing his mouth to the crown of his head, his lips buzzed with the heat received from Yoongi’s skin. “Ah, you’re so warm!” He exclaimed, pulling away to smile over at Jeongguk who was surveying them with glittering eyes. “You’re lucky, ‘Guk, you have a personal heater as your best friend!”

“This ‘personal heater’ just so happens to be your boyfriend,” Yoongi commented as if he were musing. His words were packed with sarcasm and Hoseok let out a booming laugh he was certain sent birds flying from the trees opposite the school.

“Exactly! So hands off, ‘Guk, or we’ll have to fight to the death.” Hoseok attempted a growl over the top of Yoongi’s head which only succeeded in sounding as if he were guzzling a cough sweet.

Jeongguk almost crumpled to the ground in laughter. “I think you’ve already beaten me. I suppose I’ll just have to buy a replacement heater.” Yoongi snorted and Hoseok fronted as if he wasn’t going to keel over in delight as Yoongi nestled into his side, withdrawing from the cold. “Alright, I’m gonna take off now. I’ll see you tomorrow, guys.”

“Oh, wait! Tae forgot to tell you – he said that there’s no way that ‘seven is an appropriate hour’, so he said that he’d prefer to make it eight,” Hoseok remembered just in the nick of time. Jeongguk turned on his heel to face him so quickly at the mere mention of Taehyung’s name it was almost comedic.

Jeongguk pouted and looked very much like a kicked puppy. It was evident he had been hanging out with Taehyung too much. Hoseok didn’t think he would be able to handle it when two eventually started dating. “But by eight all the other runners will be out and it will be busy.”

Yoongi scoffed. “Deal with it. It’s not ‘Seok’s fault if you want to have a sweaty Tae all to yourself.” The amount of sarcasm laced in Yoongi’s delivery almost knocked Hoseok off of his feet. He leant helplessly into Yoongi’s side as his body shook with laughter, he barely noticed Jeongguk’s eyes widening with fear and his body tensing as he rooted to the spot.

“Yoongs!” Jeongguk hissed in utter betrayal, obviously feeling horror at the fact that Taehyung’s best friend now knew of his liking for the older boy – as if it wasn’t obvious already. His panicked eyes swivelled over to Hoseok who was trying to compose himself.

“It wasn’t that funny,” Yoongi muttered, although he couldn’t hide the pleased note in his voice that Hoseok latched into. Hoseok merely smiled in response, bringing his spare hand to Yoongi’s face and stroking the dip in his cheekbones and allowing his fingertips to brush against the apples of Yoongi’s cheeks – which were now pinched, as a pleased smile had gained control of Yoongi’s mouth.

“But it was,” Hoseok argued lightly, his hand settling on Yoongi’s shoulder which meant that he was now hanging off of Yoongi’s neck in a two-armed hug. “You really do live to inflict burns.”

“Um.” Jeongguk had managed to snap him back into the present with an unsure starter, Hoseok had forgotten that Jeongguk was even there. “‘Seok, I – I would appreciate it if you didn’t say anything
to Tae – I mean, not that I’m going running with him just so I can... So I can...” Jeongguk was
flushing a crimson red that Hoseok didn’t even think was possible, he decided to jump to his aid.

“Don’t worry, ‘Guk, I won’t tell him anything,” Hoseok assured him, pulling away from Yoongi so
as to not hang off of him like a monkey and settled for entwining their hands. “It’s not as if I didn’t
know anyway.”

Jeongguk’s brow furrowed and Hoseok knew instantly that he had said the wrong thing. His eyes
bore into Yoongi’s, he looked oddly distressed. “You told him.”

“No, no, no!” Hoseok rushed to Yoongi’s defence. “He didn’t tell me anything. I sort of already
guessed.” That was the truth, but what he had conveniently left out was that Yoongi had been the
one to confirm that Jeongguk reciprocated Taehyung’s feelings. Hoseok remembered the scene in the
restaurant fondly, with him watching Yoongi to pick up on any mannerisms or eating habits that
perhaps they shared.

Jeongguk regarded him with a surveying look before blowing up air into his fringe and nodding.
“Right. Okay. Sorry, I just... I don’t know. So, eight? Eight. I’ll just go now.” Jeongguk made an
odd jerking motion with his thumbs to the street behind him and then he took off down the path
rather hurriedly.

Hoseok watched, confused and amused, before shaking his head and turning his attention back to
Yoongi. “Sorry, Yoongs, I hope I didn’t start something between you.”

Yoongi exhaled, ran a thumb over the back of Hoseok’s hand. “It’s fine. He was just being over-
dramatic. They’re perfect for each other.” Hoseok laughed in agreement and squeezed Yoongi’s
hand, feeling his fingers twitch in response from where they were intertwined with Hoseok’s.
“When’s the bus coming?”

“Maybe in ten minutes,” Hoseok replied, looking over his shoulder at the nearby bus stop that was
devoid of any residents or schoolchildren. “Hey, Yoongs.”

“Mm?” Yoongi raised an eyebrow, returning the squeeze of the hand that Hoseok had just given to
him. Hoseok felt a surge of happiness run through him at the small action, it brought with it the
knowledge that Yoongi wanted to be with him, to stand by his side and loiter around on a pavement
outside of school. Loneliness seemed to be intrinsic within human nature, no matter how many one
surrounded themselves with, but with the presence of Yoongi by him and knowing that Yoongi
yearned to be with him made him feel as if loneliness was merely an illusion. It were as if he were
meant to be with Yoongi, like the cosmos and all of the dimensions and universes had planned it to
be so. They had planned the happiness that Hoseok was experiencing, and Hoseok was nothing but
grateful.

“We’re alone,” Hoseok dragged out, waggling his eyebrows in a promiscuous manner. Yoongi took
one look at his face and burst out laughing, pushing at Hoseok’s approaching chest only to sway
towards Hoseok’s side.

“I’m not making out with you before we go and see Jimin,” Yoongi told him and then snorted when
seeing the look of disappointment evidently written onto Hoseok’s features.

Hoseok audibly moaned and swung their interconnected hands to and fro gently. “But I’ve wanted to
kiss you all day,” Hoseok admitted, enunciating the whine in his tone and looking at Yoongi through
his eyelashes in hopes to evoke pity.

Yoongi saw through all of this and chuckled, nudging Hoseok in the ribs with his elbow. “Well, you
can wait a little bit more. I’m not having Jimin know – because he will – and ask who I was just making out with.”

Hoseok frowned, both in frustration and bemusement. “We are going to tell him, aren’t we? I don’t think he knows about us.”

Yoongi sucked in his cheek, causing his lips to purse and for Hoseok’s eyes to drop to stare. “Stop it,” Yoongi muttered once he realised what Hoseok was distracted by, and when Hoseok leant forwards Yoongi put a stop to it at once by clamping a hand over his mouth. “Yes, we’ll tell him, but in a less explicit way by him knowing we’ve just made out.”

Hoseok laughed at the muffled noises that were blocked by Yoongi’s hand and he gently prised Yoongi’s fingers from over his mouth. “I’m sorry, Yoongs, but I can’t help it. I’ve been thinking of you non-stop and now you’re here...” He leant in again and almost toppled backwards when Yoongi jumped out of his grasp. “Hey!” Hoseok yelped, a feeling of rejection overtaking him. “That was cruel!”

Yoongi looked at him from where he had backed up against the school gate, a teasing smile twitching at his lips. “I’m sorry, ‘Seok.” He must have seen that Hoseok was more upset than he was letting on, the smile died from his lips. “It’s not like I don’t want to kiss you either, it’s just...” He trailed off, seemingly embarrassed to admit something but upon casting a glance at Hoseok and seeing the dejected expression on his face seemed a good enough prompt. “If you kiss me I won’t want you to stop, and then my lips will get swollen.” Hoseok almost choked at the confession that seeped from Yoongi’s mouth, the mouth he so desperately longed to claim with his own. “On Sunday, when I got back from yours, I had to put my scarf in front of my mouth so no one saw. I couldn’t go downstairs the whole night.”

Hoseok’s body almost collapsed in on itself, folding him over and stealing his breath. Yoongi embarrassingly muttering his confessions about how he had to hide his swollen mouth from his family was so adorable and somehow, to Hoseok, an absolute aphrodisiac. “Yoongs!” He whined, becoming increasingly aware that Yoongi had turned him into a whining, on-the-verge-of-blubbering, mess simply by denying him a kiss. He was constantly astonished by how much power the boy in front of him held over him. He wondered if Yoongi knew, would ever know. “You can’t say stuff like that and expect me not to kiss you.”

Yoongi scoffed, seemingly at a loss of what to say or do. He settled for shrugging and kicking at the ground. “I’ll kiss you after we leave Jimin.” He shot Hoseok an apologetic smile to ensure that he was going to make up for their lack of contact. The sorrowful feeling that Yoongi communicated in his smile translated well with Hoseok. He felt the silent regret in the slight lift of Yoongi’s lips. Hoseok gave him a similar sort of smile to show that Yoongi’s unspoken apology had been accepted.

There was the nearby sound of crackling gravel which indicated the approaching bus. “Let’s talk about something else, okay?” Hoseok moved towards Yoongi and tugged lightly at the sleeve of his blazer before dropping his backpack onto the ground to fish through its contents for his wallet. Once retrieving it, he rose up and swung his bag over his shoulder. He looked to Yoongi whose hand was in his blazer pocket, apparently searching for something.

“Hey.” Hoseok ceased Yoongi’s attempts at locating his wallet by grasping at Yoongi’s hand and bringing it free of the pocket. “I’ll pay for your ticket to town. Don’t worry about it.”

Yoongi looked up at him in disbelief, his brows furrowed in adamant. “‘Seok, you really don’t need to. You paid for my ticket last time.”

Hoseok laughed and jogged towards the bus that had stationed itself next to the pole of the bus stop.
Before Yoongi could intercept him, he paid for two single tickets and climbed to the back of the partially empty bus. He stood, waiting for Yoongi to take the window seat. Yoongi clambered on board and approached Hoseok with murderous intent. “You’re the worst.”

Hoseok chuckled in good humour as Yoongi took the seat opposite him to rebel against Hoseok’s intentions, and then placed his bag on the seat next to him so as to prevent Hoseok from being able to sit down without much discomfort. “You need to work on your manners, Yoongs. I think you meant to say: ‘Thank you so much, ‘Seokie. You’re the best boyfriend ever; you have my permission to write a note home to my parents if I am ever overcome with madness and leave you.’” He ended up collapsing onto Yoongi’s lap in a bout of manic laughter as an elderly woman seated at the front of the bus had turned her head, upon evidently hearing Hoseok’s impassioned spiel, and shooting them a warm smile.

“Sorry, ma’am. I’ll get him to be quieter,” Yoongi apologised, shoving Hoseok onto the seat next to him positioned next to the window after pushing his bag onto the floor.

“Ah, it’s alright, dear. I’ve heard it all by now,” came her quiet, yet amused, response that was almost lost in the loud drone of the bus that was hurtling down the hill. Hoseok looked to Yoongi in bewilderment. There was a split second of silence before Yoongi must have realised what was going to happen and, yet again, slapped a hand over Hoseok’s mouth, clamping his fingers together so that none of Hoseok’s laughter managed to escape.

“You’re impossible—ugh,” Yoongi complained in disgust as Hoseok had allowed his tongue to slip past his lips and lick at Yoongi’s fingers. Yoongi ripped his hand away at once which meant that Hoseok’s laughter rose over the sound of the bus’s engine. “You have an obsession with licking me. First yesterday, and just now. You’re gross.” Indeed, Yoongi did look repulsed, frantically wiping his hand on the arm of Hoseok’s blazer, but there was a hint of laughter woven in his voice.

“I’m sorry, Yoongs, but it’s the next best thing to kissing you,” Hoseok admitted in a teasing tone. He grabbed at Yoongi’s hand that was still rubbing on his arm and made a show of interlocking their fingers before bringing both hands to his thigh nearest to Yoongi’s. “Anyway, before you get mad at me for trying to kiss you again, I never thanked you in person for offering to help me with Science.”

“Yeah, you really sound grateful when you ignore the teacher again by texting me,” Yoongi deadpanned, staring at Hoseok with an unimpressed expression. Hoseok giggled nervously, feeling slightly unnerved. Maybe Yoongi wasn’t going to be a fun teacher. He suddenly regretted accepting the seemingly kind-hearted offer, and then he realised that he wouldn’t be in this predicament if he had paid attention in class and had passed the last few tests.

“Okay, okay, I won’t grace your person by messaging you anymore in class,” Hoseok gave in, but it didn’t seem to dismiss any of Yoongi’s serious demeanour.

“Or anyone else,” Yoongi dragged out and didn’t shift his unsettling stare until Hoseok weakly muttered the words of promise. “And you won’t waste the hours by day-dreaming.”

This particular part of the pact grated at Hoseok’s self-restraint. He sunk into his seat and glowered at their conjoined hands. “Fine. But I expect you to make it up to me by re-enacting said daydreams.”

There was a sharp pain in a small patch of skin on his hand, his vision swam into focus and he realised that Yoongi had attempted to stab him with the nail of his little finger. “I feel like your fantasies include a lot of impossible stuff. Like there being two of me or something.”

Hoseok tilted his head back to laugh at the scepticism in Yoongi’s voice but then his laughter faded out once the image of there being two Yoongi’s to please, and two Yoongi’s to please him, became
ingrained into his mind.

“Oh, come on, please don’t.” Another nail in his hand, Hoseok whined in response and pulled his hand away. “I feel like I’ve downgraded to your level by giving you another fantasy. How do you even think of that kind of stuff in a classroom anyway?”

Hoseok chuckled and faked a yawn, lifting his arms into the air and arching his back, he leant towards Yoongi’s side and settled an arm around Yoongi’s shoulders, anchoring him in. He placed his spare hand on Yoongi’s thigh, trailing his fingertips delicately upwards into the dip of Yoongi’s legs. His hand squeezed Yoongi’s inner thigh, his little finger poised outwards to lightly press against the crotch of Yoongi’s trousers. He tilted his head so his lips pressed against the shell of Yoongi’s ear. He lowered his voice to a deep hum. “It’s fairly easy, baby. All I’ve gotta do is think of you underneath me, moaning my name and begging for me to-”

“’Seok!” Yoongi hissed, clasping the back of Hoseok’s hand as his fingers began tracing the sensitive nerves encased in Yoongi’s skin. With much difficulty, Yoongi managed to remove Hoseok’s hand and dropped it atop of Hoseok’s own thigh, much to his own disappointment. “Groping me is much worse than kissing me. I can’t show up at Jimin’s hard, you idiot. He’ll probably think it’s for him!” It was true, and the fact was so humorous that Hoseok crumpled into Yoongi’s side, creasing with laughter.

He removed his arm from around Yoongi’s person and put his hands up in mock-surrender after regaining his composure. “Okay, okay, I won’t touch you until after we leave! I promise!” Yoongi regarded him with a raised eyebrow and scepticism etched into his irises. Hoseok sighed in defeat and made a cross motion over his heart. “Believe me now?”

Yoongi rolled his eyes, Hoseok hoped it was in a fond manner, and sucked in his cheek. “You’re impossible.”

“You’re impossible.”

“But you’re stuck with me.”

“Indeed I am.”

“And you like it?”

“For some annoying reason, I really do. Maybe it’s because I like you.”

“Yoongs, you’re making it incredibly hard for me not to kiss you right now.”

“I think ‘hard’ is the appropriate word choice here. Seriously, right here? Are you ever not horny?”

“If you’re not going to do something about it, stop looking! And to answer your question, yes, but not when I’m around you.”

“What do you expect me to do? Drop to my knees and suck you off right here? We’d give the bus driver a heart attack.”

“Well, fine, don’t play along with my fantasies.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry, I’ll have to wait until another me spawns to this location so that we can fight over you.”
“God, Yoongs, I think I just came.”

“Oh my go- why do I bother? Come on, get your stuff, we’re almost there.”

“Fine. Here’s your bag, by the way.”

“Thanks.”

“Thank you, sir – Yoongs, be careful getting off the bus.”

“What am I, a grandpa? That was a really bad excuse just to hold my hand.”

“It looked lonely!”

“I’m not complaining. Now, hurry up, it’s going to get dark soon.”

“Yoongs?”

“Yeah?”

“Before we go to Jimin’s I think I need to go to the toilet or something.”

“You should have gone in school.”

“Oh. No. Not for that.”

“... You’re kidding me. You’re gonna... In a public place?”

“That’s why I said ‘or something’! Yoongs, I’m properly hard, give me a break.”

“I can give you a punch. Why is your sex drive so... so ridiculously inconvenient? Look, you’re gonna have to think it away or just ignore it.”

“Easier said than done! Yoongs, look, there’s a park. No one’s there. We could go into those bushes-”

“We?”

“Yes! You could just... Then it would be taken care of and we can go to Jimin’s. Just tell him we got stuck in traffic or something.”

“Seok, you’re crazy. I’m not sucking you off in a children’s park.”

“Not that! You could just... Give me a hand.”

“Quite literally.”

“Exactly! So, will you? We wouldn’t be seen! It’s getting dark.”

“Seok...”

“Please, Yoongs? It’s your fault I’m like this anyway. Maybe if you had just kissed me...”

“Very nice victim card, is it new?”

“Yoongs, please! I think I’m gonna die. I’ve been thinking of you all day!”
“So you’ve said. Doesn’t mean I owe you anything.”

“Okay, fine. If you do this for me, is there anything I can do for you?”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know – anything! It’s up to you! You want me to hack into ‘Jin’s account and send some incriminating messages to ‘Joon? I’m your guy!”

“It sounds like that’s your fantasy and not mine.”

“Yoongi, please. If you don’t do it, I will, and you’re gonna have to keep a look out.”

“Is there really no way you can just ignore it?”

“I’m not walking through town with a tent in my pants! People will think I’m some kind of pervert!”

“Which you are.”

“You’re really not helping; your back-chat is a turn on, Yoongs.”

“What? Are you being serious?”

“Yes! Why do you think I try to annoy you so much?”

“You actively try to wind me up? I just thought that was who you are. You’re making me question everything I know about you.”

“Maybe it was both. I don’t know. Baby, please.”

“Aw, does daddy need his baby’s help?”

“Oh, god, Yoongs, please don’t.”

“I thought you wanted me to help you?”

“Of course I do, you don’t know what that does to me – where are you going?”

“So you don’t want me to give you a hand?”

“Wait – Are you – Are you for real?”

“If you promise to focus on Science in classes and when I’m helping you, and not use my offer as a chance to ‘seduce’ me or whatever, I’ll do this for you.”

“Holy shit, Yoongs – I... Thank you so much.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m the best, I know. Now get behind those trees – not that one, the one by that wooden fence in the corner.”

“Grind on me, baby.”

“This is the completely wrong setting to be demanding, ‘Seok. Just undo your pants and let me help you. Do you have tissues?”

“Y-yeah, I think I’ve got some in my bag.”
“I’ve barely even touched you yet. Get the tissues out.”

“Here, here – now touch me, Yoongs.”

“... You weren’t fucking around, were you? You’re so hard.”

“I told y-you! Ah, fuck!”

“... I think you’re gonna have to do me, too.”

“O... kay – ah! Come closer so I can... Oh, you wear button-ups? What’s wrong with a zipper, Yoongs?”

“Shut up and touch me. ‘Seok, you leaked so much, you’re so wet. All from thinking of me?”

“Y-yeah, baby, who else? I think I’m gonna – fuck, yes, baby, just like that.”

“Seok, go faster – I – always – when I think of y-you, I go faster.”

“Baby – I’m gonna – you – say my name.”

“Hoseok...”

“A-ah, fuck. Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. That was so... Fuck. Are you gonna come soon, baby?”

“Y-yeah. Faster. Please.”

“I’m all over your hand, baby, now tell me that’s not a total turn on. You were acting all high and mighty but you wanted it just as I did, didn’t you? God, Yoongs, you make me feel crazy. Come onto my hand, Yoongs. Say my name. You’re mine.”

“Seok – Hoseok – Coming...”

“Lean into me, baby, just like that. You did so well. I wish I could kiss you, but we don’t want that, do we? We don’t want Jimin to know what we did, do we? Where are those tissues? There. Now I’m gonna clean us up, baby, and then we’re gonna go wash our hands, okay?”

“Yeah...”

“God, I could never touch myself like you just touched me. I wish you were there every time I got hard, Yoongs.”

“I could be. One day.”

“... What do you mean?”

“... Nothing. I’m tired – that doesn’t mean you have to button my pants up for me, ‘Seok.”

“Course it does! I’ll buy you a drink, yeah? Full of sugar!”

“You don’t have to.”

“I want to. I’ll get one as well.”

“I’ll pay.”

“No, it’s fine-”
“You’re not going to go bankrupt because of me. I’ll pay for us. It’s only fair.”

“But you just helped me, consider this your reward.”

“You helped me, too. I’ll pay, that’s final. You’re not my sugar daddy.”

“Ahh, but I could be!”

“Yeah, sure, if you gained a few years and a few billion.”

“I am older than you. And one day I could be filthy rich. I’d love to spoil you, Yoongs, which is why I want to give you a taster of the life as a sugar baby.”

“Older than me by a month, that’s nothing. Don’t I get a say? What if a better offer comes along? Give me those tissues, Seok, I’ll throw them away on our way into town.”

“Sure thing. Anyway, what do you mean a ‘better’ offer? If you were to actually get a sugar daddy, who would you pick?”

“It’s not like I have a list of potential daddies. I don’t even know any rich people. Why? Do you have a list?”

“Of sugar daddies? Ha! I think you know better than anyone that that’s not really my area, Yoongs.”

“Of course. Because you’re the daddy.”

“Exactly! See, I’m the daddy and you’re the baby. We’ve got it all apart from the ‘sugar’.”

“Which I will be supplying by being you a drink.”

“Fine. Oooh, give me your sugar, baby!”

“... I can’t remember why I like you.”

“You can’t say that after laughing! Admit it, I’m hilarious.”

“You’re weird. You asked me to get you off in the miniature forest of a children’s park. You really have no shame.”

“Um, you seem to conveniently be forgetting that you got hard when seeing I was hard and then asked me to get you off as well.”

“... We’re such teenagers. Ouch! Did you just headbutt me?”

“I didn’t mean to! It’s what I do when I laugh! And you make me laugh a lot.”

“I’m glad to hear, but I don’t think I deserve to get knocked out.”

“You deserve the best, Yoongs.”

“Why do you think I’m dating you?”

“Fuck. That hurt. Right in my heart.”

“As long as it’s not in your pants. You seem masochistic.”

“No! Yoongs, stop laughing at me!”
Jimin opened the front door with an excitable expression. Hoseok’s face itched with an unsuppressable smile as Jimin latched onto him and Yoongi. “You guys are so late! I was starting to think you weren’t coming.” He dragged them inside and closed the door behind him.

Hoseok was warmly greeted by Jimin’s mother, who he hadn’t seen in over a year. She had changed quite a lot, from what he could remember of her from before. Her hair was shorter now, so it was less hassle to deal with, and the worry lines etched onto her forehead were a lot more prominent. It was understandable, Hoseok mused, these days she had a lot more to be stressed about.

“How long you staying?” Jimin asked after his mother had muttered something into his ear.

Yoongi and Hoseok exchanged a glance, silently communicating with words that didn’t exist, words that – in this moment – existed solely for them, but somehow Hoseok understood them completely. “An hour or so. Not to long.”

Jimin pouted, something Hoseok hadn’t seen him do seriously since the last year of primary school. “We were gonna get takeaway.”

Hoseok decided to join in with the childish display and pouted his lips as well. “Sorry, but I’ve got to get home. Yoongs does as well.”

Jimin exhaled slowly through his nose. “Fine.” Then he stuck out his tongue and raced for the stairs leaving Hoseok to blink in his wake. He poked his head from in between the stairwell and called, “hurry up, losers!”

Jimin’s mother smiled apologetically at Hoseok and Yoongi. “Sorry,” she apologised, looking guilty. “He’s just really excited. He wouldn’t stop talking about you both the whole day.”

Hoseok laughed in response and nudged Yoongi who was standing beside him. “It’s okay, Mrs Park! We’re used to it by now.” Yoongi voiced his agreement which seemed to console her as she nodded gratefully and gestured that they shouldn’t keep Jimin waiting.

The two climbed the stairs, Hoseok swiping at the back of Yoongi’s heels playfully and narrowly avoided getting his hand stepped on purposefully. They turned right on the landing out of reflex, looked at each other and smiled, before entering the room closest to them. They had both been to Jimin’s house on multiple occasions but at different times, meaning they had always missed each other.

It was strange that they had shared part of their childhood in this house but they hadn’t shared it together. Returning to the place filled with memories of innocent sleepovers and first drinks that Jimin had smuggled in felt, to Hoseok, as if it were coming full-circle and matched nicely with whatever memories Yoongi had made in this house. In some ways, it deepened their connection, and from the smile that Yoongi gave him, Hoseok was sure that he felt it too.

“Guys, come in already, you’ve wasted enough time!” Jimin broke the mutual silence and the intense stare that Hoseok was receiving from Yoongi, and grabbed both of their arms and hauled them into his room.

It was alien, being able to see the floor of Jimin’s bedroom. He had removed it of all of the clutter; the random unwashed clothes strewn about that he never gave himself time to put away, the empty cans of energy drinks that were most likely filled with dubious substances that never made their way into the bin, and the endless amounts of video games that had littered the surfaces of his windowsill,
desk and any other object with a large enough surface area. Even Jimin’s ancient laptop that had groaned in protest every time Jimin had booted it up was missing from its usual space on the covers of Jimin’s bed.

His room was tidy, yes, and it was a nice sight to see. However, Hoseok couldn’t help but feel as if some part of him had been stripped away along with the rubbish; the messiness had given Jimin’s room a certain type of feel. It was the feel of being a teenager, reckless and rebellious with not a care in the world. Hoseok didn’t know why such a sense of sadness lingered within him; not caring hadn’t got Jimin very far, and had only landed him in several trips to the hospital and many nights in a jail cell. That Jimin seemed to be gone now, along with the bomb explosion that was once his bedroom.

If Jimin sensed that something was off, he didn’t voice it. He plunked down onto his desk chair – it was new, Hoseok noticed, there were no holes in the fake leather – and grinned upwards at them. “So, how’ve you two been? Getting into trouble I hope.”

Yoongi collapsed onto Jimin’s bed and leant forwards to wheel Jimin’s chair closer towards him solely to flick him on his nose. Jimin squealed and jumped out of the chair, he laughed manically into Yoongi’s shoulder. Hoseok found himself smiling at the scene and re-positioned himself into the chair Jimin had sat in previously. He rested his feet on top of Jimin’s knees and laughed when Jimin failed to prise them off.

“I think it’s you whose been getting into trouble,” Yoongi quipped, pushing at where Jimin’s hands had woven around his neck in an attempt to throttle him. “You haven’t been at school. I was worried.”

Jimin cooed and began to pinch at Yoongi’s cheeks in an attempt for no one to notice the pleased smile growing on his face. “That’s so adorable, Yoongs!” He peered over at Hoseok who was busy laughing at Yoongi’s disgusted expression. “See, ‘Seok, I told you he has a crush on me.”

“Doesn’t everyone?” Hoseok mock-swooned before launching himself on top of Jimin causing the bed to creak. He rolled away at the last second and collapsed onto the duvets, clutching at his stomach in shaky laughter.

“Not people who matter,” Jimin said, slapping Hoseok’s cheek lightly. He said it jokingly enough but Hoseok understood the meaning behind it. His laughter fizzled out too quickly to be deigned as natural.

“Is this your way of rejecting me?” Yoongi sighed dramatically and caught Jimin’s attention as Hoseok sat up and slouched against the wall.

“I would never!” Jimin gasped. Hoseok surveyed the scene of Jimin lurching towards Yoongi a tad too closely to be remotely platonic. Although he knew that up until this point the talk of crushes was merely a joke, suddenly the humour was lost on him as the weight of Jimin’s approach caused Yoongi to be pushed back onto the bed. “Come on, Yoonie, open wide!”

“What are you, a dentist?” Yoongi frowned up at him. Jimin laughed in response and gave up what Hoseok hoped to be an act of trying to kiss his boyfriend. He sat up and moved off of Yoongi, only to fall back onto Hoseok.

“I’ve already kissed Jeongguk, I might as well kiss every single one of you,” Jimin expelled with a weak chuckle. “Re-seal the friendship.”

“I think there’s a more effective way of doing that, you know,” Hoseok replied rather stiffly, unsure
whether to take Jimin seriously or not. “What’s wrong with you today?”

Jimin giggled. Hoseok almost reeled backwards in shock. He hadn’t heard Jimin giggle in years. It seemed so out of place with the low tone of Jimin’s voice. “Today? You mean, what’s wrong with me every day?”

“No, he means today. You’re... a little out of it,” Yoongi agreed with him, concern nestling onto his features for one of his best friends’ well-being.

Jimin remained stoically quiet for a brief moment before sighing, it sounded like defeat. “I’m tired and hyped up on sugar.” He lifted his head from Hoseok’s shoulder and settled for staring at his lap. “I didn’t want to be all droopy when you guys came ‘round.”

“Jiminie...” Hoseok began out of habit. “Can I call you that again?”

“You did when you called,” Jimin muttered. “I didn’t want you saying that when I started going out and partying. I’ve changed since then, ‘Seokie.’ The familiar nickname made Hoseok’s body flush with warmth although the atmosphere was so cold. He shivered at the clash of temperatures.

“On the phone,” Hoseok started, slightly nervously as he was uncertain how Jimin was going to react. As usual, he was unpredictable. “You said you were going to tell us about what was going on. Why you’re taking time off.” Yoongi looked at him in bemusement, Hoseok couldn’t even smile to reassure him.

Jimin sighed again, dragged his palms across his face. “I did, didn’t I? Okay.” He joined Hoseok in slouching against the wall meaning that Hoseok had a direct line of sight to Yoongi who was surveying Jimin with a worried stare. “Okay. So it must have been in the third year or something where I started going to parties. At first they were in-school parties, you know? Like, birthday parties and all that, but eventually I got into clubs. Under 18’s at first, but along the way I met some people who I thought were cool. When I was with them I could get into 18’s and over, I could get drinks, I could do whatever, and I loved it.

“But I was always having to prove myself, I guess. Do stupid stuff, like chugging or chatting up girls to get their numbers, nothing that bad, but after a while you get pretty tired of it. At least, I did.” Jimin had flicked his eyes to the ceiling, refusing to look any of them in the eye. “They weren’t a gang. There were no guns or anything like it, but there were drinks, and drugs, and other stuff that I didn’t even get to know about. I spent four years with this group, they watched me grow up but they still treated me like a little kid, like I was their errand boy. I tried so hard to prove I was more, to make myself feel better about who I was, – to excuse what I had become – so I got into fights with people they didn’t like. I know it was just overnight, but I went to jail for some of those fuckers. Sure, they always bailed me out and picked me up, but it was a never-ending cycle. They made me feel like I was everything and someone but told me that I could ‘crash at theirs’ so my ‘mumsie wouldn’t find out’. They made me feel so small.

“So, I thought: okay, drinking didn’t work. Fighting didn’t work. The only thing left to do is...” Jimin performed a jilting drumroll on his lap. It was awkwardly placed and felt rushed, it didn’t match Jimin’s crumpling facial expression. Hoseok’s stomach felt hollow. “Drugs! It was the fifth year of secondary school I started, they gave me all kinds of advice. Not to inject, it’d be too obvious, too risky. Not to snort, again too obvious after a while. But smoking? Perfect.” Jimin rolled his eyes as if to make light of the situation. Nobody laughed. “It was nothing serious at first, I thought it was pretty fun. It’s so taboo, so restricted, so forbidden, and yet so many people do it, I’ve seen them, and now I guess I’m one of many. But I guess that’s why I stuck at it; I thought I finally belonged. School was boring, lessons were pointless, but the people... I loved you guys, I still do, but it wasn’t enough. It was the normality of it all, I guess. I didn’t want to be normal but I didn’t think I
could succeed, I’m not special enough. But with them, I thought I was someone.

“Fast-forward a year and it’s not enough. You never feel the same high again the first time, you always want more, wanna experience it all again. So I moved onto stronger stuff. I had seen what some of the strongest stuff did to people and hated it, so I thought: okay, I won’t let it get to that point, I’m not addicted, it’s just for fun. But it wasn’t. It had long stopped being fun. I was doing it ‘cause I was scared, scared that I would be kicked out of the group that made me feel like someone and I would have to go back to failing at being normal.” He cast a helpless glance over to Hoseok.


Jimin was crying. Tears of sorrow and shame ran down Jimin’s cheeks, twisting and turning so that they spiralled in different directions. That streak of pride must have still ran through him, he rubbed harshly at his face with the sleeves of his football hoodie. “This year, I was getting sick. I was having panic attacks, was getting fevers and everything like it. I felt like shit. I couldn’t concentrate and was constantly craving more. I couldn’t remember the last time I had been properly sober and I was certain I was going to get thrown out of school, and the group I went to those clubs with.” He let out a broken chuckle. “You know something? They were thinking of dropping me. Said that I had cost them too much: hospital trips, bails, and drug debts. All the ways I would pay them back just wasn’t enough anymore and they didn’t want to nearly kill me because I had grown up with them. It’s funny, isn’t it? Those fuckwads can feel something like sentiment?” More laughter filled with nothing but empty despair. Hoseok wanted to anchor Jimin in, just to make sure that he was really there and wasn’t slipping away back into his past. He inched closer and wove an arm around Jimin’s shoulder, pulling him to his neck.

“Thanks, ‘Seokie,” Jimin sniffed, rubbing at his eyes again. He motioned to Yoongi, “come join us, Yoonie.” And so Yoongi did, readjusting himself so that he sat next to Jimin, leaning onto his shoulder. “Now I’m sober again and it’s been so... so fucking hard, you know? I was always in a different world, seeing everything differently and wanting to see more, not having to think about my future or anything, but now... This is it.” Jimin gestured to the space in front of him with a lazy arm. “The world is what I see. Nothing more. And now we have to focus on university I realise I’ve got nothing to offer. I’ve got no excuses either. I can’t write in my statement, ‘sorry I’ve done fuck-all with my life, was high for two years.” Jimin snorted. Hoseok let out an uncertain chuckle, finding some humour in Jimin’s joke but unsure whether it would be appropriate to laugh.

Jimin patted his thigh. “It’s alright. You can laugh. That’s what I do, too. If I find it funny, maybe it won’t be so sad. Though, I’ve already told you that, haven’t I?” Hoseok hummed so as to not give a solid answer to break Jimin’s train of thought. “So, you’re both right – I am out of it. That’s why I’m off school, to recover. I’m not even allowed my phone in case they try to contact me or I them.” Jimin sighed. “My parents took my laptop as well. I’m only allowed my mum’s to look at uni’s – which I never do. I’ve only got the TV – but only channels they approve.”

There was the noise of crunching gravel outside and a dim light flashed through Jimin’s window. Jimin’s eyes flickered to the light and he deflated. “Dad’s home. If you’re gonna go home I suggest you go now before he ropes you into staying for dinner.”

"Before we do - thank you for telling us, Jiminie." Jimin stared back at him, unshed tears glistening in his eyes. He blinked hard and smiled in response to Hoseok. "I know it wasn't easy.”

"'t's alright,” Jimin replied, drawing one leg to his chest to rest his head on it. “Thanks for listening.” Hoseok smiled, patted Jimin's hand. There was nothing else to say; all they could try to do now was
move on, with them aiding Jimin in anything that he needed. Hoseok’s attention left Jimin and he focussed on Yoongi’s eyes in the darkness of the room. “Should we go?”

Yoongi looked reluctant, his hand clasped firmly Jimin’s arm. “I guess. My mum wants me back before dinner. I assume you’ve missed yours, ‘Seok. It’s past five.”

Hoseok felt his eyebrow twitch as he noted Yoongi’s teasing smile. Jimin tilted his head back to let out a merry burst of laughter, laughter which Hoseok had missed. “Oh, shut up! You’re the weird one, I don’t know you haven’t collapsed from starvation already!” He moved from Jimin’s bed and planted his feet onto the floor, shooting Yoongi a dark glare. All he received in response was a satisfied smirk.

“Guys, guys, before you go, I never got to ask – I’ve been wanting to introduce you to each other ever since I came to this school, so how come you’re friends now?” Jimin asked with intrigued eyes which jumped from Hoseok to Yoongi.

The two exchanged a glance which weighed heavily with a blaze of amusement. Yoongi’s eyes glimmered in the darkness at him before Yoongi turned to Jimin. “Well, me and ‘Seok got paired together for a project in History, and we got to know each other from there.”

“Oh.” Jimin sounded disappointed that their meeting hadn’t come about through something more dramatic, like an explosion or a riot. Hoseok was equally disappointed but for a different reason; was that where Yoongi was going to leave it? Did he not want to kiss Hoseok for a different reason than he had given him? Did he not want Jimin to know about them at all? Why?

Hoseok’s eternal conflict came to an abrupt halt when Yoongi next opened his mouth. “And then ‘Seok told me that he had a crush on me when he invited me out to eat under a false agenda.”

Hoseok spluttered in a wild panic whilst Jimin threw himself forwards and yelled. “Are you fucking kidding me?” Jimin turned to Hoseok with wide eyes, his mouth agape. “You liked Yoongi? Since when?”

“Well – I – for a while?” Hoseok’s brain was in a whirl. It was so strange hearing Yoongi tell someone their origin story for the first time. It was weird hearing it be portrayed in a comedic manner, as well as mortifyingly embarrassing. Jimin was still staring up at him, his eyebrows positioned in such a way that it looked like they had been drawn on by a three year old. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you, I just... I didn’t want anyone to know. I didn’t think anything would ever happen between us.”

“And you?” Jimin practically spun to face Yoongi. “Did you like him, too?”

Yoongi smiled at Jimin’s expression, his eyes flickered over to Hoseok who was watching, paralysed in fear of Yoongi’s response. “Not before I talked to him. I didn’t know him. But after we started talking and I found out more about him, I think I started to.” Jimin seemed to be too shocked to speak, he collapsed onto the bed, his arms and legs outspread. Yoongi seemed to be holding back a laugh and with one glance at Hoseok, he went in for the kill. “And after he made out with me at a bus stop, that clinched it.”

Hoseok recalled the memory with a fondness; it was their first kiss. His first kiss. He had been entirely wrapped up in the look in Yoongi’s eyes, so breathtaking and tempting, and the alluring softness of Yoongi’s smell. Everything that was Yoongi, he had wanted it all. He had asked to kiss Yoongi with an unwavering feeling that he already knew he would receive an affirmative answer; he had seen Yoongi’s stunning eyes drift towards his lips. Yoongi had wanted to kiss Hoseok, had wanted Hoseok to kiss him.
The unspoken knowledge had draw him closer until there was no distant, no other thoughts in his head. Their lips had melded together almost naturally and Yoongi had surrendered himself to Hoseok’s mouth, Hoseok’s tongue. He didn’t know what to do with his mouth; he had no technique, but Yoongi’s tongue had shuddered against his and then Yoongi was moaning into him so he must have been doing something right. Hoseok had pulled away, breathless and wanting more. But he had had to restrain himself. Yoongi wasn’t his then. But now, in this moment, Yoongi was his and he was Yoongi’s.

His eyes were uncomfortably dry by the time he returned to the present, the memory unravelling itself from around his mind, and he realised that he had been staring at Yoongi. Yoongi was staring back at him, a smile curved onto his mouth and his chest rising and falling a little faster than usual.

“Wait, wait, wait.” Jimin crawled to his knees, a wobbly smile on his face and his eyes glowing. He pointed at the both of them. “You’re together? Like, dating?” He sounded incredulous.

Hoseok snorted at Jimin’s tone, leant forwards to grab at Yoongi’s hand and pulled him towards his side. He laced an arm around Yoongi’s waist, his fingers stroking at the loose fuzz on Yoongi’s blazer. “If we say yes, will you have an aneurysm?” Yoongi chuckled at Hoseok’s joke, which made him glow with pride and tighten his grip on Yoongi’s waist, and placed his hand on top of Hoseok’s hand on his waist.

Jimin was silent for a few seconds before shaking his head in disbelief, a wide smile pulling at his lips. “This is crazy. I never thought that... Man, I feel so stupid! I should have guessed when you were so insistent against meeting Yoongs!” Jimin directed the latter part at Hoseok who, in turn, flushed as Yoongi peered up at him with a raised eyebrow.

“You didn’t want to meet me?” Yoongi asked. He didn’t sound offended, merely bemused.

Hoseok bristled as Jimin let out a screeching bout of laughter. “No! I mean, yes!” He corrected as Yoongi’s brow furrowed. “I was just... Nervous. I didn’t want to seem... I don’t know. I knew that once I was introduced to you I would want to keep talking to you; I didn’t want to seem clingy or weird you out.”

Yoongi continued to stare up at him. The bemusement slowly transitioned into incredibility. “I can’t believe you. Whenever Jimin asked me if I wanted to meet you guys I said I was fine with it. I would have liked you, ‘Seok.”

Hoseok flushed with embarrassment and a sense of shame. “I’m sorry, Yoongs.”

Something flashed across Yoongi’s face, too fleeting to catch a hold of and read into it. “Don’t be sorry. I shouldn’t have... It’s not your fault. I was just... We might have had more time, that’s all.” Yoongi squeezed the hand on his waist and gave Hoseok a small smile.

Hoseok was slightly confused, he cocked his head to the side so as to read Yoongi more clearly. “What do you mean? We’ve got plenty of time! We might go to different universities but we’ll still be able to see each other. And call. And text.”

Yoongi regarded him with something that Hoseok had never seen. It wasn’t doubt and it wasn’t disappointment, it was something more. It made Hoseok’s insides feel sore, like he was burning. “Yeah. Exactly,” Yoongi replied. It was half-hearted and not in the least convincing. Hoseok felt something rank itch in his veins, ripping at his heartstrings. Was Yoongi harbouring fears that the two would inevitably part for good? Was Yoongi doubtful of Hoseok’s faithfulness to him?

“Sorry to interrupt your moment here, as cute as it may be,” Jimin interjected, tearing through
Hoseok’s troubled thoughts with a playful smile. Jimin’s eyes glittered mischievously as he stared darted from Hoseok, to his hand secured on Yoongi’s waist, and back up to Yoongi. “I need to ask a favour.”

“What is it?” Yoongi sounded wary, it was evident he had seen the impish look carved into Jimin’s eyes.

Jimin smiled before clearing his throat. He leant back against the wall and regarded the two with cool indifference, as if watching the screen of a TV. “Could you two make out or something? Preferably something more. I haven’t watched porn in ages.”

Chapter End Notes

did the two fulfil their destiny and become the greatest porn stars of our time? catch up next week on - jimin’s a horny shit whom i love and hate to see him suffer but i make him suffer anyway

if any of you wanna watch some gay music video analysis heres my shameless self-promo: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JJ2hRL0FGmY

i hope you enjoyed this chapter! if you did and want to leave me some feedback, please feel free to drop a comment! <3 also if you want to scream about hixtape feel free to do so too because IM NOT OKAY

thank you <3 see you next time!
it will surely be a shame, when the time comes, that tragedy befalls us

Chapter Notes

howdy-do-di partner-rooni’s

okay so there aren't a whole lot of events in this chapter but it's setting a lot up (one of which involves FORESHADOWING so do be on high alert if you're keen of inferring what might happen ;))

okay so bts' album is almost complete???????/// im QUAKING??????????

anyway yoonseok and taekook are the reason i live

i've also uploaded a new theory video on youtube so if you're interested i'll leave a link :)

that's about it! enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jung Hoseok has changed the group name from: #justiceforjeongguk'ssnapback to: local camboy looking for work

Jung Hoseok: good evening everyone!

Jung Hoseok: i come with very important news

Jung Hoseok: COME

Jung Hoseok: get it??????

Kim Taehyung: Unfortunately!!!!!!! >:(

Kim Taehyung: Are we going to get context for the new gn?

Kim Seokjin: What are you little ones doing up? It's past your bedtime!

Kim Seokjin: I'm calling the police

Kim Taehyung: Honest to god looked at your message so quickly and thought it was from my mum

Kim Seokjin: :) you're welcome, dear

Kim Seokjin: Welcome back, Tae! Haven't heard from you in ages!

Jung Hoseok: yeah yeah yeah taes so busy and important blah blah

Jung Hoseok: i have news so pay attention to me

Kim Taehyung: Rude! :'( 
Kim Seokjin: Aw, are you not getting enough attention from Yoongs?

Jung Hoseok: why dont u go bother someone else

Jung Hoseok: actually no thats true

Jung Hoseok: yoongs didnt let me kiss him today!!

Jung Hoseok: lets go to his house with fire and pitchforks

Kim Taehyung: hahahaha even your BOYFRIEND doesn’t want to kiss you! :D

Kim Seokjin: I’m sharpening my bayonet as we speak

Kim Namjoon: Type.

Kim Namjoon: We’re typing.

Jung Hoseok: jins boner just died

Kim Taehyung: HAHAHAHA

Kim Seokjin: Alas, it’s true

Kim Namjoon: I’m sure I can fix that for you, babe.

Kim Taehyung: I think his dick just fell off. You got any glue ‘Joon?

Jung Hoseok: JIWEJNW HAHAHAHAHA

Jung Hoseok: guk why are u lurkng

Kim Taehyung: Aaaah, it’s my torturer!

Jung Hoseok: guk i told tae about u being fine with 8

Jung Hoseok: now talk to ur victim

Kim Seokjin: Are they trying to out-kink us @Kim Namjoon ?

Kim Namjoon: Like they could.

Kim Namjoon: But, no, it’s because ‘Guk offered to go running with Tae this weekend.

Jeon Jeongguk: Tae please can you make it seven?

Kim Taehyung: NO!!!!!

Jeon Jeongguk: Why not?

Kim Taehyung: because

Jung Hoseok: a compelling argument

Kim Taehyung: Shut up you sad sack of skin

Kim Seokjin: ooOOOoOoooOOo
Jung Hoseok: wtf was that SUPPOSED TO BE???

Kim Namjoon: Even I'm embarrassed by this.

Jeon Jeongguk: Tae if we run at seven it will be less busy which means you can take as many breaks as you want

Jung Hoseok: tae didn’t u want to try that new limited edition drink in town

Jung Hoseok: I have to take my sister out so I cant come with u so once ur done with guk you two should go together

Jung Hoseok: tell me if its good or not!!!!!!!!!

Kim Namjoon: Doesn’t that defeat the purpose of exercising?

Jung Hoseok: oh my god shut UP

Kim Namjoon: Ouch.

Kim Seokjin: That’s what it felt like when you killed my boner

Kim Namjoon: I feel victimised.

Kim Taehyung: Sorry, was brushing my teeth

Kim Taehyung: Oh!!! Yes!!!!!

Jeon Jeongguk: I don’t mind going with you

Kim Taehyung: ... There’s a catch, isn’t there

Jeon Jeongguk: ?

Kim Seokjin: Maybe the catch is is that you two have a great time together

Kim Namjoon: And that Tae meets ‘Guk at seven.

Kim Taehyung: But I have to shower!!!!!!

Jung Hoseok: you’re going running what’s the point in showering beforehand????

Jeon Jeongguk: I hate to admit it but Seok is right

Jung Hoseok: HEY! YOU LITTLE WEASEL! RESPECT YOUR ELDERS!!!

Kim Taehyung: ‘Guk you just made me snort through my eye

Kim Seokjin: @Kim Namjoon , they’re definitely trying to out-kink us

Jeon Jeongguk: I don’t even want to know what you two get up to

Kim Namjoon: What a shame. I was convinced you would soon be begging me for advice.

Jung Hoseok: IJFNKWM

Jung Hoseok: ANYWAY
Jung Hoseok: tae meet guk at 7 or I will skin you

Kim Taehyung: Fine!!

Kim Taehyung: How long does it take?

Jeon Jeongguk: I usually run for an hour but because you’re just starting we’ll take it slower and cut some of the distance

Jeon Jeongguk: So still an hour or so

Kim Taehyung: :(

Kim Taehyung: Then I’m gonna go back home and have a shower

Jung Hoseok: AND THEN

Jung Hoseok: guk is gonna meet u at ur house so u can go get that drink together

Jung Hoseok: give him ur address tae

Kim Seokjin: As long as he’s definitely not a stalker

Kim Namjoon: That’s good advice.

Kim Seokjin: Boner: reborn

Kim Taehyung: I’ll give it you you on private, is that okay, ‘Guk?

Jeon Jeongguk: yeah that’s fine by me :)

Jung Hoseok: okay SO

Jung Hoseok: back to me

Kim Seokjin: Wait. Are you going to start a storytime presumably about you being a camboy with your boyfriend on the chat?

Jung Hoseok: well hes IN the story

Kim Namejoo: Is this how you two really met?

Jung Hoseok: ijsakan NO

Jung Hoseok: where is yoongs anyway

Kim Seokjin: How should we know? We don’t have him on GPS

Jung Hoseok: I’ll pm him hang on

Kim Namjoon: And then there were two.

Kim Seokjin: Indeed there is

Kim Seokjin: Are

Kim Seokjin: I don’t know!
Kim Seokjin: How've you been?

Kim Namjoon: On the verge of being bored to death. I’m mostly waiting for the holidays. You?

Kim Seokjin: Yeah, the beginning of the last year is really slow, I remember

Kim Seokjin: After you apply to uni, it’ll go faster, don’t worry

Kim Seokjin: Same here

Kim Seokjin: I’m still coming to yours for Christmas, right?

Kim Namjoon: Yeah, if you can make it.

Kim Namjoon: Why do you think I’ve been waiting for the holidays?

Kim Namjoon: I miss you.

Kim Seokjin: I miss you, too

Kim Taehyung: You two are so cute. I’m actually on the verge of tears

Kim Seokjin: ooooh, really? Send a pic or it didn’t happen

Jeon Jeongguk: It was cute but you’re not really crying are you Tae?

Jung Hoseok: aaaa ive spammed him and hes not responding

Jung Hoseok: im all angsty now what do I do with myself????

Kim Namjoon: Get over it and stop being so clingy.

Kim Seokjin: Says you who texted me every ten minutes on the dot the day I moved onto the campus

Jung Hoseok: HA!!!!!!!

Kim Namjoon: There’s a difference between being concerned and clingy.

Kim Taehyung: (picture attachment)

Kim Taehyung: See?? Real tears

Jeon Jeongguk: Okay so you weren’t lying

Kim Seokjin: KIM TAEHYUNG. REPORT TO THE PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE IMMEDIATELY.

Kim Taehyung: ??? What did I do???

Kim Seokjin: How DARE you try to STEAL my title of being the hottest person here?

Kim Taehyung: AH, stop it!

Kim Seokjin: NO!

Kim Taehyung: YES!

Kim Namjoon: How about I stop the both of you.
Kim Namjoon: Obviously I’m the hottest person here.
Kim Namjoon: Bitch.

Jung Hoseok: OOOOOOOOOOOO HE SNAPPED

Jeon Jeongguk: Nah Tae’s definitely better looking
Kim Seokjin: The resident Straight has spoken
Kim Namjoon: ‘Guk, what have I ever done to you?

Jung Hoseok: JIN IM DYING IKEJOE

Kim Seokjin: Okay, I’m very confused
Kim Namjoon: I can tell, and it hurts me.
Kim Seokjin: But ‘Guk IS straight, right?
Kim Seokjin: I thought at first him and Tae were a thing but ‘Joon said they weren’t
Kim Namjoon: Don’t drag me into this.

Jung Hoseok: this is a mess
Jung Hoseok: wheres yoongs :((((
Jung Hoseok: he needs to suffer with me

Kim Taehyung: Wow, ‘Jin, not EVERYONE is gay
Kim Seokjin: Gay until proven otherwise
Kim Namjoon: I stand by this.
Kim Seokjin: /I’m/ standing again
Kim Namjoon: I assume that’s a reference to your dick?
Kim Seokjin: Yes!
Kim Namjoon: To quote yourself: ‘Send a pic or it didn’t happen’.
Kim Taehyung: Please not on this chat!!!!
Kim Seokjin: Of course not! I’m not a camboy like our ‘Seok, here

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS YOU READ THE MESSAGES YOURE HERE

Min Yoongi: did you really have to send me over 100 messages, Seok?

Jung Hoseok: YES
Jung Hoseok: were you having dinner?

Min Yoongi: I was doing homework for the rest of the week
Min Yoongi: let me catch up on this chat

Jung Hoseok: AND THEN GET BACK DOWN HERE AND HELP ME WITH THE STORY

Kim Seokjin: You two are so gay

Kim Seokjin: I’m convinced that ‘Seok will drop dead if he doesn’t talk to Yoongs for a day

Kim Namjoon: More like an hour.

Kim Namjoon: It’s the same for Yoongs as well.

Kim Seokjin: @Kim Namjoon , I think they’re trying to out-gay us

Kim Namjoon: Never.

Kim Seokjin: So, ‘Guk

Kim Seokjin: How’s it with you, bro

Jung Hoseok: my eyes are bleeding please stop

Kim Namjoon: This is painful.

Kim Seokjin: I just finished polishing my skateboard

Kim Seokjin: And sliding in some Instagram model’s DMs

Kim Seokjin: I’m about to watch Baywatch

Kim Seokjin: With NO subtitles

Kim Seokjin: Because us bros don’t watch it for the plot, do we? ;))

Jung Hoseok: im at a loss for words

Kim Namjoon: I have no complaints against this.

Jung Hoseok: RUDE

Jeon Jeongguk: I don’t know what that was supposed to be Jin but I don’t think I liked it

Jung Hoseok: even joons boner is dead

Kim Namjoon: Thoroughly deceased.

Kim Seokjin: I’m going to have to lie down for a few months; it’s exhausting trying to be straight

Kim Seokjin: How do you do it, ‘Guk? Tell us your ways!

Min Yoongi: All of this started because Seok wanted to tell you that Jimin asked us to recreate porn

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS

Jung Hoseok: that was my part to tell!!!!!!! You were supposed to tell everyone what we did

Kim Taehyung: UM MY BEST FRIEND IS A PORN STAR!
Kim Namjoon: I’m glad you didn’t invite me.

Jeon Jeongguk: and me

Kim Seokjin: Jimin must be deprived if he’s asking you two to do porn

Kim Seokjin: He should hire professionals, me and ‘Joon

Kim Namjoon: He’s not good enough for us.

Jeon Jeongguk: Yoongs you didn’t actually do it did you?

Min Yoongi: yeah, I did

Min Yoongi: Seok wanted any excuse to get his dick wet and he ripped off all of my clothes and fucked me on Jimin’s bedroom floor whilst Jimin beat his meat and threw money at us

Min Yoongi: unfortunately this didn’t last very long as Seok only lasted 7 seconds

Min Yoongi: because of this, Jimin decided to join in on the action and pushed Seok out of the way and took over

Min Yoongi: he did slightly better

Min Yoongi: 9 seconds

Kim Taehyung: ... there is silence

Jung Hoseok: IWEOJKNE YOONGS

Jeon Jeongguk: boom

Jung Hoseok: WHY DID YOU WRITE THIS????

Jung Hoseok: WHY AM I SUDDENLY MAD AT JIMIN????????

Kim Namjoon: There is no denying ‘Seok only being able to last seven seconds.

Kim Seokjin: Yoongs, I don’t know about you being in porn but you should definitely write porn

Kim Taehyung: No, trust me on this, ‘Jin. ‘Seok would write way better porn.

Kim Seokjin: They should team up

Kim Taehyung: Omg yes!!

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS IM SO GRRRR

Min Yoongi: Seok. Don’t lie. You were thinking of it

Jung Hoseok: NO I WASN’T

Jung Hoseok: WHY WOULD I BE THINKING OF JIMIN

Jung Hoseok: doing THAT to you??????

Min Yoongi: Well, not that part
Min Yoongi: In Jimin’s room, you definitely looked like you were considering it

Jung Hoseok: I WASN’T

Kim Namjoon: Busted.

Kim Taehyung: You’re so thirsty, ‘Seok! :D

Jeon Jeongguk: Seok, you’re a pervert

Kim Taehyung: STOP STEALING MY WORDS

Jeon Jeongguk: SORRY

Kim Seokjin: See? It’s things like this that made me think you were dating!

Kim Seokjin: Oh, sorry, I should probably translate into ‘Guk’s language

Kim Seokjin: Yo, bro, dude, man

Kim Seokjin: you stealing Tae’s words like stealing that ball from a random player in football made me think that you were boning Tae

Kim Seokjin: Boning or bonking?

Kim Namjoon: Please. Stop.

Jeon Jeongguk: I don’t think anyone talks like that

Jung Hoseok: just to clear up before we lose track of the convo: i did NOT do anything to yoongs in front of jiminie

Jung Hoseok: i did one hip thrust which yoong dodged and then we went home

Jung Hoseok: however due to this experience i am considering life as a porn star

Min Yoongi: a very unsuccessful porn ‘star’

Jung Hoseok: rUDE

Jung Hoseok: but youd be my favourite client yoongs ;)

Kim Seokjin: Yoongs and ‘Seok, please go and have cam sex

Min Yoongi: I’m not touching Seok for at least another week, I’m serious

Jung Hoseok: UM WHAT

Jung Hoseok: yoongs ure joking

Jung Hoseok: im a teenage boy who has a very pretty boyfriend who he likes very much

Jung Hoseok: if u don’t touch me i think ill implode

Kim Taehyung: Oh, god, please can you go to private if you’re going to be that intimate

Min Yoongi: No, he’ll try to sext me
Jung Hoseok: yoongs even if you don’t touch me that won’t stop me from touching you

Jung Hoseok: let’s all make a bet

Kim Namjoon: Interesting.

Kim Taehyung: Is this going to be gross?

Jeon Jeongguk: I feel sorry for you Yoongs

Kim Seokjin: Everyone, shush! It’s about to get fun

Min Yoongi: what’s your bet, Seok?

Jung Hoseok: glad you’re all engaged

Jung Hoseok: yoongs isn’t going to touch me for the next few days

Jung Hoseok: so in revenge

Jung Hoseok: i bet that i can make yoongs hard without him touching me

Kim Taehyung: This is so gross

Jeon Jeongguk: Tae leave the chat, I’ll tell you when it’s safe again

Kim Taehyung: Thanks :)

Kim Seokjin: So commanding @Jeon Jeongguk, you’re getting this gay – I mean, guy, flustered

Kim Seokjin: I love this bet though!

Kim Namjoon: @Kim Seokjin, stop flirting with other people in front of me.

Kim Namjoon: But I agree. Also, there needs to be limitations.

Kim Namjoon: ‘Seok, you can’t go anywhere near Yoongs’ groinal area.

Min Yoongi: thank you for talking about my genitalia like I’m not here

Kim Seokjin: You’re welcome :)))

Jung Hoseok: okay and I can’t kiss him either cuz he didn’t let me kiss him :(((((

Jung Hoseok: this is gonna be fun

Jung Hoseok: im gonna test where you’re sensitive and what gets you hot yoongs for... future reference

Jeon Jeongguk: damn

Kim Seokjin: You two are gonna have some wild sex

Kim Seokjin: You remind me of a certain amazing, sexy couple

Min Yoongi: thank you to my boyfriend for exploiting our relationship for the amusement of our friends
Kim Taehyung: is it safe to come back yet?

Jung Hoseok: and for my revenge!!!

Jeon Jeongguk: @Kim Taehyung nope I’ll PM you when it is

Min Yoongi: why is this a bet anyway?

Min Yoongi: You do realise that I, like you, am a teenage boy who has a very pretty boyfriend whom I like very much as well?

Kim Seokjin: translation to ‘Guk is as follows:

Kim Namjoon: Oh, please no.

Kim Seokjin: This bro, Yoongi, is wanting to bone/bonk his partner but wants to make his partner thirsty AF so that his partner CREAMS HIS PANTS when our bro, Yoongi, steps out on that pitch looking RIPPED

Kim Namjoon: Either this was too straight for me to read or this didn’t make any sense at all.

Jeon Jeongguk: it didn’t make any sense

Kim Seokjin: Well, excuse me for trying to communicate to the only non-gay here

Jeon Jeongguk: wait what do you mean?

Kim Seokjin: ?

Jeon Jeongguk: You said that everyone on this chat is gay?

Kim Seokjin: ... Did I just trigger a Straight?

Kim Namjoon: Every gay’s mission in life.

Jung Hoseok: EONFWNK JOON I HATE YOU I JUST CHOKED ON MY LAUGHTER

Min Yoongi: What a shame you didn’t choke to death

Jung Hoseok: rude but yoongs im still not over that u called me pretty again

Min Yoongi: I speak the truth

Jeon Jeongguk: is everyone on this chat gay?

Kim Seokjin: I feel accomplished. I’ve truly fulfilled my meaning in life. I’ve successfully triggered a Straight with my gayness

Jung Hoseok: i’m gay

Jung Hoseok: tho you probably knew that already guk :)

Min Yoongi: I’m not sure

Min Yoongi: I’ve never liked anyone apart from Seok
Jung Hoseok: well ill help you yoongs!

Jung Hoseok: do you think men are attractive?

Min Yoongi: I'm dating you, aren't I?

Jung Hoseok: Iowejknw yoongs!!! im blushing

Jung Hoseok: but in general

Jung Hoseok: if u see a stranger whos a guy do u think theyre hot?

Min Yoongi: Sometimes?

Min Yoongi: but I have to know someone before I’m attracted to them, I guess

Jung Hoseok: so cute

Jung Hoseok: ok ok ok

Jung Hoseok: do you find women attractive?

Min Yoongi: I find them pretty

Kim Seokjin: CLASSIC gay response

Kim Namjoon: You don’t have to put labels on it, Yoongs. You could be demi with a preference for men. Sexuality is fluid.

Min Yoongi: I guess I don’t really know much about it

Jung Hoseok: thats okay yoongs

Kim Seokjin: Okay, let’s put it another way: would you ever have sex with a woman?

Min Yoongi: just some random girl?

Min Yoongi: No. I need to know someone first and know how they feel about me

Kim Seokjin: Like ‘Seok?

Min Yoongi: yeah

Kim Seokjin: That’s so cute, I’m dying

Kim Namjoon: I won’t resuscitate.

Kim Seokjin: Wow, best boyfriend ever, 10/10 would recommend to a friend

Jung Hoseok: yoongs I really really really really really wanna hug you

Jung Hoseok: if i hug you tomorrow that wont count as part of the bet right?? You will hug me back????

Min Yoongi: we’re really doing this bet?

Kim Seokjin: You better do!
Kim Namjoon: I'll take pictures.

Jung Hoseok: yes!!!!! I want to make you feel how i felt today :((

Jung Hoseok: also I wanna see you all whiny and needy because you can't touch me hahahaha

Min Yoongi: oh, fine

Min Yoongi: loser has to do whatever the other person says for a certain day

Min Yoongi: also, you can’t kiss any part of me

Jung Hoseok: deal!!! This is gonna be so much fun!!!!!!

Jung Hoseok: anyway back to the question

Jung Hoseok: joon are you gay??

Kim Namjoon: That’s a difficult question to answer; I don’t believe human sexuality is as simple as ‘gay’, ‘straight’ or ‘bi’.

Jung Hoseok: if I tried to have sex with a girl id probably curl up inside of myself

Kim Seokjin: Same here

Kim Namjoon: Point taken.

Kim Namjoon: Most likely bi with a preference for men.

Jung Hoseok: GREAT!

Jeon Jeongguk: What about everyone else?

Jung Hoseok: even you know that jimin will try to fuck anything that moves

Jeon Jeongguk: but never successfully

Kim Seokjin: OOOOoooOoOoOOO

Kim Namjoon: Please, stop.

Kim Namjoon: Usually it’s you who has to beg me.

Kim Seokjin: How the tables have turned

Jung Hoseok: grosssss

Kim Seokjin: Okay, ‘Guk, are you actually straight?

Jeon Jeongguk: I thought it was gay until proven otherwise?

Kim Seokjin: Exactly! So is there an ‘otherwise’?

Min Yoongi: he’s had a girlfriend

Jeon Jeongguk: Yoongs.
Min Yoongi: okay

Kim Seokjin: Okay, I’m definitely missing something here

Jung Hoseok: okay okay im gonna go and sext yoongs cause we all know he wants it ;))

Jung Hoseok: joon is gonna go and sext jin

Jung Hoseok: see you tomorrow losers

(You formed a chat)

(You have invited Min Yoongi, Kim Namjoon and Kim Seokjin to the chat.)

(You named the chat: don’t tell tae or guk about this chat)

Jung Hoseok: hi guys

Kim Seokjin: What? What did I do?

Min Yoongi: He didn’t want u talking about his ex right?

Kim Namjoon: You just did.

Jung Hoseok: okay I get that and i wouldn’t want to tell anyone either because friendship

Jung Hoseok: BUT tae thinks that guk is straight BECAUSE of the girlfriend

Jung Hoseok: I don’t even know if guk is gay or not
Jung Hoseok: nobody will tell tae or guk

Jung Hoseok: can you tell us?

Kim Seokjin: Oh, please do

Min Yoongi: I guess so

Kim Namjoon: They dated for around eleven months.

Kim Seokjin: Wow

Min Yoongi: but he told us he liked Tae in the middle of last year, so that was when he was dating Chunhei

Kim Seokjin: DRAMA

Min Yoongi: But she was the one who had asked him out

Min Yoongi: Tae and Guk met when Tae was in the sixth year and had to help the fifth years out with their reading projects, so I think Guk had liked him since then

Kim Namjoon: He never told us why he started dating someone else and we never asked but I assume it’s because he didn’t think anything would happen between him and Tae, so he thought he should move on by dating someone else.

Jung Hoseok: aahhhhhh

Jung Hoseok: it makes sense now

Min Yoongi: yeah

Min Yoongi: him and Chunhei were never anything serious, they rarely went on dates because Guk always said he was ‘studying’

Min Yoongi: I think the furthest they went was kissing

Min Yoongi: he broke up with her at the beginning of this year but he didn’t tell us the reason why

Kim Seokjin: Maybe it was because he couldn’t keep fooling himself anymore

Kim Namjoon: Or he didn’t want to keep being in a relationship he felt nothing for because he liked someone else and didn’t want to be cruel to Chunhei.

Kim Seokjin: That too

Jung Hoseok: to summarise

Jung Hoseok: these two are sensitive idiots who need to be helped otherwise tae is gonna keep freaking out and never confess

Kim Seokjin: He’s tried to confess?

Jung Hoseok: twice!

Jung Hoseok: but he froze
Min Yoongi: he won’t do that unless he’s sure that Tae is 1.) into boys and 2.) into him

Kim Seokjin: How do we do this?

Kim Namjoon: We can’t tell ‘Guk, Tae would be mortified.

Jung Hoseok: and we can’t tell tae either because hell probably freeze and then guk will never talk to us again

Kim Seokjin: Okay, so we need a plan where ‘Guk knows for sure that Tae is into boys

Kim Namjoon: Oh. I’ve got an idea. Play along with me.

local camboy looking for work

Kim Namjoon: I’d like everyone to know how amazing ‘Jin is.

Kim Seokjin: It’s true

Kim Namjoon: He managed to wake up the people next door with how loud he was being.

Jung Hoseok: oh my god can we change the subject

Min Yoongi: I’m pleased to announce that this time Seok managed to last for more than 7 seconds

Kim Namjoon: Congratulations, ‘Seok, you’re hitting the eight second mark now.

Jeon Jeongguk: just when I think I’m safe you guys come back

Jung Hoseok: ugh not you can we have someone fun

Jung Hoseok: tell tae to come back you weasel!!!

Jeon Jeongguk: uncalled for

Min Yoongi: was it though?

Jeon Jeongguk: Why are you all ganging up against me?

Kim Taehyung: Apparently it’s safe to come back on

Jung Hoseok: you missed a lot loser

Kim Seokjin: We had an interesting debate about the bet between ‘Seok and Yoongs and sexuality

Kim Taehyung: very fun

Kim Taehyung: AAJWEOIKFMW

Kim Namjoon: Did you sit on your phone?

Kim Taehyung: No! :( I got cream in my eye

Min Yoongi: ouch
Jeon Jeongguk: ah man that sucks, be sure to wash your eye with plenty of water :) 

Kim Taehyung: Thanks, ‘Guk :D 

Kim Namjoon: To sum up: the bet is happening (I bet that Yoongs loses), and we were talking about sexualities. We had just moved onto ‘Guk’s. 

Jeon Jeongguk: we had? 

Jung Hoseok: YESSSSS youre going down yoongs

Kim Seokjin: More like going up ;)))

Jung Hoseok: AH!!! AHAHAHAHHA YES

Min Yoongi: I hate you both 

Kim Namjoon: It’s your turn, ‘Guk. 

Kim Taehyung: He doesn’t have to if he doesn’t want to 

Jeon Jeongguk: well Jin seems to think I’m straight 

Kim Seokjin: So you’re not? 

Jeon Jeongguk: No 

Jeon Jeongguk: well 

Jeon Jeongguk: I don’t know 

Kim Seokjin: ‘Guk, there’s no need to be shy here (pleasedon’tbestraightpleasedon’tbestraight) 

Jung Hoseok: iojdkjwnm jin I love you so much

Kim Seokjin: Just because you’ve had a girlfriend doesn’t mean you’re 100% straight, you know 

Jeon Jeongguk: yeah I know 

Jung Hoseok: do you think guys are hot 

Jeon Jeongguk: what? 

Jung Hoseok: in general 

Jung Hoseok: do you think guys are attractive? 

Jeon Jeongguk: I 

Jeon Jeongguk: yeah I guess 

Kim Seokjin: This is going in the right direction, I’m so relieved I don’t have to translate anymore 

Kim Namjoon: So are we. Believe me. 

Jung Hoseok: great! So guk is not entirely straight
Min Yoongi: You should be a rapper

Jung Hoseok: camboy duties first baby :)

Kim Seokjin: Great! Now, Tae!

Kim Taehyung: Hi, hi, hi

Kim Namjoon: It's your turn.

Kim Taehyung: Right

Jung Hoseok: tae do you think men are attractive?

Kim Taehyung: Jung Hoseok, do you not know me at all???? >:'((

Jung Hoseok: dfjwkbf I HAVE TO MAKE SURE

Jeon Jeongguk: wait I'm confused

Kim Namjoon: Don't be.

Jung Hoseok: my dear dear guk

Jung Hoseok: the answer to the question is that tae is very much not straight

Jung Hoseok: his first ever crush was spongebob

Jung Hoseok: and then the man they used for Speedies window cleaner

Min Yoongi: he was pretty hot

Jung Hoseok: he was wasn't he

Kim Taehyung: Do you just carry around a list of every person/fictional character I've ever had a crush on?

Jung Hoseok: ... no

Kim Seokjin: This must be one long list

Jeon Jeongguk: I don't blame you Tae, Spongebob was the heartthrob of our youth

Kim Taehyung: DON'T MAKE FUN OF ME! IT WAS TRUE LOVE!!!!!!! >:'''''((((

Kim Taehyung: ‘Seok, burn that list

Jung Hoseok: it's in my mind!!! How can i burn it??

Jung Hoseok: im not gonna tell anyone your past/present crushes anyway your secret will die with me!!

Jeon Jeongguk: ooooh what's this? Does Tae have a secret crush?

Kim Seokjin: YES

Kim Taehyung: NO!!
Jeon Jeongguk: Does Jin know who it is?

Jung Hoseok: NO CAUSE TAE DOESN’T HAVE ONE

Kim Seokjin: YES, I KNOW

Kim Taehyung: I don’t have a secret crush!

Jeon Jeongguk: Exactly, I believe you

Jeon Jeongguk: It’s not secret if you tell people so you’ve just got a crush

Jeon Jeongguk: Jin knows and so does Seok

Jung Hoseok: he actually doesn’t have one I should know i’ve got the list

Kim Seokjin: You’re a rotten liar, Jung Hoseok, just because Tae swore you to secrecy

Kim Taehyung: What is going on???

Jeon Jeongguk: aaahhh so I was right!

Jeon Jeongguk: Tae’s got a crush!

Kim Taehyung: No, I don’t!

Jeon Jeongguk: is this why you wanted to get in shape? To impress him?

Kim Taehyung: NO!!!

Kim Seokjin: Tae, stop denying it, it’s cute that you want it to be a secret but ‘Guk won’t tell anyone

Kim Taehyung: What!??

Jeon Jeongguk: yeah of course I won’t tell anyone

Kim Seokjin: Okay, Tae, I’m going to do this for you

Kim Namjoon: I’d strongly advise against it.

Kim Seokjin: Ah! You’re all trying to get in the way of true love

Kim Taehyung: Jin!!!!!!

Jeon Jeongguk: if Tae doesn’t want you to tell me then please don’t

Kim Taehyung: ‘Guk, I don’t have a crush

Jeon Jeongguk: Then how come Jin insists you do?

Jeon Jeongguk: oh

Jeon Jeongguk: do you not trust me?

Kim Taehyung: WHAT

Jeon Jeongguk: it’s okay I get it, you’ve known Jin a lot longer than you’ve known me
Kim Taehyung: ‘Guk, what are you talking about??? Of course I trust you!!!

Jeon Jeongguk: then why can’t you tell me who you like?

Kim Seokjin: Tae if you don’t do it then I will

Kim Taehyung: No please I’m begging you

Jeon Jeongguk: don’t tell me, Tae doesn’t want me to know

Jung Hoseok: jin drop it

Kim Seokjin: Trust me on this, ‘Seok

Kim Seokjin: Tae, ‘Guk won’t tell him

Jeon Jeongguk: tell who?

Jeon Jeongguk: wait do I know him??

Kim Taehyung: I don’t know what’s going on

Kim Namjoon: Maybe ‘Guk can talk you up to him, Tae.

Jung Hoseok: joon???

Jeon Jeongguk: so I do know him?

Jeon Jeongguk: is he one of my friends?

Kim Taehyung: ????

Kim Namjoon: It’s okay, Tae. You can trust us, and you can trust ‘Guk.

Kim Taehyung: ??? Can I REALLY trust you guys though? ://

Jeon Jeongguk: I won’t say anything to him I swear

Kim Taehyung: to who????

Kim Seokjin: The guy you like, one of ‘Guk’s friends

Kim Taehyung: Ummm okay??

Jeon Jeongguk: is it Mingyu?

Kim Taehyung: ??? No!

Jeon Jeongguk: if I guess him will you tell me?

Kim Taehyung: Never going to happen!!!!

Kim Seokjin: It’s so late! Shouldn’t you little ones be in bed?

Min Yoongi: I’m in bed

Jung Hoseok: same
Jung Hoseok: Night night
Jung Hoseok: Bets on tomorrow!!

Kim Namjoon: See you

Jeon Jeongguk: I’m gonna guess who he is tomorrow Tae

Kim Taehyung: ????

Kim Taehyung: Night night, sleep tight everyone <333

______________________________

don’t tell tae or guk about this chat

Jung Hoseok: wth was that????

Kim Namjoon: I thought I understood but now I’m wondering whether it was the best idea.

Min Yoongi: I don’t get it

Kim Seokjin: Okay, so our plan worked. ‘Guk now knows that Tae is gay and Tae knows that ‘Guk isn’t straight

Jung Hoseok: which is where we should have left it

Kim Seokjin: I don’t think so

Kim Seokjin: They need more than a push, they need to hit the ground

Kim Namjoon: Deep.

Kim Seokjin: I know

Jung Hoseok: i don’t get it

Min Yoongi: me neither. You kept talking about Tae liking one of ‘Guk’s friends?

Kim Seokjin: Jealousy

Jung Hoseok: oooooh

Min Yoongi: Bad idea

Kim Namjoon: I’m thinking that, too.

Kim Seokjin: If ‘Guk gets jealous then I figure he’s the type of person to snap

Min Yoongi: Exactly

Min Yoongi: It’s not a good thing

Kim Namjoon: Also, ‘Guk wants Tae to be happy. If ‘Guk thinks Tae likes one of his friends he’s going to try his best to play wingman which means that Tae will think that ‘Guk isn’t interested.

Kim Seokjin: Ah
Kim Seokjin: BUT

Kim Seokjin: If we tell Tae that we have a way to test if ‘Guk is interested in him and that Tae
doesn’t let ‘Guk know which friend he ‘likes’, maybe we can handle the situation better

Jung Hoseok: so what’s the official plan??

Kim Seokjin: BOOM

Min Yoongi: you’re going to blow them up?

Jung Hoseok: jeiwkfoq HAHAAAA

Kim Seokjin: NO

Kim Seokjin: We mirror the scenarios

Jung Hoseok: what

Kim Seokjin: We set Tae up on a date with a guy and say it’s to get over his current crush (like ‘Guk
did with his ex to get over Tae – we won’t tell Tae this because he’ll freak out) and we go with him
to ‘make sure it’s going well’, we bring ‘Guk and watch him snap

Min Yoongi: this sounds so fake

Jung Hoseok: okay we’re going to have to tell tae its to see if guk gets jealous

Jung Hoseok: that way he can really act the part and act really on board with the idea of dating
someone

Jung Hoseok: YES!!! And we get him to describe his ideal guy to guk and have it be exactly like guk
and then guk will be like “IM RIGHT HERE”

Min Yoongi: this sounds like emotional torture

Min Yoongi: I don’t want any part in this

Jung Hoseok: we’re just trying to help them get together!!!!

Jung Hoseok: we wont have to watch them dance around each other anymore

Kim Namjoon: Things could go very wrong.

Kim Seokjin: Or nothing could change for them and they miss out on teenage love

Min Yoongi: Guk’s one of my best friends, I don’t want to see him hurting

Jung Hoseok: he’ll be hurting a lot more if he misses out on the chance of getting with someone he’s
liked for years

Jung Hoseok: believe me i would know :((((

Jung Hoseok: this is just a push otherwise nothing will change between them

Min Yoongi: you can’t use that on me considering the fact that we’re dating
Min Yoongi: one factor I decide on is that the guy who ‘dates’ Tae is an actor

Kim Seokjin: Your wish is my command

Kim Namjoon: Ah, yes, the acting department is at your fingertips.

Kim Seokjin: I have a lot more at my fingertips ;))))))

Jung Hoseok: so we’re doing this?

Kim Namjoon: To the best of our ability.

Kim Seokjin: Yes! Good luck tomorrow!

Min Yoongi: fine

Jung Hoseok: the tae and guk heist is now set in motion!!

Jung Hoseok: night night guys

Jung Hoseok: and yoongs?

Min Yoongi: yeah?

Jung Hoseok: id get off while u can in preparation for tomorrow ;)

Min Yoongi: you sicken me

Kim Seokjin: Go to bed! Leave the dirty talk for the grown-ups ;)

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Taehyung was not in the least bit amused at Wednesday break-time when Hoseok spilled the truth – or an edited version of the truth - to him and let him into what was going on. He was rather disturbed by it, the muscle of his jaw straining against his skin by how harshly he was grinding his teeth together. “So, you’re telling me that you and my so-called ‘friends’ decided to make an elaborate plan to see if ‘Guk likes me.”

“Yes?” Hoseok dragged out, feeling very much as if he were questioning his sanity. Maybe this plan wasn’t as thought through as he had originally deigned. Taehyung no longer looked angry, his shoulders deflated and he slouched down on the bench, he looked more defeated. Hoseok rushed to cheer him up, to convince his friend and himself that everything would turn out for the better. “Hey, hey, hey. Don’t be sad! I promise you that this will work! We just have to make him jealous enough to snap and confess first-”

“That is if he even likes me in the first place!” Taehyung expelled, his voice gruff and low. “You can’t just assume these things, ‘Seok. It’s not up to you guys to decide on who likes who and then play matchmaker.” Holy shit, it was so difficult to bite his tongue and not let the obvious truth slip out – that Jeongguk very much liked Taehyung and the only thing that had stopped them from being together was that Taehyung had froze pre-confession.

“I told you, didn’t I? I think he does like you.” Taehyung merely groaned in response and hid his face in his hands, refusing to spare Hoseok a glance. Hoseok rested a comforting hand on Taehyung’s shoulder and begin to press down, as if to ease the tightening muscles locked within Taehyung’s skin. “Tae, is there anyway that you would be the first to confess?”

Taehyung was silent, presumably pulling various scenarios through his mind, before letting out a
very quiet: “No. I’d be too nervous. I’d be scared that he didn’t like me back. Just because he might think guys are attractive doesn’t mean he’s going to jump at every offer that comes his way.” It didn’t sit well with Hoseok to hear the lack of confidence in Taehyung’s voice.

“Okay, so,” Hoseok began gently, trying to ease Taehyung into their plan. “We all think there’s a pretty good chance that ‘Guk likes you. ‘Jin even thought you were dating. So, if you act like you have a crush on someone and give no names if ‘Guk tries to guess, there’s a chance that ‘Guk is going to get jealous. He might cover it up by trying to play as your wingman, but we can’t let that discourage us.” It was a lot more convincing to say ‘we’ instead of ‘you’, it gave the picture of the plan being a group effort and not as if it solely relied on the effectiveness of Taehyung’s acting for the desired result.

“Or it shows that he’s being a good friend and has no interest in me?” Taehyung said with no real fight but with a lot of scepticism.

Hoseok didn’t pause to consider this. “But we know that’s not true. Look at me, Tae.” He prised Taehyung’s hands from his face and caught Taehyung in a stare. He looked utterly lost but there was a small glimmer of hope in his eyes. He was being convinced, albeit slowly. “Remember a few months ago when we found that ‘Guk was asking about you through Yoongs? And when we met up with them and ‘Guk couldn’t stop staring at you, and when you went to that club together and danced? Also when you went out together, just the two of you, and you told me that he wanted to take you out again?”

Taehyung’s eyes misted over, either with memories or tears of hope, Hoseok couldn’t tell – he had to carry on. “You have to trust us, and your instincts. You can’t doubt yourself anymore. You’re worthy of ‘Guk, Tae, and speaking as your best friend and therefore the most important person in your life, I approve of ‘Guk. I think he’ll treat you right, wants to treat you right, you just have to let him in.”

Taehyung nodded slowly, but hesitance seemed to ease its way in as his began to bite at his lip. “But this plan, to make him jealous enough to... confess – isn’t that a bit much? If he does like me, I don’t want to make him suffer.”

Seokjin’s plan was making him seem barbaric. Hoseok exhaled sharply through his nose and crossed his arms, facing away from Taehyung to focus on Yoongi’s form through the mesh fence. Yoongi was playing basketball with his usual crowd of Namjoon, Jeongguk and a few others, even though it was tittering on the edge of being far too cold to stay outside for too long, and was pretending very much as if Hoseok didn’t exist ever since Hoseok had squeezed his butt after wrapping Yoongi in the hug that he had promised over text. “I know, that’s what I was thinking, but... Although jealousy is nasty, it works.”

“What do you mean?” Taehyung questioned, following Hoseok’s gaze and latching onto Jeongguk’s figure.

Hoseok sighed again and clicked his knuckles to release the air pressure. “When Yoongs met up with that fucker, Jinsoo or whatever, that made me mad. Like, really, really mad.” He felt the simmering feeling, although dulled now, bubble up in his stomach. Phantom images of another man, some sleazy bastard, on top of Yoongi, with a sick, twisted grin and with sick, twisted hands roaming southwards on Yoongi’s body. He tasted bile in his throat and swallowed forcibly when Taehyung looked at him expectantly to finish the story. “When Yoongs came to my house afterwards so we could talk... I told him how I felt, that I couldn’t stop liking him no matter how hard I tried. I didn’t want to lose him and I felt that I had come so close to making him mine and then having someone tear him away, I... I guess it was kind of the trigger to realise what I really wanted.”
“... And what you really wanted was Yoongs,” Taehyung finished for him, his voice strangely empty. Hoseok recognised the distant look in his eyes, it was the same look that visited him whenever he was thinking hard – like when deciding whether or not to take the modelling offer or not. Taehyung licked his lips and fiddled with the sleeve of his blazer before nodding to himself and looking back to Hoseok. “Okay. I don’t really like it but I’ll do it. And if it all falls to pieces I’ll tell him the truth, that I did it because I like him.”

“Yes, Tae!” Hoseok cheered triumphantly and pulled Taehyung into a one-armed hug as a way to express his happiness with Taehyung’s decision. “And remember that the guy we’re gonna ask to be your ‘date’ for you to ‘get over your crush’ is an actor, so in no way are you cheating on your soon-to-be love squeeze.”

Taehyung flushed an interesting shade of crimson and yelled out, pushing Hoseok away from him. Hoseok collapsed backwards, clutching at his stomach in uncontrollable laughter. “Don’t ever use that term again!” Taehyung warned with a trembling stern expression, ready to smile at any moment. “But then again, it’s a good excuse to see ‘Guk if he gets jealous. I bet he’ll look so hot. Hotter than usual.”

Hoseok stared at him in disbelief, a grin plastered on his face. “You’re unbelievable! You’re really going to enjoy this, aren’t you?”

Taehyung shrugged as if he were indifferent, but his smile told Hoseok otherwise. “I don’t like the idea of what we might do to him if he does like me, but you have to admit this is like a James Bond style mission.”

Hoseok couldn’t believe Taehyung’s sudden change in attitude was solely based on the prospect of seeing Jeongguk when he was maddened with jealousy. To each their own. Taehyung could think about how he was going to next approach Jeongguk, but he had other things to dwell on; like, how he was going to push Yoongi to the breaking point. Luckily, he already had a few ideas in mind.

“You know what, I think you should tell the others to change the original plan,” Taehyung said suddenly, his eyebrows creasing together. Hoseok must have looked confused, Taehyung struggled to explain himself. “I mean... I get where you’re coming from, but it made you so mad when Yoongs... You know. I don’t want ‘Guk to feel like that – if he likes me – so maybe we should cut out this whole ‘date with a stranger’ thing, and stick to the crush plan.”

“What do you mean?” Hoseok asked for clarification, his nerves feeling slightly more at ease from knowing that they weren’t going to manipulate Jeongguk to such a harsh extent.

Taehyung bit his lip and looked as if he were having trouble forming the correct words. “I mean, like... Well, he thinks I like someone and he thinks it’s one of his friends... So... I guess – we shouldn’t tell him who the guy is on person, but give him hints. We hint – or I hint – who the person is, but describe him? I don’t know...”

Hoseok practically flew into the air from the speed he ejected himself from the bench. “Tae, that’s genius! Your crush is him and he’ll be trying to guess himself.” He paused slightly, the situation felt slightly familiar. “I think we’ve watched too many rom-coms.”

Taehyung chuckled, sounding assured in their new plan. “Let’s hope it works out like it does for them, then. You better message ‘Joon and everyone to tell them that the plan’s changed.”

“So, Tae,” Jeongguk started as soon as he placed his tray on the table. Just like he had promised on the group chat, he was going to start his interrogation. Hoseok noted that Jeongguk was going for the
light-hearted approach, as if to seem as if he were simply joking around, but the pale of his knuckles from how tightly he was gripping the sides of his tray told Hoseok otherwise. Namjoon locked eyes with him from across the table and proceeded to nod as if signalling that their new and improved plan had begun. “Don’t think I haven’t forgotten what we were talking about last night.”

Taehyung, taken with his new part, shrugged whilst sipping innocently at his juice pouch. There was a deliberate smile playing on his lips. It looked like he had a secret. Hoseok felt a sudden rush of affection for his friend; maybe Taehyung should be an actor as well as a model. “We all talked about a lot last night.” Vague. Vague enough to be certain that he was hiding something.

Hoseok realised that he was smiling too broadly to be considered natural when he caught Yoongi frowning at him in warning from next to Namjoon. Hoseok tried to dull the smile but feared he now looked as if he were going to pop a blood vessel. Yoongi smiled at him, silently laughing at his efforts. There was a conversation taking place but he had tuned it out. Yoongi had made it a point to move away from him so as to limit that amount of opportunities that Hoseok could use to feel him up.

So, whilst Yoongi’s attention was pointed at him, Hoseok seized his chance and focussed his gaze on Yoongi’s lips. Hoseok mirrored his actions from Monday and parted his mouth. He curled his tongue to touch the edges of his upper lip and then ran the wet muscle around the whole of his mouth slowly. When he next looked up at Yoongi’s eyes they had left his, but Hoseok saw his throat jump almost nervously. He smiled in victory and opened his ears once again.

“So even if I guess who it is, you won’t tell me?” Jeongguk questioned Taehyung, sitting a tad too close to be seen as strictly platonic. It didn’t look as if Jeongguk had even noticed, he appeared dead set on worming some kind of answer out of the boy his focus was on.

Taehyung giggled in the most heartwarming manner, as if the two were playing footsie under the table, – which would hardly be surprising – and innocently enough that probably was driving Jeongguk into a frenzy. “I haven’t really told anyone. ‘Seok managed to get it out of me, and he spilled to ‘Jin.” He shot Hoseok a playful malicious glare and Hoseok laughed in response.

Jeongguk’s attention was diverted for enough time so he could cast Hoseok a glance. “So, only one person here knows?” His focus was back on Taehyung. He straightened up a little bit as Hoseok knew he must have realised how close the two were, and shuffled away slightly. Cute.

“I guess,” Taehyung responded as if it didn’t make a difference whatsoever. Jeongguk looked like he wanted to rip the answer straight from Hoseok’s vocal chords. Taehyung shrugged again. “It doesn’t matter anyway. Nothing will ever happen.”

Jeongguk took a bite of his apple, apparently remembering that his food tray was in front of him. His eyes remained on Taehyung whilst his eyebrows furrowed in thought. With the hand that bore the apple, he pointed at Taehyung with narrowed eyes. “I know. Is it Soonhyun? You and he always talk when you join in basketball.” Apparently Jeongguk was too busy pretending to be the good-natured friend to realise that he had slipped up with his not-so-platonic feelings and had revealed that he frequently surveyed who Taehyung talked to.

Miraculously, it seemed as if Taehyung had noticed as well. He was smiling too widely to be viewed as vague or nonchalant. “Nope. Soonhyun’s nice, but he’s not exactly my type.”

Hoseok had to clamp his lips together and dart his eyes to the stain on the ceiling to restrain his laughter after he saw Jeongguk practically jump to attention at the mere mention of Taehyung having a type.
“What is your type then, Tae?” Namjoon questioned as if he were interested and not currently giving Seokjin the rundown of everything that was being said.

Taehyung tilted his head to the side and hummed like he were deep in thought. He crumpled up his bag of crisps, took another sip of his juice and then nodded as if he had figured it out. Hoseok could almost feel the tension that must have been wrapping around Jeongguk’s throat and constraining him from breathing. “I think... A guy who listens is important, and actually cares about what I have to say, even when what I say doesn’t make any sense. Someone with a personality is important too, and isn’t afraid to challenge me, I think.”

“Oh,” Hoseok exclaimed in a fluttery voice. “Tae wants to be dominated!” An empty crisp bag landed dangerously near his eye and then fell onto his tray. He whined in protest when he heard Yoongi laugh at him the loudest amongst everyone else. “I’m sorry I’m telling the truth that Tae is a power bottom,” Hoseok cried out in a teasing manner, smiling too sweetly to be true and hurling the crisp packet in Taehyung’s direction. Jeongguk managed to catch it effortlessly with one hand before it landed anywhere near Taehyung’s person and launched it back at him. He ducked just in time.

“I hope something awful befalls you, ‘Seok,” Taehyung got out, a flush evident on his face although it seemed he was trying his hardest to calm down. “I hope that you lose the bet and Yoongs realises that he needs someone who can actually excite him.”

Hoseok would have been offended if he hadn’t remembered the scene yesterday in the park and how he hadn’t even needed to touch Yoongi for him to become aroused and needing Hoseok to relieve him. He simply smiled in response. “Oh, believe me, this bet hasn’t even started yet.” He turned his attention to Yoongi who immediately cast his gaze to the half-eaten bowl of noodles in front of him. “I’ve got plenty of time to get Yoongs to want me more than he already does now, even if he thinks sitting away from me will work, it just proves that he knows I can turn him on without hardly touching him.”

Yoongi scoffed and rolled his eyes in order to finally look at him. “I’m doing this purely for your own benefit. I wouldn’t want you to pop a boner here and have nowhere to get off in except the boy’s toilet. Then again, I wouldn’t put that past you.”

Namjoon snickered and Taehyung wheezed onto his tray whilst Jeongguk leant over with him, his eyes creased with laughter. “Oh, really?” Hoseok challenged, trying not to show how rattled he was. Yoongi raised an eyebrow at him and tried to look thoroughly unamused but Hoseok spotted the small curve of his lips, almost breaking into a smile. “I appreciate you doing that, Yoongs, I wouldn’t want you to see me hard and then get hard yourself like yesterday in the park.”

Taehyung began to choke on air and Jeongguk began to pat him on the back half-heartedly, his shoulders shaking with chuckles. Namjoon was laughing as well now, seemingly forgetting to text Seokjin what had just happened. Yoongi’s expression was humorous and Hoseok couldn’t deny his own laughter as Yoongi’s face twisted into disgust. “I’m never touching you again,” Yoongi muttered.

“You’re both as bad as each other!” Taehyung exclaimed after recovering from his coughing fit. “Don’t ever talk about things like that again at the lunch table!”

Hoseok chuckled and decided to exact revenge for the crisp packet incident. “Oh, really? So I can’t even talk about the time you had that dream about your crush coming onto you? Literally. Coming.”

He may have gone too far this time. Taehyung no longer looked disturbed, he looked haggard with incredibility. “I’m going to kill you,” he hissed and began climbing out of his seat to try to attack Hoseok.
Hoseok panicked, usually Taehyung wasn’t even near scary when he was angry, but there was something different about this anger. “Guk, stop him! He’s – ah!” But it was too late, Jeongguk was watching in blatant amusement as Taehyung stalked behind Hoseok to grasp at his neck. “Tae, I’m sorry! I shouldn’t have – I won’t say anything else! I promise!”

Taehyung must have heard the strangled regret in his voice, because he let go – even though his initial grip hadn’t been too tight – and skulked back towards his seat. Hoseok noticed that he refused to look at Jeongguk out of what he assumed to be embarrassment.

Nothing was said for a few moments, and that could be heard was the general chatter of the other tables. Then, Jeongguk cleared his throat. “I suppose he’s got to have good stamina as well then, Tae.”

Hoseok practically screamed his laughter as Taehyung flushed an even deeper shade of red. His ears looked as though they had been toasted. “Not you too, ‘Guk,” Taehyung muttered into his arms. From across the table, Namjoon was watching the scene with shaking shoulders and Yoongi was smiling into his noodles as he took a bite. “This is so embarrassing.”

“It’s not,” Jeongguk comforted and seemed to hesitate on laying a consoling hand on Taehyung’s back. He settled for patting his shoulder blades before withdrawing. Hoseok winced; it was extremely painful to watch Jeongguk be awkward about how to approach Taehyung. “No one here is going to judge you.”

Taehyung groaned something indecipherable into his arms before sitting up slowly, his hands falling from his face. Hoseok decided to jump in and offer some comfort of his own. “Exactly. I’m fairly certain that the kink master,” he coughed to muffle Namjoon’s name, “isn’t in the right place to judge anyone.”

“You’re right. It was rather PG to me, Tae,” Namjoon affirmed to Hoseok’s statement. He stood up and gestured to all the occupants of the table. “I’m going to the trash, who has any rubbish?”

“So charitable,” Hoseok faked a swoon and laughed when Namjoon preened. He departed with everyone’s rubbish and left a stilted conversation in his wake. “So,” Hoseok began, ready to continue their plan. “Is your crush your type then, Tae?”

“Do you even have to ask, Seok?” Taehyung laughed.

Jeongguk nudged him. “Is that a ‘yes’? That’s a ‘yes’, isn’t it?”

Taehyung turned to him and Hoseok felt himself fade away as the two held each other in intense eye contact. He latched onto Yoongi’s form with his own eyes to ensure that he hadn’t been erased from the scene. There was silence as Taehyung seemed to be weighing up his type against the person who he liked, although Hoseok knew he was doing no such thing and he was merely toying with time to build to anticipation. “Yes. He is. Exactly what I want.”

Wednesday evenings were usually a time to unwind and de-stress from the activities of the week, but Hoseok experienced no such thing with him being forced to do his homework and then discuss with his friends from dance about the routine they would be doing. He was to spend two hours at the studio after school on Friday which meant that he would no doubt be exhausted on the Saturday afterwards where he had to take his sister out to that amusement park. Unfortunately for him, there was no way he could get out of it lest he face a lecture from his mum about a ‘promise being a promise’.
After dinner and then sitting through a movie he and his sister used to love when they were younger he climbed the stairs to his bedroom and collapsed onto his bed. Today had been eventful to say the least. Lessons had been boring and he had had to face another assembly where teachers talked about applications for universities and writing the ‘perfect personal statement’. Yoongi hadn’t touched him for the whole day, they hadn’t even held hands once. Hoseok had mentally noted every time he had managed to touch Yoongi: once on the butt, one time on the waist before Yoongi skirted away from him and five times on Yoongi’s hands where Hoseok had teased him by taking away his bag and pretending to give it back to him a few minutes before the bell rang to signal the end of lunch.

Because of this and the knowledge forever on his mind that Yoongi was deliberately avoiding contact with him due to a bet that he had put in place made him feel aware that he was craving Yoongi’s touch – he could only hope that Yoongi was craving his touch, too, and wasn’t as unbothered as he fronted. Maybe Yoongi refused to touch him but that didn’t mean he couldn’t touch himself.

He pushed his hand under his sweatpants and readjusted himself on his pillow. He half considered reaching for his phone with his spare hand to pull up some kind of porn but then decided against it, knowing that his imagination would be just as useful and even more effective. He thought of Yoongi; Yoongi and his thighs in that provocative elongated jumper; Yoongi yesterday in the park pushing himself into Hoseok’s hand and moaning his name just before a coil unwound within him and he came thanks to Yoongi’s nimble fingers.

His breathing had increased as he had started to palm at himself, feeling the nerves in him tingle and buzz at the recreated sounds of Yoongi keening into his ear and begging for Hoseok to touch him. The haze beginning to cloud his mind allowed for one rational thought before lust entirely took over: did Yoongi ever think of him like this? One hand down his pants, fantasising about Yoongi and breathing deeply? And then another thought: would Yoongi like to see?

It was a smug thought in terms of the bet, but it was also a turn-on for Hoseok who wanted nothing more than some sort of contact with the boy who he craved, even if it was just through texting. He removed his hand from his pants and with renewed vigour he reached towards his phone on the desk next to him and then rifled through his drawers to locate a half-empty bottle of lube and a pack of tissues.

He lay down again with a content sigh and unlocked his phone. He refrained from touching himself until he cycled through his list of contacts until he found Yoongi’s name. He was online. Perfect. He vaguely saw himself smile in the reflection of his phone screen as he and Yoongi’s conversation loaded. Once it did, he typed with assured fingers.

Jung Hoseok: heyyyyy baby

He didn’t have to wait long to receive a reply, Yoongi read his message and set about writing a response. It seemed that Yoongi was just as desperate for some kind of contact as he was.

Min Yoongi: hey Seok

Hoseok didn’t wait for Yoongi to finish typing, he knew that the conversation would take a turn away from something he was aiming for; Yoongi was going to be stubbornly against Hoseok easing him into anything sexual. He was going to have to be direct, leaving no room for Yoongi to back away.

He didn’t waste any time, he set his back camera on record and ensured that the screen was filled with the shirt that covered his torso and the prominent bulge in the loose material of his worn sweatpants. “Hey, baby,” Hoseok drawled lazily, the words slack on his tongue. His hand slid into
view of the camera and disappeared under his sweatpants, the material stroked against his knuckles as he palmed at himself through his boxers.

Mild relief seeped through him at the pleasure he was receiving by his own hand and he was aware that his breath had hitched. “It would be better if you were here, Yoongs,” he exhaled as firmly as he could, hoping his voice didn’t betray him, he kept his voice low knowing that Yoongi usually shivered in his hands when he spoke like this into Yoongi’s ear. “I love it when you touch me, I’ve missed it all day – though you know that, don’t you? You’re such a tease. But I love it, baby. Are you touching yourself right now? Wanting me to be there with you?”

Before he lost all control, he ended the recording and sent it to Yoongi with a caption he was sure to pique intrigue.

Jung Hoseok: Iv'e got something to show you baby
Jung Hoseok: (Video attachment)
Jung Hoseok: want me to go on?

It was difficult to constrain himself, to keep fondling himself without pulling his underwear down as well. He needed Yoongi to reply, needed Yoongi’s approval before he continued on and somehow he knew that he would be receiving the answer that he longed for. Within a few seconds, Yoongi had read the messages. The video clip was only around a minute and a half long but for some reason it took Yoongi more than three minutes to begin typing.

Min Yoongi: this is cheating

Hoseok laughed to himself before his breath caught in his throat as his finger stroked underneath himself at his sensitivity. He needed the signal for a yes, he didn’t think he could put it off much longer.

Jung Hoseok: its not against the rules baby
Jung Hoseok: did I make you hard?

Yoongi was waiting on the chat. He read the messages and after a surly silence, he replied.

Min Yoongi: send another video
Min Yoongi: wait
Min Yoongi: Can we call? Video call

The response Hoseok received was bounds better than what he had expected. He was going to hear Yoongi keen into his ears, to sigh his name whilst giving himself pleasure at his own hand – and to see it all happening. Hoseok groaned in anticipation, feeling the moistness of his tip through the material of his boxers. It was getting uncomfortable, the aching inside of him and the feeling of chaffing against himself. He needed Yoongi, and he needed Yoongi now.

Jung Hoseok: of course baby
Jung Hoseok: I want to hear your sexy voice

Yoongi picked up the call before the first ring had even ended. There was the familiar sound of the connection of a video call before Yoongi’s face appeared on his screen. He was in his room, Hoseok
recognised the chair that he was sitting on, with a bright light casting light rays around Yoongi’s face. Hoseok chuckled lowly, “you look like an angel.”

Yoongi snorted on the end of the line, tilting his head back as he readjusted himself in his chair. The light disappeared from around his face and Hoseok groaned when Yoongi’s camera readjusted to the new levels of light exposure and he was blessed with a properly focussed view of Yoongi’s face. His eyes were dark and his hair was pushed back to expose his forehead, Yoongi had just had a shower. A few strands of damp hair brushed against his ears, Hoseok longed to run his hands through it, to feel Yoongi’s scalp as he had done last Sunday.

“How ironic,” Yoongi sounded amused, but Hoseok detected a sense of urgency in his tone and he knew he was definitely not imagining the creasing noises in the background from where Yoongi kept shifting around on his chair. “I’m fairly certain angels don’t do what you just sent to me.”

Hoseok chuckled in vague amusement and in whole satisfaction, he noticed the box in the corner of the screen which was filled with a live image of him. Him lying down in the dim light, his hair splayed out on the pillow behind him – the image that Yoongi saw. He wondered if this relaxed exterior, one that he shielded from society, turned Yoongi on as Yoongi’s laid-back exterior turned him on. It seemed forbidden, secretive and oh so intimate. Hoseok wanted it all, wanted every side and shade of Yoongi. “Well, we’re about to change that, aren’t we, angel?”

Yoongi’s camera panned from his face to the ceiling in double quick time, but Hoseok didn’t mind – he had seen, for a split second, the pleased smile curving onto Yoongi’s mouth which seemed a luminous pink in the light of his bedroom. He laughed again with the knowledge that Yoongi preened in his new pet name. “I’m going to flip the camera now,” Hoseok forewarned, in case Yoongi had any second thoughts at the last minute.

Hoseok’s screen was filled with Yoongi’s face again. He sucked in his cheek before nodding slightly. “Yeah, okay then,” he affirmed, his voice sounding breathless.

“Are you gonna touch yourself, Yoongs?” Hoseok asked whilst pushing the hair back from his face as it tickled against his brow. Now that Yoongi had agreed, he wanted to tease him for as long as possible.

Yoongi’s eyes darted from the camera of his phone back to the Hoseok that filled his screen. “Is this you trying to get me to officially lose this stupid bet?” He didn’t look impressed but there was a humoured smile in his voice. Hoseok grinned in response and a snort escaped his throat.

“Maybe,” Hoseok teased, trying to look as innocent as possible whilst running his hand down his stomach, his fingertips inching their way into the gap between his skin and his sweatpants. Yoongi gave him the finger and Hoseok laughed. “Come on, Yoongs, lay down with me. It’ll be easier to imagine that way.”

“Fine, daddy,” Yoongi sneered as if he were mocking Hoseok, but there was a creaking noise as he rose from his chair and then moved onto his bed. Hoseok felt himself twitch against his boxers at the word that curled around Yoongi’s tongue and seeped through his mouth. Shit, Yoongi really had no idea what that did to him.

So Hoseok decided to show him. He pressed the ‘flip’ sign on the screen with the hand that was supporting his phone. The box in the corner was now filled with his lower torso and his the start of his thighs. He noticed Yoongi’s eyes flicker as his hand appeared in view of the camera and crept downwards to the waistband of his sweatpants. His expectant bulge was prominent in the loose fabric. He slipped his hand under the material and cupped at his length that was aching for relief. Hoseok sighed in contentment as a wave of short-lived pleasure cascaded over him at the feeling of
the heat of his hand enclosing over his arousal.

“Don’t switch your camera, Yoongs. I want to see you,” Hoseok breathed. He palmed at himself, bringing his thighs to stand either side of his erection so that Yoongi had nothing else to focus on but the pleasure he was bringing himself. “This is all because of you, baby. Thinking of you touching me yesterday in that park, fuck, I want you so much. You know that, don’t you?”

Yoongi nodded briefly, his eyelids shuddering and his breath quickening as Hoseok pulled his sweatpants down so that they rested around his bent knees. “-want you, too,” Yoongi discharged shakily. Hoseok was still cupping himself, feeling his exposed toes curl against the softness of his bed sheets as a ripple of heat surged through his lower stomach.

With needy fingers he pinched at his boxers and slid them down to join his sweatpants. His cock was swollen with want - want for touch and pleasure, want for Yoongi to provide those things. “When was the last time you touched yourself, baby?” Hoseok exhaled as the cool air circled around his shaft and blew gently against his tip. With his spare hand he reached towards the bottle of lube that lay next to him.

“Shower. Just now,” Yoongi replied curtly, his words slurred and his eyes unfocused. Fuck, Hoseok loved to see him like this. Looking so utterly gone and ready to be consumed by Hoseok’s desire to reach for him and to provide him with the ecstasy that his body shivered and leant into Hoseok’s touch for.

“Oh? Greedy boy,” Hoseok purred and Yoongi’s mouth parted in response letting out a small keen. Hoseok had to drop his phone onto his chest so as to handle the bottle. There was the unmistakable sound of the snap of a cap of a bottle and then the squelch of liquid being transferred onto skin as Hoseok squeezed some lube onto his hand. Even the littlest details were arousing and every nerve begged to receive the pleasure they had been denied of the whole day.

He picked up his phone again with the hand that was free of liquid and was greeted with the sight of Yoongi’s neck arching backwards, his head lolling onto his pillow as a grunt was teased out of him by his own hand. “Don’t come until I tell you to,” Hoseok commanded with a fierce desire to feel the height of pleasure and then release unanimously. “Look at me, baby, look what I’ve got for you.”

It seemed to be with much difficulty that Yoongi’s eyes returned to his screen, his pupils almost lost underneath his heavy eyelids. Hoseok ran a hand over the course hair that trailed downwards from his navel and gathered at the base of his erection. With the lube covering his palm he dragged his hand over his shaft and let out a shuddery breath as the sudden cold pressure around his arousal soved through his scorching skin and coated his nerves, bones and tissue in relief and mounting delectation.

Hoseok’s vision blurred as he attempted to focus on Yoongi’s reaction, he heard the moans that sounded like the softest sobs but it wasn’t enough. He wanted to touch Yoongi, feel the plush of his skin underneath his fingers and the feeling of his arousal wrapped in Hoseok’s hand. He wanted to kiss Yoongi, wanted to pull at his lips and coat his tongue with his own until they fell into each other – consumed not by death, but by the life and love in each other and that they held for one another. He wanted Yoongi’s heart, to ensnare it and to encapsulate it as Yoongi had unknowingly done to his. He wanted it all so much that his erratic mind, hazy with lust and love, caused an overwhelming sadness that merged with unspoken affection. Tears pricked at his eyes from underneath his eyelids and he was beyond thankful that Yoongi couldn’t see his face.

“‘Seok, please, hurry, I – I can’t-” Yoongi sounded desperate, needing Hoseok to finish him off, snapping Hoseok back into the present. He was arching into his own touch, moving his hand at an erratic, yet sloppy, pace. Waves of ecstasy uncoiled from within him, swirling towards the head of
his erection and threatening to burst.

“Are you thinking of me, baby? Thinking that my hand is your hand? Stroking up and down, underneath? Touching at your tip with my fingers? Teasing you? You whine when I tease you, Yoongs, but I know you love it because it’s always worth it, isn’t it?” Hoseok was feeling his own words, directing himself with how Yoongi would touch him, so uncertainly at first with nimble fingers – unknowingly teasing Hoseok and causing him to thrust himself upwards – before gaining confidence and running a finger underneath his arousal and then taking him in hand, fingers splaying everywhere. Hoseok felt a wild shudder be released through him, rocking at his very core which was bubbling with unerupted heat.

“Talk, please, ‘Seok. Your voice,” Yoongi got out amongst his muffled breaths and jittering gasps. Yoongi was leaning back on his pillow again, his mouth open and quivering. Hoseok would have kissed him, had he been there, with his hand still on Yoongi’s erection, his thumb stroking against the slit.

“Okay, baby, are you almost there?” Hoseok asked, his mouth taking over as his brain disconnected from his words, solely focussing on the aspects of pleasure. Yoongi moaned in response and Hoseok took it as an affirmative. “Okay, baby. I’m on you, you’re gripping at my legs and I run my hands under you, grabbing at your back. You’re moaning my name – like you are now, fuck, Yoongs, you’re so sexy – and I turn you over. You’re on your knees with your hands gripping at your pillow. I’m touching you still, baby, touching underneath you and running my hand back up to your tip. You feel that?” Another whine. All Hoseok could make out was the whites of Yoongi’s eyes as his pupils disappeared under shuddering eyelids. Hoseok was almost there but as a tremor shot through him at the erotic imagine that was displayed on his phone, he thought for sure he had came.

“I’m tracing your thighs, the same places where I’ve touched before and you’ve shivered, you know where that is, don’t you, Yoongs? My hand’s on your ass and I’m stroking it, underneath your cheek where you’re sensitive. I part you, baby, so that you’re open to me and I can see you. You’re so pretty, baby, so eager and waiting for me. I taste you, feel my heat inside of you – my favourite flavour, sweet, sugar – and then my hand’s around you again and I feel you clench around my tongue.”

It was getting difficult to talk, for his fantasies to slip free from the chambers of his mind and seep through the air and into the microphone inbuilt into his phone. His mouth grew slack as an inexplicable heat curdled in his lower stomach and stormed through the base of his shaft. There was a strangled gasp as Yoongi lurched forward, his camera shifting as his arm jolted on an instinct, just as Hoseok’s innards were ripped apart by fire and he thrust himself into his own hand once more before ejaculating. The last thing he heard before the muted content silence of post-release claimed his ears was the heavenly gasps that escaped from Yoongi’s shaking lips.

Hoseok couldn’t bring himself to say anything for the next few moments, his mind wiped and his lungs inflamed, the only communication he shared with Yoongi was through panting breaths as they returned from their high. Eventually, Hoseok remembered himself, recalled where he was and that Yoongi wasn’t truly there with him and that there is no one to hold to his chest as they slipped into the dream world that consisted only of each other. He had to clean himself up, he had to get changed, he had school tomorrow, and Yoongi didn’t live with him and why did it feel too good to be true that a future like that, a future where they both existed with no fear of the future and cohabited together happily, existed for them?

“That was... Amazing,” Yoongi sighed in satisfaction from the phone that he gripped by his thigh as the tears rolled down Hoseok’s face. He reached for the tissue box with determined vigour, intent on blocking the distressing thoughts that clouded his mind, and began to clean himself up, pulling off his
boxers to locate new ones. He dressed hurriedly, pulling on new boxers and his old sweatpants before falling into bed again.

He clasped at his phone that lay abandoned on the middle of his bed. The blood that gurgled through his head had rushed down to the veins that were deserted which meant that his hearing had returned to him after hastily scrambling to his feet after climaxing. He could make out rustling coming from Yoongi’s line. The cold air traced against the wet on his cheeks and he rubbed at his face furiously with his arm before picking up his phone and lying back down onto his bed.

Hoseok didn’t need to fake a smile, to front as if everything was okay, as a small trickle of relief drizzled through his veins and pooled into his stomach at the sight of Yoongi’s face. This wasn’t the hot heat of lust that had gathered there before, this was warm, intimate affection. “Hey, baby,” Hoseok greeted with veneration, wanting to praise Yoongi’s existence for everything that had been granted to him; pleasure, happiness, enjoyment, faith that disheartening days could grow into uplifting weeks.

Yoongi laughed, his post-climax rewarded him with joviality from sexual satisfaction. His laughter sounded warm, inviting and safe. It enshrouded Hoseok and infused into Hoseok’s veins. Yoongi’s laughter felt like home. “Hey, ‘Seok” Yoongi returned the greeting, his voice sounding raspy and low after its excessive usage. Hoseok liked it, liked the alterations of the pitches of Yoongi’s voice. He loved Yoongi’s voice full stop, he wanted it to be the first thing that he heard in the morning – before the chirping of the birds or the buzz of the cicadas in the summer – and the last thing at night, muttering groggily into his ear.

“God, I can’t wait until the next time I can touch you like that,” Hoseok admitted, his smile spreading to his eyes as he watched Yoongi’s hand cover his own face before running his fingers through his hair. “Don’t be embarrassed!” Hoseok cooed and his heart skipped several beats as he saw Yoongi begin to pout, his brow furrowing together.

“What do you expect me to do when you say things like that?” Yoongi huffed and then laughed again when the annoyed expression broke from his face. He glanced back at the camera, staring straight into Hoseok’s soul and beyond – seeing through and into everything that Hoseok was and would ever become. “I’m glad you called.”

“So am I,” Hoseok concurred, his voice low and whispery. He yearned to stroke Yoongi’s face, to feel the wet of his hair and to inhale the fragrance of Yoongi’s scalp. Yoongi was happy because of him, delighted that Hoseok had thought of him and wanted him. Hoseok felt giddy, he was feeling too many forms of high-spiritedness at once that clashed with the brewing doubts that had only just began to surface. “Being with you at school isn’t enough.”

“No,” Yoongi agreed hurriedly, he sounded relieved, as if he had been troubled that Hoseok didn’t share the same sentiment. “It’s not. It’s not the same either. Constantly being surrounded by other people and teachers and rules and expectations... I’d rather it just be us. I like it when it’s just us two together, doing what we just did and this, just talking. I like being with you. I don’t know how I went so long without it. Without you.”

Hoseok almost cried again from hearing the words that he desperately craved to hear in the voice that he loved from the person who he held so dearly. The doubts that dirtied his mind, which gurgled distractedly in his ears, were squashed slightly and decreased the pressure on his lungs – but they had not disappeared altogether. Hoseok swallowed, his throat jumped in protest as it had long since run dry. He wanted water. He needed Yoongi. “I feel the same, Yoongs. I want to be with you as much as possible.” His throat closed up and the words refused to come out but they were there, fighting against his heart and working their way out of his mouth. “When I’m with you everything just fits
into place. I mean, I can be myself unapologetically and without reservations, and I hope you feel the
same. You make me feel so... happy.” Happiness seemed so fleeting in this world, even a teenager
who had no real experience of life knew that, so to experience the purest form of such an emotion
seemed so surreal.

Yoongi was grinning, his teeth on display along with the pink of his gums. Hoseok’s heart stuttered
in his chest and his blood faltered in his veins at the divine sight. “That’s exactly how I feel, ‘Seok.
Exactly. It’s kind of creepy,” he chuckled, his eyes flickering from the camera down to the Hoseok
that was plastered on his screen. Hoseok was entranced by the sight of Yoongi’s eyelashes, watching
them flutter as their owner blinked, watched them fan out as Yoongi’s eyes creased from smiling.

Hoseok laughed at Yoongi’s comment, his chest swelling with an overwhelming warmth received
from Yoongi’s words of reciprocation. “I can’t help it! We’re in sync.”

Yoongi’s eyes narrowed and there was the sound of springs coiling together and then releasing as
Yoongi sat up in bed, dragging a hand through his damp hair. Hoseok savoured the sight of
Yoongi’s exposed forehead, the shape of his temple and the fullness of his brow. “I will reach
through cyber space itself and strangle you if you start singing.”

Hoseok gasped in offence and also in slight fright, how had Yoongi known he was on the brink of
bursting into an N*SYNC song? “That’s so mean, Yoongs!” He attempted a pout but couldn’t
properly form one after he burst out laughing from the unimpressed look that Yoongi shot him
through the camera before he took a sip of water. “And here I thought you loved my singing.”

Yoongi seemed to wince and he pulled the glass away from his lips. “Your ‘singing’ usually consists
of you screaming into my ear and almost deafening me. Needless to say, I’m not your biggest fan.”

Hoseok managed to pout successfully this time. “Aw, Yoongs, I thought you liked me.” Yoongi
snorted but said nothing, Hoseok decided to change that. “You don’t seem to have any complaints
when you join in with my ‘singing’.” A feeling of mischievousness crept over him and onto his lips
as Yoongi sighed in defeat, knowing he had been caught out.

“You’re such a little shit, Jung Hoseok,” Yoongi muttered, rolling his eyes and moving to lie back
down on his bed. Hoseok let out a deliberare high-pitched giggle as if to execute his innocence but
only ended up sounding like a mutated demon who had just crawled free from the depths of hell.
“Beautiful,” Yoongi commented sarcastically.

“Thank you, so are you, baby,” Hoseok responded in all seriousness with a teasing smile and a wink.
Yoongi’s hair was slicked back, staining his pillow with droplets of water, and his forehead was fully
visible – something that Hoseok was rarely blessed to see. “You look really hot like this, Yoongs.
Can you take a picture and send it to me?”

Yoongi snorted, crumpling up his nose in an effort to destroy whatever Hoseok found attractive. It
were as if he were unsure how to reply to Hoseok’s comment, and like he didn’t believe it at all.
“But that would mean exiting out the app and miss seeing you.” Hoseok’s stomach split itself open
and its contents were lava, burning the rest of his insides. “If you really want to, you can take a
screenshot.”

Hoseok smiled in satisfaction. “You’re the best, Yoongs.” He pressed hard on the two buttons in
order to take a picture of his screen, to capture the pleased look on Yoongi’s face and the fullness of
his brow which Hoseok found extremely alluring. “Feel free to do the same, though I doubt you’ll
have room after saving every picture that I have on my Facebook.”

Yoongi flicked his eyes upwards to his ceiling but he couldn’t conceal the humoured smile growing
on his face. “Oh, no,” he deadpanned. “You’ve caught me red-handed.”

Hoseok saw his chance and leapt on it. He wiggled his eyebrows in a bizarre way and let out a saucy, ‘oh la la’. “That’s right, felon. I’ve caught you. I’m going to have to perform a pat-down... to locate the stolen pictures, don’t mind the squeezes. Then I’m going to have to take you... down town! Then, once proven guilty, I’ll bend you over... and handcuff you to a chair, so don’t even think about escaping under my watch!”

Yoongi rolled his eyes again, albeit Hoseok thought it was fonder, and let out a frustrated groan. “It’s at times like these that I’m glad we’re dating, because then no one else has to suffer what ever the hell that was supposed to be.”

“Fine,” Hoseok huffed indignantly, affected due to the lack of seeing Yoongi’s flustered face. “I used my own unique originality, but I see I shouldn’t have bothered. I’ll never flirt with you ever again.”

“That’s a weight off my mind,” Yoongi retorted speedily. Hoseok was left stumped for a few seconds and watched helplessly as Yoongi’s face crumpled in amusement as he was laughed at. “Seok, I can’t believe I have to tell you that I’m joking. Your flirting’s significantly improved ever since you first messaged me.”

Automatically, Hoseok winced at the memory that he had tried extremely hard to suppress. His throat itched and his tongue curled like his mouth had been filled with an appalling taste. “Oh, God, never bring that up again. I don’t even know why I sent that one out of all the ones I had planned – I blame Tae, I think it was him who convinced me.”

“Well, thanks to Tae and your weirdly sexual attempting at flirting, here we are now,” Yoongi replied, his cheeks looking completely and utterly pinch-able and his lips spread wide and enticing in the smile that Hoseok treasured.

The words were spoken softly and tickled at Hoseok’s heartstrings. Hoseok hummed in agreement, not wanting to break the content peace that had fallen around them, but something was bubbling inside of him, black and toxic, flooding his veins and pooling in his brain, making him dizzy. “I don’t want anything to change,” Hoseok blurted. A furrow appeared in Yoongi’s brow, cracks in a desert. “I don’t want exams to stop this, what we have. I don’t want us to part if we can’t go to the same university.”

The silence immediately afterwards was profound and Hoseok wished that he could force the words out of Yoongi’s ears and swallow them whole. Yoongi was refusing to look in the camera or even at his screen, he was looking down at something on his bed – his eyes looked closed. “I don’t want us to part either,” Yoongi mumbled eventually. His attention was directed back at Hoseok again, his eyes wide and urgent. “Yesterday at Jimin’s... Did you mean what you said? About us keeping in contact?”

Pushing aside the intense fear and worries sparked by Yoongi’s words of doubt, Hoseok raced to console and squash any dubiousness. “Yes! Of course, I did – do.” Yoongi’s expression didn’t flicker and Hoseok had a brief moment of panic, terrified that he would never break through. “I don’t like thinking about it, but if worst comes to worst and texting is all we can do, I’d do it in a heartbeat. Anything to have you, Yoongs.”

Yoongi’s eyes stayed still, unblinking and focussed on Hoseok’s desperate earnestness plastered on his face instead of the camera. Eventually, finally, he broke the silence with a slow exhale which Hoseok clung onto uncertainly. Had he talked Yoongi round? Had he succeeded in crushing any scepticism Yoongi had about the fate of their relationship?
“I don’t think that this is how we should have this conversation,” Yoongi pronounced slowly, as if making up his mind to be rational instead of stating his opinion which Hoseok was dying to hear. Every fibre of his being relied on what Yoongi was refraining from saying, he was unsure whether to cling onto existing or phase out into the unknown. Hoseok caught himself in the box in the corner, his brows were drawn together in blatant distress. “Seok, don’t get all paranoid on me and jump to some bizarre conclusion that I want to break up with you,” Yoongi comforted. “I just think that something as serious as this, about where we want this relationship to go, should be done in person and not so late at night. Is that alright?”

Typical, wonderful, level-headed Yoongi, providing a rational answer in the face of Hoseok’s unjustifiable paranoia. Hoseok nodded and then realised it was harder to do lying horizontally than standing vertically. “Yeah. Yeah, you’re right. But we’re talking about this soon, okay?” Hoseok warned as if it were a threat and Yoongi hummed in response, as if to say ‘duh’. “I want you to tell me everything you’re thinking.”

“Same with me,” Yoongi replied with a firm tone, one of his eyebrows quirked slightly and Hoseok’s eyes latched onto its shape. “Funnily enough, I may know you too well but I haven’t yet mastered the art of reading your mind.”

Despite the severity of the situation, which was now fading away, Hoseok laughed. “I’m fairly certain you’re a pro at knowing what I’m thinking, Yoongs, considering the fact that it’s mostly thoughts of you.”

Yoongi chuckled, an expression crossing his face which looked like a hybrid of abashment and contentment. “You’re probably right, ‘Seok. In fact, I can tell what you’re thinking right now.”

“Oh, yeah?” Hoseok challenged, feeling mounting trepidation in case Yoongi probed at any fear lingering in his mind.

“Yeah,” Yoongi bragged, raising his spare hand to his face and mussing his hair until his fringe fell in front of his eyes. Hoseok traced each movement, mesmerised. Suddenly, Yoongi was moving closer towards him, bringing the camera closer to his face until all Hoseok could see was the searing pink of Yoongi’s mouth, the small ridges of his lips – providing the texture that Hoseok craved to feel against his own mouth. “I can see me, I’m wearing a skirt. Pink thigh-highs, with lace. And I’m on you, ‘Seok. Grinding against you, riding you.” Hoseok felt a shiver pierce through him, rattling at his bones and every desire locked away.

Yoongi’s mouth parted, opened, closed, showing the whiteness of his teeth in the brief glimpses that Hoseok saw. His voice was low and Hoseok could hear Yoongi’s breath wrapping around his words, he could almost feel it on his skin. Goose bumps rippled up and down his skin as Yoongi unwound the fantasies stored inside of his mind with a sinful tongue.

It was ripped away from him at a rapid speed; Yoongi had restored his phone’s placement to its original position. He stared up at Hoseok with a smug look nestled into his features. “Did I get it right?”

“Yes,” Hoseok choked out, loving how quickly Yoongi had dismantled him. “Holy shit, Yoongs, you need to talk dirty more often.”

“Oh, yeah? And so do you,” Yoongi retorted, his words dissolving into a pleased laugh. Hoseok smiled, feeling at ease from seeing such a sight of Yoongi being open and relaxed with him. “What you said about... you know.”

“Do I?” Hoseok asked with genuine intrigue. “What do you mean?”
Yoongi huffed, obviously not wanting to say it out loud. “When you said that you were touching me and then you turned me over so you could...”

Hoseok’s eyes widened as a blush erupted on his face, on a reflex he dragged a hand down his face and then regretted it remembering that he hadn’t had chance to wash his hands. “When I said I wanted to eat you out,” he finished for Yoongi in embarrassment.

“Yeah, that,” Yoongi said, his voice amused. Hoseok blew upwards at his fringe in an attempt to cool himself down, he dared to flick his eyes back down to the boy on his screen who was watching him with a grin. “Were you being serious?” Yoongi asked suddenly.

Hoseok went to roll over in mortification and then buried his head in his pillow, lowering his hand that clutched at his hand to rest on his bed. “Oh, God, please don’t.”

“You were?” Yoongi sounded as if he were curious for an honest answer. “‘Seok, you can’t be embarrassed about it now, not after saying it. You can tell me.”

Hoseok peered at the consoling Yoongi displayed on his phone over the fabric of his pillow. “…Okay,” he mumbled, conforming to Yoongi’s sincerity. “I may or may not want to eat you out.” Silence, before a small exhale of an ‘ah’ on the opposite line. Hoseok proceeded to panic. “Yoongs, obviously I don’t want to make you think you have to – I mean, I don’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

“‘Seok,” Yoongi interrupted and effectively managed to silence him. Apologies itched behind Hoseok’s lips but he refrained from spitting them into the air to provide Yoongi the space to eject his own words. “I’m going to be honest with you. I’ve never thought about that before.” Hoseok’s eyes widened and he opened his mouth – but Yoongi shot him a warning glare, insinuating he had more to say. “But that doesn’t mean I’m against it.” And in a more quiet tone he admitted, “I like the sound of it.”

Yoongi’s words bounded around his head, bouncing from one corner of his brain to the other and igniting pleased shivers racing down his spine. “Holy shit, really?” Hoseok blurted out in wild disbelief.

Yoongi chuckled at his manic tone. “Yes, really,” he reaffirmed.

Hoseok’s rapid heartbeat only increased and he felt giddy as a sudden surge of blood rushed to his head. “When?” He gushed out, his eyes looked frantic with excitement in the box containing what his camera captured in the corner of his screen.

Yoongi sucked in his cheek and mutely shook his head. “Unbelievable, ‘Seok. You’ve just got off and you’re immediately looking for another thrill to get your dick wet.” Hoseok didn’t even have it in him to bristle with embarrassment, fatigue was gaining hold of his system and underlined the excitement in his bones. “I don’t know when, ‘Seok. I’m pretty busy leading up to the holidays and I’m sure you are, too.”

“Oh, are you doing anything for Christmas?”

Yoongi smiled in amusement, pushing the hair back from his face as a few strands had fallen in front of his eyes when he had shaken his head in disbelief. “What are you planning? To unwrap me from a bow and have me as your present?”
Hoseok choked on his tongue and spent the next few moments spluttering and trying to force the soreness out from his throat whilst Yoongi laughed at his display. “I wasn’t even thinking of that!” Hoseok exclaimed, his eyes felt as if they were bulging out of his skull as he repressed another coughing fit. “I was just going to ask if you usually do anything for Christmas. Like, with your family or something.”

Yoongi considered this question, looking thoughtful. “Not usually. We did the decorations and the tree when we were younger along with the presents, but now we just have a meal. My brother’s always too busy to properly spend time with us at Christmas, so we usually just leave it. What about you?”

Hoseok found a new buzz of excitement from thinking about the festive season ahead, although he was slightly disheartened by Yoongi’s lack of enthusiasm a thought sparked in his mind and blossomed into something that grasped at Hoseok’s heart, it was something that Hoseok desperately wanted to have. “I still do the whole Christmas thing – well, the commercialised version. I think it pisses my mum off though; she always wants to do things the proper way, so two years ago she bought a model of the nativity to make up for it.” He felt his chest bubble with happiness when Yoongi laughed at his story.

“Say, Yoongs...” He began, making up his mind and running his mouth before the hesitation crept it, and Yoongi hummed in acknowledgement. “It’s completely up to you, and what your family says, but would you, maybe, kind of want to spend Christmas day at mine?” His sentence ended with his voice in an incredibly high-pitched tone that translated his anxiousness in asking. Maybe it was too forwards, maybe it was too soon. But then again, Seokjin was spending Christmas at Namjoon’s house – but, they had confessed their love to each other. Hoseok hadn’t even let himself think about how to tell Yoongi anything to do with the ‘L’ word.

Yoongi looked momentarily surprised which soon melted into a soft expression, his lips stretching into a radiant beam which rendered Hoseok speechless. “I – yeah. Yeah, I’d really like that, ‘Seok. If it’s okay with your family. Thank you.”

“Are you sure?” Hoseok asked, silently questioning whether Yoongi considered it as big of a deal as he assumed it was.

Yoongi simply smiled in reply. “Did you ask in hopes I would say ‘no’? Well, I’m sorry, ‘Seok, but I’m invading your Christmas.”

Hoseok mock-tutted in exasperation. “That’s too bad. I suppose I’ve got to get you a present now.” Yoongi’s eyes widened in realisation and his brow furrowed as he was about to deny Hoseok the right of buying him a gift before Hoseok intercepted. “No, no, no. Yoongs, it’s Christmas, and in the Jung household we trade presents so therefore that extends to you as a honorary member.”

Yoongi tried to hide his flustered exterior with a crass remark, “you make it sound like some kind of disease.”

Hoseok tilted his head back to laugh and when met with an opposition in the form of his pillow, he shuffled up to rest his back on his headboard. “Well, I will be in you one day, so maybe it’s not too far from the truth.” But before Yoongi could raise an eyebrow or splutter at the implications, Hoseok moved on. “Anyway, I’m getting you a present. It’s final. Which means you’ll have to do the same, or I’ll cry.”

Yoongi was silent for a brief moment, possibly still reeling with the information disguised in a joke that Hoseok had bestowed onto him – that Hoseok was very much thinking about the possibility of having sex with Yoongi. No, not ‘sex’, that seemed too impersonal, too crude. Making love was a
far better phrase to use when describing what Hoseok would like to happen between the two of them, not him making love to Yoongi, but them both collectively making love with and to each other. Their bodies entwined and worshipping each other, buckling knees and causing his soul to explode in ecstasy along with its counterpart locked away in Yoongi’s physical body.

“I suppose a crying ‘Seok would be much more difficult than the regular one,” Yoongi sounded as if he were contemplating Hoseok’s decision with a teasing smile. Hoseok whined in protest and Yoongi chuckled. “Fine. But just one present. And nothing too big, or expensive. Or impractical.”

“You’ve just ruled out anything fun,” Hoseok pointed out with a slight pout. He had no clue as to what to get for Yoongi now that he was considering it, he felt like he had failed – surely knowing what to buy for your significant other was an important part of being an adoring boyfriend? Suddenly, Hoseok wished he hadn’t opened his mouth. Maybe the stress of what to purchase for Yoongi as a gift and the doubts about whether would like it or not would outweigh the happiness and laughter that would come from Yoongi spending Christmas day with him.

“Have I?” Yoongi’s eyes focussed away from the camera and up to his ceiling in thought. “Well then, maybe I don’t want ‘fun’ as my present. But I’m guessing you do?”

Hoseok considered this before shaking his head. “Nah. I don’t know. Now that I’m thinking about it, maybe something along the lines with what you said.”

“Copy cat,” Yoongi teased playfully with a tone constructed out of innocent happiness. Hoseok wished that noise to bless his ears for the rest of his life. “Alright, ‘Seok, it’s pretty late and we have school tomorrow.” Yoongi sounded reluctant, but the fatigue was evident in his voice.

“Yeah,” Hoseok exhaled in agreement and focussed on his beloved’s face, smiling warmly at him, so undone and intimate. Hoseok wanted to treasure the moment, to capture it in his heart and mind so he could look back on it whenever he wished; like, when the doubt hit him and flooded his lungs that the future that he desperately craved – a future consisting of him and Yoongi, together and happy – may not exist. “School. Right. Okay. Good night, Yoongs.”

“Night, ‘Seok,” Yoongi beamed at him, lifting his spare hand to the screen.

“Sleep well,” Hoseok replied, a grin spreading over his face at the sight of such radiance that emitted from his boyfriend. “It’s been really nice talking to you, Yoongs. And the other thing was really nice, too.”

“Yeah, it was,” Yoongi agreed, his hand hesitating and fingers dancing mid-air. “Thanks for calling. Sweet dreams.”

“Oh, I will,” Hoseok spoke suggestively and rose his brow in a promiscuous manner. Yoongi laughed and he waved goodbye before pressing the ‘end call’ button.

Hoseok sat pressed against the small wooden headboard of his bed, silent and breathless. His old boxers littered the floor and he peered at them listlessly before letting out a slow chuckle. Well, it was safe to say that Yoongi had most definitely lost the bet.
here's the link for those who are interested: https://youtu.be/Jhx47-qqVRA

ALSO, i've found a new yoonseok/taekook/namjin song so if you want to listen, do check it out, i'm OBSESSED: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NOo0S9wiO4

okay but taekook is finally happening holy shit they've been dancing round each other for 34 chapters IT'S ABOUT TIME

(do you feel the angst approaching?)

ALSO, i've been writing another fanfiction, but it's a text au but i write up some important scenes. it's taekook centred with yoonseok and namjin on the side, it does feature vmin as well. it's basically where taehyung goes to college and makes his money by being a sexter on this app under a fake name and he's been talking to this guy for four months and one day the guy confesses that he likes him and sends him a picture and WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED IT, it's jeongguk. things get complicated when jeongguk has sat in front of him in his lectures for a month now and when hoseok sets jimin up with his only other single friend, taehyung. there's a lot more to it but this is just a very simplified version and explained messily wiekiojkew if any of you are interested in it please let me know and i'll see if i can upload it here as well as on tumblr :))

Anyway if you liked this chapter and want to leave feedback, please drop me a comment! i'd love to hear what you thought of this chapter, did you enjoy the texting at the beginning or do you want less next time weijkne i enjoyed writing it too much that's why there's so much, what do you think lies in store for taekook? and yoonseok?

thank you for all your comments, your support means so much to me <3
and this is all leading up to something. we're staring it. in the eye. together.

Chapter Notes

happy easter to those who celebrate it!!! and april fools to the rest!!!!!!!

so jimin outed namjin on twitter. it's official. we're all living in a fanfiction. (jimin ghostwrote every namjin fic out there, it's canon).

spEAKING OF TWITTER, dis mine: https://twitter.com/pigmentedbinch if anyone wants to talk, feel free! (im v lonely)
and heres my tumblr while im at the self-promo: https://taekookismylifeline.tumblr.com/

okay so about last chapter, THE FORESHADOWING AHHHHH. (you guys got it, you felt it, you commented it, im dying)

this chapter is more of setting the next chapter up, but dont worry there is still a lot to come ;) sorry that was gross and unintentional

anyway, here you go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh, let’s go on that one next!” Dawon grasped at the sleeve of his jacket and dragged him towards a ride that looked relentless in its pursuit to ensure that he would vomit as it span around.

“No!” Hoseok protested and managed to rip his arm out of Dawon’s hold. She turned to him and raised an eyebrow, folding her arms in a displeased manner. “We’ve gone on so many just like it and I’m hungry.”

“You mean, you’re a baby,” Dawon quipped, bringing herself to full height in an attempt to intimidate him into doing her evil bidding. “Just this one more ride, and then we can go to lunch! Please!” She begged him with wide eyes and he struggled not to cave in. She sighed, “Fine. If you don’t go, then I’ll just go by myself.”

“Fine by me,” Hoseok latched onto her deal. “You’re not a baby, I don’t know why mum doesn’t trust you to go off on your own.” Dawon nodded in agreement. “I’ll go and buy some snacks and I’ll be by that bench,” he pointed to a wooden bench near the ride that Dawon had her heart set on, “by the time the ride ends.”

Dawon grinned and wrapped her arms around his lower arm. “Thanks, Hobi. I’ll be back soon. If you’re going to get snacks, get me some candyfloss. The kind I like. Thanks!” And then she was gone, running off through the crowds in order to join the back of the queue of the death machine.

Hoseok was more than happy to mooch off by himself, he needed some time to be alone, even though peace and quiet was hard to come by in a crowd of this size – throngs of people darting here and there, taking up every bench and patch of grass in sight. He approached a nearby confectionery stand and purchased a cartoon of sweet and salted popcorn along with a tub of pink candyfloss. He took up temporary residence on the bench he had instructed Dawon to meet him by and began to delve into his snacks.
The pink of the candyfloss shimmered in the sunlight which was threatening to dip under some darkening clouds. Pastel pink. Sugary sweet in his mouth, melting on his tongue. Hoseok had to visibly shake himself to snap out of the trance that he had put himself under, now was not the time nor place to zone out into thinking of Yoongi – especially not with fantasies of Yoongi in a skirt, thigh highs and panties whilst Hoseok ate him out.

Thankfully, he didn’t have to spend that much time with himself and his lewd thoughts as a few minutes later Dawon jogged over to him and plopped herself down next to him. “That was so fun,” she breathed in exhilaration. She turned to him, her eyes wild and her hair mussed up due to the wind. “You missed out. Promise you’ll go on with me after lunch.”

He backed away from her, risking almost falling off of the bench. “Are you crazy? I’ll throw up! No, after we have lunch, we can go to the arcade or something and then go home. I’ve got homework to do.”

Dawon laughed at him, punching at his shoulder. “Oh, yeah, sure, and I have a flying pig to bathe. Just admit that you want to go home and stew in your room like you usually do.” She smirked knowingly at him whilst he gaped at her pathetically, proclaiming that he was not a shut-in. She rolled her eyes and dragged him up from the bench by his arm. “Come on, let’s get lunch. Follow me.” So Hoseok did.

He followed her to a restaurant located a few blocks away from the amusement park. He had never been inside before and it didn’t seem that Dawon had either as she was unsure whether the waiters took your order or whether you had to go up to the front to order and pay. Eventually they figured it out and both returned to their seat – a booth in the corner – having both ordered.

“What’s with this choice of restaurant?” Hoseok asked her once he shrugged off his jacket and taken a sip of his tap water. “I’ve never even heard of it.”

Dawon shrugged and pushed an ice cube in her drink with her straw. “I just heard some people in my year talking about it and thought I should try it.”

Hoseok sighed in vague annoyance. “Why didn’t you go with them, then? I don’t see why we couldn’t go to that noodle bar we always go to when we’re here.” He was well aware that he sounded pathetic, but he didn’t care. He wasn’t particularly in the mood for a burger.

Dawon shrugged again, raising her eyebrows in a defensive way. “I don’t know. I just wanted to go with you. Is that a problem?” She looked up at him through her fringe and challenged him to eye contact.

It seemed too strange for Dawon to voluntarily want to hang out with him when she could have been hanging out with her friends, so for her to admit this was even weirder. “Why do I have to suffer? Isn’t being your brother enough torture already?” At the glare he received, he realised that he probably didn’t sound as humoured as he originally had thought. “Okay, okay. I’m sorry. I was joking. It’s nice that you want to spend time with me, I’ve enjoyed today. It’s just a little... weird.”

“How so?” She challenged looking affronted to the point where it was suspicious. Before he could even formulate an answer, Dawon looked over her shoulder to scan the people in the restaurant before facing the front and trying to write her action off as a hair flip.

Hoseok frowned at the display before him, his eyes left hers to study the characters among the crowd. He didn’t recognise anyone. “Who are you looking for?” He asked before taking a bite of his burger.
“No one,” Dawon replied curtly, instantly bristling at his inquisitiveness. Hoseok covered his laugh by taking a sip of his drink, she was being too defensive to be nonchalant. There was the sound of the front door opening and Dawon performed another impressive convenient flick of her hair. When refocussing her attention on him she seemed slightly happier; there was a glint in her eyes and she had straightened her posture.

Hoseok looked over Dawon’s shoulder in an obvious manner which caused her to hiss at him to cease his actions. He ignored her and continued to scan the people who were being escorted to their seats; it was a small group of boys. They looked younger than him, around Dawon’s age, and they looked vaguely familiar. They probably went to his school and he had seen them a few times at lunch break.

Why was Dawon so interested in a group of school boys? The answer was so obvious it was practically staring him in the face. Dawon had turned red and was kicking his shin with keen force whilst ordering him to stop ‘being creepy’. Hoseok decided to listen to her and sunk back down in his seat. He feigned innocence and shot her a toothy grin before biting one of his chips. “So, ‘Won, which one of those guys do you have the hots for?”

He almost wished he hadn’t teased her; the force she used to kick him with underneath the table was immense and caused him to yelp out in pain. His shin throbbed in agony and he brought it towards himself so as to avoid her proximity. “Ow! Why did you do that?”

Dawon didn’t reply, the answer was fairly obvious. Instead, she returned her glare to her plate and stabbed at a salad leaf. “Don’t talk so loudly, it’s embarrassing.”

There was no denial. Dawon was having her first crush. Hoseok felt his heart brim with nostalgia; it seemed like just yesterday where she was throwing a tantrum and demanding it was her turn on the swing. “Okay, okay, I’m sorry. I’m just in shock, you’re truly growing up, my little Dawon.” He feigned wiping a tear away from his eye and was met with a look of utter distaste. “Now, come on, point him out to me.”

“No,” she reaffirmed indignantly. “You’ll just make it a big deal when it’s not. That’s what mum does whenever she asks about our love lives, remember?” She pulled a pained face and Hoseok chuckled. “I suppose I just wanted to ask you for advice, I guess. Not that you’ve had any experience with girls, nor will you ever, but... you’re a guy, so...”

Hoseok nodded in understanding and shot her a reassuring smile. “Thank you for stating the obvious. Twice.”

She laughed and made to toss a salad leaf at him whilst he pretended to cower but she dropped it back onto her plate. She slouched down on the bench of the booth and folded her arms, clutching at her elbows. “There’s a chance that the guy I like might like me back and I heard he was coming here today from one of his friends, so I thought that if he was alone then I would talk to him, but, of course, he’s with his pack.” She made a slight gesture with her thumb to indicate the ‘pack’ of boys sitting well away from them on the opposite side of the restaurant. One of the boys let out a joke and they all collapsed into obnoxiously loud laughter. “So, I suppose what I’m asking is... what should I do? Do I talk to him?”

Hoseok surveyed the group of boys again, they seemed immature and care-free, as he had been around that age. “I don’t know, ‘Won. Tell me about him first,” he instructed and took another bite of his burger.

Dawon’s mouth twitched into a pleased smile, apparently pleased at having been given free-reign of the opportunity to talk about her crush. Hoseok found himself smiling at the sight, knowing that he
could relate heavily. The chance to spill his heart about Yoongi would forever remain a chance that he couldn’t pass up. “Well, he’s really sweet. He always looks out for his friends and other people around him; we’re in the same class for maths and he always collects my book from the front when we handed them in to the teacher last lesson. He’s really funny, too. One time he made me laugh so hard that I snorted really grossly and got a headache.” Hoseok interrupted by letting out a laugh of his own, accidentally kneeling Dawon’s leg under the table and almost biting his tongue when she kicked him back.

“Anyway,” she emphasised before carrying on, “he’s really nice and mature when he’s without his friends. But I think all boys are like that.” She shot him a pointed look.

Hoseok gasped, his hands clutching above his heart. “Whatever is that supposed to mean, ‘Won? I’m a mature, sophisticated gentleman through and through.’”

Dawon cackled, her eyes snapping shut and creasing as if she were in pain. “Hilarious, Hobi!” She exclaimed, trying to push herself back up after sliding down in her seat. “I’ve seen you with your friends, you never stop screaming at each other. I’m surprised you’re not deaf.”

Hoseok laughed at the image of his friends in school screaming over the top of each other just to get across a useless comment about where to throw the ball. “You got me there.” Dawon smiled in satisfaction. “Which means you’ll have to deal with that if you ever go out with your crush. Except they’ll be less funny.”

“Oh, naturally,” Dawon humoured him before raising an eyebrow in disbelief. Hoseok aimed a chip at her and successfully hit the side of her face. After kicking him under the table yet again, she picked the fry from the table and ate it. “I feel sorry for anyone who has to date you in the future.”

“Rude,” Hoseok replied, faking a saddened pout. “So, about your crush, I don’t know. How long have you liked him?”

“A few months now,” Dawon responded, finishing off the salad that had surrounded her burger. Hoseok was surprised, usually it was he who finished his meal first. “But the rumour that he likes me only started a few weeks ago, so that’s why I’m thinking of talking to him.”

Hoseok nodded, his mind whirring and trying to formulate a plan. “If you like him, go ahead. Even if he doesn’t like you back, you confessing might make him see you in a different light.”

Dawon’s eyebrows raised underneath her fringe and her eyes widened. “Wow, you’re suddenly so wise.”

Hoseok smiled mysteriously and shrugged. “What can I say? I’m wise beyond my years thanks to all my experience in the affairs of the heart.” Dawon’s expression changed suddenly and a look of denial crossed onto her face.

“Don’t lie,” she said incredulously. “You’ve never had a girlfriend, or a boyfriend.”

Hoseok merely chuckled, surprised how he managed to unintentionally keep Yoongi a secret from his sister for so long. “Well, now I do.”

Her eyebrows creased together and caused her nose to crinkle. Her eyes grew wild and her mouth fell open. “You’re kidding,” she hissed.

“Nope.”

Dawon’s shoulders rose as she inhaled deeply, she leant back in her seat. “You’ve got a boyfriend?
Before I did?”

A laugh ripped free from Hoseok’s throat and he followed Dawon in slouching, his hand clutching at his stomach in fear that he would gain a stomach ache from having his belly full and laughing. “It seems so,” he replied vaguely.

“How? What method of torture did you use?” Dawon demanded to know, seemingly still sceptical about the whole situation as if the idea of someone actually voluntarily dating her older brother was laughable.

“None, thank you very much!” He shot back, nudging her leg underneath the table. “I did what I said to you: I confessed and he saw me in a different light.”

Dawon still looked perpetually perplexed, as if Hoseok was speaking to her in another tongue. “I still don’t believe you. How come I’ve never heard you talk about this? Does mum know?”

Hoseok pulled a face at the memory. “Unfortunately. And, yes, she did make it a big deal. She made such a big fuss of him when he come over—”

“She’s met him?” Dawon practically shrieked, presumably shocked that her only hopes of proving Hoseok as a liar had just launched itself out of the window. “When was this?”

Hoseok cast his mind back, halfheartedly munching on a chip. “Hmm. A few weeks back, I think. You were upstairs, and we left not long after mum interrogated us.”

Dawon shook herself, throwing herself back onto the seat so that she sat up straight and shook the booth. “Are you kidding me? I missed him!” She grumbled more to herself than to Hoseok.

Hoseok laughed at her reaction. “Don’t worry, ‘Won. You’ll have the chance to meet him next weekend.” Dawon eyed him questionably. “He’s coming to help me study, and then he’s going to join us for dinner – well, that’s the plan. I haven’t told mum yet.”

Dawon opened her mouth, and then promptly snapped it shut. Hoseok laughed again, her inability to believe him had left her bewildered and he couldn’t remember the last time he had seen Dawon speechless. “So, I’m going to meet him?” She asked and Hoseok nodded his confirmation. “Is he nice? What’s his name? Have I seen him? Is he good-looking? Do you have a picture of him you can show me?”

The sudden bombardment of questions caught Hoseok off-guard; he was getting used to Dawon being of little sound. He let out a burst of laughter and his shoulders shook in an effort not to put any more pressure on his stomach. “Holy shit, one at a time please, ‘Won!”

Dawon laughed with him and seemed embarrassed at her sudden questioning. “Do you have a photo of him?”

Hoseok hesitated; the only pictures of Yoongi he had saved on his camera roll were supposed to be private. He decided to load up Jeongguk’s Facebook instead and click on his cover image. He leant across the table and extended his phone to Dawon’s awaiting hand. “He’s the one on the left,” Hoseok directed her to the correct figure.

“The guy looking away from the camera?” Dawon asked, and Hoseok watched a small smile form on her face.

“Yeah, that’s him. He hates having his picture taken,” Hoseok explained, his heart fluttering at the knowledge that Yoongi was camera shy. It was heart-wrenchingly adorable.
“He’s cute, Hobi,” Dawon admitted, her tone warm. “At least I think he is. Do you have a better picture?”

Hoseok sighed. Maybe Yoongi wouldn’t mind his sister viewing one of the pictures on his camera roll, it wasn’t like she could save it to her phone like how he was certain that Seokjin or Taehyung would if he ever shared it with them (thought there was no way in hell would he ever even consider it). “Yeah, I do, but don’t tell him I showed it to you or I’ll tell mum you destroyed her slippers when trying to wash them.”

Dawon huffed at the threat but greedily accepted Hoseok’s phone after he located the picture, handed his phone over to her and warned her not to swipe right or left. He saw Dawon’s eyes widen and a vague, “oh,” slip free.

“His name’s Yoongi,” Hoseok supplied, remembering it was another of Dawon’s questions.

Dawon looked up at him briefly and gave a smile. “I’ve seen him around,” Dawon confirmed, nodding her head conclusively. “He’s so good-looking, Hobi.”

“Don’t start drooling,” Hoseok laughed, accepting his phone as Dawon passed it back to him. He slid it into his pocket after admiring the picture himself. Yoongi in the bright light of his bedroom, his hair tousled in a relaxed manner, his mouth pulled upwards in a natural smile with a glimpse of his gums peeking through the pink of his lips. Hoseok had to remind himself to breathe when looking at something so radiant.

“I could say the same to you,” Dawon quipped, her smile playful.

Hoseok’s smile soured as he pulled a face at her. “Oh, shut up.”

“How long have you been together?” Dawon redirected their conversation into easier waters, much more preferred than a war of insults.

“Over a month,” Hoseok replied, and his sister nodded, impressed.

“I’m surprised he hasn’t ran away screaming yet,” she jested, an impish gleam in her eyes. Hoseok laughed, shaking her quip off, and kicked at her feet.

“That will be taken care of next week when he sees you,” Hoseok chided, an innocent grin formed on his face. Dawon’s playful expression thundered and she let out a resounding boom in the form of a sneer.

“Well, if he sticks around long enough, I’ll have plenty of embarrassing stories about you lined up,” Dawon shot back.

“Same here!” Hoseok matched, and he continued to challenge her with a glare before a shadow emerged in his peripheral vision.

He almost jumped when he turned and saw one of the guys in the group that Dawon had spotted standing to the right of him. He glanced over at Dawon who was looking up in disbelief at the boy who had approached their table. “Hey, Dawon,” the boy greeted, his smile wide. Hoseok felt rather like the third wheel. “You like it here, too, huh?”

Dawon scrunched up her nose and Hoseok was proud to know that his sister could hold her own against the unbearable sensations of having a crush, the feelings that made you want to melt into a puddle and conform to their every whim. “It’s alright, I was just trying it out because Soojung recommended it to me.” The boy nodded in understanding and Dawon took the awkward pause to
introduce Hoseok. “This is Hoseok.”

The boy turned to him, noticed the age difference, looked startled, and gave a polite bow. “I’m Yun Daeho. It’s nice to meet you.” He looked between Dawon and Hoseok, obviously trying to suss out their relationship – Hoseok sensed that he felt threatened, like he was going to have to compete over Dawon with an older guy. “You two are... related?”

“Unfortunately,” Hoseok supplied humour, feeling sorry for the younger boy.

Dawon shot him a glare. “This loud-mouth is my brother. He thinks he’s funny.” Daeho seemed to think that Hoseok was funny, too, but when sighting the unamused look on Dawon’s features, he dropped the amused smile that had lingered on his face.

“Excuse you, I know I’m hilarious,” Hoseok retorted, and saw out of the corner of his eye that Daeho was struggling to suppress another smile. “Are you here with friends?” Hoseok asked him.

Daeho seemed too shy to even look him directly in the eye, his gaze kept flitting over to random objects on the table and then to Dawon before settling on Hoseok. “I was, but they’re leaving now. But I saw you,” he looked down at Dawon, “and I just thought I’d come over and say hi. So... Hi.” Dawon laughed at Daeho’s little joke, and an irrepressible smile consumed Daeho’s face. It was official, this boy had it bad. Is this what he looked like whenever he was in the presence of Yoongi? Giddy and bursting with happiness?

“So, you’re free now?” Hoseok inquired and ignored the pointed glare that Dawon was giving him from across the table.

He saw Daeho gulp nervously before nodding. “Yeah, yeah I am.”

Hoseok let out a fake sigh of relief. “Good!” He exclaimed before bouncing up and causing Daeho to dart out of his way. “Is it too much to ask if you show ‘Won where the arcade is? I’m no good with directions and I need to get home to do the jobs that need doing.”

“Oh, no,” Dawon interjected, a look of clear disbelief etched onto her face, incredulous at her brother’s antics. “You really don’t have to do that, Dae. He’s just messing around.”

“... I don’t mind,” Daeho said in a small voice, his eyes meeting Dawon’s before returning his gaze to the floor. “I think you’d be fun to hang around with.”

Hoseok could have let out a victory chant but instead clapped Daeho on the back like a proud father and shot Dawon a happy grin. “That’s great! Be back before seven, ‘Won, or mum’ll flip out!”

He cast one last look back at the two before thanking the staff and exiting the restaurant, Daeho had taken Hoseok’s seat and was engaged in a conversation that had caused a widespread smile to settle on his face.

On the train home he wondered whether by the time Dawon returned home, she would have gained a boyfriend. He then remembered an order that his mum had given him, one which involved him and Dawon needed to stick together. Hoseok sighed audibly and caused the passengers either side of him to shuffle away from him. How on earth was he going to explain that he had let Dawon wander off with some guy in her year that Hoseok barely knew without his mum skinning him alive? The answer was simple: no matter how he put it, she would undoubtedly rip him apart.

Kim Taehyung (active 4 hours ago): AAAAAA

(Sent at 08:34)
Kim Taehyung: **OH MY GOD HE’S ON HIS WAY!**
(Sent at 10:49)

Jung Hoseok: **TAE HOW WAS IT????**

Jung Hoseok: (sorry for the late reply i had to take my sister out)

Kim Taehyung (active now): hGGGGGG

Jung Hoseok: did you just fall on your phone

Kim Taehyung: NO!

Kim Taehyung: **That was me FREAKING out! >:(**

Jung Hoseok: what happened????????

Kim Taehyung: Can I call you??

Jung Hoseok: aaahhhh sorry no :(  

Jung Hoseok: mums pissed at me and if she hears me having fun she’ll kill me  

Jung Hoseok: care to type???

Kim Taehyung: AAAA, Jung Hoseok why are you so naughty?? :'(

Kim Taehyung: You might want to sit down because this is going to be quite long  

Jung Hoseok: you cant give me 2 euphanisms and not expect me to call you out on them  

Jung Hoseok: don’t worry, im extremely good at handling long things ;)

Kim Taehyung: '**SEOK! >:(**

Kim Taehyung: I’m NOT Yoongs!

Kim Taehyung: And, yeah, right

Kim Taehyung: I’ve seen you in the showers, ‘Seok, you’re average :)

Kim Taehyung: **ANYWAY**

Jung Hoseok: **EXCUSE ME?? THAT WAS YEARS AGO WHEN WE ACTUALLY DID P.E**  

Jung Hoseok: ive grown up since then ;)

Kim Taehyung: Can I tell my story or are we going to be discussing your dick size the whole night?

Jung Hoseok: ijkwn HAHAHAHAH SORRY

Jung Hoseok: the floor is yours tae

Kim Taehyung: Thank you, ‘Seok!

Kim Taehyung: So this morning I met ‘Guk at his house at 7AM! :(  

Kim Taehyung: **OH MY GOD HE’S ON HIS WAY!**
(Sent at 10:49)
Kim Taehyung: It was awful, I was so tired even though I went to sleep earlier to get 8 hours sleep :( 

Kim Taehyung: But it was worth it when he opened the door and looked so /cute/, I wanted to curl up on the floor and die!

Kim Taehyung: And he has a dog, ‘Seok! He let me play with it before we went for a run

Jung Hoseok: im surprised you didnt suck his dick right then and there

Kim Taehyung: ‘Seok!

Jung Hoseok: HAHAHAHAHA

Jung Hoseok: FINE

Jung Hoseok: I’m surprised you didn’t MARRY him

Kim Taehyung: So am I!

Kim Taehyung: He’s such husband material, he made me have some of this smoothie he made because I didn’t have time to have breakfast

Jung Hoseok: so romantic

Jung Hoseok: egg yolk and grinded rocks

Kim Taehyung: THAT’S WHAT I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE!

Kim Taehyung: But it was actually really nice! He told me that he would make one for me on Monday and bring it in to school :’)

Jung Hoseok: tae quick question

Kim Taehyung: ???

Jung Hoseok: why DIDN’T you suck his dick!??

Kim Taehyung: ‘SEOK, STOP IT! >:(

Kim Taehyung: Besides, I think his mum would have had a problem with me pulling her son’s pants down in the middle of the kitchen and getting on my knees

Jung Hoseok: SIJKN AHAHHHHAA

Jung Hoseok: but you WANTED to right??

Kim Taehyung: We’re not all like you, ‘Seok

Jung Hoseok: ooooh well when you suck dick for the first time, you dont look back

Kim Taehyung: Gross! Please can you leave whatever you and Yoongs do in the bedroom out of this!

Jung Hoseok: hahaha FINE

Jung Hoseok: continue!
Kim Taehyung: Thank you!

Kim Taehyung: Once we leave his house, he’s being really sweet and giving me tips on how to stretch muscles properly so you don’t get a sprain (I wasn’t really listening, he was really cute when he was talking because he looked so happy)

Jung Hoseok: i relate

Kim Taehyung: So I was thinking that running couldn’t be THAT hard, he was telling me how we were going to start off slowly and ease into it

Jung Hoseok: did he phrase it exactly like that??

Jung Hoseok: if he did then theres every chance that boy was thinking about inserting himself inside of you

Kim Taehyung: I want to hit you so hard right now, Jung Hoseok! >>>:((((

Kim Taehyung: ANYWAY, after we stretch (which was so painful but I got to watch him stretch; he’s so muscly, I wanted to cry!!) we start walking around the park, and then he forces me to speed up into a ‘light jog’, and THEN he forces me to RUN – all without breaks!

Jung Hoseok: oh no the torture :(( my heart bleeds for you

Jung Hoseok: its almost like,,, that’s what running consists of?? :O

Kim Taehyung: How does Yoongs put up with you?

Jung Hoseok: by going down on me ;)

Kim Taehyung: NOOOO!!! Please don’t!

Kim Taehyung: By the time we make it around the whole park, I am in so much pain that I collapse on the grass

Kim Taehyung: He starts laughing at me and I laugh with him but then he tells me that that was just a warm-up and we have to do ANOTHER LAP

Kim Taehyung: He lets me have a measly 5 minute break, and then when we start running again he grabs me by my wrist so I can keep up with him!!!!!

Kim Taehyung: ‘Seok, I honestly thought my heart couldn’t take it, I thought I was going to explode!!

Jung Hoseok: okay thats actually really cute

Jung Hoseok: and THEN did you ‘trip’ and suck his dick??

Kim Taehyung: I’m going to stop talking to you if you keep saying things like that :( 

Jung Hoseok: you love my sexual comments really :P

Kim Taehyung: Sure

Kim Taehyung: Anyway, we finish running and he lies through his PERFECT teeth that I ‘did a really good job today’ and that he was ‘proud I could keep up’
Kim Taehyung: I didn’t even care if he was joking, I was just glad it was over!

Kim Taehyung: He wanted to walk me home so that I could get ready for meeting up afterwards, and he said he would meet me at 11 so that I would have ‘plenty of time to recover’

Kim Taehyung: So after I showered and got ready he met me at 11 and we took the bus into town together. I convinced him that I would pay for his ticket because when we went to dinner(??) he paid for us, so he said that he would pay for the drink that I wanted to try!

Kim Taehyung: It was all going really well, ‘Seok, we were laughing and telling jokes and he seemed to really enjoy spending time with me?

Kim Taehyung: It kind of felt like we were on a date, but I know we weren’t

   Jung Hoseok: oh yeah definitely not

   Jung Hoseok: the guy picks you up from your house and you argue you over whos going to pay for what and then you have the best time together

   Jung Hoseok: TOTALLY not a date in the slightest

Kim Taehyung: AAAAAAAA, ‘Seok, I’m trying not to make a big deal out of it! Stop making me get my hopes up!

Kim Taehyung: So, we go to the café and he buys me a drink, and we sit down near the back where no one really is

Kim Taehyung: And then he starts talking about my crush

   Jung Hoseok: ohhhhhh

   Jung Hoseok: what did he say???

Kim Taehyung: aaaaaa, I really wish you had been there, it was really awkward with just him and me and him asking about a crush which is really him but I can’t tell him that it’s him because I don’t know how he feels about me and if he actually likes me I think I’d break down because ?????

Kim Taehyung: He says things like, “do I definitely know him?” and, “is he so and so?” He keeps trying to guess who it is, and I think he went through all of his friends in his year and I said no to every one of them

   Jung Hoseok: ooooorhh

Kim Taehyung: Exactly

Kim Taehyung: So he started to get suspicious

Kim Taehyung: And he asked me if my crush was someone close to me

Kim Taehyung: And OBVIOUSLY because my CRUSH is HIM and I LOVE TO MAKE THINGS COMPLICATED, I said YES

   Jung Hoseok: complicated?? But you just told him that your crush was him????

   Jung Hoseok: surely that simplifies things????
Kim Taehyung: You would think! >:(

Kim Taehyung: But apparently, no

Kim Taehyung: It means that my crush is Jiminie

Kim Taehyung: ‘Guk thinks I like Jimin

Jung Hoseok: WHAT!??????????!!?

Kim Taehyung: I know!!!!!!!!!

Kim Taehyung: And no matter how many times I tried to convince him otherwise it just made him more convinced that he had guessed right and I was trying to put him off the scent!!!

Jung Hoseok: im going to kill him!!!!!!!!!!!

Jung Hoseok: tae, this is important, what was guk acting like after he ‘guessed’??

Kim Taehyung: I don’t know?

Kim Taehyung: The same really, just smugger?

Jung Hoseok: okay tae youre really gonna need to think

Jung Hoseok: don’t hold back because you feel like if you tell me youre ‘giving yourself hope’

Jung Hoseok: did guk seem disappointed?

Kim Taehyung: I don’t know!

Kim Taehyung: He just teased me a lot even though I kept denying it, and then after I finished my drink we took the bus back and he had to leave because he said his mum wanted him back

Jung Hoseok: he didn’t walk you back like before?

Kim Taehyung: No, he seemed to be in a rush

Jung Hoseok: TAE

Jung Hoseok: HES JEALOUS

Jung Hoseok: ITS SO OBVIOUS

Kim Taehyung: Is it???

Jung Hoseok: you need to tell him you like him before Jiminie comes back

Jung Hoseok: in fact, you need to talk to Jiminie

Kim Taehyung: I am, I’m going to his tomorrow, wish me luck! ‘:)

Kim Taehyung: How am I going to tell ‘Guk I like him without collapsing out of nerves??

Jung Hoseok: oh wow

Jung Hoseok: i hope it goes well tomorrow tae
Jung Hoseok: weuijfw sometimes these things just need to come naturally
Jung Hoseok: ask him out again, you need to do it with just the two of you
Kim Taehyung: :)) Thanks, ‘Seok
Kim Taehyung: Thanks for listening to me!
Kim Taehyung: Okay, I’m going to go to bed now and try to plan what I’m going to say tomorrow
Kim Taehyung: Night, night, ‘Seok!
Jung Hoseok: goodnight tae :)
Jung Hoseok: heyy baby :D
Jung Hoseok: sorry i haven’t talked all day, ive been busy setting my sister up with her crush
Jung Hoseok: just call me cupid ;)
Jung Hoseok: (but i’d rather daddy)
Min Yoongi: I’ll stick with cupid for now
Min Yoongi: You haven’t done enough to earn the ‘daddy’ title from me yet
Min Yoongi: You don’t need to apologise, I know you were busy today
Jung Hoseok: so cruel yoongs :((( what do I need to do to get the title??
Min Yoongi: Make me say it unironically
Jung Hoseok: would you ever actually say it though??
Min Yoongi: it depends
Jung Hoseok: on???
Min Yoongi: What you’re doing to me
Jung Hoseok: like??
Min Yoongi: The thing that you were getting at the other day when we video called
Jung Hoseok: ooooooh
Jung Hoseok: eating you out?
Min Yoongi: Not what I was thinking of
Jung Hoseok: Oh
Jung Hoseok: then did you mean
Min Yoongi: Yeah
Jung Hosoek: oh
Jung Hoseok: wow

Jung Hoseok: you seem to have high expectations for me yoongs ;)

Min Yoongi: For everything that we’ve done, do you blame me?

Jung Hoseok: IWOJKNW

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS! YOU CANT JUST SAY THINGS LIKE THAT AND NOT EXPECT ME TO IMPLODE

Min Yoongi: Sorry

Min Yoongi: you’ll have to punish me

Min Yoongi: Daddy

Min Yoongi: Have your innards been ruptured yet?

Jung Hoseok: IFJWOKNMW

Jung Hoseok: MAYBE

Jung Hoseok: anyway yoongs

Min Yoongi: Yeah?

Jung Hoseok: were you being serious?

Jung Hoseok: about us

Jung Hoseok: you know

Min Yoongi: oh

Min Yoongi: Well, yeah

Min Yoongi: were you?

Jung Hoseok: ewiojkwen YES

Jung Hoseok: but I don’t want to rush it

Min Yoongi: Me neither

Min Yoongi: after all, there are a lot of things we haven’t done

Jung Hoseok: exactly!

Min Yoongi: Yeah

Min Yoongi: Seok?

Jung Hoseok: yeah??

Min Yoongi: are you scared?
Jung Hoseok: weiojkqn

Jung Hoseok: yes

Jung Hoseok: I've never done it before

Min Yoongi: Me neither

Min Yoongi: I'm scared, too

Jung Hoseok: don’t be! We don’t have to worry about it now, we’ll worry about it when it comes to it

Min Yoongi: but everyone says how amazing it is

Min Yoongi: is it natural to be scared?

Jung Hoseok: i don’t know

Jung Hoseok: maybe

Jung Hoseok: I’m scared because i don’t want to hurt you

Jung Hoseok: or disappoint you

Jung Hoseok: or that i wont be enough

Min Yoongi: You’re more than enough, Seok, you’re the only one I want

Jung Hoseok: :) that’s so sweet yoongs, and I feel the same for you

Jung Hoseok: but that’s not exactly what i meant

Min Yoongi: Oh

Min Yoongi: Wow, Seok

Min Yoongi: your dick will be fine

Min Yoongi: I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but I happen to like your dick

Jung Hoseok: OEWIKNE

Jung Hoseok: REALLY???

Min Yoongi: I like it enough to put it in my mouth so take what you want from that

Jung Hoseok: iweojk YOONGS

Jung Hoseok: you just made me choke on my own laughter

Min Yoongi: and you made me choke on your satisfactory-sized dick, so be proud and don’t be scared

Jung Hoseok: HHAHHHAHAHH

Jung Hoseok: thanks yoongs :)
Jung Hoseok: speaking of, when can you next touch said dick?

Jung Hoseok: this weekend when you come round mine??

Min Yoongi: how about no

Min Yoongi: I’m there to help you study and to have dinner with your family

Min Yoongi: not give you another handjob

Jung Hoseok: :(((((

Jung Hoseok: when can we next do stuff?

Jung Hoseok: im thinking in the winter holidays

Min Yoongi: I would like that very much

Min Yoongi: Now, I'm going to bed, I'm really tired from revising today

Min Yoongi: it’s so depressing, please send help

Jung Hoseok: ill be sure to send an expert in kung-fu to protect you from the evil exams

Jung Hoseok: goodnight, my beautiful angel <3333

Jung Hoseok: sleep well!!!

Jung Hoseok: dream of me!!!!!!!!!!!!

Min Yoongi: Goodnight, my handsome hunk <3333333333333

Min Yoongi: You too, Seok :)

Min Yoongi: I’ll be sure to have splendorous dreams about your plentiful penis

Jung Hoseok: you better do

Jung Hoseok: I’ll know!

Jung Hoseok: my dick senses will tingle

Min Yoongi: Usually, that’s called an erection

Jung Hoseok: exactly ;)

Min Yoongi: woooow

Min Yoongi: Goodnight, Seok

Jung Hoseok: night baby!

The weekend was hardly a monumental event for Hoseok. He did his homework (much to his chagrin), revised so that his mum didn’t have another reason to be angry with him, and he talked to his friends (mostly with his friends from the dance studio as they had to discuss their final ideas before they joined together to begin rehearsals on Tuesday night). So, when he arrived back at
school on Monday he was nonplussed to find that the pre-exam atmosphere remained very much the same, with students in his year roaming around or stationed on benches with notes from classes and revision cards.

The only thing that had changed, however, was the underlying tension between Taehyung and Jeongguk. Break time was an awkward affair with the two sitting next to each other, as had started to become the norm, with Jeongguk deflecting any potential romantic topic that fell from someone’s mouth. Namjoon, who Hoseok had filled in with the missing details, had decided that approaching Jeongguk and asking him directly whether or not he had given up or succeeded in guessing who Taehyung’s crush was would be a catastrophic mistake. But Hoseok begged to differ and explained, when the two in question weren’t present, that asking Jeongguk would be sure to evoke the reaction that they were all aiming towards – to have Jeongguk unleash his feelings for Taehyung in a fit of jealousy. Yoongi had called him barbaric, not wanting to see his friend suffer, and had instantly sided with Namjoon, effectively shutting down the formulation of his plan.

They were at a loss of what to do, even though Namjoon had reassured them that somehow it would sort itself out – Hoseok privately thought that Namjoon was just saying that because, for the first time, he was unsure of the possibility of a future for Jeongguk and Taehyung. Needless to say, the reassurance didn’t console him, and it didn’t console Taehyung either when Hoseok muttered the same line to him during a study period in their shared Science lesson.

“How do you know that?” Taehyung wailed in despair, lifting his head to cast a helpless look towards Hoseok who was taken aback by the dark circles underlining his friend’s eyes. “What good is ‘Guk liking me if he won’t even talk to me properly anymore?” It was obvious Taehyung was in great distress after break as Jeongguk had hardly looked in his direction, only to comment on how nice the weather was the other day when they went running together. Taehyung snorted, his eyes returning to his work. “Not that ‘Guk’s not the only one who’s not talking to me.”

“What do you mean?” Hoseok asked, greatly concerned by the sight of his friend in pain. Taehyung raised an eyebrow at him as if to say, ‘who do you think?’ Hoseok was quick to catch on, and he lifted his eyebrows in shock. “Jiminnie? He’s seriously mad at you?” Taehyung groaned, and Hoseok kicked Taehyung’s foot under the desk. “You haven’t told me anything about what happened yesterday, how am I supposed to know? Have pity, please tell me,” Hoseok dragged out the latter part of his sentence so it stretched into a plea.

Taehyung scribbled something down halfheartedly before looking Hoseok in the eye again. He looked defeated, his eyebrows set together in a despairing manner. “I don’t think he’s mad at me. He just told me to leave him alone for a while, until he got back in contact.”

Hoseok, who had been settling on the verdict that Jimin would attempt to cut Taehyung out of his life completely, was taken aback. Jimin really did seem to be changing, maturing before his very eyes. “What happened?” He asked again, desperate to know how the event had played out yesterday.

Taehyung tossed his pen down in defeat, evidently giving up on revision. He sighed and leant back in his seat, his thigh colliding with Hoseok’s who patted his leg under the table reassuringly. “I had planned on what to say before I went to his house. Something along the lines of, ‘I’m honoured you have feelings for me but I’m sorry, I can’t return them’, but that all went out of the window.”

Hoseok frowned in bemusement and slanted forwards in intrigue. “What did you say? What did he do?”

“He told me everything,” Taehyung admitted, his voice muted and saddened. “I think he knew what I had come to tell him, that I couldn’t be with him. We went to his room and we sat on his bed and
he told me that he’s liked me for years but he didn’t know what to do with his feelings, so that’s one of the reasons why he drank, why he took... drugs,” Taehyung finished, his voice dropping to a whisper that Hoseok struggled to catch.

Hoseok craned his neck to look behind him, ensured their teacher wasn’t watching, and moved his chair closer to Taehyung to offer his support, knowing that Taehyung relished in physical intimacy. “How do you feel about that?” Hoseok asked.

Taehyung shook his head. “I don’t know. Sad. Angry. He didn’t have to do that. He didn’t have to suffer alone. He could have talked to you, or Yoongs, ‘Guk, ‘Joon or ‘Jin. Someone.” Taehyung was deeply upset by this information, and Hoseok didn’t know what to say to provide the comfort that Taehyung must have been craving. “He told me that he didn’t mean to make me feel bad, he said that he just wanted me to know the truth so that I knew he wasn’t lying about liking me. He said – he said that he thought that I must have thought that he was just drunk when he confessed. He said that he wanted me to take him seriously.”

Hoseok felt Taehyung’s inner turmoil; it must have been torture to sit in front of someone who had been so hurt in their past and who cared about you so deeply but knew that you would have to reject them. “Tae...” Hoseok began, unsure of what to say, of what he could offer.

“It’s okay, ‘Seokie,” Taehyung used his old nickname, one that was used when they were younger. Hoseok found himself smiling despite the seriousness of the situation. “It’s not your fault. I’m just going to be sad for a bit. I was sad in front of him, too, and I was sadder after I told him that I did take him seriously, that he was my best friend, but I couldn’t do it. I didn’t like him back.” Hoseok was speechless, Taehyung had finally told Jimin the truth. “He wanted to know why, so I had to tell him that I liked someone else, and he – he guessed who it was.”

Hoseok felt a sense of anger boil within. That same manipulative aspect of Jimin had remained throughout all of his recovery and talk of change. He had exploited Taehyung when he was feeling the most vulnerable to suit his own agenda. “And he looked so sad, ‘Seokie. He said that if I didn’t feel anything, then he’d give up on me and he would stop ‘bothering’ me. So...”

“You kissed him,” Hoseok concluded, a sense of disappointment settling in his stomach, it mingled with the fury that festered there.

Taehyung turned to him with a desperate expression. “It was just one kiss, ‘Seok, I didn’t mean it – it meant nothing. I told him that, too.” His expression crumpled when seeing that hard look set on Hoseok’s features. “He said that he was sorry and that he was glad I told him, and then he told me that I should probably leave. I feel so bad about it, I don’t know why I...”

“Because you think there’s no hope with ‘Guk,” Hoseok interjected, his hand unmoving on Taehyung’s leg. “That’s why you kissed Jimin, because you know he definitely likes you.”
“No,” Taehyung shook his head, his brows furrowing and his eyes imploring, begging for some kind of reconciliation. “I did it because I felt sorry for him. I don’t know which one is worse. All I know is that I regret it. I like ‘Guk. There’s no one else.”

Hoseok’s anger faded slightly, realising that Taehyung was in pain as it was, the last thing he needed was his best friend turning on him for making the wrong decision. “Sorry, Tae,” he muttered. “I just can’t believe he asked to kiss you like that. That’s completely out of line. I’m glad you told him, though.”

Taehyung exhaled a heavy sigh, his shoulders deflating. “So am I. I would love to say it’s a weight off of my shoulders, but this whole thing with ‘Guk... I don’t know what to do. How am I going to ask him out if he won’t talk to me?”

“You have to make him talk to you,” Hoseok directed, patting Taehyung’s leg to snap him into focus. “Offer him something he can’t refuse, like... Oh! How about, ‘I need to talk to you about something that I can’t talk to anyone else about’?” Taehyung still didn’t look convinced, he looked too crestfallen. Hoseok withdrew. “You don’t have to do it now, Tae. You’re allowed to feel sad about this whole thing, but the sooner you clear up ‘Guk’s misconception, the sooner you’ll be able to get over it. I think.”

Taehyung shrugged, his hand leaving the table to fall on top of Hoseok’s. “I guess so,” Taehyung mumbled and Hoseok felt himself beam. “I feel bad, though... I’ve just rejected Jiminie, and now I’m moving onto someone else. Maybe I shouldn’t do it so soon.”

Hoseok pinched at the skin of Taehyung’s hand and made him whine in pain. Taehyung looked at him with hurt eyes, resembling a kicked puppy. “You shouldn’t feel bad, Tae. You and ‘Guk would have been together a long time ago if it wasn’t for Jiminie trying to get in between you two – don’t ask me how I know that, I just do. So, once again, the sooner you talk to ‘Guk, the better.”

Taehyung looked very much as if he were considering Hoseok’s words, and Hoseok waited with baited breath as Taehyung chewed at his cheek before nodding in confirmation ever so slightly. “Okay,” he said in a soft voice. “I’ll talk to ‘Guk. I don’t know when, but I’ll do it soon.”

It was nearing the end of the day, Hoseok was in a computer room surfing through different web-pages comparing different universities and the different courses they had to offer to do with dance. He was having no success, there were no joint courses being offered in business and dance and he half-considered looking at universities in another country, like Japan. Taehyung was next to him and was most likely checking his emails on his phone that had something to do with his modelling contract. When Hoseok had quizzed him about it, however, Taehyung had come across very secretive, so Hoseok had to resign himself to the fact that Taehyung would tell him when he was allowed to.

Hoseok was clicking randomly through web-pages that would help him construct his personal statement, rapidly losing interest when the bell rang for the end of the day. Taehyung let out a loud cheer which caused several people sitting by them laugh at his antics and bid the two goodbye as they filed out of the door. Taehyung walked with Hoseok out of the door, down the hallway and out of the school and stayed very much close to his side, as if they were permanently attached at the hip – Hoseok had almost tripped over Taehyung twice, but due to Taehyung’s silent and sensitive exterior, he chose not to comment on it.

When reaching the front of the school and seeing the crowd that was waiting for the bus, Taehyung shot him a small smile and squeezed his hand. “Bye, ‘Seokie,” he said before departing, merging with the masses awaiting the bus. Hoseok watched after him, his heart aching as he could only watch
his friend in pain instead of directly helping. He knew better than anyone that Taehyung was a sensitive person, and if someone else was going through struggles than it would usually Taehyung to take it upon himself to feel the same pains.

“What’re you looking at?”

Hoseok’s throat clenched as he span around in fear, having not sensed anyone sneaking up behind him. He laughed with dizzy relief; it was Yoongi, accompanied by none other than Jeongguk and Namjoon. “Don’t ever do that again! I thought my heart was going to give out!” Hoseok exclaimed, his laughter mingling with his words.

Namjoon watched him with an incredulous expression that broke when he joined in with Hoseok’s laughter. Jeongguk, who looked as if he were stewing over something sour in his mind, merely flashed a brief smile before expressing that he had to get home. He left without any more words, and as Hoseok gave his goodbyes he turned back to find Yoongi watching him with intrigue. “What?” He asked, heat rushing to his face at the attention from someone he found irresistibly attractive.

Yoongi shrugged in nonchalance but there was no mistaking the humoured smile written onto his features. “You’re easily scared. It’s cute.”

Before Hoseok could react, he was distracted but a loud burst of laughter that emerged from Namjoon. He had backed away from Yoongi after having crumpled over in amusement and then had drew himself back in to push lightly at his arm. “You’re kidding me, right? Who was the one who refused to go to sleep with the lights off after we watched that horror movie?”

Yoongi stilled, looking caught, and that was enough for Hoseok to join in with Namjoon’s infectious laughter. “Yoongs! You – that’s so – adorable – I can’t-” Hoseok couldn’t expel any more words from his mouth and his stomach retaliated against him as his laughter continued to spill from his lips. It came to a point that he had to lean on Namjoon to stand up in an effort to not collapse onto the ground. Yoongi hadn’t stopped watching them with a defensive, agitated expression, and this had only increased Hoseok’s laughing fit.

“If you’re done laughing at me, I wanted to talk to you,” Yoongi said in a deadpan, which sounded as if he were sulking. Hoseok tried to sober up, to cease his laughter, and so did Namjoon, who coughed and made some sort of hushed apology.

“Sorry, Yoongs – it’s just, you were so high and mighty,” Hoseok had to control himself so as to not fall into another bout of laughter. Yoongi’s eyes narrowed and his lips pursed even more, drawing Hoseok’s attention to Yoongi’s mouth. “You look so pretty when you’re mad, baby.”

It had slipped from his tongue, slick and natural. Yoongi’s narrowed eyes widened and he cast his gaze away, focussing in on Namjoon who was surveying the scene with an amused smile and interested eyes. “Don’t you have somewhere to be?”

Namjoon chuckled at Yoongi’s snap but heeded to it. “Yeah, of course. Thanks for reminding me, bab- I mean, Yoongs.” Hoseok could have cried, both in embarrassment and amusement, had Yoongi not made a move to sock Namjoon which caused Namjoon to sprint away, grinning manically.

“Ass,” Yoongi muttered, his scowl softening in humour as he watched Namjoon exit the school gates in a mad run. Hoseok let out a light chuckle, bringing Yoongi’s attention back to him and making his heart skip several beats when the darks of Yoongi’s eyes seemed to melt into his.

“You wanted to talk to me?” Hoseok asked, a feeling of shyness pooling through his system. Yoongi’s sudden appearance had thrown him off, and it was incredibly difficult to repress all urges
to pull him closer in the midst of the school grounds. It was the first time they had been alone together since their late night video-calling session on Wednesday.

“Yeah,” Yoongi affirmed, and let the confirmation hang as he dithered slightly. Hoseok smiled in encouragement, allowing himself one small gesture of reaching to Yoongi’s wrist and eventually entwining their fingers. Yoongi squeezed Hoseok’s hand in response. “I wanted to talk you about the date I planned.”

“Oh,” Hoseok responded, his heart warming and pounding excessively at Yoongi’s admission. “I’m listening,” he added as encouragement, taking Yoongi’s other hand in his own. There weren’t too many people milling around, only outside of the gates as they were waiting for the next bus, so Hoseok didn’t much care about avoiding extreme displays of public affection. Using his grip on Yoongi’s hands as leverage, Hoseok pulled Yoongi in for a brief kiss. Yoongi’s chest pressed flush against his, and he longed to press his hips into Yoongi’s, to ignite a licentious reaction from the other boy – but such a setting disallowed him from doing so. Yoongi’s lips were warm against his, the skin of his lips slightly rough due to the cold weather, and nipped at Hoseok’s lips lightly before withdrawing.

Yoongi smiled in response to Hoseok’s advances and laughed when Hoseok pouted, wanting more. “I was thinking next week? After school, since you’re not really allowed out on weekends.”

Hoseok, who wanted Yoongi pressed against him again, hesitantly let go of Yoongi’s hands and instead wrapped his arms around the other boy, drawing him in for a tight hug. He felt Yoongi’s chest rise when inhaling in shock before the boy relaxed completely in his arms. After the initial surprise of being brought so close to Hoseok, Yoongi reciprocated, weaving his arms around Hoseok’s lower back. Hoseok sighed in content, the blazing heat that radiated from Yoongi enveloped him, bleeding into him, and nestled his head into the crook of Yoongi’s neck, inhaling the scent of his softness and of his lemon-scented shampoo. “That sounds perfect, Yoongs.” Yoongi shivered against him at the sensation of Hoseok speaking and puffing warm air directly onto his neck.

He felt Yoongi’s fingers fist at the material of Hoseok’s blazer to secure his grip around Hoseok’s back as Hoseok began to sway them gently side-to-side. Yoongi’s body rested against him so trustingly, as if it spoke directly to Hoseok’s body and knew that Hoseok would never let anything befall Yoongi. “Maybe next Wednesday?” Yoongi lifted his head to address Hoseok’s neck, lest he be speaking into the breast pocket of Hoseok’s blazer. A tickling sensation ran amok over Hoseok’s skin where Yoongi had spoken unto.

“Wednesday sounds great.” Hoseok replied, his mind storing the information whilst his senses were devoured by Yoongi’s dulcet, honeyed scent, and the way Yoongi’s heart was racing underneath his blazer, beating in time with Hoseok’s. “You smell amazing, Yoongs.”

“So do you,” Yoongi had shifted his head and was now speaking into Hoseok’s blazer to muffle his words. Hoseok’s ears still picked up on what Yoongi had said, and he felt as if his mouth was going to fracture itself with how wide he smiled. “Seok, I think my bus is going to come soon.”

Hoseok removed his hand from where it was resting on Yoongi’s back and threaded a hand into Yoongi’s hair, savouring the sensation of strands of silk sliding between his fingers. “But I don’t wanna let you go,” Hoseok admitted, wanting to bury his feet into the ground and keep him and Yoongi bound forever.

Yoongi tilted his head, leaning into the touch of Hoseok’s hand carding through his hair, before his arms slipped from Hoseok’s back and shoved lightly at Hoseok’s stomach. The muscle of Hoseok’s stomach tensed underneath Yoongi’s light-fingered touch before relaxing as it craved more of the
contact. With much reluctance, Hoseok pulled away from Yoongi, his hands retreating from Yoongi’s back and hair and repositioning themselves onto Yoongi’s hips.

Yoongi was gazing up at him with such serenity etched into his features. Hoseok wanted to melt into a puddle of pulp and worthless flesh, surely he didn’t deserve to hold such radiant beauty within his hands? “I’ll see you tomorrow,” Yoongi began his goodbyes, but he stayed still within Hoseok’s grasp, allowing Hoseok to lean in and touch Yoongi’s lips with his own – softly, yet with an assured power that told Hoseok that Yoongi wanted this just as much as he did, but they both had to control the flames lest they spark into a wild firestorm of carnal lust and desire.

Hoseok allowed Yoongi to slip from his grip, his hands feeling empty and useless without having Yoongi to hold, to caress, and to protect. “See you tomorrow,” Hoseok reciprocated the goodbye, conveying a fondness in his tone that he hoped Yoongi grasped and held to his heart just as he did whenever Yoongi shot him an adoring look or complimented Hoseok. He wanted Yoongi to know how much he was loved without experiencing the inexplicable fear of confessing it. He wasn’t ready.

Yoongi turned away from him at some point as couldn’t begin moon-walking just to stare back at Hoseok as he walked away. The bus had pulled up to the bus stop and Hoseok was momentarily shocked as to how he hadn’t heard the oncoming crunch of gravel against tyres, but he realised that everything around him faded when Yoongi entered his senses.

Before Yoongi climbed onto the bus, he turned around one last time to wave goodbye to Hoseok. Hoseok waved back, a ridiculously wide smile on his face, and as the bus drove out of sight, his muscles had began to ache.

As he turned to walk to the direction of the school car-park where his mum was bound to be waiting for him and his sister, he thought about Yoongi. Thought about how Yoongi had gotten to the library before him in History this morning and already had a laptop waiting for him to use, had greeted him a nod and a smile – a smile that made Hoseok’s innards knot together in delight and excessive adoration. He thought about how Yoongi had kicked at his leg at break when Jeongguk had shot them a wary look after Hoseok had placed an exaggerated kiss on the soft of Yoongi’s cheek, and how Yoongi had spent lunchtime with him on the bench instead of partaking in the game of basketball that was happening on the courts. Hoseok was so lost in his awe for the other boy that he almost walked smack-bang into his mother’s car. He swore and stumbled backwards as Dawon shrieked with laughter.

“You idiot!” Dawon cried, bending over to clutch at her knees as she continued to laugh at her brother’s idiocy. There was a sound of the window rolling open to the left of him and he almost jumped out of his skin when he saw his mother frowning up at him.

“Hobi, please try to avoid getting anymore scratches on this car or it’ll be you who will be paying for the damages,” she reprimanded with an undoubtedly teasing tone bleeding into her voice.

Hoseok scowled in embarrassment and muttered a string of expletives under his breath as he skulked around the car to climb in on his side. Dawon, who had climbed in as he had, was still chuckling at him and he glared at her in order to get her to stop.

“You idiot!” Hoseok exclaimed, hating the injustice of it all.

“Hobi, stop trying to murder your sister with your stare,” his mum instructed, a chuckle escaping her mouth as she started the car and backed up.

“Stop picking on me!” He exclaimed, hating the injustice of it all.

“Then stop walking into cars!” Dawon retorted, smiling with amusement. “You were so out of it!
What were you thinking of?”

Hoseok crossed his arms in defence. “Grown-up things,” he responded, trying to make her feel small.

“Oh, I can guess what,” Dawon replied, her smile only widening and Hoseok felt a rush of panic. “Hobi was thinking of his boyfriend!” She announced, causing their mum to look at them through the rear-view mirror.

“No, I wasn’t!” Hoseok defended in protestation but Dawon didn’t want to hear it and proceeded to form a patronising song of, ‘Hobi was thinking of his Yoongi’.

“I’m going to kill you,” Hoseok growled, reaching over to his sister to punch her on the arm.

Luckily for Dawon, their mother intervened. “Hoseok! If you dare touch your sister, I’m dropping you off right here and you can walk home! And Dawon, stop annoying your brother, I can’t concentrate on driving!”

Dawon huffed at him and turned her head, like it was his fault that she had received a scolding. Hoseok settled for doing the same thing and the rest of the car journey was undertaken in silence.

When they eventually arrived at home, their mother led them into the house and told them that dinner would be ready fairly shortly. Dawon, when their mum had turned her back, glared at Hoseok and pulled a face before running upstairs like a little kid. Hoseok shook his head at her and made a move to head to his room before his mum stopped him. “Hobi? Can you come in here for a minute? I’d like to talk to you.”

A sense of trepidation overtook him and with foreboding running through his veins, he entered the kitchen where his mother had turned the oven off and was pulling up a chair from the kitchen table. Hoseok inwardly groaned, the talk was presumably going to be a long one if they were going to have to be seated during it. Grudgingly, he copied his mother’s actions and sat across from her, the same position as when she had confronted him and Yoongi about them dating.

“Hobi,” she began slowly, and Hoseok watched blankly with a nervous tension growing inside of him as he knew his mother was planning on how best to say what she wanted to get across to him. “As happy as I am about you and Yoongi,” Hoseok’s insides curdled because, oh, god, she wanted to talk about his relationship with Yoongi, “I think I may have misguided you, and I want to clear up any misunderstandings.”

Now it was not only anxiety that gnawed at his mind, but it was also bemusement. What could she possibly be talking about? His mother placed her hands on the table and looked up at him, concern knitting her eyebrows together. “Have you two had sex?”

Hoseok spluttered, disbelief clouding his brain and embarrassment consuming his system. He felt his face flush and his skin being consumed by a mortified heat. “Mum!” He cried, hardly daring to think of answering her honestly. Why was she so interested in his and Yoongi’s romantic life?

She seemed to be embarrassed by her own question but upon witnessing Hoseok’s reaction she sobered up, straightening her back and searching Hoseok’s face. “I’m asking out of concern, I don’t want you to rush into anything you’re not ready for!” Hoseok sat, tense and disturbed, reeling in shock. “I know you’re at the age where you’re going to want to try things, and now you’re in a relationship, and how much time you spend up in your room, it’s ridiculous to even question if you’re sexually active or not—”
“Mum!” Hoseok cried again in an attempt to silence her before she said anything else that made his whole body spit up and reject. “Stop it before I run screaming! What are you talking about? Yoongs and I haven’t done... that!” He couldn’t even say the word, he felt that his tongue would curl up in his mouth and disintegrate.

“You’re certain?” She pressed him, leaning forwards to convey her urgency. “When I told you to wear protection, I was joking around to scare you. That day – you and Yoongi – you didn’t...?” Hoseok couldn’t even begin to form a word, let alone a sentence. Repulsion rippled through his body and rotted away his mind. His mother seemed to take his silence for confirmation, and her eyes widened. “If you did, you can tell me, Hobi. I won’t be angry, I promise – I’m just concerned about you, and Yoongi – because I know you grew up in a household which didn’t teach you much about sex, so if you and Yoongi have, I want you to feel free to tell me.” She finished in a rush, her words tumbling out whilst conveying the sense of comfort and sincerity.

Hoseok blinked, his lips pursed, as he tried to comprehend the situation. He opened his mouth to answer but found his throat was too tense to talk. He had never anticipated his mum approaching him about him and Yoongi’s sex life, it had thrown him off the balance and into the anxiety-ridden waves of the ocean of uncertainties. He managed to shake his head. “No,” he got out eventually. “Yoongs and I have not. We haven’t. That day, we were just – well – we weren’t doing what you thought we were.”

His mother looked relieved, and she leant away from his to properly sit on her chair. The creases in her forehead eased slightly. “I see,” she murmured vaguely. “I must admit, I’m glad. You two are so young.”

Hoseok fidgeted in his own chair, his toes rubbing against his other foot, as he remembered the conversation he and Yoongi had had via messaging on Saturday night. “What’s wrong with that? People my age do it all the time.”

“Oh, I know that, Hobi,” his mother sounded tired now, it seemed that the stress had really taken it out of her. “A lot has changed since your father and I were young – don’t worry, I’ll spare you the details,” she must have seen the panicked expression on Hoseok’s face, “For me, at least, sex is something special, and I know you’re a romantic, Hobi, so I believe it must be for you, too. I just don’t want you to rush into something on an impulse and then regret it afterwards.” She glanced up at him and offered a smile. “I’m sorry for embarrassing you.”

“I’ll never recover,” Hoseok replied honestly, his head still reeling, whilst his mother laughed. She stood up from the chair and Hoseok hesitated before mimicking her action. She skirted around the table and pulled him in for a hug. He tensed at the change in atmosphere, what was awkward and uncomfortable was now gentle and comforting. He allowed himself to relax in his mother’s arms, his scalp tingling pleasantly as she ran a hand through his hair and kissed him on the top of his head.

“I love you, Hobi,” she said to him, rubbing a hand over his back.

“Love you, too,” he replied, slightly abashed at the sudden confession, before his mother loosened her grip and allowed him to pull away.

She beamed down at him before ruffling his hair, as his father usually did, and letting him go. “You’re free to go. Be down in thirty minutes for dinner!” She dismissed him and he smiled, nodded, before turning on his heel and heading for the stairs.

He was never going to live that down. He was just inexplicably grateful that Dawon hadn’t been eavesdropping, otherwise he would have had to call for drastic measures and vacate town.
Jung Hoseok: *trumpets loudly*

Jung Hoseok: may i announce that yoongs officially lost the bet on Friday and will now be my slave for the whole day tomorrow ;)

Min Yoongi has changed the group name from: local camboy looking for work to: Seok cheated

Jung Hoseok: how did i?????

Jung Hoseok: i won fair and square baby

Jung Hoseok: youre just a sore loser ;P

Kim Taehyung: :( I had forgotten about your gross bet

Kim Namjoon: Didn’t you leave on Friday with you both drawing? When did ‘Seok win?

Jung Hoseok: Friday night!!!

Jung Hoseok: ;)

Jung Hoseok: yoongs couldn’t resist me, we all knew it

Min Yoongi: I don’t think anyone can pretend that someone didn’t just shove their dick in front of them without warning

Kim Namjoon: Oh, wow.

Kim Taehyung: Why, ‘Seok????

Kim Taehyung: I’m leaving until this becomes PG rated :( 

Jung Hoseok: hahahaha bye bye loser

Jung Hoseok: but i thought you liked my dick yoongs??

Min Yoongi: It’s alright

Kim Namjoon: If I may quote ‘Jin: oooOOOOooOOO.

Jung Hoseok: JIN DOESNT USE FULL STOPS

Jung Hoseok: AND YOONGS, HOW COULD YOU??

Min Yoongi: I’m joking, Seok

Kim Namjoon: Okay.

Min Yoongi: Joon, I’m going to castrate you, don’t make Seok any more insecure than he is

Kim Namjoon: You’re insecure, ‘Seok?

Kim Namjoon: That’s cute.

Jung Hoseok: YOURE cute >:(

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local camboy looking for work
Kim Seokjin: Ahahahaha

Kim Seokjin: I come online to find this display

Kim Seokjin: My boyfriend flirting with someone else’s boyfriend

Kim Seokjin: Yoongs. We attack tonight

Min Yoongi: I agree

Min Yoongi: and then to rub it in, we can make love on their corpses

Jung Hoseok: IJEOKW

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS!!!

Kim Namjoon: I’m strangely turned on right now.

Kim Seokjin: ;)

Jung Hoseok: joon youre so weird

Jung Hoseok: and yoongs im filing for a divorce

Min Yoongi: You can’t when you’re dead

Jung Hoseok: HAHAHHAAHA

Kim Seokjin: As much as I’d love to EXPLICITELY describe how I would make love to Yoongi on your mangled corpses

Jung Hoseok: >>>>>>:(

Kim Namjoon: I think I’m coming.

Kim Seokjin: Wow, you must be really desperate, ‘Joonie!

Kim Seokjin: Which is a good thing because we might be able to sort that out

Kim Seokjin: ‘Seok and Yoongs can come as well

Min Yoongi: is this what I think it is?

Jung Hoseok: we are NOT joining your orgy!!!!

Kim Seokjin: HAHAHAHA, NO!

Kim Seokjin: I meant a PARTY!

Kim Seokjin: Next weekend!

Kim Seokjin: It’s in my building again, so I trust you misfortunate children can drag your lowly selves there without any help :)

Jung Hoseok: oh thank FUCK
Jung Hoseok: idk if I can go :/ my mum said no more parties

Min Yoongi: I think I can go

Kim Namjoon: I’m already there.

Jung Hoseok: look behind you jin HES SNUCK UP ON YOU

Kim Namjoon: I hate you.

Kim Seokjin: HAHAHAHAHA

Kim Seokjin: But you have to come, ‘Seok!

Jung Hoseok: not according to mother dearest

Kim Seokjin: But YOONGS is going to be there ;)

Kim Seokjin: (I’ll reserve a room for you two ;P)

Min Yoongi: I’m not having sex in some dingy bedroom with shitty lighting and a thousand sweaty teenagers outside

Kim Seokjin: Hahahaha, true

Kim Seokjin: And with anyone walking in on you at any time

Kim Namjoon: I was under the assumption that you rather liked that, ‘Jin.

Jung Hoseok: HAHAHAHAHA SERVED

Min Yoongi: Can we not please

Kim Seokjin: You’re lucky that I’m not in proximity of some of your most erotic poetry, ‘Joonie :)))

Kim Seokjin: So, are you guys coming?

Min Yoongi: I am

Kim Namjoon: Of course.

Jung Hoseok: i cant :( 

Jung Hoseok: and tae probably cant either, his parents wont let him out, the same as mine

Min Yoongi: You could talk to your mum about it, Seok

Min Yoongi: If you study really hard this weekend, she might change her mind

Kim Seokjin: This is so sweet, I’m tearing up, really :’)

Kim Namjoon: That might just be the smell of your own betrayal. Your favourite poetry is my erotica.

Kim Seokjin: Shut up

Kim Namjoon: :)))
Jung Hoseok: i don't think i can take anymore of joons poetry
Jung Hoseok: you're so cute im dying
Jung Hoseok: you really want me to come??

Min Yoongi: Of course
Min Yoongi: You /are/ my boyfriend
Min Yoongi: Maybe I want to show you off

Jung Hoseok: JWEOIKNQM,

Kim Seokin: OH MY!
Kim Namjoon: Yoongs is smoother than ‘Seok.
Min Yoongi: You've got that right, Joon

Jung Hoseok: ummmm
Jung Hoseok: im kinda ???
Jung Hoseok: i
Jung Hoseok: ill go and ask my mum
Jung Hoseok: ill be right bakcc!

Kim Namjoon: Yoongs, you managed to fluster ‘Seok. How.
Kim Seokjin: THIS IS SO CUTE, YOONGS!
Min Yoongi: I learnt from Seok’s mistakes
Kim Seokjin: ooOOOOooOO
Kim Namjoon: ‘Jin. I thought we spoke about this.
Kim Seokjin: OOOoooOOOOOoOOOoOOOOOoOOO

Kim Taehyung: I’m back and haven’t seen the word ‘dick’ so I’m taking it as a good sign!
Kim Namjoon: Wait until ‘Seok comes back, I’m sure he’ll take care of that.
Kim Taehyung: I’m going to ignore that >:('
Kim Taehyung: Oooh, a party!
Kim Taehyung: I don’t think I can go :''''(:
Kim Seokjin: But you have to! I haven’t seen you guys in ages :(  
Kim Taehyung: I want to see you, too!!
Kim Taehyung: I could ask my dad if he could let me out for one evening
Kim Seokjin: Please do!

Min Yoongi: Guk isn’t here but I don’t know if he’ll go, he doesn’t really like parties

Kim Taehyung: ???

Kim Taehyung: But he went clubbing with me?

Kim Namjoon: Ah. Yes.

Kim Seokjin: Hmmmmm

Min Yoongi: I suppose he did

Jung Hoseok: IWEJIKW I CAN GO

Jung Hoseok: AS LONG AS SHE SEES MY WORK I CAN GO

Jung Hoseok: EJWIOKWM

Min Yoongi: I’m glad :)

Kim Seokjin: Great! Try not to throw up again, though

Kim Namjoon: Don’t worry, he’ll avoid anything that doesn’t make him look cool in front of Yoongs.

Kim Taehyung: HAHAHAHA TRUE!!

Kim Taehyung: When my dad gets back, I’ll ask him

Kim Seokjin: I really want us all to be there, ‘Guk and Jimin, too

Jung Hoseok: Jimin will definitely not be allowed to go

Kim Seokjin: Not even if you pick him up from his house?

Jung Hoseok: nah, hes not allowed out to parties anymore

Jung Hoseok: Why dont we go out for dinner instead?

Kim Namjoon: Because of obvious reasons.

Kim Seokjin: I like this idea so far

Kim Seokjin: Oh, don’t worry, babe, you can stay over for the weekend if you can ;)

Kim Namjoon: I suddenly like this idea, too.

Min Yoongi: So do I

Kim Taehyung: I’m sure my dad would rather that than a party!

Kim Taehyung: and so would ‘Guk

Kim Seokjin: So, a dinner next weekend?
Kim Namjoon: Fine by me.

Kim Seokjin: Someone should call Jimin and ask if he can come

    Jung Hoseok: I'll do it!!!!

    Jung Hoseok: im so hungry now :(  

    Jung Hoseok: can we get noodles?

Kim Seokjin: Take your pick, there are too many noodle bars around here

Min Yoongi: you can never have enough noodle bars

    Jung Hoseok: :’)

    Jung Hoseok: youre perfect yoong

Kim Taehyung: I’ll plan the wedding

Kim Seokjin: I’LL BE THE MINISTER

Kim Namjoon: I'll be the lawyer ready to annul the marriage.

    Jung Hoseok: RUDE

    Jung Hoseok: ive gotta go now my sister wants me to play this game with her and talk to me about her maybe-boyfriend ughhh

    Jung Hoseok: see you tomorrow!

    Jung Hoseok: and you better get ready yoongs ;)

Kim Taehyung: Was that sexual?

Min Yoongi: Maybe

Min Yoongi: He’s talking about the bet

Kim Taehyung: OOOOH

Kim Seokjin: ‘Joon, I want photographic evidence of what happens tomorrow

Kim Namjoon: Of course, babe. And video footage.

Kim Seokjin: I really do love you :’)

Kim Namjoon: I know.

    Jung Hoseok: weofikmw Now Ive gotta think of what I want yoongs to do for me

    Jung Hoseok: ;)

Kim Seokjin: I think I can guess what ;;;;;)

Min Yoongi: I am not going to go near your dick tomorrow
Jung Hoseok: of course not! It never even crossed my mind!
Jung Hoseok: we're saving that for this Saturday ;)

Kim Taehyung: Gross, I'm leaving again. Good night!

Kim Seokjin: Night, night, Tae!

Kim Seokjin: Now get to the gory details, what's going on?

Min Yoongi: Nothing

Min Yoongi: I'm going to Seok's house to help him revise

Min Yoongi: And to meet his parents

Kim Namjoon: Oh, wow.

Kim Seokjin: AAAAAAAAH! You're all grown-up now :')

Jung Hoseok: it'll be fine yoongs, I can hear you fretting from here!!!

Jung Hoseok: well we won't be revising the whole day yoongs ;)

Kim Seokjin: I'd be on the lookout for any indecent behaviour, Yoongs

Kim Seokjin: If he does anything, I'll give him an old fashioned THRASHING

Kim Namjoon: Maybe he'll like it.

Min Yoongi: he probably will

Jung Hoseok: JIOWKMQN GUYS

Jung Hoseok: ughhh IVE GOTTA GO

Jung Hoseok: you guys are mean :(  

Jung Hoseok: bye bye!

Min Yoongi: Bye, Seok

Kim Seokjin: Goodbye, loser :))

Kim Namjoon: He's off to hide his spanking porn.

Min Yoongi: I despise you

Chapter End Notes

list of things that have been mentioned (either in this chapter or in previous ones) that haven't happened yet (in no particular order):
1. taekook to be a Thing. finally.
2. namjin to have a REAL LIFE INTERACTION (ive mentioned them before in
chapter 28 but ITS NOT ENOUGH)
3. yoonseok meeting each others families
4. yoonseok doing freaky stuff
5. a yoonseok christmas
6. the dance competition in january
and 7. university choices/offers
SO WORRY NOT, PLENTY TO LOOK FORWARD TO :)))))

so my taekook text/writing au is going to be up soon, im thinking about publishing it on tumblr first and then ao3, so if you're interested and not on tumblr, i'll leave a link here :) (the summary is in last chapter's ending notes)

i dont really think this a spoiler so i'll tell you guys now because im SO FRIKKIN EXCITED, but there will most definitely be a second part of trust my heart!!! but obviously, i need to finish this part first, so thank you all for your encouragement and support <3 it means so much me, i screech at every comment <333

i hope you enjoyed this chapter! if you did and want to leave feedback, please drop me a comment <3333
absolutely anything and everything for you. but you know that already

Chapter Notes

boom binch IM BACK

sorry for the late late update! I've been busy getting ready (or attempting to get ready) for exams, so updates will be slower!

okay so i'm pretty excited for the next few chapters! and I've already started writing some of the second book!

ANYWAY. THE COMEBACK. HOLY CRAP. I WAS NOT READY. DID YA'LL SURVIVE???
i loved every song on the album, which is so rare for me but bts always has that effect, so WIG

anyway, i hope you enjoy this chapter! <3 thank you for all your lovely comments!

The school week had whizzed by before Yoongi could even take a moment to breathe. He had had to endure a day of torture, suffering at the hands of sadist Hoseok who instructed Yoongi to call him ‘The Supreme Master’ the whole school day, and communicate to people outside of their friendship group by only using the minimal amount of lyrics from a shitty Western song. Hoseok had only felt pity the day after, but tried to excuse himself by saying that Yoongi had to ‘pay’ for thinking that Hoseok couldn’t ‘turn him on’. It seemed that Hoseok was more pressed than Yoongi had had assumed when Yoongi fronted that Hoseok’s mere presence – touch excluded – didn’t excite or arouse him in the slightest. That fact was the only thing that had gotten him through the day.

But now it was Saturday morning and Yoongi’s heart was throwing itself against his chest in vain hopes it would smash through bones and flesh to run from the problem at hand. Today was the day that Yoongi would meet Hoseok’s family, where he would be introduced as Hoseok’s boyfriend. He wasn’t certain that the stature of his body could contain such a vast amount of fear; he was sure that he would collapse later on in the day, perhaps at the dinner table where Hoseok’s family would be seated, raising their eyebrows and tutting into their food, voicing their thoughts that Hoseok could have brought home someone far better than Yoongi; like someone who didn’t faint at the dinner table.

Hoseok had tried to console and reassure him on multiple occasions that everything would be okay, and that there was no way on this earth that his family could dislike him in any way. Yoongi had let it slide, his smile was slanted as he had gazed into the concerned eyes of his boyfriend yet his nod had been assured, but hadn’t totally bought it, after all how could he? Hoseok was far too kind and considerate to tell Yoongi otherwise, that anything at all could go wrong this evening and cause him to be ripped from Hoseok’s side by Hoseok’s family’s disdain for him.

After unsuccessfully shaking himself free from any negative thoughts, he resigned himself to briskly ignoring them by packing his school bag full to the brim of any Science revision books he found located in the pile of his school books that had once been shoved away in the bottom of his wardrobe which was now on top of his desk. His school bag was already littered with pens his mother had
bought for him, pens his father had left around the house that was marked with the logo of his accounting company, and pens he had taken from classrooms in school – needless to say, there wasn’t that much room for the study guides. After zipping up his bag and almost dislocating his shoulder from attempting to haul it onto his arm, he realised that it was far too heavy to take over to Hoseok’s house and he would need to empty it, perhaps of the endless amount of pens.

He had told his mother that he was having dinner at his friend’s house, in no way did he mean to keep him and Hoseok a secret but he was uncomfortable with the thought of his mother knowing, as if she knew then it was only a matter of time before his father knew and then, god forbid the day, his brother knowing as well. She had offered to drive him to Hoseok’s house but he politely declined, knowing that if Hoseok’s mother spotted Yoongi at the door with his own mother in the background then she would make a beeline towards them and perhaps even insist on inviting Mrs Min in for a cup of tea.

Yoongi got the bus instead as he had done last time. Only a few weeks had passed since Yoongi had visited Hoseok’s house, had had Hoseok kiss him on the staircase and had bruised his knees for Hoseok, taken Hoseok’s length in his mouth and had Hoseok on his tongue in Hoseok’s bedroom, but to Yoongi it felt like a lifetime. Although he had tried to channel his explicit thoughts and phantom touches of Hoseok into his palm every time he found himself aroused, touching himself nowadays seemed to be a cheap knock-off of the real thing – the height of pleasure that only Hoseok could bestow upon him.

The path to Hoseok’s house seemed to be long and gruelling, and Yoongi pretended to be blind to his own attempts of slowing his journey down by changing his usual walking pace to that of a solemn funeral march. Eventually, Hoseok’s house swam into his vision and looked as neat and contemporary as ever, Yoongi’s heart felt as if it were on a mission to crack his ribcage as it beat frantically due to his itching nerves.

What if Hoseok’s family were gathered behind the door waiting to eye him up before laughing and kicking him out of the house? He dithered helplessly outside of the door; what was he thinking? He wasn’t nearly good enough for Hoseok. His left foot inched backwards, to turn around and race back the way he came, to hail the next bus and find solitude from judgement in the safety of his own home. But he couldn’t do that; Hoseok’s disappointed face flashed across his mind. He couldn’t let Hoseok down, he didn’t think he would be able to live with himself with the knowledge weighing on his mind at all times that he was the cause of Hoseok’s distress.

He rang the doorbell, hardly daring to breathe let alone think. The door was wrenched open so quickly that Yoongi started and reeled backwards. “Yoongs!” Hoseok beamed at him in euphoric excitement that it appeared he hadn’t even tried to reign it.

“Were you just standing there?” Yoongi asked, allowing himself to be pulled inside by his coat sleeve. He removed his shoes by the entrance as Hoseok laughed with a nervous undertone. Yoongi noticed how he didn’t deny it. “Cute,” Yoongi remarked and met Hoseok’s eye to find his face a slightly flushed colour.

“Shut up.” Hoseok mumbled, his mouth pursing and drawing Yoongi’s attention to the mole positioned on Hoseok’s upper lip. Yoongi had noticed it before, of course, had touched it with his fingers and with his own lips, but he wanted to feel it again, wanted to feel Hoseok’s mouth work against his. In an effort to distract Yoongi from the reveal of his own excitement for Yoongi’s appearance, Hoseok helped hoist the bag from Yoongi’s shoulders and let out a noise of alarm when feeling the weight of it. “What do you have in here? All the bricks from a building site?”

Yoongi chortled at Hoseok’s joke and also found amusement in Hoseok’s diversion so that Yoongi
would fail to notice the growing blush on his face. “They’re bricks of knowledge.” Hoseok stared blankly at him but Yoongi knew it was because he wasn’t listening to a word of what Yoongi was saying and was instead scanning his face, running his eyes southwards and fixing upon Yoongi’s lips before mapping out the skin of Yoongi’s neck that was visible above the collar of his jumper. “My eyes are up here, ‘Seok,” Yoongi smirked as a sense of satisfaction washed over him as Hoseok visibly jolted and distanced himself from Yoongi’s proximity.

Hoseok was grinning, though, and found humour in being caught ogling Yoongi. “Sorry, Yoongs. But can you blame me?”

Yoongi was about to roll his eyes, to conceal what that small comment had done to his heart, had caused sparks to ignite inside of his stomach, but he didn’t get the chance to as his attention was drew to the sound of a nearby opening door. A figure stepped out of the living room, a young girl that Yoongi vaguely recognised. Hoseok had spotted her as well and immediately moved towards Yoongi, pressing his warm hands onto Yoongi’s back in order to manoeuvre Yoongi forwards to approach the staircase.

“Ah! You’re Yoongi, right? Hobi’s told me so much about you,” the young girl, presumably Hoseok’s younger sister, Dawon, shut the door behind her and intercepted Hoseok’s intended action of ushering Yoongi out of sight.

Hoseok deflected her question in an attempt to protect Yoongi, but Yoongi’s ears were buzzing too loudly for him to pick up on what Hoseok was truly saying, something like: “Liar. I didn’t tell you much for a reason, so you wouldn’t embarrass him.” Hoseok’s sister was smiling in a friendly manner and deep down Yoongi knew that she bore him no ill-will, but the sparkle in her eyes caused Yoongi’s stomach to tense painfully with nerves. Was this a test? Would whatever he said to her be reported back to Hoseok’s parents to decide whether he would be trusted to have dinner with them or not? What if his voice broke due to his skittish nerves? Would a mere stutter deny him the right to set foot in Hoseok’s house ever again?

The intense panic causing his heart to flutter erratically must have shown on his face. Dawon’s eyebrows hunched together and resembled Hoseok’s look of concern so much that Yoongi felt the breath he was harbouring in his lungs be wrenched out of him. “Are you... okay?” She asked, the worry imminent in her tone.

Hoseok was looking at him now, too, the same expression of concern etched on his face, his hands travelling from Yoongi’s shoulder blades to grasp at his arms in order to steady him. “Leave him alone, ‘Won,” Hoseok dismissed her curtly to which Yoongi’s stomach flipped at, causing acid to rise to his throat and his head to spin. “Yoongs, come with me, you’re gonna be alright, yeah?”

Hoseok led Yoongi up the stairs which Yoongi was embarrassed about, – with fading senses, he was certain he could make out Dawon standing at the bottom of the stairs and watching the two make their way to Hoseok’s room – he was certain now that he had lost all chances of impressing Hoseok’s parents; he hadn’t even made it near the time for dinner and he was already on the verge of passing out.

Yoongi barely registered where he was, his mind felt separate from his body and his eyes stared listlessly, but he could feel his heart thumping at too fast a pace. His body felt extremely hot, his veins coursed with fire, as if he was a split second away from spontaneously combusting. He registered another heartbeat pressing against his ear, thrumming at a familiar pace – not of his mother’s, who he had been bound to for nine months, but of someone else, someone who his soul considered itself entwined with.

Hoseok had pulled Yoongi to his chest, his arms wrapped securely around Yoongi’s lower back and
breadth of his shoulder, his fingers stroking comforting circles on the material of Yoongi’s jumper. He was speaking in a hushed tone into Yoongi’s ear, saying words of consolidation and of encouragement – Yoongi could hardly differentiate the two, they merged into one, just as he felt he and Hoseok were doing. Melting into one another’s embrace. Without knowing it, without registering his own actions, his arms had latched onto Hoseok’s t-shirt and had weakly fisted the material in his hands to make for a secure grip.

He forced himself to breathe, to feel Hoseok’s comfort seeping into his skin, and eventually the frantic beating of his heart slowed down until it beat in time with the pace of Hoseok’s heart. He felt Hoseok’s chest rising with his and collapsing at the same time with exhaling breath. His body felt cooler, more grounded than it had done originally, and his legs felt solid enough to stand on. Reluctantly, Yoongi pulled away from Hoseok who gazed down at him with worried eyes.

“Yoongs? Are you alright? Do you need medicine? I can get it for you, don’t worry. You can stay here and I’ll be back with water, is that okay?” Yoongi barely had time to nod before Hoseok had pulled him in for a brief hug, his hands running up and down Yoongi’s back and his mouth kissing at the hair that Hoseok must have pushed from his face to feel his forehead, and then rushing out of his bedroom.

Yoongi let himself inhale deeply, hold, and then breathe out in one shuddery exhale – just as his mother had told him to do – as he heard Hoseok practically throw himself down the stairs, wrench open the kitchen door and clatter about with the sink and the cabinets before racing back up the stairs. Hoseok was back in his bedroom in record time, if Yoongi were in his right frame of mind he would have been impressed, and had grabbed at Yoongi’s hand for him to clasp the glass of water.

“Unless you have a headache, I think you just need water.” Yoongi nodded his agreement and took one shaky sip that almost launched itself into the wrong tube of his throat.

Hoseok led him to the bed, directed him around the low table that was set up on the ground, and sank onto the sheets with Yoongi. He rubbed Yoongi’s back with affirmed and reassuring hands as Yoongi tested himself with another sip of water that went down surprisingly well. He brought the water down to his lap, his hands securely tightened around the glass, and with his feeble spine he fell onto Hoseok’s shoulder, grateful for the comforting company. “Sorry,” Yoongi got out after a moment’s silence. He was embarrassed by his actions, silently cursing his dizzy spell – spells that he had thought he had long gotten over – brought about by his own paranoia.

“Why are you apologising?” Hoseok sounded genuinely surprised and extremely puzzled. He was looking at Yoongi with wide eyes and, with the reassuring firmness that Yoongi loved, Hoseok stroked at Yoongi’s hair, pushing it back so he could press his lips to Yoongi’s sticky temple. Yoongi was sure that his skin was too clammy to be pleasant to touch, but if Hoseok thought so, he didn’t show it. He seemed too intent on Yoongi’s wellbeing to worry about anything else. Yoongi’s heart began to speed up again and he brought the glass to his lips again in an attempt to cool himself down.

“I was rude to your sister, I... I was panicking,” Yoongi admitted, guilt overriding the sorrow in his voice. Hoseok’s arm wove around Yoongi’s shoulders and he tightened his hold.

“There’s no need to be sorry, Yoongs. You didn’t do anything wrong. I’m sorry that I couldn’t help you back there, that I could have reassured you before ‘Won appeared. There’s no need to be concerned about this dinner,” Hoseok pulled away so that Yoongi would look him in the eye. With much hesitance, but with the drive to please Hoseok, Yoongi eventually gave in and engaged in eye contact with the boy who made his intestines writhe in glee and his stomach flutter as if on the verge of imploding. “My parents aren’t mean-spirited, Yoongs, and in no way are they gonna dislike you. My sister’s the same.”
Yoongi looked away, casting his eyes back down to his drink, feeling filthy with the guilt that choked the pores of Yoongi’s skin. How on earth could he have let himself believe that Hoseok’s family, the people who had raised such a considerate, wholesome and wonderful boy, be such spiteful people, ready to nit-pick on his every flaw and rip him from Hoseok’s grasp? “I’m sorry,” he repeated, because it was all he could think of to make up for his appalling fears.

Hoseok laughed and ran a hand through Yoongi’s hair, causing a pleasurable tingling sensation to spread across his scalp. “What did I just tell you? You don’t have to apologise!” Yoongi found himself smiling despite his weariness. He dared himself to look back at Hoseok and immediately felt his conscience lighten when meeting Hoseok’s warm and sparkling eyes, so much like his sister’s. “I’m glad you could make it, Yoongs.” The words brought a warmth to Yoongi’s being, not stifling or overbearing, just a happy sense of adoration that brought a natural smile to Yoongi’s lips. “Tonight’s gonna go fine, Yoongs. You’re gonna be great.”

Yoongi let out another shuddery breath, relaxed into Hoseok’s touch as Hoseok kissed at Yoongi’s cheek. “Thanks, ‘Seok. I hope it does, too.” Yoongi’s eyes spied the bag that Hoseok had hauled off of his shoulder, it had been dumped near the door. “Are you ready?” He asked, looking back to Hoseok to find him already staring.

Hoseok looked taken aback, his eyes wide with worry. He licked at his lips, decorating them with a thin sheen. “Yeah, but are you? You don’t have to rush into this, we can relax for a while. I don’t mind.”

Yoongi snorted and rolled his eyes at Hoseok’s diversion. “Of course you wouldn’t mind, but I do. That’s why I’m here for, ‘Seok, and I’m not going to let you down just because I felt weird.” Hoseok’s eyebrows scrunched together and his mouth was agape. Yoongi felt a mild sense of bemusement. “What?” He asked, a smile taking control of his face as he studied the pleasantly surprised incredulity plastered on Hoseok’s face.

“Holy shit,” Hoseok breathed, his arm tensing around Yoongi’s shoulders as his breath stroked against Yoongi’s cheek. “Are you sure about this?”

“Uh...” Yoongi trailed off, his eyes flickering over to the bag of Science revision that lay abandoned on the floor. “Yeah. And you should be too–” Hoseok’s lips ghosted against his, eating his words and replacing them with scorching heat, the heat that Yoongi craved to feel once more. But he couldn’t give in, not with the knowledge that Dawon was in the house, perhaps along with Hoseok’s parents.

Yoongi gripped the glass of water and withdrew from Hoseok’s advances, which was difficult due to the arm that Hoseok had woven around Yoongi’s neck. “What are you doing, ‘Seok?” Yoongi asked, although he had already realised that there had been a misunderstanding in their exchange.

Hoseok whined and pouted close to Yoongi’s face. Yoongi’s eyes left Hoseok for a split second and focussed on Hoseok’s mouth, he wanted to lick at Hoseok’s upper lip, to appreciate Hoseok’s adorable mole with his tongue. “I’m here to help you revise,” Yoongi reminded Hoseok, although he didn’t move an inch away from Hoseok’s near proximity, “not to do anything with you.”

Hoseok’s eyebrows creased and his forehead wrinkled in dejection. “But, Yoongs, this is the only time we’re gonna get until the holidays. Can I just have one kiss? Please?” Hoseok was none too far from begging, it seemed.

Yoongi chuckled, dipping into Hoseok’s mouth to press one fleeting, tight-lipped kiss onto his lips. There was that familiar low thrum of fire that seemed to buzz through Hoseok’s being, transferring to Yoongi. “There.” It didn’t seem to suffice Hoseok’s desire, and Yoongi tried hard to conceal his own
want lest Hoseok feed into it and push him back on the bed. “We’ll start with Biology. So get your notes.” Hoseok frowned in annoyance and withdrew his arm in defeat, Yoongi laughed at this display. “You’ll earn a proper kiss when you finish the topics to a good enough standard.”

“You’re cruel,” Hoseok moaned as he left the bed and picked Yoongi’s bag up from the floor, with little to no effort, Yoongi noted and suppressed a shiver as he had a vivid flashback of Hoseok lifting him from his lap and onto the bed, pressing down into him with powerful hips and pelvis. “Such a mean boyfriend,” Hoseok continued to whine as he unpacked his own notes from his school bag.

“I can be meaner,” Yoongi challenged as he slid onto the floor and placed his drink on top of the table. Hoseok stuck his tongue out at him and Yoongi burst into floods of laughter. It was hard to believe that less than twenty minutes ago his whole body had been shivering in paranoid fear, and now his heart was emanating warmth he had received from Hoseok, the boy he loved-Liked.

Yoongi watched Hoseok move around the room with a feeling of numbness overtaking his core. He couldn’t be in love. He was too young to know what love really was. But when Hoseok glanced up at him and his sulking demeanour shattered and his face broke into a glorious beam that set Yoongi’s heart pounding, he only began to question every lesson that the clichéd romance films he watched with his mother when he was younger further, until the point that nothing made sense anymore.

It was too soon. Too soon to say, or even think, that he loved Hoseok. He was too young and inexperienced to even comprehend the subject of love. Wasn’t he?

Yoongi spared himself no time to focus on his potential epiphany, instead he threw himself into the role of the undeterred tutor who was intent on finding any weaknesses in Hoseok’s methods and searching for a tactic to overcome the obstacle. All in all, Yoongi still found himself distracted by his concealed panic for the dinner that would take place in a few hours’ time and the fact that Hoseok’s face, when morphed into an intense look of concentration, was virtually irresistible.

It must have been just over an hour once the two completed one topic and Hoseok demanded the kiss that Yoongi had promised as a reward. Yoongi sunk into the contact but found himself distracted with evasive imagined scenarios such as Hoseok’s parents disagreeing abruptly with something he said, and the alluring thoughts of letting Hoseok pin him down and give in to whatever Hoseok had originally planned to do to him. Hoseok, the ever concerned and attentive lover, pulled away when Yoongi failed to respond to the intensity of the kiss the second time in a row.

“Yoongs?” Hoseok asked, the question in his tone evident and the worry in his brow prominent. His eyes were searching, looking for any sign of pain on Yoongi’s face. Yoongi found he couldn’t keep eye-contact for too long, guilt numbing his system, and dropped his gaze to the worksheets that lay in front of them on the low table. “What’s wrong? Are you feeling faint again?”

Yoongi shook his head and then stilled when his mind swam, blurring his thoughts and melding them together. “Maybe a bit,” he answered truthfully. He risked a glance over at Hoseok and found him biting his lip in concern. Hoseok patted Yoongi’s knee where his legs were crossed and rose to fetch the glass of water, passing it to Yoongi who accepted it gratefully.

“Yoongs,” Hoseok began slowly, carefully, “if you’re not feeling up to it, we can cancel tonight and reschedule it another time.” Before Hoseok had even finished his sentence Yoongi had started to shake his head.

“No, it’s fine, ‘Seok. I’m fine. I’ll do it. I want to do it,” Yoongi responded resiliently, refusing to
back down and disappoint Hoseok.

Hoseok didn’t look convinced, merely stare down at Yoongi from where he was stood and chewed at his lower lip. “I won’t be mad, I promise. We can do it another day.”

“No,” Yoongi reaffirmed, placing the glass down on the table. “I’m here now, and I’m not going to inconvenience your family by leaving now when they’ve prepared for me to join them.” Hoseok was still watching him and Yoongi knew he couldn’t conceal his full explanation for any longer. “... And I don’t want to disappoint you.”

“You’re not going to disappoint me, Yoongs. You never could,” Hoseok reassured him, moving towards him and lowering himself next to Yoongi. Yoongi’s hand soon blazed with a warm heat as Hoseok draped his own hand over the back of Yoongi’s. “I’m just worried about you, that’s all.” Yoongi felt Hoseok’s gaze sear into him, felt his fears melt into a pool of nothingness and felt his heart clatter against his chest as he experienced Hoseok’s adoration for him rush through his veins.

Yoongi piled his other hand atop of Hoseok’s, the panic that had frozen on his face began to thaw causing a smile to twitch at his lips. “I know, ‘Seok. Thank you.”

Hoseok smiled back and slipped his hand out from the middle of both of Yoongi’s and pinching lightly at his cheek. “You can always back out at the last minute, remember? I don’t want you fainting at the dinner table.” Yoongi smiled, felt his muscle tense against Hoseok’s grip before moving out of Hoseok’s hand. Hoseok laughed and caught Yoongi by the nape of his neck, his gaze suddenly turning serious. “I don’t like seeing you like that, Yoongs. It reminds me of the last time I saw you faint. It makes me want to punch the person who made you feel that bad, but in this situation, I’m that guy.”

Yoongi didn’t think he could breathe, his lungs had collapsed in on themselves. Hoseok’s confession had ripped apart his body’s automated responses to existing, breathing was rendered impossible, and so was thinking. Hoseok was still so hung up on what Yoongi had been through that night at the club, the experience with Jinsoo and fainting after Hoseok had laid eyes upon him – Yoongi had had no idea. It made his heart thum with an unrestrainable surge of affection. He raised his arms, along with his whole body to stand on his knees, and wove them around Hoseok’s neck, burying his face in the soft material of Hoseok’s shoulder, his mouth brushing against Hoseok’s collar bone.

He felt Hoseok’s chest swell underneath his before Hoseok enlaced his arms around Yoongi’s waist, flooding warmth and affection through Yoongi’s system and making his skin tingle. Hoseok turned his head so his lips brushed against Yoongi’s neck, tickling at spare strands of hair that traced Yoongi’s nape. “Yoongs?” Hoseok barely spoke, he more exhaled Yoongi’s nickname. Yoongi only registered it through the hum of Hoseok’s voice against his skin, touching at the nerves encased, and seeping into his ear.

“Don’t feel bad, ‘Seok,” Yoongi consoled, his hand naturally sinking into Hoseok’s hair, running fingers through the strands and relishing the feeling of softness, inhaling softly at the notes of honey shampoo that was released from where Yoongi had awoken them. “It wasn’t your fault. It’s not your fault. I’m just overthinking, as usual. It’ll go well. I trust you.”

Hoseok’s arms knotted tighter around his waist and Yoongi felt him relax completely, burying his head in the curve of Yoongi’s neck. “I’m glad. I trust you, too. I know you’ll do amazing.”

The two remained entwined for a few moments, savouring the unspoken words of worship and adoration that seeped from clothes to clothes, from skin to skin, from heart to heart. Yoongi’s spirits had lifted and his mind felt clear, as if he had breathed in the purest air that had revitalised every cell in his body. He clung onto Hoseok’s neck for elongated seconds before allowing himself to break
free. Hoseok’s arms unwound from him but he kept his hands positioned on either side of Yoongi’s waist, his fingers burrowing into the material of Yoongi’s jumper as Yoongi traced the flecks of shimmering gold inside Hoseok’s irises with his eyes and leant downwards to press a chaste kiss on Hoseok’s heart-shaped lips.

“Thank you, ‘Seok,” Yoongi spoke, hovering slightly over Hoseok’s unmoving lips before drawing backwards. Hoseok seemed too lost in Yoongi to respond, his eyes stuck on Yoongi’s face like a bee’s focussed intensity to pollen. There was something in Hoseok’s eyes, something so heartfelt, wholesome and adoring that Yoongi’s stomach lurched in panic. It was too much; whatever was unspoken between them.

Yoongi withdrew, prising himself free from Hoseok’s beloved hands, and re-crossed his legs before focussing on the papers on the table in front of him. “Right. So, next topic is Chemistry.” His sentence was the cause for Hoseok’s startlingly loud groan.

Yoongi failed to suppress a grin and instructed Hoseok to take it seriously, that if he threw himself into his studies, that dinner would come earlier and they could have a well-deserved break. Yoongi didn’t think he had ever seen Hoseok move so fast when he jumped for a pen.

Time moved too quickly for the pair; Yoongi was so wrapped up in proof-reading Hoseok’s work for the final topic of Chemistry that he barely registered Dawon’s voice rising up the stairs and summoning them down for dinner. He jolted back into reality, his fingers tightening their hold on the pen in his hand, as Hoseok jostled his elbow and set his heart jumping frantically inside of his chest.


In response, Yoongi nodded stiffly and placed the sheets and pen down on Hoseok’s low table. His throat felt scratchy, as if he were forced to exist in the environment of the Sahara desert, as he attempted to answer. “I heard.”

Without any hesitation, Hoseok wrapped him up in an intimate embrace, resting his forehead against Yoongi’s and locking him in profoundly personal eye-contact. “Are you sure you want to do this?”

“I do,” Yoongi answered determinedly, although his voice betrayed him.

Hoseok’s fingers caressed the nape of his neck with intimate fondness. “Okay. Just tell me when it gets too much, alright? I’m here for you. So if you don’t know what to say, I’ll just fill up any silence – you know how much I love talking.” Yoongi found himself grinning in response, to which Hoseok pressed a kiss to his mouth with equally beaming lips. He pulled away after a familiar and craved wave of warmth coursed through Yoongi’s spine, and he withdrew from Yoongi to stand up.

“You ready?” Hoseok asked, offering Yoongi his hand, his eyes sparkling with something akin to pride as he gazed down at Yoongi. Yoongi peered up at him helplessly; there was nowhere to run too, and nowhere that he wanted to run but Hoseok’s arms.

“Yeah.” He reached for Hoseok’s hand, interlocking their fingers and allowing Hoseok to pull him up from the floor. Hoseok laughed as he heard the crack of Yoongi’s joints, squeezing Yoongi’s hand in his grip.

Hoseok smiled at him, all perfect teeth and glimmering eyes. Yoongi’s system failed him yet again as his lungs collapsed. He had never seen anything so beautiful in his life. “Let’s go then.” And then Hoseok laughed in glee as he led Yoongi out of the bedroom. “I finally get to show you off!”

Yoongi tried extremely hard to suppress any of the screams bouncing around in his head. He was
doing this for Hoseok – the boy who meant everything to him. He was also doing this for himself, to show that he had grown and could now face situations which petrified him. But he was also doing this due to his curiosity of what Hoseok’s family would be like; he wanted to properly meet Hoseok’s mother, and his sister and father, too. He wanted to know the people who had raised the boy he loved- liked.

Holy shit. Yoongi was in love with Hoseok. It was entirely the wrong situation to realise this, however, as Hoseok paused outside of the kitchen door and turned to face Yoongi, squeezing at his hand one last time. No words were exchanged as the two gazed at each other, ultimately gathering the will and strength collectively to go through with it.

Eventually, Hoseok nodded at him, his face determined, and he turned the handle in his palm to reveal what lay beyond the door – Yoongi’s fate.

“Ah, Yoongi, it’s so nice to see you again,” Hoseok’s mother declared warmly as soon as Yoongi set foot in the kitchen. She was setting down what looked to be a large pot of rice. Her husband turned around from washing a few pieces of cutlery upon hearing the sound of the door swinging open.

Fear rampaged through Yoongi’s system and his skin felt too clammy yet too cold to be comfortable as he stared back into the eyes of the man who had raised Hoseok. Hoseok’s father was fairly tall, yet he fitted and looked as if he belonged in the homely kitchen. His shirt was a faded white, his eyes were slightly lined and his smile was wide. Warm. Welcoming. The nerves writhing around inside of Yoongi ceased slightly.

“So you’re Yoongi?” Hoseok’s father questioned with a large grin, parallel to Hoseok’s equally amplified beam, and an impish glitter in his eyes as he set the cutlery back in its drawer. “It’s so nice to meet you at last!” He announced earnestly, appearing in front of Yoongi to shake his rather limp hand. Yoongi tried to mimic his own father’s handshake but he feared he tightened his grip far too late before Hoseok’s father let go. “So, this is the boy you’re upstairs talking to every night?” He teased Hoseok.

Hoseok flushed a vivid red and Yoongi stared in amazement at the reaction Hoseok’s father had provoked out of his son. “Dad, stop it, you’re being weird,” Hoseok protested, yet he pulled Yoongi closer to his side due to their entangled fingers. Yoongi leaned into the contact as much as he could without their display being seen as too intimate – maybe Hoseok’s parents wouldn’t like that.

Dawon, who Yoongi had noticed was already perched on a chair at the table, rolled her eyes at her father’s antics. “Mum, dad’s being overexcited again!” She called attention to her mother.

Hoseok’s mother smiled in response and swatted at her husband’s arm. “Leave them be, dear. Go and sit at the table.” Hoseok’s father laughed and followed his wife’s instructions. She looked to Yoongi and beamed, her eyes so soft and brown held a radiant twinkle. Yoongi had to remember how to breathe as he stared into Hoseok’s eyes, aged on another person. “We’re having curry tonight! Hobi said it was one of your favourites – along with skewers. So, I’ve made a meat curry in case you’re interested.” Yoongi’s heart received the warmth and affection that Hoseok’s mother was doling out unconditionally to him, effectively easing his nerves and the tightness of the muscles in his shoulders.

“Thank you,” Yoongi returned, a natural smile curving on his mouth as he thanked Hoseok’s mother for being so welcoming, along for considering his preferences for food thoughtfully. He was touched, and intensely happy, that Hoseok had talked to his mother about him, so much so that he had spoken about Yoongi’s favourite food. The whole premise was adorable.
Hoseok’s mother gave a light laugh. “It’s no trouble, dear. You two should sit down so we can begin. I bet you boys are hungry, right? After studying so hard.”

Hoseok tugged Yoongi towards the table and took a seat next to his father, who sat at the head of the table, giving Yoongi the chair to sit away from his sister and father which settled Yoongi’s nerves greatly. There was always going to be the obstacle of eating incorrectly, in a manner that Hoseok’s family didn’t appreciate, and Hoseok sitting closer to the people who would surely catch him lessened this chance.

Although maybe Hoseok’s family wouldn’t care, and maybe Yoongi was too intent on making them out to be bad people when they were anything but. He needed to stop analysing any interaction he had, as it was only going to make him more worried that he slipped up somehow.

“Starving,” Hoseok replied, eyeing the rice and curry, as his mother joined them at the table. “I don’t think I’ve ever thought that hard in my life.”

“I’m surprised you’ve ever thought at all,” Dawon quipped, raising an eyebrow at Hoseok and shooting Yoongi the smallest of smiles. Yoongi dropped his head to hide his own smirk, but he couldn’t fool Hoseok who kicked him under the table.

“Hey! That’s so mean! You two are already ganging up against me,” Hoseok grumbled, but the corners of his mouth were raised and his eyes were crackling with an intense fire that stilled Yoongi’s breath.

Hoseok’s mother rolled her eyes fondly at her children’s mannerisms before gesturing to the food. “You can have first serve, dear. Thank you so much for tutoring Hobi.”

Yoongi couldn’t deny the request and released hold of Hoseok’s hand to reach towards the ladle to spoon rice onto his plate. “It’s no problem. Really,” he replied, trying to sound grateful all the while hating how awkward he was.

“And thank you for dating Hobi,” Dawon interjected, a mischievous grin so similar to Hoseok’s had crossed her face. “We all feared he was going to die alone.”

It was so unexpected that Yoongi couldn’t restrain the laugh that choked from his throat. He caught Dawon’s grinning eyes and found that he laughed harder, but he tried to hide his face shamefacedly at the realisation that Hoseok’s family had been watching him laugh at their son.

“Mum, make ‘Won stop being annoying,” Hoseok complained, nudging Yoongi’s elbow as he spooned rice along with curry onto his own dish.

“‘Won, stop annoying your brother, and Yoongi, I’m sorry that you’re dating my son,” Hoseok’s mother retorted. Yoongi’s mouth fell open and his chopsticks stilled in mid-air before he caught Hoseok’s mother’s teasing grin and he couldn’t halt the laughs that poured from his throat.

“Hey, now!” Hoseok’s father piped up, an equally jesting grin carved onto his face as he decided that Hoseok was taking too long with the rice bowl and took it out of Hoseok’s hand, much to Hoseok’s dismay. “Hobi isn’t that bad. Although he does drool in his sleep. And wears his hats backwards. And sings along to the ‘Chuckbean’ noodle advert. And has to leave the room when we watch a horror film.”

“Alright, alright! Please be quiet!” Hoseok interjected when Yoongi could hold back his laughter no more and snorted through his nose, his face red and his eyes wide in disbelief. “I wasn’t aware that this was ‘gang-up-against-Hoseok day!’”
Hoseok’s father merely smiled innocently into his rice as he passed the bowl to Dawon. “I’m not bullying you, son. I’m just letting Yoongi know what he’s getting himself into.”

Yoongi failed to hide a smile, which Hoseok caught and nudged him again – his own smile taking control of his face and causing Yoongi’s breath to hitch. “Yoongs knows perfectly well what he’s getting himself into.”

“Do I?” The words escaped his mouth as the attention of everyone on the table fell on him. “The ‘Chuckbean’ noodle advert? Really, ‘Seok? I thought you had a good taste in music.”

Hoseok guffawed in shock and Dawon’s eyes creased as she threw her head back to laugh. Yoongi flushed slightly at the reaction to his dry joke. “Don’t be so cruel, Yoongs! Even you have to admit, it’s catchy!”

Yoongi shook his head. “Sure, whatever you say.” Hoseok laughed and jostled Yoongi again, nudging Yoongi’s foot from underneath the table.

“Speaking of music, Hobi tells us you play piano, Yoongi,” Hoseok’s mother started, genuine intrigue woven into her voice, as she piled rice onto her own plate. “How long have you played?”

Yoongi considered this, all the while praying that his voice didn’t break when he answered the question. “I think for around five years? I stopped playing a while back though. I’ve only just recently got back into playing.”

“What made you stop?” Dawon inquired, her eyes wide as she lowered her chopsticks into her mouth.

Yoongi readjusted his gaze to the plate in front of him, unsure on what to say. Should he have told the truth that someone of authority had denounced his passion as a way of wasting time? Or would he come across too pathetic? Yoongi cleared his throat, ready to chuck out the first response that slid into his head but Hoseok was too quick for him.

“School life is ever so taxing, ‘Won. Come back when you’re not still at the infant stage of your schooling process,” Hoseok quipped, mixing some of his rice into the meat curry.

Dawon made an indignant noise, ready to counter-attack, before Hoseok’s mother put her foot down. “Hobi, may you please set your sister a good example by not teasing her? You talk of infancy as if you’re not functioning at the mentality of a toddler.” Yoongi suddenly recognised that Hoseok’s mother would have been extremely popular at school due to her sharp wit and satire retorts. He laughed, yet again, into his rice bowl and when he next looked up he was greeted by Hoseok’s mother sending him a wink.

“Mum, stop embarrassing me in front of Yoongs. You’re all doing it on purpose,” Hoseok whined, and it was so different to Hoseok’s self-assured demeanour that Yoongi had to take a moment and process how utterly smitten he was with Hoseok’s ever-changing character.

“I don’t think you need our help to embarrass you, Hobi. You do a pretty good job of that yourself,” Dawon retorted dryly. “Remember when you spilt ice-cream down yourself when we were at the park on holiday, and you refused to stop crying until dad bought you a new shirt from the souvenir shop?”

Hoseok attempted to glare at Dawon but his expression kept crumbling until his shoulders started to shake and enchantingly loud laughter spilt from his lips. “‘Won, you’re the worst! I can’t believe you remember that!”
Dawon smiled proudly. “I’m surprised you haven’t blocked it from your mind. Everyone looked like they wanted to murder you – myself included.” She ignored Hoseok’s pout and turned to Yoongi with amused eyes. “Have you ever felt like that about Hobi?”

“On many occasions,” Yoongi replied automatically, finding it incredibly easy to engage in an exchange with Dawon as she was so much like Hoseok – something she would probably be appalled to hear. Dawon didn’t so much laugh as she did cackle and Yoongi found himself sniggering too, despite Hoseok pinching his upper arm.

“As much as I enjoy you bringing up murder at the dinner table, ‘Won,” Hoseok’s father spoke up again, as apparently he was content on observing what unfolded before him. “We should probably move onto something else before Yoongi receives the wrong impression.” Yoongi grinned at this, taking another bite of his meat curry and relishing the taste. Hoseok’s mother was a supreme cook. “What do your parents do?” Hoseok’s father asked, going for an attempt of normalcy.

Yoongi adverted his gaze and stared at the half-empty bowl of rice centred in the middle of the table. “My father works in an office. He’s an accountant. And my mum works as a waitress. Part-time. Other times she sews and sells the things she makes.”

“Oh, cool,” Dawon voiced, reaching for her mug to down some of her drink. “What does she make?”

“Um, just skirts and dresses and things,” Yoongi answered, wracking his mind to his mum’s last project on the sewing machine he and his brother were forbidden to touch. “She gets a pretty good price for some of them.”

Dawon nodded, clearly impressed. “Nice. And what about your siblings? Do you have any?”

Yoongi sighed in an exaggerated manner. “Unfortunately.” Hoseok choked out a laugh from the right of him, evoking a smile from Yoongi. “I have a brother. He’s older.”

“Oh, I know the pain of that,” Dawoon replied, shooting a pointed look at Hoseok who seemed shocked at the insinuation. “What does he do?”

“Besides from annoying me and being a regular nuisance? Not much. He goes to college,” Yoongi answered dryly, to which Hoseok’s mother and father chuckled at unanimously and Yoongi felt his heart soar.

Not only did Hoseok’s parents seem accepting of him, but he was also witnessing what a marriage outside of his parents’ looked like. The two were completely in sync with each other and knew exactly the appropriate times to jump in and play off of each other. Something within Yoongi stirred as he found himself yearning for exactly the same thing. He tuned back in to a sudden warmth on his leg and a sunny laugh issuing from Hoseok.

Hoseok had turned to him, his eyes radiant and smile wide. “Your brother’s hilarious. I can’t wait to meet him again.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes fondly, shaking off Hoseok’s insinuation to return to his meal. He had to take on one event at a time; right now, being seated with Hoseok’s family in Hoseok’s house, he couldn’t even entertain the thought of Hoseok meeting with his family. “Just for that, I’m going to have to break up with you.”

Dawon howled but it was quickly tuned out when Hoseok pouted, something Yoongi never truly saw enough of; with Hoseok’s lips heart-shaped and irresistible drooping into something childlike.
“Don’t even joke about that, Yoongs,” Hoseok whined, and Yoongi couldn’t help but laugh, placing a hand over the back of Hoseok’s hand that had nestled onto his thigh.

“So you boys are serious then?” Hoseok’s mother inquired suddenly, her eyes serious and resting heavily on Yoongi.

Hoseok seemed to sober up. “Of course. You know that already,” he answered seriously, meeting his mother’s gaze.

“I know that that’s how you feel, Hobi. But I was asking Yoongi.” Her eyes slid back to Yoongi’s, surveying and concerned. Her maternal instincts shed through, causing Yoongi’s nerves to ignite once again. “Are you serious about dating my son?”

The answer was too heavy to voice properly, especially since his throat had closed up entirely. Yoongi felt the weight of the stares that bore through his skin, Hoseok’s gaze being the most intense and suddenly Yoongi sensed that this was where his whole day had been building up to. This was the test he had been waiting for, and it was one that he was certain he wouldn’t fail. It had nothing to do with eating mannerisms, or food he liked or disliked, this was about something he was set on, something that he could never shake or change. His feelings for Hoseok.

“Yes,” the answer was hurled into the air, confident and assured. “Seok’s the best thing that’s ever happened to me. I want to be with him, more than anything.” Yoongi had to shut his mouth lest more ridiculously cliché, yet entirely true, sentences spilt from his mouth. He realised just how much Hoseok meant to him, and he hoped that that breadth of emotion had been channelled in his speech.

Hoseok’s mother didn’t let up, her eyes jumped from one of his eyes to the other as if she were weighing up the sincerity of his statement. He registered the sparkle in her eyes before he noticed the smile on her face. She nodded at him, almost like a bow. “Then there’s nothing stopping you.”

Yoongi hardly dared to breathe, only turning his head away from Hoseok’s mother when Hoseok squeezed his thigh to gain his attention. Hoseok’s smile was wider than he had ever seen, showing gums and teeth and tongue. His eyes had crinkled and they were glowing with a rejuvenated fire. Yoongi wanted it all. “I think mum just approved of you.”

Hoseok’s mother laughed warmly. “I needn’t approve of anything you do, Hobi, because I know you’ll do it either way. But I think that Yoongi, here, is more than a perfect choice of partner.”

“I agree,” Hoseok’s father seconded, shooting a discreet wink in Yoongi’s direction.

The shock of it all had slowly ebbed away, and now Yoongi had control of his facial muscles again and his face split into a beam that easily rivalled Hoseok’s. Hoseok turned his hand around on Yoongi’s thigh to thread his fingers into Yoongi’s. Hoseok’s ecstatic warmth entangled with Yoongi’s and blazed through his being.

“You two are disgusting,” Dawon commented, yet a smile lined her face as her gaze jumped from her brother to Yoongi. She leant back in her chair. “Go ahead and kiss already.”

Hoseok’s gaze had never once left Yoongi’s and his grip tightened in Yoongi’s hand as he searched for Yoongi’s confirmation. Although Yoongi felt embarrassed, he was too elated to worry about the reactions of Hoseok’s parents. He gave a brief nod before Dawon let out a catcall. Yoongi flushed as Hoseok moved towards him, and he turned his head promptly so that Hoseok’s lips landed on his cheek instead.

Hoseok let out a noise of disappointment, to which Dawon cackled hysterically at, throwing her head
back until it touched the spine of her chair. “Even your own boyfriend doesn’t wanna kiss you!” She shrieked in amusement.

“‘Won, stop teasing your brother,” her father reprimanded lightly, leaning over to pat Hoseok on the shoulder after his rejection. “Let Hobi kiss his boyfriend in his own time.”

“You’re not helping, dad,” Hoseok replied in a monotone, and Yoongi couldn’t even apologise in fear he would bring even more embarrassment to Hoseok. Dawon said nothing more, but her shaking shoulders spoke of her silent laughter. Hoseok’s mother went to scold her, alongside her husband, and Hoseok seemed to seize the opportunity when the attention wasn’t solely on them.

He reached across Yoongi towards the bowl of vegetable curry, his mouth too close to Yoongi’s ear, blowing hot air over the shell of his ear and causing Yoongi to shiver. “You owe me big time, baby.” And then he pulled away, smiling innocently as if he hadn’t set a carnal blaze of desire racing through Yoongi and making him shiver uncontrollably.

Dawon had asked him earlier whether there were any moments that Yoongi had wanted to murder Hoseok, well right then and there was a prime example. It wasn’t fair that Hoseok could be so majestically beautiful and relaxed and smug and happy all at the same time. Yet, Yoongi loved every aspect of him.

Loved. There was that word again. But he couldn’t stop it – not when he was surrounded by Hoseok’s adoring family, his parents clearly loved their son and his sister did too despite all of her little cruelties. It was impossible, surrounded by all of this love, to not come to terms with his own love, too. So, it was right then that Yoongi processed it and accepted it. Instead of turning his back and running in fear of his own shortcomings and that he wouldn’t be able to love Hoseok the way that Hoseok deserved, Yoongi embraced it with open arms.

Yoongi was in love with Hoseok, and he didn’t care about trivialities such as time spent together, it was an inevitable fact. It seemed that in every lifetime, every universe, somewhere along the way, a Min Yoongi would inexplicably fall head over heels for a Jung Hoseok. The way their hands slotted together as if made for each other said it all; it was simply meant to be.

Yoongi stood in the entrance of Hoseok’s house, ready to bid his goodbye and thank Hoseok’s family for the lovely meal and their hospitality. They stood gathered in the hallway with pleased grins on their faces, initially making Yoongi double-take as it appeared as if Hoseok had been cloned thrice.

“Thank you for the meal. It was the best curry I’ve ever had,” Yoongi complimented and Hoseok’s mother gave a flattered laugh.

“I’m sure that’s not true, but thank you anyway. Feel free to come over any time, Yoongi,” she returned with a smile of grace and earnestness.

“Except for school nights, and days Hoseok needs to revise lest he fails his exams, and you need to warn mum in advance up to three to four working days before you visit-” Dawon spied with a mocking grin, and Hoseok nudged her before making his way over to Yoongi, Yoongi’s school bag in hand.

“Shut up, ‘Won,” Hoseok demanded curtly before a grin broke out on his face as his fingers brushed against Yoongi when handing back Yoongi’s school bag.

“‘Won, stop teasing Yoongi. And, Hobi, don’t tell your sister to shut up,” Hoseok’s father responded.
to his wife’s withering look and asserted his reprimanding upon his children.

“Fine. Be quiet, ‘Won. Preferably forever,” Hoseok quipped and grinned at Yoongi, whilst Yoongi remained unsure whether to side with Hoseok and laugh as Dawon’s eyebrows raised in an unamused manner.

“So, thank you again,” Yoongi decided on, giving Hoseok a small smile and a nod before he turned towards the front door to make his leave.

“Yoongi, are you certain you don’t want me to drive you back? It’s getting quite late and I’m sure your parents must be worried,” Hoseok’s mother fretted before he even clasped his hand on the door handle.

He was caught in a trap; usually he caught the bus home to avoid hindering Hoseok or his parents, but if he turned down the offer it would surely seem rude and spitting in the face of Hoseok’s family’s acceptance of him. “Um...”

“Yoongs, it’s fine. Mum doesn’t mind. I think she’d mind more if you got the bus; she’d keep bothering me to message you if you got back alright.” Hoseok supported his mother, but Yoongi sensed the concern behind his tone and was touched to know that Hoseok shared the same concerns as his mother for Yoongi’s wellbeing.

“Well...” Yoongi started, hesitating in case Hoseok’s mother had extended the invitation out of courtesy. But she didn’t retract it; she only continued to watch him with a furrow in her brow. “If that’s okay with you, I wouldn’t mind a lift.”

Hoseok’s mother smiled in a grateful manner, as if it was Yoongi who had granted her the favour and not the other way around. She moved towards the coat stand and lifted a set of keys from one of the hangers. “Get your coat, Hobi. I assumed you would want to join us.”

Hoseok laughed, and grabbed a coat from the stand – the same one he occasionally wore to school, and only then did Yoongi realise how much he wanted to stay. He wanted to sleep in Hoseok’s bed, wear Hoseok’s clothes, be with Hoseok for as long as possible before everything faded away. Hoseok followed his mother out of the house, latching onto Yoongi’s wrist and dragging him outside. “Thank you,” Yoongi called to Hoseok’s father and sister before Hoseok shut the door behind him.

“You’re so cute, Yoongs,” Hoseok called over his shoulder, hand still wrapped around Yoongi’s wrist. The air was cool, but Yoongi didn’t feel it – his face was far too warm.

Hoseok’s mother unlocked the car and allowed Hoseok and Yoongi to sit together in the back whilst the climbed into the driver’s seat to start the car. Hoseok’s hand, partially disguised in the dim lighting, slipped from Yoongi’s wrist to wrap around Yoongi’s hand, intertwining their fingers yet again. Yoongi pretended that he hadn’t seen Hoseok’s mother surveying them in the rear-view mirror, a knowing smile on her face.

She broke the quiet by asking for directions to Yoongi’s house, and Yoongi supplied them but realised all too late that Hoseok’s mother would most likely persist to walk Yoongi to the door and inevitably meet one of Yoongi’s parents – both of which Yoongi hadn’t mentioned Hoseok as his boyfriend too.

“You did really well,” Hoseok turned to him to whisper, so quietly that Yoongi had to read Hoseok’s lips to make out what he was saying – which wasn’t the best idea in hindsight, as Yoongi was filled with an unbearable urge to lean forwards and lick his way into Hoseok’s mouth, feel the heat
Yoongi shrugged, overcome with such a flush that he was rendered speechless. He couldn’t keep the smile off of his face, however. Hoseok squeezed his hand. “I mean it. They loved you. ‘Won especially. I think she wishes she was dating you.”

That made Yoongi laugh, tilting his head back so that his hair scraped against the headrest behind him. “Sure, ‘Seok. I think you’re going a little overboard there.”

“Me?” Hoseok asked, his eyes wide in mock-disbelief. “Overboard? Never!”

Yoongi laughed again, his stomach seizing up and his shoulders shaking. “Maybe it’s you who should be the actor, not Tae.”

Hoseok scrunched up his nose. “Nah. It’s not my cup of tea. You know what is though?”


Hoseok threw him a grin. “Yes. But no.” Yoongi raised an eyebrow and Hoseok rolled his eyes fondly before leaning forwards, so that his lips brushed against Yoongi’s cheek. “You. Covered in cream. Wearing lace panties.”

Yoongi was certain his face looked as if it had been dipped in molten lava. He tugged himself away from Hoseok with burning eyes, trying to push out of his head the image of Hoseok pinning him down, tongue running over every crevice of his bare body all the while grinding against him. “Pervert,” Yoongi muttered back, praying that Hoseok’s mother couldn’t hear their exchange over the noise of the car on the road.

“You love it,” Hoseok chuckled, rubbing circles on the back of Yoongi’s hand with the pad of his thumb, igniting tingling sensations all throughout the skin of Yoongi’s arm.

Yoongi scoffed, glancing out of the window so that Hoseok wouldn’t see the embarrassingly bright blush growing on his face. “Sure.”

“Yoongi? Do I turn left here?” Hoseok’s mother asked, snapping Yoongi out of his daze so he could pay attention to his whereabouts.

He nodded, recognising the houses that they passed in a blur. “Yeah. And then it’s the third house on the right side.”

“This is exciting,” Hoseok said in his normal volume, sounding more like an excitable child than a horny teenager like he had done a few seconds ago. “I haven’t been to your house in ages.”

“Well, you will in the holidays after our exams,” Yoongi replied, his brain recalling the plans that he and Hoseok had made for the winter break, assuming that one of the days Hoseok might like to spend the day at his house.

“Oh, yeah! Mum, is it alright if Yoongs stays over for Christmas? As in he comes on Christmas day and sleeps over,” Hoseok called attention to his mother, and Yoongi was unsure whether to protest lest he place a burden on her.

Hoseok’s mother flicked her eyes to rest on him in the rear-view mirror. “I think that would be fine. We would love to have you over, Yoongi. But are your parents okay with it?”

Yoongi averted his gaze. “I don’t know,” he mumbled. “They should be. We never do anything for
Christmas.”

Hoseok’s mother nodded and regarded him for a brief moment before returning her attention to the road and pulling up in front of Yoongi’s house. The porch lights were still on, which was a firm indicator that his mum was waiting up for him. “How about you ask them now?” Hoseok’s mother proposed, all the while climbing out of the car.

Yoongi stalled, and he was all too aware of Hoseok watched him before he followed Hoseok’s mother’s suit and got out of the car. “Yeah, alright then,” he abided as he realised that he had no choice in the matter, his mum was going to meet Hoseok without any prior knowledge that Hoseok was more than a friend from school. Hoseok moved around the car to join him by his side, their arms rubbed together and Yoongi was uncertain about taking Hoseok’s hand. “Thanks for the ride,” was all he could get out.

Hoseok’s mother simply smiled and gestured for Yoongi to walk up the path to his house. “Think nothing of it, dear. I’m just glad I could bring you back safely.”

She really was too gracious for words, Yoongi thought as he trudged up the path with Hoseok and his mother in tow. He only hoped that his mum didn’t bat an eyelid at the mention of Hoseok being his boyfriend, as he knew it was inevitable that it would pop up.

But then again, Yoongi didn’t dread the reveal at all as he was in no way embarrassed that Hoseok was his, and he was Hoseok’s. He only dreaded the fact that his mum would undoubtedly want to tell his father, which then would be passed onto his brother somehow. He was certain that his brother would find a way to torture him through his ridiculous attempt at humour through the new nugget of information.

Yoongi rang the doorbell with a shaking heartbeat instead of fishing for the key in his pocket – otherwise he would have gone about announcing his return and that he had brought his boyfriend along for the ride. Hoseok jostled Yoongi from the right of him, and Yoongi saw the softness held in his eyes in the lighting of the porch and returned Hoseok’s enthused grin with a shy smile.

They barely had a few seconds to wait before Yoongi’s mum opened the door cautiously, her smile prominent but her eyes confused as they settled upon her son, his son’s friend, and a woman. “Yoonie?” She asked hesitantly.

Yoongi didn’t even have to look at Hoseok to know that he was grinning broadly at Yoongi’s familial nickname. He resisted the urge to pinch Hoseok’s arm. “Hey, mum. This is Hoseok, and Mrs Jung. Um…”

“Oh, of course,” his mum replied, opening the door some more so as to not appear hostile, but not wide enough so that they would be able to see the entirety of her pyjamas, as some of the confusion cleared from her eyes. She locked eyes with Hoseok’s mother and bowed politely. “It’s lovely to meet you. Thank you for looking after Yoonie today. And Hoseok!” She turned to him with warm eyes, apparently his mere appearance had rekindled the love that she had developed for him last time he had spent time at Yoongi’s house, “I haven’t seen you in so long. How have you been? Would you all like to come in?”

Yoongi had to refrain from rolling his eyes. It was the typical fashion in the way that his mum asked so many questions at one time that it was impossible to know which one to answer first.

Although Hoseok nodded eagerly, Hoseok’s mother placed a firm hand on his shoulder. “Thank you, Mrs Min, but it’s quite alright. We wouldn’t want to impose upon you at such a late hour. I was
just wondering whether you had any plans for Christmas this year? As the boys have been thinking about spending Christmas together at our house.”

Yoongi saw the slightest eyebrow raise on his mum’s face at the subtle insinuation of Yoongi and Hoseok’s relationship. Her eyes fell to Yoongi and searched his face. “You want to spend Christmas at Hoseok’s house?”

Yoongi willed himself not to look away. Instead, he nodded. “Yeah. If I can.”

She considered him a moment, something brewing behind her eyes which told him that as soon as he was inside the house and the door was closed the two would be having a Talk. Eventually, she nodded and looked back to Hoseok’s mother with a bright smile. “If it’s alright with you looking after him for the day, then that’s perfectly fine.”

Hoseok nudged him, rather conspicuously. Apparently the possibility of not having Yoongi to himself for one night was enough to show his desperateness to both of their mothers. Yoongi, yet again, refrained from rolling his eyes into the back of his head. “Actually, mum. We were thinking that I could sleep over.”

He was fairly certain that he had dealt his last card and that his mum had managed to piece it together. Her eyes held his for too long and her movements were agonizingly slow. “A sleepover is fine with me, as long as it’s alright for you,” she addressed Hoseok’s mother, who nodded in return.

“It would be an honour having Yoongi stay over for Christmas,” Hoseok’s mother placed an arm on his shoulder as well and it was impossible to fight the grin of pride from his face.

“They settled,” Yoongi’s mum smiled back, opening the door wider so that Yoongi could step inside – which he did so regretfully, not wanting to be separate from Hoseok. “Yoonie will spend Christmas at your house, so make sure you’re on your best behaviour,” she said to him teasingly, and Hoseok’s mother laughed.

“Don’t worry, Mrs Min. I’ll be sure to keep him in check,” Hoseok smiled, although his eyes were glinting impishly, trained on Yoongi in a way that was far too suggestive.

“I’m sure you will,” his mum replied warmly, and Yoongi wanted to kick a wall when Hoseok laughed. “Anyway, thank you so much for today and giving Yoonie dinner and a lift home.”

“It’s the least we could do,” Hoseok’s mother responded, tugging at Hoseok’s shoulder. “We best be on our way. We wouldn’t want to take up any more of your time.”

Yoongi’s mum kept a firm grip on Yoongi’s arm, disallowing him to slink away. “Have a lovely evening,” she called as Hoseok and his mother walked back towards the car. Hoseok’s mother returned the phrase and Hoseok turned around to wave at Yoongi, his beam bold and of pure ecstasy making Yoongi’s heart throb, and he continued to do so, even when he piled into the car – Yoongi could make out Hoseok waving from behind the window due to the streetlight.

Only when the car drove out of sight was when his mum pulled him away from the door to shut it. She turned to him, her arms folded and the muscles in her face tense to make an unimpressed expression. “When were you planning to tell me that you’re dating Hoseok?”

Yoongi could tell that she wasn’t so much angry as she was hurt. “I wasn’t trying to keep it a secret, I just – I just didn’t want Seung to know,” Yoongi muttered lamely, knowing it wasn’t nearly enough to suffice his mum’s curiosity, but also to heal her pain.

The crease in her brow tightened and her lips pursed. “Why not, Yoonie? Your brother will be
happy for you just knowing that you’re happy.” Yoongi had to bite back a scoff, knowing all too well how ignorant his mother was to the older boy’s antics. He shrugged, and his mum sighed, unfolding her arms. “I’m not angry. I’m just hurt you didn’t tell me.”

“I wanted to,” Yoongi tried to amend. “I just didn’t want anyone else finding out.”

His mum regarded him for a moment before giving into her instincts and encircling her arms around Yoongi’s shoulders, pulling him in for a hug even though it was slightly awkward due to the bag on Yoongi’s back. “It’s alright, Yoonie. I won’t tell anyone until you’re ready, not even dad if you don’t want me to.”

Yoongi sank into the embrace, curling his hands around the sides of his mum’s robe. “Thanks,” he mumbled, his voice muffled from where he spoke into his mum’s shoulder, before pulling away.

She looked him over once more with a content smile decorating her features. “I’m happy for you, just so you know. Hoseok’s a good boy.”

Yoongi nodded, aware the corners of his lips were twitching with pride. “Yeah. I know.”

His mum nodded, her eyes twinkling, before she smoothed Yoongi’s hair away from his forehead in her usual distaste for his choice of haircut so she could kiss at his forehead. “Now, get to bed. Unless you have anything else to tell me?” She withdrew with a teasing smile, so Yoongi deemed it safe enough to laugh.

He shook his head and moved towards the staircase, rather desperate to escape his mum’s curiosity. “No. I think that’s it. Night, mum.”

“You’re not even going to tell me about whether you’ve kissed him yet?” She asked from the bottom of the staircase, her tone ensnared with amusement.

“Goodnight, mum!” He called down to her in embarrassment, hearing her laughter and slamming his bedroom door behind him.

He dropped his bag on the floor with a crash and collapsed on his bed. He had somehow managed to survive the evening, not only successfully teaching Hoseok several topics of Science, but also winning Hoseok’s parents’ favour. Yoongi stared wide-eyed at the ceiling before expelling a, “what the fuck.”

And then the laughter seeped from his lips, carefree and slightly manic-tinged with glee. Once he started, he couldn’t stop, and he rolled onto his stomach whilst clamping a pillow to his mouth.

Yoongi couldn’t recall a time where he had ever felt so unbelievably, inexplicably, unworriedly happy, and he hoped that Hoseok felt the same.

It was Sunday morning when he received a call from Jeongguk. Yoongi, who had just finished brushing his teeth and towelling his hair dry, picked up the call in surprise.

“Hey,” Yoongi greeted, silently wondering why Jeongguk was calling him so early in the morning. But then he realised that ten in the morning was a time that Jeongguk wouldn’t classify as ‘early’, as he had a routinely habit of running at an ungodly hour, practically at the brink of dawn.

“Hey, Yoongs. I’m surprised you’re awake,” Jeongguk’s tone sounded hurried, as if he had somewhere to be, or he had news that he needed to tell Yoongi. Yoongi guessed the latter.
“I live to cause suspense. Now, do you have something to tell me or have you called me after getting yourself off?” Yoongi responded sarcastically, glancing at the time on his laptop and hoping that their conversation wrapped up before Hoseok called him so they could watch a new TV programme together.

Jeongguk sniggered from the other end of the phone. “I think you’ve been hanging out with ‘Seok for too long. Anyway, how did you know I had something to tell you?”

Yoongi didn’t deny the accusation; perhaps Jeongguk was right. He was fairly certain that some of Hoseok’s mannerisms were rubbing off onto him. Particularly crude humour. “I’ve known you for a long time, ‘Guk. Now, what is it? I’ve got places to be, people to see.”

“You’re the best friend that anyone could ask for. Truly,” Jeongguk replied with the same level of sarcasm, to which Yoongi snickered at. “I was just calling to know whether you’ve heard anything from Jimin?”

Yoongi raised his eyebrows in surprise, throwing his damp towel over his shoulder. “You mean, after I went to see him? No, I haven’t. He doesn’t have a phone so he can’t text anyone. I think the last person to speak to him was ‘Seok, he called Jimin about us going over to his house. Why’re you asking? Has he called you or something?”

There was the sound of Jeongguk sucking air through his teeth. “Yeah, he did actually. He asked if I was free to meet up one day, like this weekend.”

Yoongi was stunned into a brief silence before he could approach Jeongguk. “But next weekend is the dinner.” Although Jeongguk hadn’t responded to any of the messages, Yoongi knew that he had read them all and that he was fully aware about the plan happening next weekend.

“Yeah, I know,” Jeongguk’s reply was curt, defensive. Like a surly teenager to his parent. “So, I told him that I had plans, and then – well, he... He asked if they were with Tae, so I said that they were with everyone. So, of course, I had to tell him about the dinner, and then he asked if he could come along, and I said yes.”

Yoongi pivoted around on his chair, feeling at his floorboards with his toes whilst a storm brewed in his brain. What was Jimin’s fixation on Taehyung? Did he perhaps have an inkling that Taehyung and Jeongguk were together? “I think that’ll be fine. Jiminie’s one of us, after all.”

“Yeah, that’s true. But... I don’t know. It’s just weird – or maybe I’m overthinking it. Why did he want to meet up with me in the first place? Surely he’d be meeting up with Tae instead, seeing as...” Jeongguk trailed off, but it was evident what he had been meaning to say.

Yoongi wanted to smash his head against his desk in frustration, but refrained from doing so. “‘Guk, Tae does not have a crush on Jiminie. He never told you that from what you told me, you just assumed he did.”

“But it makes perfect sense! Tae likes someone close to him, he told me himself. Besides, you weren’t there. He went into panic mode when I mentioned Jimin. It’s him. It has to be.”

Yoongi couldn’t hold back a sigh. His chair creaked as he rose from it to pad over to his window and look out at the view below. “How do you know, ‘Guk? You told me he kept on denying it. Surely if it was him that Tae liked, he would have confessed since you guessed?”

Jeongguk fell silent, and when he did speak he was so quiet Yoongi had to struggle to hear him. “Maybe he just doesn’t trust me.”
Yoongi strained his eyes from how viciously he had rolled them. He turned away from the window and ran a hand down his face. “You’re being ridiculous now. Tae trusts you just as much as he does Seok. You’re just overthinking. Tae doesn’t like Jiminie, let’s leave it at that.”

“But he likes someone!” Jeongguk protested, his voice turning into a whine. “And I can’t make a move at this dinner, or party afterwards, if he already likes someone else. Besides, how are you so sure that Tae doesn’t like Jimin? Has he told you anything?”

It was incredibly taxing to keep his mouth clamped shut. He couldn’t risk betraying Taehyung’s trust and blurt out the truth of the situation, but he hated that he was caught in the middle. Hoseok and Seokjin had gotten so caught up in playing cupid, that they had forgotten about the ethics of the whole scenario. “No. He hasn’t. I just know that if you had guessed correctly, Tae would have told you. Stop undermining yourself.”

Jeongguk still seemed at an unrest. “Yeah, sure. But if he doesn’t like Jimin, then who?”

Yoongi had to physically bite at his lips in order to keep them restrained. “I don’t know, ‘Guk. All I know is that you’ve got everything to gain and nothing to lose at this dinner. I would go for it, go full out.”

There was an unanimous silence, in which Yoongi was sure that Jeongguk was processing Yoongi’s words and in which he was waiting for Jeongguk’s reply. “Yeah. Yeah, alright then. I’ll try and make a move, for real this time. I think – oh, god, Yoongs... I think I’m gonna try and ask him out. And if he rejects me, at least I tried. Yeah?”

“Yeah, yeah, of course,” Yoongi jumped to Jeongguk’s aid, encouraging him without being too obvious. “Good idea.” He glanced back at the time on his laptop and found the seconds were inching dangerously close to the time that Hoseok had scheduled to call him. “Listen, ‘Guk, I’ve gotta go-”

“-Go and call ‘Seok to watch TV? Yeah, I know, you told me at school.” Jeongguk still sounded shell-shocked at his own decision. Yoongi couldn’t help but feel proud for the younger boy, even if he was annoyed at how the situation had to play out. “Enjoy time with your boyfriend. Thanks for talking.”

“It’s fine, ‘Guk. We’ll talk more in the week. Bye for now,” Yoongi pulled the phone away from his ear once he heard a distracted farewell from Jeongguk and ended the call.

He stared at his phone for a few seconds, registering what exactly had gone down. Jimin was attending the dinner with them once seemingly being enticed by the knowledge that Taehyung was going to be there after extending a mysterious invitation to meet up with Jeongguk. Not only that, but Jeongguk was going to attempt to ask Taehyung out – no more dancing around each other anymore.

Yoongi didn’t know what to make of it, but before he could dwell on any of the information, his phone lit up with the name of the person that melted all worries from his mind and caused his stomach to writhe in glee and his heart to flutter wildly. Hoseok.

He wanted the feeling he had now to last for years to come, but he knew that it was asking for too much. A person could only be happy for a certain amount of time before the source of their happiness was snatched away from them – and he knew that he and Hoseok were no exception to the rule, no matter how many times Hoseok promised him they would stay in touch during university. Maybe Yoongi would always end up alone.

But he couldn’t focus on that now. He shoved aside any cynical thoughts and accepted Hoseok’s call, glee bubbling in his stomach when heard the low and enthusiastic rumble of his boyfriend’s
“Morning, baby. Hope you slept well. You ready to watch some shitty TV?”

“As long as it’s with you, ‘Seok. Anything.”

AAAABBBBBBBBBB YOONGI MET HOSEOKS MUMMY AND DADDY AND SISSIE AND THEY LOVED HIM :)

anyway, the dinner ooOOooHHH will there be angst?? will there not be??? WHO KNOWS???

also hobi and yoonie need to talk about their relationship. its 2018. its time.

anyway, i hope you enjoyed this chapter! if you did or would like to leave feedback, please drop me a comment! they really make my day, and i'd like to know how you've BEEN i swear its been MONTHS since i updated last!

also I've uploaded another yoonseok fic starring fuckboy Hoseok ;) you can read it here: https://archiveofourown.org/works/14455335/chapters/33393225

thank you <3
Despite his promise, Yoongi didn’t get much time to spare to talk to Jeongguk about his recently made decision. School was ultimately like a void that was intent on sucking every pupil in and waylaid them with draining solo tasks. Yoongi, during lessons, didn’t get the chance to talk to anyone much. In fact, doing practicals in Science and the joint essay project in History were the only times in lessons were Yoongi was not prohibited from talking to his classmates.

Even though Jeongguk was a year below him, so therefore was excluded from his lessons, the work he was deposited with edged its way into his break and lunchtimes and Yoongi found it impossible to make real time to talk to the younger boy. Yoongi found himself completing a task, or reading an additional chapter for a subject in his break times rather than passing a ball to his friends in the basketball courts.

He found that he was not the only one struggling with the mountain of work the teachers had piled onto them due to the approaching exam season, as Taehyung had joined him in the library at Tuesday break time with a woebegone expression on his face.

Yoongi had been kneading his fingers against his temple, all the while highlighting key terms for science with his spare hand, trying not to mind the fact that his annotations were wonky as he had been focussed on a text from Hoseok that had been asking him where he was. Taehyung had collapsed on the chair next to him and had startled him, causing him to strike a marker over the paper and onto the table. Yoongi cursed lowly.

“I’m so sorry,” Taehyung apologised frantically as Yoongi spat on a tissue and rubbed at the dot of marker. Mercifully the colour washed off onto the tissue, and Yoongi was relieved that he wouldn’t have to sit a detention for ‘vandalism of school property’. “I didn’t mean to-”

“It’s alright, Tae. Don’t worry,” Yoongi reassured, scanning the paper in front of him to find his place. And then he heard a sniff. He looked up with furrowed brows and found the source of the noise. Taehyung’s face was crumpled as tears started to stream down his face, and he looked just as bewildered as Yoongi was certain he did. “Are you alright?”

Taehyung stared at him helplessly before wiping furiously at his eyes. Yoongi grabbed the tissue...
pack from his blazer pocket and with fumbling fingers picked out a tissue and pushed it into Taehyung’s fist. “Th- thanks,” Taehyung stuttered thickly, his voice muffled by the tissue as he blew his nose. “I don’t know why I’m – this is so stupid, I was just here to study.”

“No, no, it’s not stupid,” Yoongi aided, unsure whether to pat Taehyung’s arm or not. Although he did consider Taehyung a friend, he had never spent much one-on-one time with the boy, and he wasn’t certain where their boundaries started and ended. “We’re all under a lot of pressure.”

Taehyung shook his head, bringing the tissue away from his face and crumpling it in his hand. “It’s not just that. It’s...” Taehyung bit his lip, eyeing Yoongi with hesitance clouding in his eyes. “I don’t know whether I can tell you.”

Yoongi sighed, dropped his pen and slouched backwards. The knowledge as to what Taehyung was alluding to gnawed at his stomach. “Is this about ‘Guk?” Taehyung looked panicked, his brows creasing together. “I won’t... I won’t say anything to him.” Even though you two not talking about your feelings is a stupid idea, he added silently. But those were just private thoughts that he dared not to share at this moment in time.

“Thanks,” Taehyung expelled a little shakily, dragging his chair towards Yoongi so that their heads were almost touching. “He’s not talking to me. He’s avoiding me.” Yoongi’s stomach churned with guilt, because of course he already knew that. He had messaged Jeongguk yesterday night asking why he had ghosted Taehyung at lunch when Taehyung had obviously saved a seat for him. Jeongguk’s, rather inadequate, reply was that he didn’t want to listen to anyone talking about the dinner this weekend lest the topic of Jimin be brought up as it would only worsen his anxiety.

“Do... Did he say anything to you about me?” Taehyung sounded so hopeful, and it only amplified Yoongi’s guilt that he knew all the answers that Taehyung was dying to hear. It was ridiculous that he couldn’t tell Taehyung that Jeongguk wanted more than anything to talk to him but was simply too frightened to, and it was all because of that stupid plan that Hoseok and Seokjin had concocted that involved ensuring Jeongguk would become jealous over Taehyung. Which was not only barbaric but entirely degrading on both their behalf’s. It was only increasingly pissing him off further as the two continued to dance around each other when it could have so easily been avoided.

But instead of saying any of this aloud, Yoongi had to lock his jaw and shake his head, only increasing Taehyung’s misery. “Oh,” Taehyung voiced his obvious disappointment. “So, you don’t know if I’ve done something to make him mad?”

Oh, God. The two were painfully besotted with each other, and yet unable to see each other’s fondness due to Hoseok’s torturous plan. “You haven’t done anything, Tae,” Yoongi tried to amend, ultimately deciding to leave Hoseok on read so that he couldn’t find Yoongi talking to Taehyung in the library. “Whatever’s going on with him, he’ll sort it out. You’re not to blame here.”

Still, Taehyung continued to frown and sniff. “So, did ‘Seok tell you about ‘Guk thinking I like Jiminie?”

Yoongi shifted in his seat, trying to deter the words on his tongue. “Yeah. He did.”

“Does... Does ‘Guk really think that?” Taehyung pressed, his tone limp just like his hair. Yoongi couldn’t recall Taehyung ever looking so rough before, with red puffy eyes and a pale skin tone. Jeongguk’s cold shoulder really seemed to be taking a toll on him.

“Yeah, he does.” There was no way around it, and Taehyung visibly crumpled. “But ‘Guk’s an idiot sometimes. He’ll figure it out.”
Taehyung was quiet, and he licked at his chapped lips before expelling, “maybe I don’t want him to figure it out.”

Yoongi stared in bewildment. “Why?”

“Because,” Taehyung began to reason, his voice slightly shrill and manic sounding. “Maybe he doesn’t want me to like him, and that’s why he didn’t even mention that it could be him that I like. It’ll just be embarrassing if he finds out now. Maybe it’s better that he’s avoiding me.”

Yoongi could only continue staring in shock. He couldn’t believe that Hoseok would let his best friend feel this insecure about himself, and live in perpetual bemusement. But then again, he wasn’t treating Jeongguk any better. He really was a rubbish best friend. He wanted to change that, he wanted to make it right, even if it meant defying Hoseok and his ‘mastermind’ plan to play cupid. Yoongi leant in and dropped his voice so that any prying ear wouldn’t be able to detect his words. “Maybe you should talk to him. Sort it out with ‘Guk.”

Taehyung’s eyes widened comically and his head snapped from where it was bent towards his lap to look at Yoongi like he were crazy. “And tell him how I feel and embarrass myself in front of him and everyone else once he tells them?”

Yoongi continued to stare him down. “He’s not like that, Tae. You can trust him. He’d want to talk to you as well.”

Taehyung only stared at him despairingly. “But how do you know that?” He whined. “He hasn’t properly talked to me in over a week and I don’t know what to do! I can’t go up to him and tell him out of nowhere that I don’t actually like Jiminie; he’ll think I’m weird!”

Yoongi fell silent, his hand clenching and unclenching around the tissue. And then, “you’re right,” Taehyung said quietly. “I need to stop thinking about him when he doesn’t even give a stuff about me.”

“No, Tae, that’s not what I was-”

“It’s alright, Yoongs, really,” Taehyung shot him a small smile, his eyes still glistening with tears. Yoongi felt a fresh sense of exasperation. Taehyung could be just as thick-headed as Jeongguk, the two were a match made in both heaven and hell. “If he cared, then he’d talk to me, or give me something. I guess I need to move on.”

Yoongi was frozen in disbelief, his ears nearly numb to the words that Taehyung whispered. “No, I
wasn’t saying that. ‘Guk, he…” But he couldn’t say it, not when Jeongguk had planned to tell Taehyung himself.

“He obviously is fine with me liking someone else, and that doesn’t sound like such a bad idea right now. You know, he might even give me and Jimin his blessing this weekend,” Taehyung tried to joke, but the effect was ruined by his flat tone and the fact that he had wiped away his tears. He stood up. “I’ll leave you alone. Sorry for disturbing you. Thanks for talking with me, Yoongs.” Taehyung lifted his bag over his shoulders and walked away without a second glance, still clutching at Yoongi’s tissue.

Yoongi stared after him, his legs tensing as if he were about to run after the boy and forcibly drag him to Jeongguk and demand them to talk. Maybe it wasn’t such a bad idea. Somehow he had made the situation worse, all the while trying to do the right thing. It was incredibly petty of him, but some part of him couldn’t help but blame Hoseok and Seokjin, and everyone who had gone along with the idea. If everyone had encouraged Taehyung to confront Jeongguk, then the two wouldn’t be so upset and afraid of confessing to each other. Ultimately, Seokjin and Hoseok’s plan had driven a wedge between the two, and Yoongi thought it was reckless and unjustified.

Jeongguk and Taehyung were not playthings, they were real human beings with unpredictable emotions and actions, so it was wrong for them to be treated as such. Yoongi stared blankly at his piece of paper, listlessly skim-reading and picking apart the conversation that he and Taehyung had just had in his head.

Taehyung had said that he was going to move on, and that at the dinner Jeongguk might give Jimin and him his blessing. Yoongi shot up in his chair, his eyes latching onto his phone rather desperately. He had told the group-chat about Jimin’s invitation to the dinner, but now it didn’t seem like a good idea at all. He picked up his phone and debated phoning Taehyung to advise him that whatever he was planning, maybe to move onto Jimin, was a bad move. And then he considered texting Jeongguk to stop dithering and moping about and find Taehyung and tell him everything straight. But then he saw Hoseok’s contact and wanted to construct an angry message, asking why he thought it was a good idea to break the two apart to try and bring them together.

In the end, after reading Hoseok’s texts, he didn’t have the heart to do either of these things. He had tried talking sense, albeit cryptic sense, into Taehyung, but in vain, and he had convinced Jeongguk to confess to Taehyung this weekend. So for now, he had done all he could do without betraying the other and telling of their like for each other and risking losing their friendship. Yoongi resigned himself to wait for the verdict the weekend would bring about. He could only hope that it went well, but the gut feeling inside of him that scraped angrily against his stomach told him that everything was already falling apart.

He didn’t reply to Hoseok’s texts, and spent his lunchtime stowed away in his science teacher’s classroom for revision classes. He didn’t dare dither anymore in the library, as he knew that Taehyung would have told Hoseok as to his whereabouts and he didn’t want to risk being spotted. He couldn’t bring himself to speak to Hoseok with the angry buzzing in his heart.

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_Jung Hoseok (active three hours ago): heyyy yoongs:P_

_Jung Hoseok (active three hours ago): where are you?? youre not in the courts!_

_Jung Hoseok (active three hours ago): i wanna talk to you about last weekend!_

_Jung Hoseok (active three hours ago): you were amazing_
Jung Hoseok (active three hours ago): you're not here for lunch either :( I haven't seen you the whole day! where are you???

Min Yoongi: Hey Seok

Min Yoongi: I was busy today

Jung Hoseok (active now): heyy baby

Jung Hoseok: yeah i could tell!!

Jung Hoseok: tae told me you were studying in the library but when i went to find u at lunch u weren't there??

Min Yoongi: I had a study session in Science

Min Yoongi: was he okay?

Jung Hoseok: oh i so could have helped you with that

Jung Hoseok: and yh, why?

Min Yoongi: Really now

Min Yoongi: never mind

Jung Hoseok: ofc!!! I've got science down now thanks to you baby ;3

Min Yoongi: You're welcome

Jung Hoseok: you still owe me by the way for not letting me kiss you

Jung Hoseok: now won keeps making fun of me :( 

Min Yoongi: too bad so sad

Jung Hoseok: oh wow baby im hurt :((

Jung Hoseok: anyway are we still on for tomorrow??

Min Yoongi: For what?

Jung Hoseok: ummmm

Jung Hoseok: the date you planned???

Min Yoongi: Oh

Min Yoongi: I forgot about that

Jung Hoseok: you're kidding right

Min Yoongi: Yes

Min Yoongi: I spent this month’s allowance on it, how could I forget?

Jung Hoseok: you didn't need to do that!!!
Jung Hoseok: but woooow its all about money to you isn’t it

Min Yoongi: Of course. We do live in a capitalist society after all

Jung Hoseok: i love it when you talk sexy

Min Yoongi: capitalist pig

Jung Hoseok: says you, buying into consumerism ;)

Jung Hoseok: so for tomorrow do i need to bring money?

Jung Hoseok: also are we going straight from school?

Min Yoongi: yeah, bring money

Min Yoongi: we’ll leave our bags in our lockers before we leave school

Min Yoongi: and bring a spare change of clothes so we can get changed after school

Jung Hoseok: Or we could not bring any clothes ;)

Min Yoongi: Why do I bother talking to you?

Jung Hoseok: because you like me

Jung Hoseok: and my dick ;)

Min Yoongi: I’m not going to get involved with your horny escapades, Seok

Min Yoongi: I need to go and study

Min Yoongi: I’ll leave you and your dick to it

Jung Hoseok: wejiokwe yoongs you cant leave to go and study!!

Jung Hoseok: I haven’t talked to you all day :((

Min Yoongi: I’ll talk to you tomorrow

Jung Hoseok: :((

Jung Hoseok: did u actually go offline??

Jung Hoseok: well goodnight baby :

Wednesday was just as hectic as the previous days, and Yoongi didn’t get time to dwell on much, not even to worry about the date that he had planned that would take place this evening. Which, in a way, was a good thing, so that when the last bell that signalled the end of the school day finally rang, Yoongi didn’t have a sick squeezing feeling inside of his stomach that would have come about from anxiety.

As discussed when Yoongi met Hoseok in the courts in the morning, the two were to meet outside of the school building. In the courts, Yoongi had noticed Taehyung standing against the fence with Namjoon, and his gaze had been fixed on Jeongguk who was playing football with friends in his year. He had left soon after, disappointed and slightly angry than Hoseok didn’t seem to be doing
anything about the turmoil his friend was experiencing.

Before the bell rang, Yoongi had had a free period along with Jeongguk, and he had tried talking to Jeongguk about his feelings, just to see how he was coping, but Jeongguk was too fidgety and jumpy to properly engage with.

“How are you feeling? You know, about this weekend?”

“Good. Not good. I don’t know. I’d rather not think about it.”

“Well, is there anything I can do?”

“Yes. No. I mean, just be here for me, I guess, if you want to.”

“Of course I want to. You’re my best friend, ‘Guk.”

“Thanks, Yoongs. You are to. My best friend. Listen, I’ve gotta do something, just to keep busy.”

“Alright then. See you. If you need anything, I’m always here.”

“Thanks, Yoongs. Bye, bye.”

His attempt amounted to null and it was evident that Jeongguk didn’t know what to feel and that he was intent on keeping himself distracted so that he didn’t think too much about what he was going to confess to Taehyung the weekend of the dinner. After Jeongguk’s departure, Yoongi returned to the quiet of the library and had poured over his History textbook for an hour.

He met Namjoon on the way out to meet Hoseok, and Namjoon had punched him lightly on the shoulder and had wished him luck for tonight. Jeongguk merely raced ahead, apparently aiming to avoid bumping into Taehyung, and appeared to have forgotten everything for Yoongi’s plan for tonight.

Namjoon seemed sheepish. “Don’t worry about him, I expect he’s just busy.” Yoongi had only smiled back nervously; Namjoon didn’t have the faintest idea of what Jeongguk was planning to do this weekend, and Jeongguk told him we would prefer to keep it like that lest he was rejected and everyone threw him ‘unwanted pity’.

Yoongi spotted Hoseok before Hoseok saw him and he felt the anger inside him bubble; Hoseok had done nothing to improve the situation between his two friends, and he had been the one to cause the rift in the first place. He shook himself quickly, terrified that he could even think like that – yet there was blame brewing inside of him, and the blame pointed itself at Seokjin and Hoseok. He hated seeing his friends suffering, and they had been the ones to cause it.

Hoseok looked up from his phone, his school bag slung around his shoulders, and peered at Yoongi. His face immediately broke into a smile, and Yoongi had to look away as was unable to bear the weight of it. “I’ll leave you two alone,” Namjoon muttered to him, “good luck for tonight, Yoongs, it’ll be fine.”

Namjoon said something to Hoseok, probably something teasing as Hoseok laughed and threw a joking threat towards him – Yoongi was too distracted by the angry simmering inside of him that stirred itself by Hoseok’s presence to concentrate on what was happening around him. Namjoon must have walked away at some point as Hoseok was staring back at him with that ridiculously wide smile painting his ridiculously handsome face. “You good, Yoongs?”

Yoongi locked his jaw, unable to decide on how to play this. “Yeah,” he settled for being detached
rather than rudely hostile. “You?”

“Now I am.” Hoseok didn’t even look around before taking Yoongi’s hands. Hoseok’s heat wrapped around his whole body and even though a part of him wanted to resist, he found he couldn’t break away. “I haven’t seen you in ages.”

Yoongi averted his eyes, wanting to be angry but finding his anger being engulfed by his longing for Hoseok. Still he let Hoseok squeeze his hands. “You saw me this morning.”

A group of people leaving the school grounds passed by from behind Yoongi, but he barely noticed until Hoseok said, “yeah, but I still missed you.” They seemed to all overhear and peered at their clasped hands. One girl wolf-whistled and one boy yelled his encouragement for Hoseok to ‘keep it PG’. Hoseok only grinned and laughed loudly, telling the group to ‘kindly fuck off’. It seemed that Hoseok naturally got along with everyone, whilst Yoongi found it incredibly taxing to hold a conversation with someone new. He felt a sudden sense of envy.

Yoongi tugged his hands away from Hoseok’s and stared at the ground. “Sorry about them, Yoongs,” Hoseok apologised, the happiness in his tone contrasting with the sour churning of Yoongi’s stomach. “They keep asking about you, but I don’t tell them much, so they said when they see us they’re not gonna let up.” Hoseok was laughing about it, and whilst Yoongi didn’t really mind about Hoseok talking about him – he ignored his heart beating in pride – he couldn’t help but feel isolated from the crowd, even though it was his choice to only mix with certain people.

He wanted to be more like Hoseok, but yet he was angry with him. He didn’t know what to be. So he turned away. “Let’s just get changed,” he said simply, his tone rather flat.

“Wait, Yoongs,” Hoseok caught up to him, jogging beside him, kicking at his carrier bag with his knees. “You’re not mad, are you? I thought you said you were okay with people knowing about us?”

“I am. I’m not mad,” Yoongi replied curtly, failing to compose himself. Hoseok was quiet and Yoongi didn’t even need to side-eye him to know that there was undoubtedly an expression of bewildered incredulity on his face.

“... Are you sure?” Hoseok pressed, his arm brushing against Yoongi’s, their knuckles scraping. “If you want me to stop talking about you completely, I will. I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable.”

“I’m fine with it,” Yoongi enunciated, Hoseok’s consoling tone rubbing him the wrong way. He felt Hoseok tense beside him and he forced himself to relax. “... How’s Tae?” He found himself asking, huddling into himself so as to avoid colliding with Hoseok again.

They had reached the door of the boys’ outside toilet, and Yoongi caught a glimpse of Hoseok’s befuddled expression as Hoseok swung the door open. “Uh. Fine, I think. I haven’t really talked to him much.” Hoseok’s voice echoed and resonated in his ear as they entered the toilets. They were completely deserted, which Yoongi was thankful for as there would be no interruptions.

“Why?” Yoongi pushed, the anger in his veins pulsating through his heart as he assumed that Hoseok hadn’t spared time to see how his best friend was faring.

Hoseok stared at him, his face bewildered and thoughtful. “Well, I’ve been really busy. And he tends to spend time on his own. Why’re you asking?”

Yoongi ignored his question. “So you’re not trying to find him to make sure he’s okay?” Hoseok blinked at him, blankly. This only infuriated Yoongi more. “Do you know how upset he is over you
and ‘Jin’s plan to make ‘Guk jealous? It backfired and now Tae thinks there’s no chance, when you and I both knew from the beginning that there was. They could have been together by now, but now they’re both miserable.’ It was difficult to hold back a bitter, ‘thanks to you’, but he felt that it would be far too much.

Hoseok seemed to deflate, his shoulders sloping and his arms dangling. Yoongi didn’t know whether Hoseok was saddened by Yoongi’s words and what they had done to their friends, or whether Hoseok was crumbling under Yoongi’s anger. All he knew was that Hoseok looked baffled. “I didn’t mean to... I didn’t know that they’d both still be dancing ‘round each other. I was only trying to make them see that they liked each other, they weren’t getting anywhere on their own.” There was a prominent pause at the end of his sentence, and Yoongi stared Hoseok down, testing him.

“Go on. You can say it, ‘Seok,” Yoongi probed, disliking how Hoseok always seemed to place him on a pedestal, like he could do no wrong. Personally, in this particular scenario, he thought that he was in the right, not Hoseok. But there was no use in stepping all over Hoseok when Hoseok had just as much fight in him that Yoongi did.

Hoseok took a breath, drawing himself up to his full height. “It’s not like I wanted this to happen,” Hoseok’s voice started off quieter and then became amplified as he sounded more and more assured of his own words. “Tae himself agreed to doing this, and even ‘Joon went along with it, so it’s not like it’s just me.”

Yoongi shook his head at Hoseok’s reasoning, dropping his gaze to his bag on the grimy floor which was muddy with footprints. “Have you even spoken to Tae about how he feels?”

“I’ve tried, but you know I’ve been busy, and so has he. What are you trying to get at?” Hoseok sounded defensive now, and his tone had an edge to it.

Yoongi shrugged. “Nothing. Just... He’s hurting, ‘Seok.”

“I know that.” Hoseok seemingly dismissed, and Yoongi’s heart clenched just like his fist. “And I’ve tried talking to him and saying that the plan will work, that ‘Guk is jealous and that’s why he hasn’t been talking to him, but today he told me that he didn’t care and he didn’t want to talk about it.”

Yoongi nudged at his bag with his foot. “He talked to me,” Yoongi muttered.

“When?” Hoseok asked, the edge gone from his voice, but he still sounded hurried. “Today?”

“No,” Yoongi shook his head. “Yesterday. He – he was crying.” Hoseok fell silent. “He told me that he didn’t know why ‘Guk wouldn’t talk to him, and that he thought he had done something wrong. I tried to tell him to be patient, but he just... I don’t know, he said that he should try and move on because there was no hope. I couldn’t stop him.”

Hoseok sighed, a blow of air through his nostrils. “He was just upset, Yoongs. I promise I’ll talk to him tomorrow. It’s not your fault.”

“I know,” Yoongi said too quickly, and then stoppered his tongue. Hoseok furrowed his brow.

“... But it’s my fault,” Hoseok seemed to think that what was Yoongi was going to say, and he wasn’t completely in the wrong.

“I didn’t say that,” Yoongi pushed out hurriedly, but he wasn’t fast enough.

Hoseok’s brow twisted, and his lips tightened into one aggravated line. “You might as well have. Look, Yoongs, I don’t want to fight with you over this. I’ll take the blame because it was my plan,
but... but you went along with it too, and so did everyone else. I’ll talk to Tae tomorrow, and I’ll tell him that we should stop and then do what he wants to do. If he wants to move on, that’s up to him.”

“But it’s not fair,” Yoongi heard himself whine and then spat out his next words to cover up his infantile moaning. “Guk hasn’t had a chance to tell Tae anything. Tae still likes him, not Jiminie. You need to tell Tae to have hope, or something. They don’t deserve us to mess around with their relationship.”

There was a prominent crease in Hoseok’s brow as he exhaled wearily. “Then want do you want to do, Yoongs?” He sounded tired, like the subject was boring him, or that Yoongi was grating on his nerves.

“Let ‘Guk confess to Tae this weekend,” Yoongi blurted, and Hoseok’s eyes widened momentarily. “Convince Tae to not drop out of the plans. Tell him to have hope and to not give up. Just let ‘Guk have his chance. It’s not fair otherwise.”

Hoseok slumped against the wall, his bag trailing on the floor as his hands tightened around the straps. “Alright,” Hoseok agreed, his voice a lengthy exhale. “Alright. Yeah, that sounds good.” Yoongi nodded but didn’t speak, he didn’t particularly believe that Hoseok deserved a thank you.

Hoseok dropped his bag at his feet, and shot Yoongi a lopsided smile. “So, are you alright now? Shall we get changed?”

Although Yoongi felt like Hoseok was blaming Yoongi for taking up time, he supposed he was just nit-picking, so he nodded and attempted a small smile. “Sure. What did you bring?”

Hoseok seemed to realise that Yoongi’s spirits were quelled as his grin faltered. He stepped towards Yoongi and jostled his side near-playfully. “Hey,” he started gently, the back of his hand brushing against Yoongi’s as he leant against the wall just as Yoongi was doing. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make anyone upset. Especially you, Yoongs.” Yoongi shrugged, elbowed Hoseok’s side lightly in an attempt of reconciliation. “I wanna have a good time with you, and I want you to have a good time as well. So, please don’t be mad at me. I’ll fix it. I promise.”

Yoongi looked up into Hoseok’s eyes, which were wide and earnest, and the flame of anger within him was snuffed instantly. He couldn’t hold a grudge against Hoseok when he had confessed to wanting to fix his mistake. “It’s fine, ‘Seok. I don’t think you can do much about it anyway. It’s up to ‘Guk and Tae to confess to each other; we can’t do it for them.” Hoseok nodded in agreement rather frantically, Yoongi noted. Yoongi sighed, brushing his hand against Hoseok’s once more before taking Hoseok’s hand in his grip and interlocking their fingers. “I’m sorry, too.”

Hoseok beamed at him, showing his teeth and tongue. “It’s fine, Yoongs.” Hoseok seemed to run out of air, or of words. His arm crossed over his chest to stroke at Yoongi’s cheek with a gentle finger. Yoongi leant into the contact, all the while still locking eyes with Hoseok and speaking of silent wishes.

He wanted Hoseok to kiss him in the boys’ toilets, he wanted Hoseok to press him against the wall, and he wanted to wrap his legs around Hoseok’s waist and feel Hoseok moan against his tongue. But he also didn’t want any of his imagined fantasy to happen. He was scared of what would happen if the two strayed too far out of their comfort zones.

He and Hoseok had discussed the topic of sex, but very minimally, and Yoongi hadn’t even called the act by name, and neither had Hoseok. The two had ended the online conversation by sweeping it to the side. Not that Yoongi minded, in fact he had supported the decision. It was just in times like these where it was just him and Hoseok, Hoseok and him, and Hoseok was looking at him with
dilated pupils and that breath-taking glimmer in his eyes that told of adoration, the stars and something that Yoongi couldn’t identify. Whenever Hoseok looked at him like that, Yoongi would turn away, entirely overwhelmed and a sudden urge to... to what? To hug him? Kiss him? Yoongi didn’t know, and he hoped one day he would.

Hoseok’s hand cupped his cheek, the tip of his finger skimming lightly under Yoongi’s eye and his thumb swiping the plush of Yoongi’s bottom lip. Yoongi parted his lips on an instinct, and with a brash surge that ran through him, he stuck the tip of his tongue forward and brushed against the tip of Hoseok’s thumb. Hoseok froze, and Yoongi dared to continue staring into Hoseok’s eyes.

“Yoongs,” Hoseok breathed, and Yoongi realised how close their faces were. He could count every lash on Hoseok’s lash-line and see, in high-definition, the mole on Hoseok’s lip. “I wanna kiss you.”

Yoongi’s stomach flipped, every nerve in his body tensing along with it. Yoongi retracted his tongue and clamped his mouth shut. “No, you don’t. Not in a gross toilet. I hear about what all your friends get up to here, you know.”

Hoseok’s eyes bounced from one side of Yoongi’s face to the other, a smile plucking at the right side of his mouth. “No one has orgies in these toilets, especially not at school,” Hoseok snorted before his eyes softened. “And I do wanna kiss you, even in a gross toilet. I wanna kiss you everywhere, Yoongs.” Hoseok had moved from pressing into Yoongi’s side to pressing himself flush against Yoongi, both of his hands cupping Yoongi’s face.

Yoongi was enveloped by warmth; he couldn’t escape from it, and nor did he want to. With each quickening breath he took, the faint smell of bleach and urine was overtaken by Hoseok’s cologne and the smell of Hoseok’s shampoo. Yoongi wanted to bury his nose into Hoseok’s neck; no, he wanted to bury himself into Hoseok, and for Hoseok to bury himself into him.

Yoongi blinked, his unwavering gaze wavering. His legs had started to shake, and suddenly he didn’t want Hoseok anywhere near him in fear of what would happen if Hoseok’s hands strayed from his face. Hoseok was leaning in, and in a flash of panic with every cell in his body split between resisting and complying, Yoongi brought a hand to Hoseok’s face and placed it on his lips. Yoongi moved out of Hoseok’s hands after twisting awkwardly to press a kiss to Hoseok’s cheek instead. Hoseok let out a whine of protest which Yoongi swiftly ignored. He pushed Hoseok away and relocated himself at the opposite end of the toilets with his bag in hand. He turned back towards Hoseok once before entering a stall.

“You’re not kissing me in a toilet, ‘Seok. I know you’re horny, but I will not let you sink to that level.” And with that, ignoring the shocked and hurt expression twisting Hoseok’s face, Yoongi entered the stall, locked the door behind him, and collapsed breathlessly onto the toilet lid.

What the hell had just happened to him? He was sure he and Hoseok were both thinking the same thing as there was an awkward pause before Hoseok kicked at his door and called him a tease. Yoongi simply rustled at his bag, digging through it to find his clothes whilst silently panicking.

Why had he been so scared for Hoseok to kiss him? And why was he suddenly so much more aware of Hoseok’s presence, of Hoseok’s body? He knew. Of course he knew. But that didn’t mean he would admit it to himself. Admitting it would surely lead to him having to accept it - the truth. And the truth was that he wanted Hoseok more than anything, and kisses and small gestures of affection were no longer enough to sate his adolescent sexual appetite.

He wanted to go all the way with Hoseok, but the fear outweighed the desire, surely? Yoongi’s heart raced as he heard Hoseok humming outside the door, heard Hoseok crumple his school shirt as he
removed it, and he remembered what Hoseok’s body looked like responding to the touch of his hands. Yoongi bit back a groan. He didn’t know. He didn’t know, he didn’t know. And neither could Hoseok.

Admittedly, the concert hadn’t been his idea; it had been his brother’s, and he had had to grudgingly mumble it to Hoseok in the queue to get in.

His original idea had been to take Hoseok out to dinner somewhere, somewhere fancier than their usual local westernised diner. However, their local town offered nothing more than American diners and a McDonald’s that Yoongi had once vomited in, so they were effectively ruled out. All that was left was somewhere in the city, which Yoongi dreaded as he knew that the food would be priced at an extortionate amount – and he wasn’t wrong.

He had closed the browser with a fierce tap of his mouse, and had slumped back on his chair, letting out an exasperated sigh. He had been looking online for hours for the cheapest, yet somewhat fancy, restaurant, to no avail. Every three course meal just for one person rounded to over what Yoongi had in his funds, and since he had no part-time job, his funds were rather limited. He briefly considered giving up on the idea altogether and investing in a trip to the cinema instead, but after what Hoseok had surprised him with (a two-hour classical concert with most of his favourite classical songs), he couldn’t opt for what was most conventional. He wanted to make Hoseok as happy as he had been, which was why it was so hard to find anything. Material things simply couldn’t compare to what Hoseok made him feel.

Yoongi had slammed his laptop to a close and left it on his chair, walking out into the hallway to enter the kitchen. Of course, his brother had had to pop up out of nowhere with his signature obnoxious smile plastered on his face.

“Hey, little bro,” Seung had greeted, even though he had just tripped Yoongi on the landing and laughed when Yoongi narrowly avoided falling down the stairs with laptop in hand. He whizzed past Yoongi into the kitchen, ruffling Yoongi’s hair much to Yoongi’s disdain. “What you doin’, lookin’ gloomy for?”

Yoongi had merely continued glaring as he grabbed a glass from the counter and filled it with water. “I wonder why. It’s a total mystery,” he had replied dryly, not in the mood to entertain his brother. Seung had laughed his usual prideful laughter and blocked Yoongi’s exit. Yoongi glowered up at him and sighed in annoyance when Seung dunked his finger in Yoongi’s water. “Well, don’t look so down, Yoonie-Boonie, for I have some spectacular news!” He sucked the water from his finger - Yoongi scrunched up his nose - and then waved his finger around in the air like he were a king announcing something to his court.

“I happen to know of someone who was looking forward to attend the ‘Broken Grunge’ night at the ‘Heaven ‘n Hell’ bar, but couldn’t score tickets, so...” Seung grinned as Yoongi had watched on, puzzled. Seung reached into his back pocket and pulled out two floppy pieces of paper. Yoongi squinted to try and bring them into focus from where Seung was waving them around rather enthusiastically.

“You got Broken Grunge tickets,” Yoongi had said in disbelief. “Why? How? They sold out months ago!”

Seung had simply grinned with an air of importance. “Ah. Now that’s for me to know, and you not to know.” Yoongi had glared at him, despising that his brother was clearly flaunting what he had just discovered to be a perfect second date right in front of him. And then, “here.” Seung held the tickets
out to Yoongi.

Yoongi had blinked at him. “What?” He demanded.

Seung quirked his eyebrows and had held the tickets above Yoongi’s glass of water. “They’re yours now. I was gonna take Chinsun, but she broke up with me, and Aeyoung doesn’t like grunge, and neither do I. So, treat them well. Take Jeongguk. Wear them as underpants. Sprinkle them onto your salad. Do whatever.”

Seung’s fingers had twitched, so Yoongi made a beeline towards the tickets and snatched them out of Seung’s grip before he had chance to pull away. Seventeen years with an older brother had ensured that he developed very fast reflexes. Yoongi had tested them in his hand, ensuring that there was a barcode and that the owner of the tickets was a ‘Min’. Everything looked rather official, and there was no mistaking the font of the event. It seemed that his brother had purchased official tickets and wasn’t trying to pawn fake ones off onto Yoongi.

“Oh,” Yoongi had said, uncertain of what to say. “Thanks.”

Seung ruffled his hair again and ran his spit-covered finger down Yoongi’s nose, effectively ruining what could have been a brotherly bonding moment. “Anytime, little bro, except never again.” And he had stepped out of the kitchen with the same playful self-assured smile and Yoongi had stared after him.

“Sorry,” Yoongi had blurted, and Seung paused on the stairs to look down at him. “About you, um, being dumped.” Again. For the third time in a row. Yoongi had bit his tongue to prevent himself from adding it on.

Seung smiled, rolled his eyes. “Don’t be weird, Yoongi-Boongi. You and I don’t talk about this kind of stuff.” For the first time in a while there was an edge of seriousness in his tone, with the last time being him yelling at Yoongi for going into his room and taking his fountain pens. It wasn’t like he ever used them, Yoongi had reasoned, but to no avail. Similar to last time, Seung had stared at him before withdrawing and climbing the stairs. He had called over his shoulder, “come find me when you cry over something other than someone taking your favourite crayon.”

And that was how it had happened, and now Yoongi was standing outside of the bar, along with a hundred other people who were all lining up outside. Hoseok stood next to him, towering over him by a few inches and making him feel as if he were six years old. They had to be at least eighteen to enter the club, and were prohibited from the bar unless you wanted to buy snacks. Yoongi, despite Hoseok’s constant reassurances, felt he looked like an infant schoolchild on a school trip.

“There’s no way I’m getting in,” Yoongi muttered so that no one but Hoseok could overhear. He hated being shorter than the average teenage boy; his mum continually told him that he was a ‘late bloomer’ and that he would undoubtedly have a growth spurt so that he could ‘catch up to the other boys’. Seung had mocked him for a solid month after that.

“You’ll get in, Yoongs,” Hoseok consoled, his hand shaking slightly in Yoongi’s. Yoongi had originally wanted to keep the concert as a surprise, but the A3 posters advertising ‘Broken Grunge Night’ very much squashed that plan. Still, Hoseok had grinned wildly and Yoongi hadn’t even had time to panic when Hoseok gripped at his hand and kissed him on the cheek. Still, it worked in Yoongi’s favour as now Hoseok didn’t have to silently wonder what they were doing standing outside of a bar in the freezing cold surrounded by cyber-goths and alternative looking rockers. And yet Hoseok’s nerves effectively bled into Yoongi’s nerves and caused his teeth to chatter uncontrollably. “You said you had to be eighteen to buy the tickets? So, we’ll get in.”
“But I’m not my brother.” The obvious flaws in the plan were only just now becoming obvious. “I don’t have his ID or credit card to prove I bought these tickets.”

“Oh, yeah.” The flaws seemed to just be occurring to Hoseok as well. Still, he tightened his grip in Yoongi’s hand determinedly. Yoongi’s stomach flip-flopped in an almost urgent and impatient manner. But what did he expect to happen here? For Hoseok to pin him against the wall in plain sight and to rip his clothes off in an animalistic frenzy? The thought was more tantalising than it should have been, and Yoongi instantly decided to pay more attention to the dirt on his fairly-new trainers.

“Don’t worry. We’ll get in. And if we don’t, we’ll just have to find somewhere else to go. Maybe... Maybe dinner somewhere?” Hoseok suggested hopefully. The sexually frustrated hunger inside of Yoongi quelled and was replaced with hunger for food. Maybe he should have prioritised the expensive meal over a potential concert.

But he didn’t want to let the doubts get to him; he wanted to award Hoseok with a good time, a time which involved good music and subpar food. Yoongi had checked beforehand to see whether they served food, and on the website they had claimed to be hiring a catering company but now Yoongi was wracking his brain in an attempt to reassure himself. Was it just going to be snacks? Should he and Hoseok have gone to eat somewhere before the doors opened at five?

Yoongi dug his nails into the palm of his hand – the hand that wasn’t currently sweating in Hoseok’s hand – and swivelled his eyes towards the sound of merry cries. The doors had opened and people had already began filing in. Yoongi had to stand on his tiptoes to see the front of the queue and he gulped as the nerves in his body tensed when he saw a macho looking bouncer placed by the doors.

“Maybe we should go,” the words fell out of his mouth before he had time to dwell on them. Hoseok turned to him, his own palm sweating against Yoongi’s. “There’s no way we look old enough to get in. Well... You do, I don’t.” And it was true; Hoseok did have a more mature look about him, with defined features and his extra height. Yoongi simply looked too soft, even with his ripped jeans, to classify as a seventeen-year-old, let alone an eighteen-year-old.

He glanced briefly up to Hoseok to find him licking his lips and judging the crowd piling in through the doors. His grip on Yoongi’s hand tightened. “We’re getting in. That guy’s barely checking ID’s; there are too many people. Here, Yoongs, give me the tickets.” Yoongi’s fingers fumbled in his pocket as he jumped to follow Hoseok’s request, and his heart raced erratically when he shoved the tickets in Hoseok’s awaiting hand and his fingers brushed against the heel of Hoseok’s palm.

“Now follow my lead.” Hoseok directed, his voice low. Yoongi suppressed a shiver and instead allowed himself to be led into the crowd and swallowed by a large amount of people.

Hoseok held firmly onto Yoongi’s hand as they shoved their way to the front of the line. Yoongi positioned himself behind Hoseok’s shoulder when Hoseok flashed the bouncer their tickets with his jaw set square. The bouncer briefly glanced at their tickets and nodded, allowing them inside.

The breath was knocked out of Yoongi’s body and he felt his lungs deflate in relief as the two stepped inside the club without being refused entry. He was so distracted with riding out the adrenaline that he hardly noticed Hoseok pressing his smiling mouth to Yoongi’s lips before pulling away, grinning wildly. “We did it!” Hoseok whispered in his ear as the music was loud and intrusive, yet distinctively familiar.

Yoongi recognised the instrumental from the sample used from ‘The Gang’’s new single, but despite the loud thumping of the bass he could barely hear the music over the loud thumping of his own heart. The beauty of Hoseok’s smile was incomparable to any art designed as a masterpiece. Hoseok
himself was more than art – he was art itself. Abstract, bold, charismatic and yet somehow understated all in one. Yoongi wanted to reach out and touch him, despite what his fears instilled into him not to touch the art. He wanted Hoseok’s colours to mingle and merge with his, and he yearned to feel all of Hoseok’s meaning him, inside of him. He just wanted Hoseok, simply and impossibly.

“Thank you,” was all Yoongi could say through numb lips. Lips that longed to meet Hoseok’s and wanted to trail down his neck, down his chest and past the buckle of his pants. Yoongi blinked rapidly and had to pull away from Hoseok who was gazing down at him with hands on Yoongi’s waist. “Sorry I freaked out,” he mumbled, and then proceeded to panic when Hoseok frowned and moved closer to Yoongi to hear what he had said.

When Yoongi had repeated himself with a louder volume, Hoseok shook his head, brow creased in pain as if Yoongi’s lack of confidence physically pained him. “Don’t say sorry, Yoongs. You just panicked, I understand. It was pretty scary.” His hands around Yoongi’s waist tightened, and his close proximity was overwhelming as more people entered the club and free space became very hard to come by. Yoongi very quickly felt the effects of the sweltering heat.

His head was spinning and his throat was dry. Maybe they should have gone out to eat and entered the show halfway through instead of being trapped in a heaving club all the while on an empty stomach. He needed to sit down – and he could no longer bear Hoseok touching him so intimately with an innocent intent – so he pulled away from Hoseok’s hands, grabbed at Hoseok’s wrist and worked his way through the crowd, hauling him towards a seated area away from the main stage where everyone had gathered.

“You okay?” Hoseok asked him, concern coating his tone. He sat down next to Yoongi, his stare immeasurably intense.

Yoongi shifted slightly away from Hoseok, hating how aware he was of Hoseok’s body, and how his t-shirt clung to his chest, and how his trousers tightened around his crotch, and how close he was to Yoongi and how he seemed to have no qualms in touching Yoongi which only went to show how ridiculous Yoongi was being. Yoongi officially despised his hormones. “Yeah. Just hot,” Yoongi answered lamely, facing away from Hoseok with a spinning head and an erratically pounding heart.

Even with looking away from Hoseok, he knew that Hoseok was observing him with a concerned expression all the while biting on his lower lip. A hand appeared on his arm and Yoongi flinched.

“Wait here,” Hoseok instructed, his voice loud over the music.

Since Yoongi didn’t feel like playing around and refuting Hoseok’s request to play hide-and-seek, he waited on the loveseat obediently, pinching at the spot on his arm that Hoseok had touched and silently cursing himself for being so ridiculously horny.

He didn’t see Hoseok approach him and jumped when two feet appeared in his peripheral vision. “Here,” Hoseok smiled, offered him a tall glass filled with dark liquid. Yoongi stared at it quizzically. Hoseok did look around eighteen, but in no way did he look twenty-one, so there was no way he would have been sold alcohol, was there? Hoseok laughed at his expression before collapsing next to him. “It’s just Coke, Yoongs, I promise. I tried to get some vodka but the guy actually laughed at me. So, I guess we’ll have to remain sober, huh?”

Yoongi smiled half-heartedly and his teeth clanked against the glass as he gulped greedily. “What a shame. I’ll have to put up with you without being shit-faced to make it tolerable.”

Hoseok laughed from where he was sipping at his own Coke and then tilted forwards to cough and splutter. A few people from the side stage glanced over their shoulders from where they had been dancing. Yoongi rolled his eyes, a few bouts of laughter escaping his mouth, and with a longing
hand he clapped Hoseok on the back a few times before Hoseok leant backwards to recover. Yoongi retracted his hand, although he desperately longed to linger on Hoseok’s back, drift his shirt up and feel the warm inviting skin underneath. “You could have killed me, Yoongs,” Hoseok spoke with a rasp, looking up at Yoongi with amused eyes and a lazy smile.

“Shame I didn’t,” Yoongi quipped dryly, looking away from Hoseok’s breathtakingly beautiful face. He took Hoseok’s glass from his hand and placing it onto the low table next to them to prevent any further spillage.

Hoseok kicked at his ankle. “That’s it. You’re not invited to my funeral.” He said the words lowly, so that Yoongi had to strain over the music to hear him.

Yoongi smiled, relishing in the innocence of Hoseok’s childish tone. “Oh, what ever shall I do? This is a loss I cannot withstand. Whoever shall annoy me now? I shall spend the rest of my days stress-free.”

Hoseok had sat up and was staring at him open-mouthed. His eyes were glittering, wide and captivating, his lips pulled into an incredulous grin. “Why would you say that, Yoongs?” Hoseok whined, grasping at Yoongi’s hands to which Yoongi surrendered himself to. Every inch of skin that Hoseok grazed over caught alight and buzzed with a longing for more.

Yoongi wanted Hoseok to touch him, to caress him, but he also wanted Hoseok to be rough with him, to pin him down and to ravish him with painful kisses and lewd teasing. Yoongi imagined it briefly, and it was enough for a fire to roar in his lower stomach. Although he had a chance to pull away and settle for making light of the situation, Yoongi’s instincts took over and he pulled himself towards Hoseok, revelling in the way that Hoseok’s eyes widened and how his lips parted.

“Yoongs?” Hoseok questioned, the bass of the music failing to drown out the high-pitch of Hoseok’s tone.

“Because you’re cute when I tease you,” Yoongi replied as smoothly as he could with a pounding heart and shaking hands that crept up Hoseok’s thighs. He felt Hoseok tense and then relax underneath his fingers, and he wanted nothing more than to straddle Hoseok on his lap and have Hoseok lick into his mouth all the while having Hoseok remove his clothes – the barrier that separated them – as quickly as possible.

A slow smile had begun to spread across Hoseok’s mouth, although his eyes were uncertain and kept flicking from Yoongi’s face to Yoongi’s hands that lurked dangerously near his crotch. “Is this your way of teasing me? ‘Cause I don’t wanna be hard in this club and labelled as a pervert.”

Yoongi stilled, his hands suddenly unsure and wanting to be as far away from the heat that Hoseok radiated as possible. He suddenly was entirely at loss as to what to do with the boy next to him. Hoseok made no moves to touch him as he was seemingly uncertain as to Yoongi’s motives. The heat of embarrassment, fear and shame ran up his neck and he withdrew himself from Hoseok’s proximity, wiping his hands on his jeans as if to brush away the tingling sensation that ran rampant on his skin after coming into contact with Hoseok. “Sorry.”

Hoseok was clearly fuddled by the encounter, and he leant forwards as if to reach towards Yoongi. Yoongi froze, his instincts conflicting with his wants and desires. “Wait, Yoongs, why are you sorry?”

Hoseok’s fingers had wrapped around Yoongi’s wrists and were bringing them towards Hoseok’s chest, like Yoongi were some sort of puppet. Yoongi was thrown as to whether he should succumb to Hoseok’s control or wrench away, but his hands found Hoseok’s shoulders before he could
decide. Yoongi diverted his gaze from Hoseok’s lips to the skin of his knuckles. “It doesn’t matter. Never mind.” But he could feel Hoseok’s unwavering gaze resting on him. “I’m just...” Annoyed at you? Sexually frustrated? Impossibly aroused by the mere fact that you exist? Yoongi couldn’t even dream of giving any of those answers, especially not in a sweaty nightclub with a hotdog vendor being set up not too far from them.

“Just...?” Hoseok encouraged, and when Yoongi met his eyes again his gaze was imploring. Yoongi gulped nervously on an instinct, shoving down the words that lingered on his tongue.

“Hungry,” Yoongi finished lamely. There was a loud crowing chuckle from a woman who was standing near them, she was leaning entirely too heavily on a man and staring at him with wild eyes. Hungry. Hungry. God, what was Yoongi doing? He snapped his attention back to Hoseok to find Hoseok licking his bottom lip thoughtfully with a crease in his brow.

“What?” Hoseok questioned, a smile transitioning on his face and making Yoongi’s empty stomach churn. Maybe he was going to be sick. “Like... Hungry hungry? Or sexually hungry?” Hoseok seemed to be teasing, but there was a glint in his eye that told him that he would not be averse to making a move on Yoongi in the public’s eye.

Yoongi shook his head, pulled himself out of Hoseok’s grasp just as the music reached its crescendo and silenced and an announcement rang out that declared the first live band of the evening play. “Never mind,” Yoongi blurted in a panic, his limbs shaking as the first crash of a cymbal played and everyone crowded towards the stage. Hoseok was still watching him with furrowed brows.

“No, Yoongs,” Hoseok spoke in an affirmed tone and grabbed him by the shaking wrist. “You’re so pale. Shit. You need to eat something. I’ll go get you something to eat.” And then Hoseok was gone, and Yoongi had never felt so alone.

He was shuddering, his skin was clammy and his heart was pumping blood too quickly. He felt like he were over-heating, and with every pounding of the drums a new layer of heat cascaded around him. He was so pathetic, quivering in a cracked leather seat whilst his boyfriend had to rush off to take care of him. Again.

It was the same thing that happened last week; he had panicked and had fallen apart whilst Hoseok had been left to pick up the pieces of him that had been scattered. It wasn’t fair for Hoseok to deal with Yoongi’s anger about what was going on between Taehyung and Jeongguk, nor was it right for Hoseok to take the blame for Yoongi’s reluctance to act on his sexual frustration.

Yoongi felt the tears pricking underneath his eyelids, but he refused to let them seep free and roam down his cheeks. He curled in on himself, his arms folded and his chin tucked downwards. He didn’t even look up when Hoseok reappeared next to him and held a hotdog in front of his face.

“Not exactly the healthiest meal, but it’s all they’re selling apparently,” Hoseok said reluctantly, sitting next to Yoongi but leaving a gap of space. Yoongi’s gut wrenched painfully; he had pushed Hoseok away.

“I’m sorry,” Yoongi spoke in a small voice, and he was surprised when Hoseok had blinked at him signalling he had heard over the scream of the singer. “I’ve fucked it all up.”

“What?” Hoseok asked, peeling the foil away from the ketchup and decorating the sausage of Yoongi’s hotdog in red sauce. “No, you haven’t. Don’t talk like that. You just need to eat something, and drink your Coke, and you’ll feel better.”

“No, no,” Yoongi protested weakly, tilting his head backwards to rest against the couch in an effort
to stop the world from spinning around him. Why did he always seem to pass out whenever he went to a club with Hoseok? “It’s not that. It’s me.”

Hoseok didn’t seem to know what to say, and Yoongi didn’t blame him; he wasn’t entirely sure that he was making sense. “Yoongs, you’re fine, I promise, you just need to eat. Please?” Hoseok held the hotdog in front of him and urged Yoongi to take it in his hand. Yoongi complied with much reluctance.

He wanted to tell Hoseok the truth; that he didn’t deserve Hoseok’s adoration and kindness, and that he was too weak of a person to possibly be with Hoseok and Hoseok’s endearing and bold character. But he couldn’t form the words – he didn’t want Hoseok to realise the truth and leave him. He was being irrefutably selfish.

So Yoongi ate, and he sipped at his drink whilst Hoseok kept him in silent company and ate alongside him. The band playing, one that Yoongi liked to an extent, had exited the stage and a less familiar band had belted out a few slower numbers. When Yoongi was done, Hoseok took the packaging from Yoongi’s hands and crumpled it into a ball, shoving it into the pocket of his jacket as there was no bin in sight. Yoongi reclined backwards, his hands folded over his stomach. He had eaten far too quickly and he could feel the swell of his stomach and the cold of his drink sloshing over and into the mush that he had swallowed. The mere image made him gag.

“You feeling better?” Hoseok asked, a comforting hand on his shoulder. Yoongi nodded in response; it was partly true, his head had stopped spinning at least. His insides still felt raw from where his epiphany that he was an awful boyfriend remained fresh. “That’s good, Yoongs. Just take it easy.”

Yoongi could still feel the sweat on his brow, and he wondered how Hoseok continued gazing at him with such affection when he knew he looked a total wreck. “I’m sorry, ‘Seok,” Yoongi muttered, unsure whether he was apologising for the fact that he had almost passed out or that he was denying Hoseok a good night, a good date and a good dating life. Maybe he was just apologising for himself.

Hoseok shook his head determinedly, his hand slipping into Yoongi’s and stroking the palm of his hand with his thumb. “It’s not your fault. Don’t say sorry. I don’t mind sitting down for a bit. Our favourite bands are coming up later in the evening anyway.” Yoongi still must have looked defeated, as Hoseok carried on. “Besides, it doesn’t matter whether we sit here or dance or whatever. I only care that I’m with you.”

Yoongi could have cried at that, and he did, knowing that he didn’t deserve it. He sunk down on the couch and buried his face in his hands. “Stop it.”

Hoseok laughed, clearly thinking that Yoongi was embarrassed and not shedding tears behind his fingers. “Have my pick-up lines improved, Yoongs?”

Yoongi forced out a cheap snort of laughter. He nodded, biting his tongue and daring not to speak. His throat was constrained as if a boa had wrapped itself around his neck. He sniffed to himself, wiping at his eyes with the palms of his hands. Hoseok seemed to realise that something was wrong, as Yoongi felt an overwhelming presence to the right of him.

“Hey, Yoongs,” Hoseok spoke gently into his ear, his hand stroking up and down Yoongi’s shaking back. “What’s the matter? You’ve been off the whole night. Are you not feeling well?” Hoseok’s consolidation only resulted in Yoongi feeling worse.

Yoongi nodded, inhaling a large shuddery breath which failed to be drowned out by the synthesiser on stage. Hoseok froze before gently prising Yoongi’s hand from his face. The tears stained
Yoongi’s cheeks and clumped his eyelashes together. “Oh, shit, Yoongs,” Hoseok had transitioned to his panic mode, “what’s wrong? Are you in pain? Is there anything I can do?”

Yoongi shook his head, and then stopped, went to nod, and gave up. He allowed Hoseok to wrap his arms around his shoulders, and then he collapsed onto Hoseok’s chest. The tears had run dry now, but he still sniffed pitifully. Hoseok’s heart thumped painfully quick and loud underneath Yoongi’s ear, louder and more resonate than any bass Yoongi had heard pounding through the speakers of the club. Hoseok’s hands ran up and down Yoongi’s arm in a comforting manner, and Yoongi was pleasantly surprised that his heart was too fatigued to jump into action and rouse the stirring of his loins.

“Why didn’t you tell me you weren’t okay? We could have skipped this, gone to a café or gone to my house and watched a movie. I wouldn’t have minded,” Hoseok spoke, his chest rumbling against Yoongi’s ear. Yoongi shrugged guiltily.

“Wanted to surprise you,” Yoongi murmured into Hoseok’s t-shirt, inhaling the aroma of clean laundry and Hoseok’s home. His heart ached. There was a sudden cheer as the last nights of a song were played and the band thanked the audience and exited out back. He savoured the silence before the next band, a duo, were called up to perform.

“And you did, and you made me very happy,” Hoseok confessed, one hand moving from Yoongi’s arm to lace his fingers into Yoongi’s hair. “But I would be happy anywhere with you. You know that, right?” Yoongi didn’t answer, his tongue slack and his words failing him. “... Do you wanna leave?”

Yoongi glanced up at Hoseok incredulously. “What?” He got out.

Hoseok shifted in his chair, looking vaguely uncomfortable. “Well... If you’re not well, I don’t want you to force yourself to have to stay just to think it will make me happy. I want you to be happy. Although it’s cool to see them live, we can listen to these bands anytime. And, in fact, I’d rather spend time with you where I can actually hear you properly and not rupture my eardrums.” Hoseok was smiling now, his arms a shelter instead of a cage. “So, if you wanna leave, it’s up to you.”

Yoongi stared up at Hoseok’s earnest expression, somehow still hearing the pounding of Hoseok’s heart in his head and felt his own heart beat in time. Hoseok truly cared about him, and it struck him then just how much. It was a terrifying thing really as he wasn’t sure he deserved it, but he wanted it all the same. Hoseok looked so assured that whatever decision Yoongi made would be the best one, that in whichever scenario he would be there to look after him. But one day there would surely be a time in which Hoseok couldn’t be there for him. Yoongi didn’t want that; he just wanted Hoseok all too himself, Hoseok’s voice, and his loud bubbly laughter and the way his eyes sparkled with life and the way he pulled Yoongi towards him as if he couldn’t bear to be without Yoongi for more than an hour. Yoongi wanted everything and more, without all the pounding music of the club and the sweaty people moving to sit around them.

“Yes,” he found himself breathing, and he pressed himself flush to Hoseok’s chest. “Let’s go. We can go to the café that Tae told you about.”

“Sure, wherever,” Hoseok complied, his eyes latching onto Yoongi’s as his arms wove around Yoongi’s back. “As long as I’m with you.”

“You’re being cheesy again,” Yoongi found a natural quip lodged at the back of his throat and he threw it into the air as a defence before he lowered himself to meet Hoseok’s lips. He removed himself from Hoseok’s grip as a feeling of fear wound itself tightly around his heart. He still wasn’t entirely certain as to how to deal with the sensations that came over him when he was near Hoseok;
he had felt sexual pleasure before, but never like this, and from the simplest of notions. It was ridiculous petrifying.

Hoseok was still smiling at him, oblivious to any conflict that was happening within Yoongi. Yoongi clambered to his feet shakily, his head still spinning somewhat and the heat of the club simmering unpleasantly under his skin. He would be very pleased to leave soon. “But you love my cheese, don’t you, baby?” Hoseok nudged at him, and then not-so-sneakily wove a hand around Yoongi’s back to steady him.

“Don’t be gross,” Yoongi warned half-heartedly as Hoseok guided him through the crowds as a techno beat resonated around the club.

Hoseok laughed again, his hand tightening around Yoongi’s waist and setting off the fluttering of nerves inside Yoongi’s lower stomach. But Yoongi was too tired to resist. “I would never dream of it, baby.”

This time, Yoongi managed to leave a club without passing out, but he couldn’t help but think when they were at the café and Hoseok smiled at him from across the table, brushing their legs together, and when Hoseok had kissed him softly on the mouth before Yoongi could get off of the bus at his stop, that maybe it would have been better if he had blacked out. That way, he wouldn’t have to constantly battle with his reckless, impulsive animalistic instincts to rile Hoseok up, to get him to push Yoongi up against a wall or to pin him down and to take him in ways that Yoongi had never experienced before. Along with that, and his rediscovered feeling of worthlessness, Yoongi didn’t know how long he was going to last with repressing his true feelings.

Maybe he was going to lose Hoseok before they could even get to their scheduled Christmas sleepover. Or maybe, he pondered with the dire sense of trepidation in his heart, Hoseok was going to lose him. He wondered which would hurt less. He was crazy, because he knew that each way of losing Hoseok was bound to be soul-wrackingly agonizing, and Yoongi knew that he would never recover. But he couldn’t control his own emotions; he had never been much good at expressing how he felt to other people.

Either he was going to push Hoseok away completely out of fear of touching him and freaking Hoseok out, or Hoseok was going to become thoroughly exasperated and push Yoongi away instead. Yoongi just hoped that he was ready when the time came; maybe it would hurt less now than it would if they parted for university. Definitely, Yoongi had lost the plot. No matter when or how or why he would lose Hoseok, it would hurt all the same as it would a few months down the line.

Because Yoongi was in love with him, and the power Hoseok held over him was immense. Yoongi didn’t know what he would do when Hoseok decided that he didn’t want Yoongi anymore, he could only wearily and pathetically hope that it didn’t come to that. But fate was never on his side. So why would it change now?

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local camboy looking for work

Kim Seokjin: Gather sluts

Kim Namjoon: Oh no.

Kim Seokjin: I am offended

Kim Namjoon: So you should be.
Jung Hoseok: and what are we all doing up so late at night?? its past all your bedtimes!

Kim Namjoon: It’s 8PM, ‘Seok.

Jung Hoseok: your point??

Kim Seokjin: The point is is that we’re meeting up tomorrow and I just want to prep you all for my beauty

Kim Namjoon: Maybe ‘prep’ wasn’t the correct word.

Jung Hoseok: nor beauty

Jung Hoseok: ooOOOOoooOOO

Jung Hoseok: that was me pretending to be down with the kids

Jung Hoseok: doesn’t it remind you of a certain someone

Kim Seokjin: I’m officially uninviting you. Get out.

Jung Hoseok: u cant kick me im the chat leader!

Kim Seokjin: Doesn’t mean we can’t all collectively block you

Kim Namjoon: Anyway.

Kim Namjoon: Were you going to say something, ‘Jin, or were you just here to brag about how ‘astounding’ you are?

Kim Seokjin: Yes and no

Kim Seokjin: since Jimin might be coming I booked our usual table of 8

Kim Seokjin: But might I recommend not arriving tipsy?

Kim Seokjin: I’m looking at you, ‘Joon

Kim Namjoon: Not really 'looking' since we’re on a chat.

Jung Hoseok: jins boner is dead yet again namjoonie

Jung Hoseok: do u ever want to get laid again?

Kim Namjoon: Sorry. but I didn’t think that dogs could use phones without their owner’s permission. Yoongs?

Min Yoongi: Seok stop talking about Jin’s boner and get back in your kennel

Kim Namjoon: Thank you.

Jung Hoseok: >:(((( wow yoongs I barely see you all week and the first thing you do is be mean :(((

Kim Seokjin: As much as I’d love to stay and talk about how much Joonie wants my boner and how Seok has a dog fursona, I’m afraid I have to go back to work :)))

Min Yoongi: You’re all grown up now
Kim Seokjin: In more ways than one, baby ;)

Jung Hoseok: ummmm

Jung Hoseok: we’re friends jin but i will not hesitate to rip your boner from your body

Kim Namjoon: Not before I get to it first.

Jung Hoseok: this is gross and i hate you all >:(

Kim Seokjin: Oh, ‘Seok, you’re so kinky ;)

Kim Seokjin: ANYWAY. Be at the Dragon Garden at 1! Somebody remind Tae and ‘Guk please!

Kim Namjoon: Will do. Have fun at work.

Kim Seokjin: I'll message you after x

Jung Hoseok: ew a kiss

Kim Seokjin: Shut the fuck up, dog boy

Jung Hoseok: :( 

Kim Namjoon: I’ll tell ‘Guk about tomorrow. Does Jimin know what time we’re meeting?

Min Yoongi: yeah, Guk told him

Kim Namjoon: Okay. I'll see you guys tomorrow.

Jung Hoseok: does he ever use emojis?? Like,,, ever??

Min Yoongi: not that I remember

Min Yoongi: Seok

Jung Hoseok: ??? yes baby?

Min Yoongi: did you talk to Tae about tomorrow?

Jung Hoseok: ohhh

Jung Hoseok: a bit, yeah

Jung Hoseok: want me to try again?

Min Yoongi: No, it’s fine, I was just asking

Jung Hoseok: oh okay

Min Yoongi: Do you have anything to say to me?

Min Yoongi: if you didn’t like it you can just tell me

Jung Hoseok: baby??

Jung Hoseok: u okay?
Jung Hoseok: u wanna pm?

Min Yoongi: no

Min Yoongi: I mean

Min Yoongi: it's fine

Min Yoongi: I'm gonna study

Min Yoongi: I'll see you tomorrow

Jung Hoseok: oh right

Jung Hoseok: okay

Jung Hoseok: see you tomorrow :)

Despite all the doubts in his mind and the fear that had etched its way into his heart. He still went through with it. On the bus home whilst Hoseok sat next to him and had his hand on Yoongi's thigh, ignorant to the fire that blazed under Yoongi's skin, Yoongi had transferred the memory stick from the large pocket of his hoodie into the gaping pocket of Hoseok's jacket. It was the only way Yoongi could truly communicate his feelings. That had been on Wednesday evening, but now it was Friday night and Hoseok hadn't mentioned a word of Yoongi's gift. Maybe Hoseok was sweeping it under the rug, just like what he planned to do to Yoongi.

Chapter End Notes

okay so did i pop back after 2 months just to deliver angst and not even the dinner scene?
yes
and im sorry
really
:

ANYWAY, HOW HAVE YOU ALL BEEN?? I HOPE YOUVE BEEN WELL!

if you enjoyed this chapter, please don't be afraid to drop a comment below telling me what you thought/liked! thank you so much! <3
Yoongi’s sleep was restless and fleeting. His skin consistently ached for arms to enclose around him, for a body – Hoseok’s body – to encompass him with warmth. Yet, at the same time worries of intimacy clouded his mind and set him to bite his nails. He was in no way ready for sex, yet the closeness that came from the act was what he desired, and maybe he wouldn’t even be able to do so with Hoseok due to the stunt he had pulled by burdening Hoseok with his feelings in the form of an MP3 file.

Feeling restless, not to mention anxious, Yoongi removed himself from underneath his covers to get a shower and to change into jeans and a jumper. He had a hurried breakfast before dumping the rest of it in the bin; his stomach was far too tense to eat anything. He found himself continuously checking his phone, looking for any sign of an update from Hoseok. But he received nothing, only his usual ‘good morning’ message.

But instead of dwelling on his worries, he instead attempted to throw himself into his school work so that he would remain distracted until lunch time rolled around. His studies were successful for half an hour before his phone buzzed and he practically launched himself towards it. He felt himself deflate, however, when he realised it was merely a message from Jeongguk.

I’ve just realised what I’m about to do tonight

I’m terrified

Words of advice would be much appreciated

Yoongi’s stomach rolled again, and he leant back from his desk to dial Jeongguk’s number. He held the phone to his ear and waited for the dial tone to finish ringing. Luckily, he didn’t have to wait long; Jeongguk picked up right away.

“Yoongs. I can’t do it,” Jeongguk started, his voice filled with raw panic.
Yoongi ran a hand over his face. There was no way that Jeongguk could back out now, not after what had transpired between him and Hoseok on Wednesday evening. He had gotten Hoseok to promise not to say a word of his plan to be cupid to Jeongguk so that Jeongguk could confess to Taehyung on Saturday.

If Jeongguk backed out, Yoongi was certain that any chance of a relationship to blossom between his best friend and Taehyung would effectively be ruined. And if that happened then all the anger towards Seokjin, but mainly Hoseok, that Yoongi had repressed or had diminished would be rebirthed, he was sure of it.

The fragility of relationships was only beginning to register in his brain, and with it came the inexplicable fear of losing someone he cared for. He didn’t even need to imagine how Jeongguk was feeling; the fear of rejection was stifling, but the fear of being torn apart from someone whom he thought he loved was another thing entirely.

“Yes, you can, ‘Guk,” Yoongi responded encouragingly. “It’s easier than it looks.”

“No, you don’t understand,” Jeongguk whined, stopping Yoongi in his tracks. “If ‘Chim is there, how am I supposed to ask Tae out? They – They’ll laugh at me!”

Yoongi tried to even his breathing. “You’re overthinking things again. Firstly, we don’t know for certain whether Tae has a crush on Jiminie or not. Personally, I don’t think he does. And secondly, no one’s going to laugh at you, ‘Guk.”

“But they’ll feel sorry for me, and that’s even worse,” Jeongguk muttered, the receiver barely picking up his voice so that Yoongi had to strain his ear.

Yoongi sighed in exasperation. How was he going to convince Jeongguk to confess to Taehyung when the boy seemed to have figured out every loophole? How was he going to stop himself from blurting out the truth and potentially risk everything? “Listen, ‘Guk. You really are overthinking. You don’t need to tell Jiminie how you feel about Tae; you only need to tell Tae. And Tae won’t laugh at you. He’s not the type of person to do that. When was the last time you spoke to him?”

Jeongguk mumbled something. “A week ago.”

Yoongi was stumped. No wonder Taehyung had been so upset in the library. He didn’t think he would be able to plunder on through the day if Hoseok had been deliberately avoiding him for a whole week. “Oh.” He could practically feel Jeongguk’s shame over the phone. “Maybe you should message him today, before we all meet.”

“And say what?” Jeongguk asked, sounding pleading. Yoongi’s heart clenched painfully at the knowledge that he, and the rest of the group, had tormented Jeongguk like his feelings were some sort of toy. The anger that he thought had been overcome with his sexual desire began to charge through his veins at once. Suddenly he didn’t want to think of Hoseok, nor to be touched by Hoseok, let alone see him later on today.

“Tell him...” Yoongi wracked his brains. “Tell him that you’re sorry you haven’t talked recently, and that you hope he’s doing okay. Also tell him that you’re looking forward to seeing him today.”

There was a rustling on the other end of the phone. “Okay. When should I message him?”

Yoongi checked the time on his laptop. It was a few minutes past eleven. “Do it now. That way you guys can talk for a bit beforehand, so it won’t be awkward.”

He heard Jeongguk let out a shuddery breath. His heart tensed again when feeling, second-hand, the
Yoongi went to open his mouth, ready to reprimand Jeongguk for his pessimism and ready to tell Jeongguk of how upset Taehyung was that Jeongguk was avoiding him, but an unsteady force, in the shape of Hoseok, held him back. “Just try it,” Yoongi settled for. “What more can you do? Just talk to him.”

There was a pause in which Yoongi could hear typing on laptop keys, and then the rattle that was caused by Jeongguk reaching for his phone. “Alright, I’ve done it.” he informed. “Thanks, Yoongs.”

“It’s nothing,” Yoongi said, hating that he was being thanked for something that he was partly to blame for in the first place. “But remember that no matter what happens, Tae will still be in your life, okay?”

Jeongguk was quiet for a moment, before he mumbled a disbelieving, “Okay.” It wasn’t convincing in the slightest, but it was all Yoongi could get out of him for now. “I guess I’ll go now. I don’t wanna bum you out,” he gave a weak laugh, to which Yoongi couldn’t bring himself to laugh with.

“It’s fine, ‘Guk, honestly. If you wanna call again, I don’t mind. I was just studying,” Yoongi explained, bringing himself closer to his desk. There was a notification sound that erupted from his laptop’s speakers, signifying that he had received a message online. He read the name with dread lining his gut and he grit his teeth when he read the messages.

*Jung Hoseok: are u out with ur family??

*Jung Hoseok: im bored :( please talk to me!

*Jung Hoseok: or give me something to listen to!*

“And talking to your lover boy?” Jeongguk attempted to tease, but Yoongi was too busy logging out and slamming his laptop to a close to properly hear him.

“I’m gonna go,” Yoongi said suddenly. “Good luck with Tae. Text me updates.”

“Okay, but what’s wr-?” Jeongguk didn’t get time to finish his sentence as Yoongi hung up rapidly and threw his phone back on his desk.

How dare Hoseok have the audacity to message him asking if he could provide music recommendations after he had given Hoseok the memory stick last Wednesday? He had avoided Hoseok the next few days afterwards due to the embarrassment of what he had confessed, and also due to his overwhelming feelings of pure lust, but he had been more than concerned when Hoseok hadn’t attempted to track him down to give him his honest thoughts about the MP3 file on the memory stick.

The thought crossed his anger-fuelled mind that perhaps Hoseok hadn’t listened to the file yet, but it only vexed him further. There was no way that Hoseok could have thought that the memory stick that had magically appeared in his pocket after seeing Yoongi home belonged to the school, or someone else. Yoongi had even labelled it ‘For Seok’ to make it explicitly evident who it was for.

Maybe Hoseok had listened to it, and had decided never to discuss it. Maybe he had laughed at it, or maybe he had just grown mortified. Perhaps he had even discarded it, pouring some energy drink on top of it so that it would render the device useless. What other reason were there for Hoseok to act as if Yoongi had never bestowed him the gift in the first place? It didn’t make any sense and the mystery about it all only added to his various frustrations.
Yoongi sighed wearily and leant back on his chair. There was no way that he would be able to concentrate on his studies now, not with multiple worries eating away at his brain. He looked towards his window and found that the sunny weather clashed heavily with his solemn mood. But perhaps it would be a good idea to get away from it all, just to clear his mind before he had to face the problems at hand.

He received more messages from Hoseok whilst he tied his shoelaces and bid his mother goodbye before he went outside for a walk. He replied to none of them, his jaw clenching in uncontainable anger as he amplified the volume of his music.

He would only forgive Hoseok, and himself, if Jeongguk and Taehyung sorted things out between them. It was his fault as well as Hoseok’s that the corrupt plan had gone on for so long, and by tonight the outcome – whether good or bad – would be finalised. And so would be Yoongi’s decision.

He should have never given Hoseok that memory stick.

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*Jung Hoseok (09:34): good morning baby <33333*

*Jung Hoseok (11:09): are u out with ur family??*

*Jung Hoseok (11:09) im bored :( please talk to me!*

*Jung Hoseok (11:09): or give me something to listen to!*

*Jung Hoseok (12:42): yoongs, are u coming today??*

*Jung Hoseok (12:45): please text asap*

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He arrived later than planned to the Dragon Garden due to his walk taking up more time than he had anticipated. His mother had even agreed to taking him and dropping him in the parking lot outside of the city. He had walked quickly to the arranged meeting spot with the firm belief that everyone else had met already and were waiting for him at a table inside, their usual table tucked at the back of the restaurant. But when he approached the restaurant he found that it seemed rather vacant inside and no one was here to greet him at the front.

Huffing with frustration, Yoongi resorted to standing outside of the entrance; his stomach gurgling with hunger and the vague hum of immovable anger that buzzed within him. Even though he was slightly fatigued from the vast amount of exercise he had done not only an hour before, it had not been enough to quell the restlessness inside of him.

He was truly stumped, at a loss of what to do and how to be rid of such a feeling. He had never experienced it before in his life, and at a best guess he supposed that what he was experiencing was a murky concoction of rage and irrepressible lust. Overall, he decided, it wasn’t the best combination.

Yoongi stood, staring at his phone, reading through the group chat’s messages idly but not really taking in what anyone had said previously. He was just about to surrender and type a message when he heard the frantic shouts of someone calling his name.

He glanced up hurriedly, almost jarring his neck, and a wave of relief rushed over him. It was Seokjin who had run through a zebra crossing and was closing in on him with intense speed. When he reached Yoongi, Yoongi almost fell over at the immediate impact, and he choked out a manic laugh as Seokjin squeezed him before pulling away.
Seokjin grinned brightly at him, unashamedly excited to see an old friend. Yoongi’s heart beat with a familiar warmth although it quickly became frozen when the anger hummed louder within him. Seokjin had been the one to orchestrate the plan to get Taehyung and Jeongguk together, – all the while twisting and breaking them apart - whilst Hoseok had elaborated on it and kept it living. It was especially hard for Yoongi to keep the smile on his face. Seokjin had always been there for him after they had been introduced through Namjoon, a mutual friend, and Yoongi felt as if Seokjin – as extroverted as he made out – truly understood Yoongi’s reclusive habits. It made him feel like he belonged.

But now Yoongi didn’t know what to feel.

“It’s good to see you again, Yoongs,” Seokjin said, then he gripped lightly at Yoongi’s cheek. “Are you eating properly? You’re looking a bit on the skinny side.”

“I’m eating fine,” Yoongi said, privately touched at Seokjin’s never-ending concern for his friends. But he refused to let it show. He didn’t want to give Seokjin any credit, not when Seokjin hadn’t showed much compassion to his other supposed friends by taunting and playing with their emotions. “What about you? You’re the one who’s supposed to be starving.”

Seokjin laughed at that before putting on a remorseful expression. “Ah, yes. A student’s life for me.” He pulled out his pockets, revealing a used tissue. “Actually, while we’re on that subject, can you pay for my meal?”

Yoongi crinkled his nose at the dirty tissue. “Good try, but it’s not as if I have any money either. I’m not working, and my dad gives a crappy allowance because of that.”

Seokjin shook his head, reeling dramatically against the window. Yoongi rolled his eyes and immediately went to punch Seokjin’s shoulder, a first instinct to Seokjin’s melodrama. “Oh no! Woe is you! Being given money by your parents whilst they feed and clothe you! However shall you go on?” Seokjin wailed, causing a few passer-by’s to cast bewildered glances at the two boys.

“I’m gonna kill you,” Yoongi half-threatened, trying not to laugh but failing to do so.

“Please do. At least then I won’t have to pay back all that student debt,” Seokjin said and Yoongi smiled at the dry humour. “But in all seriousness, you should start applying for jobs for the winter holidays. Employers will start looking now, so it’s good to get a head start.”

Yoongi shook his head in distaste at the prospect of work, and maybe slightly recoiled with Seokjin’s advice. Seokjin always wanted to help his friends, but in no way had he helped Taehyung and Jeongguk. “Maybe. But after exams.”

Seokjin let out a low whistle, patting Yoongi on the back. “Ouch. Sucks to be you.” Yoongi cast him an unimpressed glare. Seokjin laughed, loud and high-pitched. A few people walking by looked over again. “When do they start?”

“Middle of November,” Yoongi clarified, determinedly keeping his eyes fixed on the ground to save himself making eye contact with someone.

“That’s close,” Seokjin said, his voice softer, calmer. “How’re you feeling?”

Yoongi shrugged. Someone had stepped on gum and it had now solidified on the pavement. “Okay, I guess. They’re just mocks. I’m just hoping to pass.”

Seokjin made a noise of acknowledgement. The crowd bustled on by, cars zooming across the road. The city continued living, and it would do even when Yoongi was gone from here to exist.
somewhere else, maybe even halfway across the country to study. The city would continue living, even when his and Hoseok’s connection was dead, or dying. Would Hoseok even want to talk him when living so far away? Would Yoongi still want to talk to him?

He could feel Seokjin watching him. He didn’t know why his thoughts had turned so cynical; maybe it had something to do with the buzz of anger rocketing through his veins that had amplified in feeling ever since Seokjin had come charging into his field of vision.

“How’s ‘Seok finding everything?” Seokjin asked. “He never takes anything school-related too seriously. Sometimes that’s a good thing, and sometimes it’s a bad thing. He doesn’t tend to talk about this kind of stuff. I was just wondering whether he had told you anything.”

Yoongi continued staring at the pavement. “I don’t know,” he said clearly enough. “You’ll have to ask him when he gets here.”

There were a few beats of silence between the two after Yoongi had spoken, and it was enough time for Yoongi to tell that Seokjin knew that something was up. “Speaking of, where is everyone?” He asked. “I told you guys I’d be late on the group chat because of that delay on the trains. Maybe that’s why they’re all late. Have you heard from anyone?”

Yoongi flicked his eyes back to Seokjin’s. “No. But they’re coming.”

Seokjin’s brow furrowed. “They better be. I’m starving. Want to go inside and wait before-?”

“How, guys!” A familiar voice called. Yoongi turned to see Taehyung and Jeongguk walking together, and not too far behind them was Hoseok and Namjoon animatedly talking about something Yoongi couldn’t hear.

Taehyung had been the one to call their attention, and he was also the one to hug Seokjin first. “Every time I see you, you get taller,” Taehyung remarked as if he were stunned.

Seokjin laughed. “Or you just get smaller,” he quipped, and Yoongi joined in with the laughter at the unimpressed expression on Taehyung’s face.

Yoongi watched Seokjin’s amused eyes flick from Taehyung’s face over to Namjoon who had approached with Hoseok. Something entirely new transformed on his face and something akin to a fond smile, yet something more profound and stunning, crossed Seokjin’s mouth. “Hey,” he said, and a similar smile grew on Namjoon’s face. “You look good.”

Namjoon appeared to fluster, his smiling cheeks growing pink. “Thanks. So do you.”

Jeongguk caught Yoongi’s eye, and the two attempted to hold back their laughter. Hoseok didn’t even try. “Okay, we get it. You’re in love. Can you two kiss before we get food? I don’t want to be kicked out for indecent behaviour.”

Taehyung spluttered, nudging Hoseok’s side, whilst Jeongguk choked out his laughter. Yoongi’s smile stayed on his face, but it stilled when Hoseok caught his eye, his grin wild and bright. Almost mocking in the cruellest way. It was then that Yoongi realised that Hoseok was wearing the same jacket as he had adorned on Wednesday night. The pockets looked empty.

He rested his stare, instead, on Seokjin’s amused face. “I’m sure you’d like that, you pervert.” Taehyung’s cackling at Seokjin’s jest seemed to be everlasting, and he leant into Jeongguk for support. Jeongguk looked delighted at the current development, like his birthday and all the national holidays had been rolled into one. It was incredibly endearing, and Yoongi didn’t know what he would do if his best friend’s happiness was shattered due to a plan that had backfired. All he could
do was hope that it went well, and that Jeongguk actually managed to confess.

“I’m not a pervert,” Hoseok tried to protest, but Namjoon was quicker.

“Don’t tease him. He’ll get off on it,” Namjoon said with a smile, to which Seokjin laughed with full-force and practically collapsed into Namjoon’s chest. Namjoon’s smile became tremendous.

Yoongi had to look away at the intensity of it all. He wanted nothing more than to do the same, to collapse into Hoseok’s arms, to smell his aroma and to kiss him until nothing needed to make sense anymore. But he also wanted to pull away from Hoseok, out of fear, out of vulnerability, and out of anger.

Everything was becoming far too much, and he had to step away from it all. He withdrew from the group and walked towards the door of the entrance.

Seemingly seizing the chance to talk to Yoongi relatively on his own, Yoongi tensed as he felt Hoseok approach him. “Are you alright?” He asked, giving Yoongi no room to breathe. His eyes were entirely concerned, and Yoongi hated him for it. He didn’t want concern; he didn’t want comfort. But it only irked him that he didn’t know what he wanted instead. “You didn’t reply to any of the messages.” Hoseok sounded hurt.

Yoongi gritted his teeth and wrenched the door open. “I wonder why,” he said, staring back into Hoseok’s eyes before removing himself from the boy’s presence and entering the restaurant.

With the sparks of anger and trepidation tensing and knotting inside of his stomach, he realised too late that he wasn’t hungry at all.

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Yoongi wound up sitting himself opposite Hoseok with Seokjin and Taehyung on the either side of him. He ordered a soup as a starter and he ate it half-heartedly whilst the other boys jested with each other. Jimin was nowhere to be seen. Maybe he had changed his mind about coming after all.

“- there’s no way that that guy’s nose is real. It’s too nice,” Taehyung was saying, and Yoongi tuned back in to realise that a waiter had taken his soup from him and that he could feel Hoseok staring at him from across the table.

“That doesn’t mean you have to get your nose done, Tae,” Seokjin said, in an attempt to console Taehyung. “Your nose is fine. Someone, please tell him.”

“You’re nose is fine,” Namjoon backed up, whilst Taehyung shielded his nose from everyone’s stare.

“Why are we even talking about this? Tae, your nose is fine. You don’t need surgery anywhere on your face, but you do on your brain if you genuinely think there’s something wrong with your nose,” Hoseok said, looking slightly worn from the conversation at hand.

Taehyung crinkled his nose. “That’s rich coming from you. Your nose is perfect, ‘Seok. Isn’t it, Yoongs?”

Everyone was looking at him expectantly. Yoongi blinked in shock, uncertain when the conversation had revolved around surgery. He avoided Hoseok’s gaze and looked solely to Taehyung. “Stop trying to deflect what we’re saying. Your nose is nice. You don’t need surgery. Focus on something else, like your studies. ‘Guk, back me up.”

Jeongguk had been far too silent. Yoongi looked to him, saw how flushed he had become as Taehyung stared at him from opposite the table. “Um. Yoongs is right. You don’t need surgery.
Your… I like your nose.”

There was a muted hush in which Taehyung’s grin stretched across his face, his eyes glimmering and his cheeks reddening. Yoongi looked back at the tablecloth, his eyes sweeping over Hoseok’s face and past Hoseok’s stare.

“Thanks, ‘Guk,” Taehyung said, sounding breathless.

“Anyway, now that that’s out of the way,” Seokjin moved the conversation on, “when’s Jimin coming? I thought he’d be here by now.”

Yoongi shrugged. “I don’t know. Maybe he wasn’t allowed out.” It was awful to think so, but maybe it would be better if Jimin didn’t show up. That was Jeongguk wouldn’t feel as much pressure when confessing to Taehyung.

Namjoon tilted his head. “Maybe. But if he said he could come, I’m sure he’s free to do so. Maybe he’s just running late.”

“Maybe. Either way, he better be in time for dessert,” Seokjin said, and then he let out a loud gasp and began to talk about how one of his friends at university had found a professor on a dating app.

Yoongi tuned out yet again and blinked as a dish was put in front of him. He mumbled a thank you through numb lips and then picked up his chopsticks to pull apart the noodles. He barely had a mouthful before he felt something brush against his shin under the table.

Hoseok was staring at him, still, his brow furrowed unhappily. Yoongi’s gut jolted slightly due to nerves but he refrained from showing a visible reaction. He went back to twirling noodles around his chopsticks. It didn’t work. Hoseok kicked him again.

He looked up sharply and glared, but Hoseok only glared back, the hurt evident in his eyes. “I’m gonna go to the toilets,” Hoseok announced suddenly, and Yoongi looked away. “Anyone wanna come?”

“I will!” Taehyung said through a mouthful of chicken. He stood up along with Hoseok.

“Do you need to go, Yoongs?” Hoseok turned to him, his tone firm.

Yoongi didn’t appreciate Hoseok deliberately signalling him out, and he knew that it was only a matter of time before Hoseok directly asked him what was wrong over dinner in front of everyone else. Which was why Yoongi complied. He rose up and turned away from Hoseok, walking hurriedly into the toilets.

Taehyung followed after and he spent a few minutes adjusting his hair in the mirror and rubbing at his mouth. Yoongi stood by the door with his arms folded, reminding himself of the bouncer that guarded the entrance of the club that he and Hoseok had had their failed date at. His stomach rolled again, remembering how strongly he had yearned for Hoseok that night. He still felt it inside of him – that blustering storm of want. But he had to deny it.

Hoseok stood opposite Yoongi, saying something to Taehyung about how he ‘didn’t need to check his reflection’ because ‘he always looked good’. Taehyung squirmed happily and smiled at Yoongi as he went through the door. No one made a move to follow him, and he looked shocked. “Are you guys not coming back?” He asked, with a knowing glint in his eye.

“We’ll follow you. Just give us a few minutes,” Hoseok said, to which Taehyung’s smile widened. Taehyung nodded and he left through the door, closing it behind him, leaving Yoongi and Hoseok
“Why’d you say that?” Yoongi was the first to talk, ready to dole his frustrations out onto Hoseok. “He’s gonna get the wrong idea.”

“Does it matter?” Hoseok asked, clearly exasperated. “I just needed to talk to you. You haven’t properly talked to me since Wednesday, Yoongs, and I’m really worried. Are you mad at me?”

Yoongi shifted his gaze to the side. He shrugged. “Not really.” But that was a lie. He was mad at Hoseok, for all sorts of ridiculous and somehow justifiable reasons.

Hoseok existed. With his tan skin, with his soft hair, bright smile, entrancing eyes, and homely scent. His mere presence was an aphrodisiac and Yoongi craved him every second he spent awake. But Hoseok had hurt his best friend by playing with his emotions, and he didn’t truly seem to care.

Hoseok also had removed the hard drive from his jacket pocket and he must have thrown it away or pretended not to have listened to the file on it. Hoseok also wasn’t kissing him right now, wasn’t pushing him against a wall and pulling the zipper of his jeans down with his long fingers, wasn’t biting roughly at his neck or grinding up against him. Yoongi concluded these were more than enough reasons to be mad with Hoseok.

But still, he was mad at himself too. He was being ridiculously unreasonable, he knew, but he couldn’t stop feeling the way he did with all the emotions swirling into something awful and unpredictable inside of him.

“Then why won’t you talk to me? Is this about Tae and ‘Guk? Because I’m sorry, Yoongs. I never meant for it to go this far. But you said that ‘Guk wants to confess today? That’s a good thing, right? So, why won’t you talk to me?” Hoseok’s voice was imploring, his brow crumpled into something desperate.

“Because you won’t talk to me,” Yoongi blurted.

Hoseok’s face twisted. He looked entirely bemused. “What? I’ve been trying to talk to you for days, but you’ve been ignoring me. What do you mean I won’t talk to you?”

Yoongi unfolded his arms and stuffed his hands into his pockets. He stared at Hoseok’s chest rather than at Hoseok’s eyes. “You won’t tell me about stuff that matters,” he mumbled. “Like… Like what I made for you.”

“What?” Hoseok asked, his voice strained. He left the sinks and took a few steps towards Yoongi. Yoongi backed up against the wall, feeling like a caged animal. He didn’t know what he’d do if Hoseok came any closer. Kick him behind his knees. Kiss him on the mouth and everywhere he had access to. The latter sounded much more realistic, and alluring.

“You made something for me?” Hoseok’s eyes scanned Yoongi’s face. “What was it?”

“I know you saw it,” Yoongi huffed, not buying into Hoseok’s act of innocence. “I gave it to you on Wednesday. If you didn’t like it, or I was too… forward, or whatever, you don’t have to pretend you didn’t listen to it. You’re just being a dick.”

Hoseok’s expression crumpled at his words, and whatever part of Yoongi that wasn’t being manipulated by his hormones kicked at his stomach. Maybe he had been a bit too harsh. “What are you talking about? I never got whatever you gave me.”

Yoongi didn’t want to hear anymore. He had had enough of talking as it didn’t prove to be going anywhere. “Sure. Okay.” He turned towards the door, ready to exit and return to baring a grudge
against everything and himself.

“You don’t believe me?” Hoseok’s voice was loud in the enclosed space of the toilets, and his hand on Yoongi’s arm was sudden. Yoongi ripped away at the contact, the energy Hoseok carried in everything he did transferred to him and made his skin tingle, craving for more. Yoongi turned around, his anger evident as he caught sight of Hoseok’s hurt expression.

“I don’t really care,” Yoongi bluffed, even though it was clear that he did care, otherwise why else would he be reacting so childishly? He knew that he was beyond irrational, but he couldn’t bring himself to face Hoseok with a cool head. Hoseok’s presence was driving up the frenzied feeling of lust and yearning within him and doubling into his previous frustrations. “Let’s just go back.”

“No,” Hoseok said, resolutely. He managed to look simultaneously hurt and determined. Yoongi couldn’t bring himself to tear his eyes away from Hoseok’s. “You haven’t talked to me properly in three days, and now you’re telling me you don’t care. What’s going on? I – I want to fix this, Yoongs.”

“I do care,” Yoongi said, contradicting his prior statement. Hoseok looked thrown, not sure what Yoongi was trying to get at. Yoongi wasn’t so sure himself. He sighed, all the fight torn out of him. A wilful determination continued to shine in Hoseok’s eyes. “I care too much.”

“What do you mean?” Hoseok jumped to Yoongi’s aid, reaching for Yoongi’s arm again. Yoongi couldn’t bare it, and he shirked away from Hoseok’s touch, away from Hoseok’s intoxicating scent. “…Yoongs?”

“Don’t touch me. Please,” Yoongi added the latter part as if it would somehow dispel the shocked look on Hoseok’s face. Hoseok retracted his hand, planted it firmly to his side. “Sorry. I just… I can’t right now.”

Hoseok stared at him and continued to do so when Yoongi reached for the door. Yoongi struggled with his words, but eventually he ended up with nothing. There was nothing left to say, not in the false privacy of the boys’ toilet of a fairly busy restaurant. Their friends were waiting for them. But there were more friends waiting for them than anticipated. Yoongi left the toilets with Hoseok following behind him. They exchanged no more words, and Hoseok kept a fair distance. Yoongi found that there were five people sitting at the table as opposed to four.

Jimin sat on the left side of Taehyung, his arm draped lazily around the back of Taehyung’s chair, whilst he talked animatedly to Namjoon about something. He was leaning dangerously on the back of his chair. Yoongi cast his eyes over to Jeongguk, and his stomach lurched violently as he saw him regard Jimin with a wary look.

It already seemed that nothing was going according to plan.

“Oh, shit,” Hoseok expelled from the right of him. For a split second, Yoongi felt as if the two had called for a temporary truce just by sighting the scene. Hoseok had wrangled the feelings from inside of his head. ‘Shit’ was Yoongi’s thought precisely.

Yoongi’s food had grown cold, but he didn’t much care. He had lost his appetite since he had stepped foot inside the restaurant. His carnal appetite, however, had amplified since Hoseok had grasped hold of his forearm. He felt like a pre-pubescent teenager all over again, constantly getting turned on over the smallest of things. But this wasn’t random; it was Hoseok, and all he kept doing was pushing him away even though all he wanted – no, needed – was the other boy. What was
Jimin seemed rather upbeat, his smile was wide, and his laugh was loud and contagious. He seemed sorry that he hadn’t arrived earlier, but he was more than happy to be eating from Taehyung’s plate after Taehyung had offered. Jeongguk had looked murderous.

Jimin engaged in conversation with everyone; he jested with Hoseok about where he should attend for university, he told Jeongguk that he needed to stop working out or everyone would think he was on steroids, and he told Seokjin that he knew he was ‘kinky’ since he was with Namjoon, and apparently ‘Joon is the kinkiest guy I’ve ever met!’ Jimin told him that he should probably go to sleep before his bedtime of six o’clock. “You look real tired, Yoongs,” Jimin had said with a saddened look on his face.

So, yes, Jimin chatted to him and to everybody, but his conversation with Taehyung never ceased to stop. Seokjin would butt in every now and again with some kind of offhand comment which would make Namjoon crease up or Hoseok to throw some obscene joke into the air. Yoongi sat by and soaked everything in, not processing any of the words or the context. Due to the clamouring of Taehyung and Jimin, Yoongi had given in and ordered ice-cream as dessert. It melted, untouched, in his bowl.

“– Your hair is nice, Seokjinnie! It suits you! ‘Joonie, tell him! He doesn’t need to get it changed!” Taehyung said, flicking some of his water in Namjoon’s direction and succeeding in splattering Yoongi’s chin. He wiped at it half-heartedly, all too aware that Hoseok had let out a weak chuckle which was nothing compared to his full-forced laughter.

“Oh! Now you know how we feel, Mr. I-Need-A-Nose-Job!” Seokjin exclaimed, his mouth stretched wide in amusement. Namjoon laughed and Taehyung flushed.

“Wait, what? What’s this?” Jimin asked, his fingers brushing against Yoongi’s back as he pulled himself by Taehyung’s side using Taehyung’s chair.

“It’s nothing!” Taehyung dismissed, shoving a forkful of cake into his mouth. Yoongi watched Jeongguk stab at his own cake.

“Just leave it, ‘Chim,” Jeongguk said, his voice exasperated. This, of course, made Jimin cling onto it further.

“Well, now I’ve gotta know,” Jimin said, turning to Taehyung with a knowing smirk. “You said you wanted a nose job or something, Tae? Why? What’s wrong with your nose?”

Taehyung mumbled something embarrassedly so quietly that Jimin frowned and pushed himself closer so that their cheeks brushed together. “What’d you say?”

“… It’s got a bump in it.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes at Taehyung’s disillusion whilst Jimin began to chortle. Taehyung whined at him to shut up but Jimin’s laughter cut over it. A few people on a table nearby glanced over at them, and Yoongi slid down in his seat.

“‘Chim, cut it out. People are staring,” Hoseok said, his eyes flicking from Yoongi and towards Jimin. Yoongi wished he could just disappear. He didn’t want Hoseok sticking up for him when he had acted impulsively brattish in the toilets. He didn’t want anything from Hoseok right now, especially not the knowledge that Hoseok was actively watching him. It did nothing for his hormones.
Jimin rolled his eyes playfully. “Oh, shut up. They can stare all they like. We’re paying customers, aren’t we?”

“That won’t stop us from being kicked out,” Namjoon pointed out, and Yoongi looked at him and then down at the table. He and Seokjin had entwined their fingers. They looked so perfectly natural and at ease with each other that it made Yoongi’s head spin.

Jimin laughed again, tipping his chair forwards so that his chest collided with the table. If he was winded, he didn’t look it. Yoongi supposed this was an indication that Jimin was more himself than he had seen in months. He should have been happy for his friend, but the way Jimin was so keen on getting close to Taehyung rubbed Yoongi the wrong way. How on earth was Jeongguk going to get a moment to confess with Jimin present?

Yoongi tried to catch Jeongguk’s eye, but he failed impecably. Jeongguk was so trained on watching Taehyung, that Yoongi might as well have been non-existent. He settled instead for staring at the liquid that once was his ice-cream and wishing that he could somehow fix everything. And maybe he could, once the night was over, and once Jeongguk had somehow managed to tell Taehyung the truth. Or maybe Yoongi was being a coward and resting his mistakes on someone else.

“You’re crazy, Tae,” Jimin chuckled, resting his cheek on his palm and looking to Taehyung who merely pouted and continued playing with his cake. “There’s no bump.” Jimin ran a finger down Taehyung’s nose, and Taehyung groaned in embarrassment. Jimin grinned. “See? It’s perfect.”

Yoongi flicked his eyes from Taehyung’s gobsmacked expression to Jeongguk’s defeated one. Yoongi had to admit that it did look as if there was something more going on between them, but it wasn’t the case at all. Jimin didn’t even like Taehyung, so why was he behaving so flirtatiously?

“You’re being creepy, Jiminie,” Yoongi stated seeing as no one else was going to speak up.

“You look like you’re planning to steal his nose,” Hoseok quipped, smiling as he took a sip of his drink, refusing to look Yoongi in the eye but clearly backing him up. “Stop being such a creep, Jiminie.”

“Fuck you guys,” Jimin cursed, although he was smiling. He did pull away from Taehyung though, and Taehyung immediately turned back to his cake, avoiding the stare Jeongguk sent his way. “I was just being nice! I didn’t see you guys helping your friends’ self-esteem.”

“Tae doesn’t need your creepiness to have high self-esteem,” Jeongguk spoke up, startling Yoongi somewhat. He had half-expected Jeongguk to stay quiet. He felt a wave of relief rush through him; perhaps there was hope after all.

Namjoon laughed as if Jeongguk had told a joke meanwhile Jimin let out a low whistle. “Did I touch on a nerve, ‘Guk?’ His smile was mocking, almost taunting, and Yoongi felt the anger in him rise. Although Jimin could be read as constantly playful, from the years of knowing him, Yoongi could tell that Jimin had aimed a low blow at Jeongguk. Somehow, Jimin knew.

If Yoongi felt angry, it must have been nothing compared to how Jeongguk was feeling. The boy’s face had grown slightly mottled as he flushed red, and there was a challenge in his eyes as he met Jimin’s stare. “No. I just don’t think you should be making light of people’s self-confidence.”

Jimin let out a breathy laugh, as if he couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Yoongi couldn’t either, nor could he believe what Jeongguk’s words were doing to the atmosphere. The light and carefree vibe had begun to transition into something ominous, almost threatening. It was obvious Jimin had
taken a step too far, according to Jeongguk.

“Alright, guys, that’s enough. Tae has a nice nose. Can we move on, please?” Namjoon asked nicely enough, trying to diffuse whatever tension had started to build. His attempts at peace only brought about an uncomfortable energy, however, as Yoongi realised that he wasn’t the only person to sense the trepidation in the air.

“It’s alright, ‘Joon. We’re all grown-ups here. Well, some of us,” Jimin snorted at Jeongguk. Jeongguk flushed a darker shade of red. Taehyung shuffled nervously next to Yoongi. “I wasn’t making fun of Tae, if that’s what you were so worried about. We’re all friends here. There’s no need to get so protective. Is there?”

There was no mistaking it. Jimin had spoken a direct challenge, cocking his head whilst staring into Jeongguk’s eyes with a knowing smile etched onto his face. Yoongi tensed as he saw Jeongguk’s jaw clench.

“I’m not. I know Tae can stand up for himself,” Jeongguk replied, not rising to Jimin’s bait. But Jimin didn’t look as if he were having it. It was obvious he wanted to get some kind of reaction out of Jeongguk, only Yoongi couldn’t fathom why.

“Guys, can you please not? Only talking about my nose is making me more aware of my nose,” Taehyung said, albeit nervously.

Jeongguk cast one sharp stare at Jimin before apologising and backing down. Jimin only continued to smile, and he petted Taehyung’s cheek with a quick brush of his fingers. Taehyung turned red.

“If you start a fight in here, you’re paying the bill,” Hoseok muttered, and Jimin laughed.

“I wasn’t gonna start anything!” Jimin exclaimed as if Hoseok had been serious. “It was ‘Guk who looked like he wanted to fight, all ’cause I ‘threatened’ his precious Tae-Tae.” Jimin added the latter part in a childish mutter.

Everything that happened next, happened all at once.

The ominous atmosphere only continued to spiral into suffocating dread. It grew into heavy clouds above their heads, threatening to rip apart and rain down upon them.

Yoongi’s chest became tight as Taehyung squirmed and muttered, “don’t,” to Jimin whilst staring at his plate. Jeongguk’s expression looked caught before it turned thunderous. The clouds of trepidation split open, and the storm became unleashed.

“Shut your mouth,” Jeongguk said to Jimin. Jimin raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. “You always think you’re so cool, but you never once were. You act like you’ve changed, but you’re the same dickhead through and through. This whole night you’ve been – stop laughing.”

Jimin didn’t appear to hear him. He was leaning back on his chair, his head tilted back as if it were about to fall to the floor. Various patrons turned around in their chairs to ogle at the source of the noise. Jimin eventually rose up, wiping at his eyes. “You’re so cute, ‘Guk. Why’re you getting angry at me? You’re being a bit obvious, don’t you think?”

“Jiminie, stop it,” Taehyung said, his voice too soft and wary to calm Jimin down from his high.

Yoongi sat by as Jeongguk cracked, second by second. His stomach plummeted as Jeongguk glared at Jimin from across the table. Hoseok had tried to intervene by placing a hand on Jeongguk’s shoulder, but Jeongguk had shrugged him off.
“Shut the fuck up. You don’t know anything. But I know about you,” Jeongguk’s tone was menacingly low, and Yoongi wasn’t sure if it was his imagination when Jimin’s smile turned sour. “I know what you’ve done to get high, or to join in with a gang’s fun. I know you’re not worth Tae’s kindness, so get your hand off of him.” It was so unlike the childish and timid boy that Yoongi had come to know, that he blinked at the force of Jeongguk’s words.

“I think you guys need to calm down,” Namjoon said, and Yoongi saw him squeeze Seokjin’s hand. “We’ll pay, and then we’ll go.” He signalled to a nearby waiter.

“If you don’t calm down, things are gonna get out of hand,” Hoseok gave his aid, evidently sensing how the oppressive atmosphere was hammering down onto them. It was bound to be soon that one person snapped, as the oppressed words surely craved to be free.

“I think he needs to calm down,” Jimin nodded at Jeongguk, his arm still draped around Taehyung’s chair. “What’s it to you? You don’t like that I’m touching Tae-Tae, is that it?”

Jeongguk shook his head, grabbing his jacket. “Shut up.”

“Wait, where are you going?” Taehyung asked, shrugging off Jimin’s arm and clenching at the table when Jeongguk swung his coat over his shoulders.

Jeongguk stared at Taehyung and then glanced back over at Jimin. “What do you see in him, Tae?”

Taehyung’s eyes went wide. “Nothing!”

“Ouch,” Jimin chuckled, but there was no humour in his tone.

“I didn’t mean-” Taehyung started, and then stopped as Jeongguk rose from his chair. “No, ‘Guk, wait. I need to tell you something. I don’t like Jiminie.” His words were desperate as Jeongguk grabbed the bill the waiter must have placed on their table while Yoongi had been distracted and dug through his wallet.

“You must like me to some extent,” Jimin said, his hands in his pockets and his signature cocky grin on his face. Yoongi didn’t buy it for a second.

“‘Guk, please listen to me,” Taehyung all but begged. Jeongguk had frozen, staring into his wallet like it held the secret that Taehyung had been keeping from him. There was a silence that followed in the wake of Taehyung’s words, and a silence in which the void inside of Yoongi roared for some kind of release. “I… It’s you.”

It seemed as if everyone had frozen in time, not just Jeongguk, at Taehyung’s confession. Taehyung’s voice was powerful, yet, broken at the same time. It was as if he were seconds away from crying.

“You’re kidding.” Someone spoke up. Jimin’s voice. He was exasperated. “You turned me down for this kid?”

Taehyung didn’t appear to have heard him, and neither did Yoongi. He was still staring up at Jeongguk’s figure, an expression on intense pain written on his face. Yoongi hardly dared to breathe, lest he wreck the moment.

“I’m sorry,” Taehyung said, and then he buried his head in his hands. “I’ve fucked this up.”

Jeongguk slowly placed money down onto the table. Yoongi watched in horror as he stepped away.
“Hey! Where’re you going?” Jimin called to him, his arm around Taehyung’s shoulders. Taehyung began to sob next to Yoongi. “You’re just gonna walk away from him? What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Jeongguk didn’t reply, his expression was hard as he walked away, but his eyes were detached, swirling over one piece of furniture to the next.

“‘Guk, come back,” Yoongi called to him, half-rise from his chair.

Jeongguk stilled, glanced over his shoulder. His eyes caught Jimin stroking Taehyung’s back, muttering words of comfort into Taehyung’s ear. He turned away again.

“He’s not leaving,” Jimin said in disbelief. “Oi! ‘Guk!”

His shout was enough to disturb a distressed Taehyung, who threw himself out of his chair and turned to face Jeongguk who was hurtling towards the exit. “It’s you! I like you – you idiot!”

But Jeongguk didn’t look back. He charged out of the door, and out of sight. The door swung to a close, the only sound remaining in the restaurant was the squeaking of its hinges. Taehyung stood by the table, his chest heaving with effort, tears trickling down his cheeks. A family of four, along with many other couples, stared at him sympathetically.

Yoongi didn’t know what to do, nor what to say. He didn’t know what he could offer to fix the whole situation. That Jeongguk had planned to confess to him tonight but that Jimin had ruined it? The words, and knowledge, was useless now. Yoongi sat in silence, his brain and tongue numb.

Taehyung sniffed, turned towards the table. His hands fumbled for his coat. “How much do I owe?”

Seokjin shook his head. “No. It’s on me, Tae.” Taehyung sniffed again. “Are you… Do you want to go home?” Taehyung nodded, his face scrunched up.

“I’ll take him,” Jimin jumped up, but Taehyung shook his head. “No,” he said. “No. I – I want to be alone.” No one dared contradict him. Yoongi watched blankly as Taehyung shrugged on his coat, and departed wearily, a former spirit of himself.

Yoongi glanced around the table. Seokjin was chewing his cheek, Namjoon was staring at the door that Taehyung had left through, and Hoseok was avoiding his gaze. “Well?” He said, they all looked at him in a daze. “Is no one going to go after him?”

“He wants to be alone,” Seokjin said, his voice vague. Yoongi could hardly believe what he was hearing. The ever-caring Seokjin letting a friend despair on his lonesome?

“Fuck it. I’ll go,” Yoongi said, and he rose up.

“I’ll come with you,” Namjoon said, moving with him.

They left Jimin, Hoseok and Seokjin to sit at the table whilst they followed Taehyung’s steps. He wasn’t that hard to find. Night hadn’t yet fallen completely, and he was one of the few people waiting at a set of traffic lights. He was still crying when they caught up to him.

Taehyung wiped at his eyes. “What’re you guys doing here?”

“We came to see you,” Yoongi said, and then he paused, unsure of what the social norm would be in this particular situation. Perhaps to say ‘sorry’?
“We wanted to see how you were,” Namjoon said, his voice calm. Yoongi had never been more grateful for Namjoon’s existence.

Taehyung choked out a laugh as the traffic lights turned red. But he didn’t budge from the pavement. “I’m doing just fine. The guy I liked just rejected me and I embarrassed myself in front of all those people. I’m great.”

“You didn’t,” Yoongi said. “They didn’t even notice. And ‘Guk didn’t reject you. He probably was just overwhelmed.”

Taehyung blinked at him, his eyelashes wet. “How can you be so sure?”

“Because I know he likes you, too,” Yoongi admitted, fed up of playing the game. Taehyung’s brow creased together. “He does. He was going to tell you tonight, but Jimin got involved. ‘Guk didn’t ever think you’d like him. I think… Just give him some time. He’ll reach out to you eventually once he realises how much of an idiot he’s been.”

Taehyung licked at his lips, shook his head lightly. “That’s crazy.”

Namjoon smiled. “He is. And you can tell him that. But we’re sorry the dinner was such a mess.”

Taehyung shook his head, sniffing once more. “It’s fine. Um. Thank you, guys. For coming to check up on me. But I’ve gotta get back.” His eyes locked onto Yoongi’s, and then to Namjoon’s. “I’ll message you?”

Namjoon nodded. “Have a safe journey back.”

Taehyung smiled, his lips upturned and the tears on his face shining silver in the streetlights. “Thanks, guys. I will.”

He crossed the road, and Namjoon shot one look of disbelief towards Yoongi before the two headed back into the restaurant. Yoongi walked towards the table with a spark of fresh anger working at his nerves. He was ready to chew Hoseok and Seokjin out for their ridiculous plan, not caring in the slightest if Jimin heard, but he stopped when he heard a snippet of their conversation.

“– the plan didn’t go too well, but it’ll turn out fine.” Seokjin’s voice.

Namjoon crashed into Yoongi’s back as Yoongi stared at how Jimin had taken his position and was sitting next to Seokjin, their heads close together whilst Hoseok watched on.

“I think I did pretty well, don’t you think? ‘Guk looks so cute when he’s mad,” Jimin practically sang.

“What?” Yoongi spat, reaching the table and staring at its occupiers with anger racing through his veins. “What plan? Jimin was in on the plan?”

Hoseok looked between Seokjin and him, almost guiltily. Yoongi sputtered out a laugh, because of course Hoseok was in on it as well. “Are you fucking kidding me? I told you how I hated this plan, and you’re in on another one?” He shot at Hoseok, feeling a vague sense of satisfaction when Hoseok winced at the bite of his tone. “Tell me. Was that all part of the plan? For your best friend to walk out of here crying while you didn’t do a damn thing to help?”

“Yoongi, no. I didn’t even-” Hoseok began, his skin paler than Yoongi remembered.

“Did you know there was a plan?” Yoongi ignored him and turned towards Namjoon who was
staring at Seokjin almost gormlessly.

Namjoon shook his head wordlessly, and Yoongi watched Seokjin lower his eyes. “So, you kept us out the loop, huh? You wanted Jimin to play with Tae and ‘Guk even more than we already have? What did you think would happen? I hope to god not this!”

Seokjin was frowning at him now, at least Jimin had the decency to look somewhat guilty. “You think I’m happy it ended up like this? No. I wanted those two to tell each other how they felt. Jimin was already convinced that Tae liked ‘Guk so we figured that they needed a little push. And they did. Things will work themselves out; we know they like each other, and now ‘Guk knows. You’re overreacting.”

Yoongi felt as if Seokjin had punched him square around the jaw. He felt winded, and it took him a few beats to recover.

“Jin, what the fuck,” Hoseok breathed, looking ill at ease.

“I’m done,” Yoongi got out, ripping away from the table where the people who potentially could have ruined a friendship sat. They didn’t even care. They didn’t care. “I can’t do this anymore. You made Tae cry. ‘Guk was already going to confess tonight without another one of your stupid fucking plans. Fuck.” He tore away, staring up at Namjoon. “You coming?”

Namjoon looked back to Seokjin, before nodding. “Yeah,” he spoke like his throat was dry.

“Jin,” Seokjin said, pushing himself up from the table. “I’m sorry. I should have told you. I didn’t mean for it to go the way it did.”

“Maybe not, but look what happened,” Namjoon countered, shaking his head. “Yoongs is right. Come on, let’s go.” Namjoon turned on his heel, walked away. Yoongi went to follow him, but he was stopped momentarily.

“Yoongs? Yoongi, wait.” Hoseok had rushed to his side, had taken his arm. “I didn’t know. I’m so sorry, this is all my-”

“No!” Yoongi exclaimed and he ripped his arm out of Hoseok’s grip. The hush that followed his declaration was prominent, but his ears were ringing with the sparks of his irressible anger. He felt the frustration mount as he locked Hoseok in the eye. “I can’t do this anymore. You didn’t listen to me, and I-” Yoongi cut himself off, the rage choking his throat as it dispelled into unshed tears. Hoseok stared back at him, his gaze unwavering. “You didn’t like my gift, and, and…” You’re going to leave me.

A breath ripped free from his body, shuddering his whole frame. The truth hit him right in that moment. The sudden burst of lust, the unhappiness that followed from Hoseok’s rejection of his gift, and the realisation that he was in love with the boy in front of him. They were all linked, intrinsically and inherently.

Yoongi was going to lose Hoseok, one way or another. He didn’t know how much time they had together, as time was never truly theirs, no matter how much their youth would tell them so. Hoseok would be leaving him next year, and maybe even before that if someone else caught his eye. He wanted as much as he could have while Hoseok was his. But after tonight, the question begged his consideration: was Hoseok ever truly his to begin with? Or did he belong to the life that radiated in every single one of his smiles? Was Yoongi holding him back, from his studies, from his hobbies, from his dancing – from living his life? And was Hoseok holding him back?
He didn’t know. And the lack of answers he could provide for himself was beyond infuriating. But he knew that he had had enough of it. He was well past his breaking point. Which was why his stomach kept churning violently, and why tears were pouring down his face in front of the few dozen customers in the restaurant, and why he couldn’t bear the weight of Hoseok’s pitiful stare.

“I can’t do this anymore,” Yoongi said, his voice quiet.

“What do you mean?” Hoseok said, his voice equally as hushed. “Please, Yoongs, come outside with me. We can talk it out. I…”

Yoongi shook his head. “No. I don’t want to talk. I don’t want…” Hoseok was biting his lip, his eyes becoming misty. His brow was crumpled, and he took a step closer. “We should end this.”

What was he saying? What was going on? Was there anything inside his head apart from cynicism and the need to hurt people he loved? Why was Hoseok crying? What had he said?

He was truly beginning to lose his grip on himself. He stepped away, but this time Hoseok didn’t follow.

“Please, Yoongs. You can't - I don't understand,” Hoseok said through his tears. “I need you.”

Yoongi felt the pain spike through his being, causing his knees to lock and his brain to throb. His eyes felt inflamed, and with every breath he took his body resisted. He held Hoseok’s stare, even though his vision was blurry. He memorised the look of Hoseok weeping, seeing how he had broken him. It served as a reminder of why he didn’t deserve anything good in this fragmented, twisted world.

Yoongi couldn’t bring himself to say anything. Not even a farewell. He simply turned around, and left, without looking back.

The remainder of October slipped by excruciatingly slowly, but it quickly transitioned into November. Yoongi became so caught up in the whirlwind of studying, eating too much or too little, breaking out with spots, and filling out practice exams that the days raced by.

A week before the mock exams began, he had to present the History presentation to the rest of his class. Hoseok had showed up five minutes late, leaving Yoongi at the front with a shameful flush and his mum’s concealer sweating from his bumpy forehead. Hoseok hadn’t looked at him once, just like every History lesson before presentation day where the two would grab laptops, sit at different desks, and only communicate by emailing each other improved documents.

Their teacher had given them a fairly decent score for their overall presentation and the information they had supplied on their chosen topic. However, she noted aloud that their ‘partnership could have been more prominent’. Yoongi had kept his eyes glued to the floor.

Exams were tough, but not as stressful as Yoongi had expected. His stress levels only sky-rocketed when he was forced to fill out various applications to universities nearby. His father had read through them, raising his eyebrow when reading Yoongi’s course choice. Music. Hoseok had known him too well.

“Are you sure you want to pursue this?” His Dad had asked him after having sat down with Yoongi in the kitchen. “You haven’t taken piano lessons in years.”

He sounded dubious, which made Yoongi want to back down. But he gritted his teeth and bore the pain of having his father doubt him. He had told his father that he knew what he wanted, and his
father had eventually reluctantly agreed.

He had sent his submission slip off through the post, along with the many other students in his year. He wondered where Hoseok had decided to study dance. But he supposed it didn’t matter anymore, he had ended everything between them and he hadn’t had the courage to go back on his word and face Hoseok again. He hated himself for it, but he had seen how Hoseok could still crack a smile and jested around with his classmates. He would be fine, and it would be Yoongi who wallowed in regret.

Yoongi hung around with Namjoon, mostly. Jimin hadn’t come back into school, and Yoongi wondered if he was ever going to return or transfer altogether.

Jeongguk had stuck by him and Namjoon for the first few days after the scene in the restaurant, but after some convincing, he had reached out to Taehyung and apologised for the way he handled things. They found that Taehyung, in turn, had apologised about how things had gone down.

Yoongi had felt a surge of pride and happiness when Jeongguk approached him and Namjoon on the bench behind the school building and announced that he had done it, he had asked Taehyung out officially.

Namjoon had been lividly disappointed in Seokjin, and how his good intentions had backfired by his impish plan. But after a few days of silence, Seokjin had contacted him, and begged for forgiveness. Namjoon had given in.

“I don’t want to be mad at him,” he had said after Yoongi had confronted him. Namjoon’s eyes were soft. “I love him. He made a mistake, and he knows it. What’s the point of staying mad?”

If Namjoon were trying to sway Yoongi in getting back together with Hoseok, Yoongi wasn’t having it. A stubborn cowardice was not a good trait to have, yet, it was what Yoongi had become. Besides, where was the proof of Hoseok wanting him back? Hoseok hadn’t attempted to reach out to him after Yoongi had ended everything at the restaurant.

Namjoon talked to Hoseok, and so did Jeongguk, and Seokjin, and even Taehyung did after everything. It was like they were back at the beginning, where Yoongi and Hoseok hadn’t intersected worlds or boundaries.

It was the end of November and Yoongi still remembered what Hoseok’s skin felt like against his, what his lips felt like pressed against Yoongi’s, and how Hoseok’s aroma both calmed his heart and sped it up at the same time.

He missed Hoseok. It was an inevitable factor after having achieved such close proximity, in nature and in flesh, but then having it be ripped away by his own hand. He couldn’t bring himself to be angry with Hoseok anymore, not when Jeongguk and Taehyung sat at the lunch table hand in hand smiling contentedly.

So what if Hoseok had thrown away his gift, or had misplaced it, or it had slipped free from his jacket pocket? Now that everything was over, and there were no more tests or quizzes or exams, Yoongi no longer had any distraction from the dull ache inside of him. He felt hollow, as if all his insides had been scooped out. Any happiness was fleeting, and it felt like he was living life detached from his bodily vessel.

He lay on his bed, the first day after breaking up from school for the winter holiday’s, browsing through his social media. He scrolled past pictures of influencers he only followed because the app had recommended them to him, and he found a few updates from people that he knew. One namely being Hoseok.
His heart thumped in his chest, his eyes scanning over the words. ‘Sure i failed those exams LOL next thing to fail: dance in jan :))))’. 

It hit him with the full force of a sledgehammer. Hoseok’s dance competition in January that he had invited Yoongi to. The sleepover they had scheduled for Christmas. The movie that had come out at the end of October which Hoseok had wanted to see and Yoongi never got a chance to see it with him.

Yoongi still in bed. His body was far too warm underneath the heaps of blankets his mum had provided for him, but he couldn’t will himself to do anything about it.

He wanted it back. Hoseok, and all the good times they had together. He wanted to feel happiness again. He wanted to say sorry and to promise that, if Hoseok would let him, he would remain by Hoseok’s side even in the face of the fear that Hoseok would leave him.

But how could Yoongi bring himself to say all this to the other boy? How could he ever find the courage?

He jolted as his phone began to vibrate in his hand. Someone was calling him. His heart froze and then thawed as he stared at the caller ID. He blinked in surprise. Seokjin hadn’t tried to contact him in over three weeks, and Yoongi had guessed that the older boy had given up. He had guessed wrongly.

“Hi,” Yoongi said as he answered the call. He was slightly hesitant to answer given that he had ignored all Seokjin’s attempts of communication.

“Hey,” Seokjin replied, sounding shocked that Yoongi had picked up. “You’re awake.”

It was ten o’clock. Usually, Yoongi would still be asleep. “Couldn’t get to sleep,” Yoongi answered, turning on his side to escape the glare of the brief sunlight peeking through his curtains. “Why’re you calling?”

“But because I couldn’t reach you any other way,” Seokjin said, put out. Yoongi felt a spike of guilt stab through him. “Joon told me to be as stubborn as you. So here we are. I’m sorry, Yoongs. My plan hurt our friends, it got out of hand. And I’m sorry I said those things to you. That was wrong of me. I don’t want you to be pissed at me. You look all grouchy when you’re pissed.”

Yoongi nestled further into his pillow. “I don’t look grouchy.”

Seokjin chuckled into the receiver. “You do.” Yoongi huffed. “So. Are we okay now? It worked out between ‘Guk and Tae. You know, they’re going on a day trip today. You think ‘Guk will finally kiss him?”

Yoongi snorted, brought the duvet up to his nose. “Probably not. I think he wants Tae to feel comfortable around him first. They’re cute like that.” Seokjin laughed softly, and then paused. Yoongi sighed. It was true what Namjoon had said; there was no point in remaining angry and only making himself miserable. “And, yes, I forgive you.”

“Oh, yay,” Seokjin said, and Yoongi could hear the smile in his voice. He found himself smiling too. “I’m glad to hear. I’ve missed you, Yoongs.”

“Missed you, too,” Yoongi said, turning on his back. “How’ve you been?”

Seokjin hummed. “Okay. Just waiting for December to come so I can be out of here and see ‘Joon, and you guys. It sucks being at uni, so you’ve got that to look forward to.”
“Oh, wow. Thanks for the motivation,” Yoongi replied dryly. He heard his mother moving around the hallway, throwing washing outside of his door. He hoped she couldn’t hear him.

“Anytime,” Seokjin said. There were a few beats as Yoongi’s mother moved down the stairs and in which Seokjin seemed to think. “… Joon told me you’re still broken up with ‘Seok.”

Yoongi clamped his eyes to a shut. He ran his spare hand through his hair. “Did he now?”

“Yeah. And he also told me that ‘Seok doesn’t know why,” Seokjin said. Yoongi turned the new information over in his mind.

“Okay,” Yoongi replied evasively. It was like Seokjin wanted to rub salt in the wound, just when the two had reconciled.

“What are you playing at, Yoongs?” Seokjin asked. “You like this boy, right? And he likes you. Tae and ‘Guk are fine, and ‘Seok was never part of Jimin and I’s plan. Why don’t you just sort it out?”

“Because,” Yoongi said, and then realised he didn’t have a solid answer. He was too scared. What if Hoseok hated him after all of the silence?

“Look. I know it’s scary, and you don’t know what you’re doing half the time, but that’s the fun of it,” Seokjin spoke through personal experience, making his statement far weightier. “Nothing has to be perfect. You’re allowed to have doubts or fears. But you need to talk to each other about them. No one got anywhere by bottling it up. You’re supposed to trust each other. ‘Seok wants to listen to you, Yoongs, but you won’t give him anything.”

“I want to,” Yoongi said truthfully. “But messaging him is… Impersonal.”

“Then don’t message him,” Seokjin countered, his voice stony.

Yoongi frowned at the ceiling as he understood Seokjin’s insinuation. “You want me to… What? Just show up at his house?”

“Why not? You’re on holiday. I just spoke to him and he told me he’s too tired to move, so he’ll be home all day. What have you got to lose?” Seokjin spoke convincingly, and it was obvious that he had planned the conversation to go this way from the beginning. Yoongi couldn’t tell whether he was frustrated or in awe.

“You really haven’t learnt, have you?” Yoongi asked in disbelief.

Seokjin let out a laugh. “In terms of outcomes, yes, I have. I know for a fact that there can be no negative outcome for this plan.” He sounded so self-assured, that Yoongi felt himself begin to cave in.

Yoongi contemplated. He imagined showing up at Hoseok’s door, having Hoseok stare blankly at him before frowning. ‘Do I know you?’

“- you there?” He heard Seokjin call to his left ear. “Are you gonna get your ass out that door and talk to your lover boy, or not?”

Yoongi chewed his cheek, biting at it so harshly that pieces of skin came lose. He blanched at the taste of iron. With a determined heart but a wavering spirit, he somehow made up his mind. “I will.”

Yoongi wished his mother hadn’t been quite so eager when he told her his plans for today. Instead of
parking him down the street, she had pulled up at the front of Hoseok’s house. Anyone peeking from
the living room window would be able to spot him clambering awkwardly out of the car after his
mother kissed him on the cheek.

She pulled away, as promised, and told her she would have her phone on her for when he needed a
lift home. She was far too happy, Yoongi thought, sending him away to meet his fate. Perhaps, him
wanting to fix things between him and Hoseok was an indication that he wouldn’t spend so much
time at home, mooching around and draining the life out of anyone who tried to interact with him.

He trudged up the driveway and noted with anxiety that a car was parked. Hoseok’s parents were
home, or at least one of them was. But he couldn’t let that stop him. Maybe they had gone out for a
walk. Hopefully that was the case. Yoongi didn’t think he could face them, not after promising that
he wouldn’t dare harm Hoseok.

Yoongi reached the front door. He tried to steady his resolve before knocking on the door, and
instead of focussing on what he was going to stay he diverted his attention to the bizarreness of the
situation.

He hadn’t been to Hoseok’s house in over a month, and as he knew he was no longer welcome, such
a place felt entirely foreign to him now even though at one point he had longed to stay with Hoseok
for days at a time, watching TV with his mum and dad, playing games with Hoseok’s sister, and then
spending time in Hoseok’s room. He had wanted them always to be together.

But now he knew that it wasn’t possible. Although he and Hoseok had time, time was not infinite for
them. But whether Yoongi wanted to take the risk and devote the rest of their time together solely for
loving Hoseok was another topic entirely, one that involved fear and the same paranoid thoughts that
had been running through his head for months ever since Hoseok had confessed to him in that
Westernised restaurant. Would he ever be enough? Could he give everything he was and everything
he had yet to figure out about himself up to Hoseok?

Yoongi was ready to face them, the fears and thoughts. He wanted Hoseok, and above all, above all
the fears of abandonment or being replaced, that was his main motivator, and right now it was all that
he had.

The door opened, and Yoongi reeled backwards. He hadn’t known how long he was standing there
and waiting for someone to answer. Time seemed unreal ever since Hoseok had been missing from
his life.

It was Hoseok’s mother. She stared at Yoongi reproachfully, keeping the door at a close distance to
her shoulder. “Yoongi,” she said, her expression cool to match her tone. “I didn’t know you were
coming. Hobi hasn’t told me anything.”

Yoongi opened his mouth. And then he shut it. It was strange being on the end of such blatant
disregard, especially from someone as doting as Hoseok’s mother. He would have been lying if he
had said that it didn’t affect him.

“I haven’t told him,” Yoongi said eventually, feeling extremely foolish when Hoseok’s mother raised
an eyebrow.

“So, this is a surprise visit?” She asked, scepticism etched into her voice.

Yoongi forced himself not to crumble. He needed to prove to Hoseok, and to himself, that he was
serious, that he had come to make amends. “Yes,” he answered. Her hand adjusted on the door, but
she didn’t edge it any wider. “Is he in? I need to talk to him.”
Hoseok’s mother’s brow pulled together. Her lips tightened. “I don’t think he particularly wants to talk to you.”

Yoongi tried not to waver, but it was incredibly difficult not to be disheartened by her tone. Maybe he wouldn’t be let in. “I understand that. But I’m here to apologise.”

Her expression was immovable. Yoongi heard a rumbling in his ears. “It’s a bit too late for that. Why now?”

Before Yoongi could formulate a response, there was an explosion of noise from behind the door. “I told you he was at the front,” someone said rather loudly. Dawon’s voice. What had been rumbling in Yoongi’s ears wasn’t blood, but the sound of footsteps hurtling downstairs.

“Go back into your rooms. The both of you,” Hoseok’s mother directed to her children, turning from Yoongi. Her grip on the door must have been strong. Her knuckles had turned white.

“Is he out there?” Hoseok’s voice. Although it was muffled, Yoongi could recognise it anywhere. He sounded bemused. “If he’s there, I want to talk to him. Let him in, mum.”

Hoseok’s mother turned back to Yoongi, two red spots on her cheeks. She regarded Yoongi with a dubious look, her expression tense. “No,” she said. Yoongi felt his pounding heart plummet.

“I wanna talk to him. I’m not a kid anymore, just open the door,” Hoseok said, exasperated.

Hoseok’s mother seemed to dither. She released the door from her hold. “Fine,” she said, looking back from Hoseok to Yoongi. “Fine.” She walked away, leaving Hoseok standing alone in the hallway, staring at Yoongi on the doorstep.

It was the closest they had been in a month. Yoongi felt something tickle his throat as a panicked dryness set throughout his mouth. Hoseok stepped towards the door, his expression carefully blank. Yoongi was certain that his hair was windswept disgracefully and that his face was red from the cold, all the while Hoseok managed to look radiant in his jeans and his jumper.

“Hey,” was all Hoseok said.

“Hi,” Yoongi replied, stretching words in his mind and forcing them together. “I…” He was pathetic.

But, somehow, Hoseok didn’t seem to think so. He held the door wider, his eyes training in on Yoongi’s. They were rich in brown, dark and encapsulating. Yoongi’s stomach surged with a familiar warmth, a warmth that replaced the ache inside of him.

“We need to talk,” Hoseok said. He left Yoongi to take his shoes and coat off whilst walking up the stairs to his room.

Yoongi didn’t hesitate before following behind him, as closely as their distance allowed.

He only had now to make it up to Hoseok, and there was no way that he could let the time go to waste.

Chapter End Notes

okay so firstly
secondly
I HOPE THE NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE UP QUICKER!!! the reason why its slower is because I have to update my other two fics which ive posted on here :/
SHAMELESS SELF-PROMO, wow am I a youtuber xxx

okay I'm sure there are many questions. why cant I write anything happy? why did you wait so long just to write angst?? why is Yoongi all over the place? does Yoongi have abandonment issues??

lets just say that YES I CAN WRITE FLUFF SOMETIMES OKAY, and YES MAYBE I DID, and BECAUSE HE'S ANGSTY AND HORNY AND HE LOVES HIS FRIENDS, and also: Hoseok has become so much to Yoongi in such a short amount of time. they began dating in the middle of September and they've bonded over the past month to the point where Yoongi doesn't want to accept a future without Hoseok. Yoongi, who always had a difficult time letting people in, has made Hoseok his rock, if you will, where he feels most safe and protected. this awkward dweeb also has realised that he's probably in love with Hoseok, but he also is scared of what that means. can he give Hoseok everything he needs? can he surrender himself, mentally and physically, to the other boy??? he doesn't know, and it scares him, which is why he pushes Hoseok away which is A STUPID THING TO DO

he has some growing to do, to say the least reiojwioj

anyway, I hope you enjoyed?? if you did or didn't and want to leave feedback, please drop me a comment!!

thank you guys so much <3

(also bts exist. ive seen them. I haven't accepted this yet. mum I love (7) men)
perhaps, at the end, it will all be alright. perhaps not

Chapter Notes

,,,,,,,,,,, um hi :3
sorry ive been gone for so long :////
I've been trying to write for my other fics, along with complete assessments for uni and I've decided that it's too much to update three fics at the same time so for now i'm going to prioritise updating this one! it's nearing its end, but as i have a sequel planned, not everything that happens here is the end of everything? that sounds cryptic and complicated but it'll make sense when i get around to it anyway! how have you all been??? i hope youre doing well uwu
so, lets go gays, i hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was back to square one, seemingly, back to their first fight. Yoongi perched on Hoseok’s desk chair whilst Hoseok sat cross-legged on his bed. Hoseok’s expression was carefully blank, and Yoongi only wished he could be as nondescript with his feelings. He felt the flush on his neck and face and how his throat ached every time he attempted to swallow.

Hoseok was picking at a loose thread on the blanket underneath him when he addressed Yoongi after they had sat down. “Why?”

A tiny word with a broad spectrum of possibilities. Yoongi battled with his shame, loneliness and the repressed hormones that had been triggered ever since Hoseok had let him in. Yoongi didn’t know how to answer. Now that he was in Hoseok’s presence, all of his planned words and answers and solutions had died on his tongue, and his mind was too numb to churn anything out.

He must have looked blank. Hoseok’s jaw tensed, his eyes avoiding Yoongi’s. “Why are you here?”

Yoongi forced his tongue to move, for his brain to shock itself back into motion. “To say sorry.”

Hoseok didn’t scoff as Yoongi had intended, but neither did he give a visible reaction. Instead, he merely blinked. He sat up, parted his mouth as if to say something. He looked into Yoongi’s eyes for the first time since they had sat. His eyes were unreadable, and Yoongi grew far more uncertain.

Hoseok was always incredibly easy to read, his emotions palpable, so it gave him nothing but unease to have such a distance between them. A distance he had caused.

“I found the memory stick.” Hoseok said, his voice charged with something raw, yet so oddly blank. Yoongi didn’t know what to feel, so he settled for listening.

Hoseok reached towards the desk besides his bed, pulled out a drawer. Yoongi sighted the memory stick almost instantly. ‘For Seok’ it read. Yoongi’s heart convulsed, ripping itself inside out as he remembered exactly what was on the stick. His flush deepened, and so did whatever anger he had left. So, Hoseok had lost it had he? Misplaced it and feigned innocence when Yoongi had confronted him?
No. Yoongi didn’t want to think like that. He had had enough of misunderstandings and lack of communication. He was going to wait for a reasonable explanation, and if he failed to receive one, he deemed that it was his every right to kick up a fuss.

“You told me you gave it to me on that Wednesday. I was telling the truth that I didn’t know about it when you asked me about it in the toilets in the restaurant,” Hoseok started, closing the drawer too hurriedly to be casual. “You put it in my pocket at some point, and I didn’t feel a thing. When I washed it it a few weeks later, mum found it in the pocket.”

Yoongi’s stomach squeezed itself into a ball. Pain lurched throughout his being at his own selfish stupidity. He had lashed out at Hoseok for a multitude of bizarre reasons – although the Jeongguk and Jimin issue was one that Yoongi thought he was justified for – all because he hadn’t told Hoseok about the gift beforehand or had given it to him directly. Hoseok hadn’t even known about it. No wonder he was so confused when Yoongi had broken up with him, all the while Yoongi had convinced himself that Hoseok had rejected his forwardness.

He was an idiot. Instead of determination to fix things racing through his veins, it was sheer embarrassment and pain for the other boy. He had hurt Hoseok based on an incorrect assumption. He truly was the worst.

He couldn’t bear to look Hoseok in the eye. He cast his gaze away to rest on Hoseok’s bedside desk.

“I’m sorry,” Yoongi said, trying to translate his shame and horror that he had made a mistake into his two words. He doubted it would be enough, but as of now it was all he had. He couldn’t touch Hoseok; Hoseok wouldn’t want that.

He heard the sound of a breath, and he didn’t know whether it was a sigh or an inhale. Either way, he was sure that Hoseok wasn’t satisfied. His fists clenched as a spark of pain inflicted itself across his whole body – he had been the one to push Hoseok away, and now he was trying to reach back to him after a whole month? It was no wonder that Hoseok was angry, he had every right to be.

Yoongi could only wonder why Hoseok wasn’t raising his voice, wasn’t attacking Yoongi with words as Yoongi had done to him. Perhaps that was what Hoseok was building up to, ready to explode. And Yoongi would take it all just to appease Hoseok, just so that when Hoseok was tired from his anger there would be some kind of peace between them rather than this brewing uncertain storm.

“You don’t have to be,” Hoseok said, and Yoongi met his eyes in shock. Hoseok tightened his lips into a line, and he shrugged. “You gave it to me as a surprise, and I never found it. Of course you were gonna be pissed when I didn’t say anything about it. You took a lot of time to make it.”

Yoongi felt every nerve in his body tense at Hoseok’s words. Did Hoseok genuinely believe that Yoongi had nothing to be sorry for?

“That doesn’t matter,” Yoongi shot. Hoseok looked on at him blankly. “I should have told you about it, and not assumed that you were ignoring it. I shouldn’t have spoken to you like that. I’m sorry.”

A small smile twitched at Hoseok’s mouth, but it was twisted into something sad by Hoseok’s pained expression. “It’s fine, but you – you worked really hard, Yoongs.” Yoongi grew bemused and increasingly more sorrowful as Hoseok visibly crumpled before him. “I listened to it. The song you made for me,” Hoseok mumbled.

“Oh.” Yoongi stayed still, scarcely daring to breathe let alone think. He kept his eyes trained on Hoseok’s face. “… Did you… What did you think?”
Hoseok’s hands balled themselves into fists, he hid them within his lap. His pained smile turned into something more earnest. “It was really good. Um. The beat was catchy, and the lyrics were, um… good.” Hoseok had turned red and it was Yoongi’s best guess that he was embarrassed. He instantly knew what Hoseok was referring to – the double entendre in the chorus that alluded to the time in Hoseok’s bedroom where Yoongi had sunk onto his knees and…

Yoongi felt his flush deepen. He was certain he resembled a gush of lava from an irritable volcano.

“I liked your voice, too. I’ve never heard you sing before.” Yoongi shrugged his shoulders, his stomach warm with Hoseok’s praise. “And you can rap. Even though the lyrics were really nice – sweet, you made it sound daring. I don’t know,” Hoseok said, mumbling his way through his compliments. Yoongi regretted asking; he didn’t feel like he deserved Hoseok’s praise.

“Oh. Thanks,” Yoongi said, although he wanted nothing more than to rip the memory stick out of Hoseok’s drawer and burn it out of existence. How had a physical form of Yoongi’s feelings caused such a detrimental rift in their relationship?

“I listen to it a lot.” Hoseok carried on, albeit hesitantly. He had begun to pick at the loose thread of his blanket again. “I actually downloaded it onto my phone. I’ve been listening to a lot this past month.”

Something glinted in his eyes, something forlorn and abandoned. Yoongi felt self-loathing bite through his heart. “I’ve missed you, Yoongs.”

It took everything Yoongi had not to throw himself onto Hoseok, to take him in his arms, to whisper words of comfort in his ear, to kiss him, to touch him, to feel him again, to know that Hoseok was whole.

“And I know that you don’t want this anymore, and I respect that, but after finding this, it’s been so hard for me. Everything’s been hard. I felt so bad after the dinner; I didn’t know about the plan, and I was pissed too, I didn’t want to talk to ‘Jin or Jiminie, but everyone seemed to move on. Tae and ‘Guk got together, and ‘Joon and ‘Jin made up, and then there was just me, and I knew I hurt you, but I didn’t know – I don’t know how to fix it,” Hoseok rambled, his words messy and filled with such torment that Yoongi didn’t know how to process it.

Yoongi felt his legs tremble, his whole body shook, even though his feet were firmly planted on the floor. It felt as if he had been hurled into outer space, like his centre of gravity had been shifted. Then again, Hoseok always seemed to have that effect on him.

“I don’t know how to fix it either,” Yoongi blurted truthfully.

It was entirely his fault, and the fact that Hoseok had only blamed himself felt like one of his limbs had been torn off. The pain was immense, guilt tearing its way through Yoongi’s heart and polluting his bloodstream. He felt tears prick in his eyes, but he blinked them back furiously – he was not going to burst into tears; he did not deserve sympathy.

Hoseok’s face twisted. His pain was evident. “I’m sorry for going along with the plan and hurting Tae and ‘Guk. I’m sorry for hurting you.” Yoongi shook his head, biting his cheeks so as to stop the tears from spilling over. “I want to fix things, and if you don’t want to be together, then I want to be your friend-”

“No,” Yoongi cut across, desperation claiming hold of him. He needed to make Hoseok listen, needed him to understand. If Hoseok still wanted him, then there might be hope after all.
“I forgive you. But I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to yell at you and say all of that stuff. I didn’t mean any of it.” Yoongi’s spine protested against Yoongi leaning forwards, trying to meet Hoseok’s eye. “I want this. I want us. I’m sorry for pushing you away when things got hard, I should have been honest with you. I want to be your friend, and I want to be everything more, but you need to know that it wasn’t your fault.”

Hoseok’s eyebrows furrowed at Yoongi’s words, and Yoongi saw how his lips parted as if he was going to say something. Instead, he leant back slightly, away from Yoongi. “But it wasn’t your fault.”

“Maybe it was both of our faults,” Yoongi amended, trying to keep his voice soft. “I didn’t talk to you about how I was feeling, and I only ended up pushing you away and hurting both of us, and you went along with the plan. But the plan’s behind us. Tae and ‘Guk are happy. I’m not mad at you anymore.” He took a breath, seeing his words take a toll upon Hoseok who seemed slightly less rigid. “But you have every right to be angry with me.”

“What?” Hoseok shot out, his tense expression shifting into an incredulous one. “Why?”

Yoongi didn’t understand why Hoseok was so bemused. The reasons why Hoseok deserved to be enraged with him were blatant, in his opinion. “Because I was rude to you about the memory stick, and then I yelled at you in front of everyone. I misunderstood everything, and I didn’t let you explain. I…” This reason was harder to state. He dropped his voice several volumes lower. “I broke up with you.”

Hoseok was quiet. Yoongi bit his lip, wishing he could peer into Hoseok’s thoughts, but even the musing disturbed him. He had interfered with Hoseok’s life enough.

Eventually, Hoseok let out an exhale through his nose. He uncrossed his legs and moved to sit at the edge of the bed. His knee brushed against Yoongi’s and a fluttering sensation exploded within Yoongi’s stomach.

“I would never be mad at you because of that,” Hoseok said, his eyes finding Yoongi’s and holding the contact. His eyes searched Yoongi’s face. “You needed space, and I needed to respect that. I upset you, and you needed time. I forgive you for the other things, but you don’t need to say sorry about… about breaking up. It’s what you felt. Though, I would have liked a proper explanation.”

Yoongi squirmed at Hoseok’s words and how heavy Hoseok’s stare felt on his face. His heart was pumping drastically quickly. He hadn’t had attention from Hoseok in so long that it felt like coming home when Hoseok’s eyes flickered from his lips and back up to his eyes.

“I’m sorry,” Yoongi said again. He saw Hoseok going to talk and cut him off quickly. “No, I am. I should have explained things. I… I’m sorry I hurt you.”

A familiar warmth fell over his clenched fist. Yoongi almost sobbed at the contact and how familiar it felt. Hoseok had barely touched him and he had dismantled every barrier that Yoongi had built. The fluttering inside of his stomach turned into a dizzying amount of happiness, rushing through him and loosening every nerve.

“I forgive you,” Hoseok said, a smile curving onto his lips. A smile free from pain. Yoongi placed his other hand atop of Hoseok’s, feeling the warm skin beneath and savouring the sensation. “And I hope that you’ll consider taking me back?”

He looked so sincere that Yoongi couldn’t help but breathe out a laugh of disbelief. His happiness pricked in his eyes. He leant forwards, tilting his head so as to touch his forehead against Hoseok’s,
to feel the tickling sensation of Hoseok’s hair against his skin. He heard the chair creak from beneath
him, but he didn’t care about toppling over as he knew that Hoseok would catch him.

“Is that even a question?” Yoongi said, shivering when Hoseok’s light laughter caused his warm
breath to caress Yoongi’s lips. “Will you take me back? That’s a question.”

Hoseok’s hand tightened around his, and he let out another chuckle. “Shut up and kiss me.”

Yoongi couldn’t suppress the smile growing on his face even if he wanted to. He ignored the
swirling feeling rising in his gut, ebbing through his veins and twinging at his nerves, urging him to
move forwards, to force his carnal lusting onto the boy in front of him. He refused it. He and Hoseok
needed to bond, to make up properly, not to make out with the aim of sexual relief.

“I preferred your old pick-up lines,” Yoongi teased, dislodging himself from Hoseok to sit next to
him on the bed. “Your new ones are so cliché.”

Hoseok pretended to be hurt before dissolving into giggles, something that a child might do.
Yoongi’s heart swelled, along with his fondness for the boy. He adored Hoseok, it was impossible
not to as he carried with him an irresistible charm. With one joke and a well-placed handsome grin,
the entirety of their year had fallen for him, along with Yoongi.

A thrum of joy pulsed through him as he realised just how lucky he was that out of everyone in their
year, Hoseok had noticed him: quiet, reserved and introverted Yoongi. Perhaps the cliché was right,
maybe opposites did attract.

Hoseok hummed once he had ceased laughing. His hand entwined with Yoongi’s and Yoongi gazed
down at the sight. A comfort instantly cloaked him. He had missed the feeling of Hoseok’s hands in
his far too much. How had he coped for a month without the other’s intoxicating presence?

Hoseok’s eyes were enchanting, a thought that Yoongi had had on various occasions, however, the
point still held. They glittered with an energetic sparkle, as if Hoseok concealed universes inside of
them. The browns of his irises were lighter than Yoongi’s, warm and inviting. Yoongi only realised
he was leaning in when eyelids closed over Hoseok’s eyes, and he registered that Hoseok had
cupped his face with his spare hand.

Hoseok’s lips were soft too, matching the warmth held in his eyes. They pressed against his firmly,
self-assured, before fluttering open. Yoongi’s lips parted in response, Hoseok’s lips moving against
his in a slow, comfortable pace, transferring heat from mouth to mouth, skin to skin. Hoseok’s hand
traced over Yoongi’s cheek to card its way through Yoongi’s hair, which was rather untamed as he
barely had time to brush it.

It was slow at first, their kiss, and Yoongi was relishing the feelings involved. Warmth,
sentimentality and forgiveness. Hoseok’s hand in his, Hoseok’s mouth on his. But when Hoseok’s
tongue wove around his, sucking slightly before pulling away, something snapped within Yoongi.
He hadn’t such contact in over a month, ever since he had come to a startling revelation that he
wanted Hoseok in ways he wasn’t ready for.

In an effort to slow his raging hormones to a grinding halt, he placed a hand on Hoseok’s chest to
stop the kiss. While Hoseok respected the signal and pulled away just before planting a close-
mouthed kiss onto Yoongi’s lips, Yoongi’s hand still tingled with the heat of Hoseok’s chest
underneath his jumper.

Hoseok smiled at him, ultimately distracting Yoongi from his worryingly lustful thoughts. “I’ve
missed you,” he said, his hand still combing through Yoongi’s hair.
Yoongi squeezed his hand in reassurance before moving forwards and resting his head against Hoseok’s chest. He focussed on the loud strumming of Hoseok’s heart. “Missed you, too,” he mumbled, overcome with Hoseok’s heat.

He felt something tickle against his hair, alongside Hoseok’s fingers. Hoseok had buried his head in Yoongi’s hair, pressing a kiss to his head. Yoongi heard him swallow, felt the movement of his throat.

“Yoongs,” Hoseok said, sounding hesitant. Worry flooded through him, causing him to lean away and look up into Hoseok’s eyes to locate the problem. Hoseok blinked at him, his eyebrows furrowing uncertainly. “I’ve been thinking. I… Um. I think I—”

There was a knock on the door before it opened. Hoseok stoppered his mouth, his hand tensing in Yoongi’s hair. His mother stood in the doorway, her expression as cool as it had been when she had opened the front door to see Yoongi.

“I think it’s time to go home, Yoongi,” she said firmly. Her eyes rested on Hoseok and Yoongi’s entwined hands.

“Mum, don’t,” Hoseok said, clearly exasperated. His grip on Yoongi’s hand tightened, and his hand travelled down from Yoongi’s neck to rest on his lower back. “We talked it out. We’re okay now.”

Hoseok’s mother rose an eyebrow. Yoongi didn’t blame her for being sceptical. The one thing he had promised her, to never hurt Hoseok, had not been carried out. According to her, Yoongi was not to be trusted. Although Yoongi understood this, it didn’t mean it hurt any less to have her survey him with such hostility.

“Just like that?” She asked, her arms crossed in a typical disbelieving mum pose.

“Just like that,” Hoseok confirmed, his hand performing small circles on Yoongi’s back.

Although Yoongi was fairly certain Hoseok was doing it to get a rise out of his mother, he couldn’t deny that it was both comforting and slightly arousing. Arousing because for the first time in a month, Hoseok was touching him freely, his hand riding up Yoongi’s shirt, the heat from his hand stroking against the thin material on his back.

“Forgive me if I find that hard to believe,” she said, close to scoffing. “You’ve been moping around the house for a month, Hobi. You’ve turned down hanging out with friends to go to the studio, or to do homework. You’ve been so busy I’ve barely seen you, but when I do, I know that you’re hurting.”

“Mum!” Hoseok exclaimed. His hand paused on Yoongi’s back. “Don’t.”

“Don’t what?” She challenged, although her rising tone had turned rather high-pitched, like her voice was being strained. The guilt rushed through Yoongi like a vengeful tidal wave. “Don’t tell your supposed boyfriend how upset you’ve been ever since he broke it off with you for no good reason? How worried your family is about you?”

Her eyes were blazing, and she turned them to Yoongi. “Whatever happened for you to end things with Hobi may be your business, but you at least owe him an explanation.”

“Mum!” Hoseok intervened, bringing Yoongi closer to his chest. Yoongi didn’t like it one bit, he felt like he was being stifled, and he hated how loyal Hoseok was to him when he didn’t deserve it. “I told you! We talked. Yoongs explained and I forgave him, and he forgave me.”
“Really now?” She asked, her furious eyes turning towards Hoseok.

“Yes,” Hoseok snapped. Yoongi felt Hoseok tense with anger. “I understand that you’re looking out for me, but I’m not a little kid anymore. I can make my own decisions, and I’ve decided that me and Yoongs can put it behind us. It’s not up to you whether I’m okay with him or not. So, stop sticking your nose where it doesn’t belong.”

Yoongi felt the impact of Hoseok’s words, and he saw a flash of pain flicker across his mother’s face. Yoongi withdrew from Hoseok, away from the hand on his back. He sat rigidly next to Hoseok, staring at the floor. Hoseok’s hand had grown clammy in his.

“Right,” she said, her tone empty. “Right. I see you’ve made up your mind.”

“I have,” Hoseok said assuredly. “I’m sorry. But don’t let one fight change your opinion of Yoongs. It wasn’t his fault.”

Yoongi dared to glance up at Hoseok’s mother. Her face was slightly flushed, and she was regarding them both with an intensive stare, her brow screwed up in contemplation. Eventually, she seemed to sigh out the tension held in her body. She looked to Yoongi.

“Yoongi…” She began, before trailing off. Her eyes flickered back to Hoseok once more before returning to him. “I’m sorry for my outburst. I’m glad you and Hobi made up.” She seemed sincere enough, and Yoongi mustered up a small smile, wishing he could push out the words that her anger was completely justified.

Her eyes flickered back to Hoseok before a smile of her own crossed her face. “And you’re welcome to stay for as long as you like. But,” she stared warningly at Hoseok, “door open. No exceptions.”

“Mum!” Hoseok whined, scandalised. She laughed all the while Yoongi flushed at her implication.

“What? I’m being a sensible parent, just like you two should be sensible teenagers.” Her smile increased as Hoseok groaned his annoyance at her half-teasing. “Lunch will be soon. Dad isn’t here so it won’t be a full family gathering like last time, but you’re welcome to join if you wish, Yoongi.”

Yoongi returned the smile, aware that a rampant blush still remained on his face. “Thank you, Mrs Jung. And I’m sorry,” he added the latter part at the last second, wanting to amend his mistakes in some way.

She met his gaze and nodded. He felt some of the tension clear as she seemed to accept his apology. “Don’t fret over it. If Hobi accepts you, then it’s good enough for me,” she said.

Yoongi saw how Hoseok beamed at her words. Yoongi squeezed his hand, and when Hoseok squeezed back a rush of affection for the other boy coursed through his being.

“I’ll leave you two to it,” she said before shooting one more knowing glare at Hoseok. “Door. Open. Or no videogames for a week.”

Hoseok sighed dramatically. Yoongi wondered whether this was a typical scene in the Jung household. The thought only amplified his smile. “Fine. Not that we were gonna do anything anyway. Where’s the trust in this house?”

Hoseok’s mother rolled her eyes fondly before departing from the doorway. “It disappeared ever since you had to change your sheets after studying,” she called to him.

It took Yoongi a while to catch on to what she was referring to, and when he did it was too late.
Hoseok had already turned bright red and he was cursing under his breath. It should have been mortifying, and it was, for Hoseok’s mother to know about the time that Hoseok had snuck him over while his family was out and that they had dirtied the sheets. But it was also insanely hilarious.

Yoongi snorted, and Hoseok stared at him incredulously. The sight of Hoseok, with his hair rumpled and his eyes wide and his mouth open, was enough for Yoongi to lose it completely. He dissolved into a fit of laughter, bending over and clutching his stomach in order to constrain himself. But that became impossible when suddenly Hoseok’s head had butted into his neck, his infectious laughter resonating in Yoongi’s ears.

It was rejuvenating to laugh, to let out the tension that had built inside of him. He felt like he hadn’t laughed in quite a long time. His stomach was tense and ached with every laugh, but he pushed on through the pain. He felt deliriously happy, and although the paranoid thoughts clouded his mind, telling him that none of this could possibly last, Yoongi couldn’t bring himself to care.

It was him and Hoseok. And when Hoseok looked at him like that, with something so raw and warm, he could say for sure that nothing else mattered. Hoseok was his again, and this time, he was intent on keeping it that way.

Which meant, inevitably, that they were going to have to properly talk. But still, after his mother called them down for lunch, Yoongi decided that it could wait. At least for now.

The next days flew by, and in which Yoongi was encouraged by both his friends and his parents to begin applying for part-time jobs. He received an offer for an interview at a coffee place where he forced himself to not flounder and to pay attention to the questions asked instead of inwardly freaking out due to nerves. Luckily for him, his attempts seemed to work and secured a place on the barista team where he was called in to train on Friday, and if it went well, his first proper shift would start on the following Saturday.

He informed his friends and they quickly scheduled a meet-up. Taehyung made it clear that they were also celebrating Hoseok and Yoongi’s getting back together, to which Seokjin readily agreed with.

Everyone seemed to be in a festive mood, including his family which was strange since they never truly celebrated Christmas. His mother planted a kiss on his cheek after ruffling his hair once he confided in her after he had returned back from Hoseok’s house after they had reconciled, and she had taken him out the day afterwards for ice-cream, as she knew that Yoongi liked to eat and drink cold beverages in the winter. Even his father seemed upbeat; he refrained from doing work at him like he always did and instead began cooking dinner, talking to Yoongi’s mum and occasionally Yoongi when he came home and saw Yoongi doing his homework at the table.

It was the day after Yoongi had talked on the group chat to discuss their plans for Monday (they would all be travelling to Seokjin’s house save for Namjoon who had gone up there after the last day of school ended) when his mother cornered him before he had the chance to leave the living room to retire to his bedroom.

She settled herself down on her couch and asked him a simple question which he knew was about to spiral into something unwanted.

“So, any plans for this holiday?”

Yoongi, who had just risen from the couch, shrugged his shoulders listlessly. He didn’t want to give any indicator that he was interested in the conversation. “Not really.”
“Really?” She asked, looking up from a magazine that he knew that she hadn’t truly been reading. “Not even any plans with your friends? Hoseok?”

He shrugged again, taking a few steps towards the door. “Maybe. I’m gonna go and get changed—”

“Yoongi,” his mother stretched his name waringly, and Yoongi sighed and resigned himself to his usual sofa.

“What is it?” He huffed, wanting nothing more than to be a million miles away from the unwarranted conversation. He already knew exactly what she was going to ask, and he had no idea what to answer.

She shot him a glare. “Attitude, please.” He silenced himself as she placed her magazine aside to begin again. “I’m sure you and Hoseok are going to meet up now that you’re back together.”

Yoongi resisted groaning in annoyance. He didn’t like to talk to his mother about his relationship with Hoseok, much less discuss details. “I don’t know. Probably.”

“Well, seeing how excited he was about having you over for Christmas, I have my doubts that he won’t want to see you afterwards,” she said, knowing that she had pinned him into a corner.

He had to cave in. He picked at a piece of lint on his pyjamas. “We’ll probably meet up next week before school starts again. Go watch a movie or something. I don’t know.”

“Well, I’m glad you boys are spending time together,” she said before pausing. Yoongi tensed at her next words. “You seem so much happier now. You were so upset when you two were on a break. Did he do something to you?”

Yoongi bristled instantaneously, taking a disliking to the fact that his mother seemed to believe that Hoseok was capable of deliberately hurting him. “No,” Yoongi answered, hating how surly his voice sounded.

His mother merely rose an eyebrow and he cursed inwardly. “Really?” She asked, her voice the note of total scepticism.

“Yes, really,” he said, his annoyance seeping into his voice. “We were just… going through some things. But it’s over now. We’re fine.” She continued staring him down. “‘Seok would never hurt me.”

“Never is a big word to use,” she said, her voice quiet, careful. It failed to calm Yoongi’s defences, and he only shot a glare at her. She sounded far too patronising in his opinion.

“What are you saying?” Yoongi demanded to know, his defence quickly turning into anger.

His mother raised her eyebrows before her expression shifted into something nonplussed. “You’re both young,” she said simply, although her tone was still the same condescending careful. “You’re bound to make mistakes. This is your first relationship, Yoonie.”

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“So?” Yoongi refuted, shoving aside the feeling deep within his gut that his mother might be making a valid point. But he didn’t need her to point it out. “That doesn’t mean I’m a dumb kid.”

“I never said that, Yoon,” she sighed in exasperation, her brow furrowing somewhat and tarnishing her unruffled expression. “I think you’re mature, and I haven’t seen much of Hoseok, but from what I’ve heard he seems to care for you an awful lot. I’m just warning you that you can’t expect things to go perfectly, no matter how much you care for each other, or how mature you are – or think you
“‘Think’?” Yoongi questioned. “You just said I was mature.”

“I didn’t mean you,” she said, seemingly carefully. Yoongi understood at once.

“You don’t think ‘Seok is mature enough?’” Yoongi asked, affronted. His mother barely even knew Hoseok, had only seen him twice, so how could she judge the other boy’s maturity based on the minimum that Yoongi had said to her about him?

“Well, if he didn’t reach out to you over the whole month—”

“That’s not it,” Yoongi cut across, not wanting to hear the rest of her unwarranted statement. “You don’t understand. We both had reasons, and now it’s fine.”

“I’m sure you both had your reasons,” she carried on smoothly, apparently predicting his outburst. “All I’m saying is that it’s easy to be swept away with it all, and there’s nothing wrong with that, but it won’t always be fun and games. You’ll both have to make decisions. For example, you might have a job if the trial goes well, which means you’ll see less of each other because you’ll most likely be working weekends. Do you know what universities he’s applied to? Or if he has at all?”

Yoongi felt something vile burn in the pit of his stomach, eroding his tissue and stinging his throat. He felt his face burn along with his innards. He hated the words his mother was speaking, but he couldn’t deny their validity. But he didn’t want to focus on the ‘what-ifs’ anymore, he had already decided that. If he and Hoseok wanted to be together, they would make it work and that was that.

He couldn’t stand her watching him with pity in her eyes. He cast his gaze away and said as firmly as he could: “It doesn’t matter. I’m not an idiot, I know it’s not always going to be good, but I don’t care.”

His mother didn’t say anything in response, and when he looked up, he found her staring at him, her lips pursed in thought. He waited for something, a sign that she wasn’t done speaking to him and that a lecture was on its way about his attitude, but nothing came.

Until, “You really like Hoseok, don’t you?” She asked, spreading herself out on the couch like his brother did when he watched TV. She kept her eyes trained on him though, so Yoongi knew that she could spot the crimson blush on his face.

Yoongi shrugged, not wanting to give in so easily – his anger was still raw.

She blinked at him, a small smile tugging on her lips. “Aw. My baby’s growing up,” she cooed whilst he groaned in complaint. She laughed before turning slightly serious. “I didn’t mean to patronise you, Yoonie. I know you’re smart and mature, but it’s just that I don’t know much about Hoseok. I’ve only met him twice.”

He squirmed in his seat, guilt suddenly sticking its knife into his side. He knew that Hoseok talked incessantly to his own mother about Yoongi, and to his whole family as well, whilst Yoongi had only confided in his mother because she had found out.

He was in no way ashamed of Hoseok, why would he be? He merely hated how prying his family could be sometimes. He didn’t want them to embarrass him, especially with Hoseok around.

His mother was surveying him carefully, and she lowered her voice. “I haven’t told your father or your brother. That part’s up to you. I do want to have Hoseok around this holiday, just to get to know him, so I think it would be best to tell them beforehand.”
Yoongi mumbled something under his breath, and he personally didn’t know whether it was a confirmation or a refute. His mother seemed to know, and she smiled at him whilst readjusting the magazine onto her stomach.

“It’ll all be fine,” she assured him, opening the magazine. “But you’ll have to do it eventually. Now, you’re free to go upstairs and get changed. We can go out for lunch later, if you’d like, if you’re not too busy flirting with Hoseok.”

Yoongi practically bolted up off the couch and ran out of the room. “Now who’s being immature?” he called over his shoulder before he raced up the stairs.

He shut the door behind him before collapsing on his bed, groaning in embarrassment. Never again was he going to talk to his mother, nor the rest of his immediate family if he was going to be put through such emotional torture. But, then again, lunch later did sound good…

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local camboy looking for work

Kim Taehyung: Can someone please tell Gukkie that pineapple does not belong on pizza please??

Kim Seokjin: I am summoned

Jeon Jeongguk: No one summoned you tho

Kim Seokjin: Shut up, foetus

Kim Namjoon: Get off your phone on the toilet and come downstairs. Your mum keeps asking me what I want for Christmas.

Kim Taehyung: Ew, Jinnie

Kim Seokjin: Oh, don’t act so high and mighty

Kim Seokjin: Only I can do that

Jeon Jeongguk: can anyone except for Jin tell Tae that pineapple belongs on pizza as much as Yoon belongs in Seok’s arms?

Min Yoongi: why

Jung Hoseok: i come back to see this

Jung Hoseok: ily jeon jeongguk :)”

Min Yoongi: why

Kim Seokjin: Because we’re celebrating the fact that you two dumb idiots used your combined two braincells to realise that breaking up is stupid

Kim Namjoon: How do I tell ‘Jin’s mother that she does not have to bake me cookies??

Jung Hoseok: oh wow joon, 2 question marks instead of a full stop???? She must be breaking u

Kim Namjoon: She’s already broken me. She’s too nice.

Kim Taehyung: and yet she has Jin as a son
Kim Seokjin: WHAT IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
Kim Seokjin: I'm WONDERFUL, thank you very much!
Kim Taehyung: :P
Kim Taehyung: Anyway, pineapple on pizza? Yes or no
Jeon Jeongguk: yes
Jung Hoseok: yeah!!

Min Yoongi: I've never tried it

Jung Hoseok: wtf yoongs
Kim Namjoon: I've been dubious of it, so I've never tried it.
Kim Seokjin: Pineapple is a fruit and therefore does not belong on grease bread
Jung Hoseok: jimin doesn’t like either :/
Jeon Jeongguk: so that's two yes's, two no's, and two uncertain
Kim Seokjin: You gays are hopeless at being decisive
Kim Namjoon: *guys.
Kim Seokjin: I said what I said
Kim Taehyung: ;(
Kim Taehyung: My mum bought me and my little sister a recipe book and she wants me to help Hawyoung make a pizza
Kim Taehyung: And since Haw wants to invite her friends over, she also wants me to invite Gukkie
Jung Hoseok: and this is a problem because????
Kim Taehyung: because he’s mean :( 
Jeon Jeongguk: I'm mean??
Kim Seokjin: Is this a break-up?
Kim Seokjin: Please, no. I can’t handle another one
Jung Hoseok: not with ure unstable heart old man

Min Yoongi: will your heart give out, grandpa

Jung Hoseok: YOONGS EOFJWEN STOP COPYING ME

Min Yoongi: sorry

Kim Seokjin: Can you please stop flirting in front of my mum’s cookie batter?
Kim Taehyung: and can you please stop interrupting me while I’m telling my story? :(  

Min Yoongi: continue Tae

Kim Taehyung: Thanks Yoongs <3

Jung Hoseok: yoonie doesn’t want ur heart he wants mine and its alllll his

Min Yoongi: yoonie?

Jung Hoseok: can i not call u that :(  

Jeon Jeongguk: that’s what his mum calls him

Kim Namjoon: Kinky.

Kim Seokjin: Kinky

Jung Hoseok: CAN U ALL SHUT UP

Jung Hoseok: apart from yoongs <3333333

Min Yoongi: you can call me whatever, I don’t really mind

Kim Seokjin: Pretty Thighs!

Jeon Jeongguk: Kinkmaster 3000

Min Yoongi: this offer was only extended to Seok

Jung Hoseok: <333333333333

Jung Hoseok: yoonie is my favourite, you all suck

Jung Hoseok: wait

Jung Hoseok: @Kim Seokjin , what the hell do u mean about pretty thighs???

Kim Namjoon: Well.

Kim Seokjin: Have you ever seen your precious baby boy during summertime, H boy?

Kim Seokjin: Wearing those scandalous shorts?

Min Yoongi: you’re being creepy

Jung Hoseok: please stop looking at my boyfriend’s legs when u have ur own boyfriends to look at

Kim Seokjin: True. ‘Joon does have amazing thighs, they’re really nice to ride

Kim Seokjin: HAHAHHAHAHA

Kim Seokjin: ‘Joon just choked in front of my mother dearest and he blushed so hard when she asked him what was wrong

Kim Namjoon: I will never live this down.
Kim Taehyung: Okay, so since Haw wanted me to invite Gukkie over, I asked him what type of pizza he liked the best because I was thinking that we should bake two pizzas so that it's easier to split between Haw's friends and then me and Guk, but then he told me that he loved pineapple on pizza and then he laughed at me when I told him that he was gross, and you guys were no help and now I don't know what pizza to cook :(

Min Yoongi: what a dilemma you face

Kim Taehyung: I know!

Jung Hoseok: methinks yoonie was being sarcastic tae

Kim Taehyung: I know :

Kim Seokjin: Just say fuck it and cook whichever pizza you like best

Kim Seokjin: He's your boyfriend now, Tae, and he has to put up with you no matter what

Kim Namjoon: It's true.

Kim Seokjin: :)

Jeon Jeongguk: Tae I really don't mind

Kim Taehyung: are you sure?

Jeon Jeongguk: I'll like whatever you make :)

Kim Seokjin: In front of my mum’s cookie batter?

Kim Taehyung: Okay then <3 As long as you don’t complain to me after!

Jeon Jeongguk: hahahahahaha I wont I promise <3

Kim Namjoon: Get a room.

Jung Hoseok: get a rooom

Kim Seokjin: So have you two finally kissed yet?

Kim Seokjin: Tae and 'Guk, not 'Seok and 'Joon

Min Yoongi: we gathered that

Kim Taehyung: mind your business

Kim Taehyung: Get off your phones and interact with your mum

Jung Hoseok: i think u angered him

Kim Taehyung: No, I just want other people to stay out of things that don’t concern them

Kim Seokjin: Sorry, Tae

Kim Seokjin: We’ll get back to the cookies

Kim Seokjin: See you guys tomorrow!
Jung Hoseok: I’ve gotta go as well :/ studio

Jeon Jeongguk: it’s in less than a month now isn’t it Seok?

Jung Hoseok: yeah :/

Kim Taehyung: You’ll be great as usual! And I’ll be there as your good luck charm!

Jung Hoseok: yeah true

Min Yoongi: and me

Min Yoongi: if I can come

Jung Hoseok: !!! ofc u can come yoonieeee

Jung Hoseok: I already invited u ages ago

Min Yoongi: I know, just making sure

Min Yoongi: are you free to talk later?

Jung Hoseok: I should be in the evening! Ill call u when I can <3333333333

Jung Hoseok: gtg gays

Jeon Jeongguk: is this a thing now

Kim Taehyung: gays? I think it’s always been a thing

Jeon Jeongguk: Ever since Jin crowned us with such a title

Min Yoongi: poetic

Kim Taehyung: ikr!

Jeon Jeongguk: yoongs have you met up with Seok recently?

Min Yoongi: no, we’ve been too busy

Min Yoongi: we’re seeing each other for Christmas though

Jeon Jeongguk: oh yeah, I remember

Kim Taehyung: You remember?? It’ll be hard for me to forget! It’s all Seok talks about

Min Yoongi: really?

Jeon Jeongguk: yeah, Tae’s shown me the messages

Jeon Jeongguk: he’s very whipped

Kim Taehyung: He is!! And I didn’t show you all the messages

Kim Taehyung: some were a bit,,,,, extreme

Jeon Jeongguk: oh
Min Yoongi: oh

Min Yoongi: in what way

Kim Taehyung: aaaaaa don’t ask me!! I don’t want to think about my best friend doing that kind of stuff!!!

Jeon Jeongguk: yeah it is pretty awkward hahahaahahaha

Min Yoongi: what has he told you?

Kim Taehyung: Nothing much

Kim Taehyung: I don’t think he wants me to tell you :/

Min Yoongi: oh

Min Yoongi: I can just ask him later

Jeon Jeongguk: pls spare us the details

Kim Taehyung: Please do!!!!

Min Yoongi: I wouldn’t tell you guys anyway

Min Yoongi: unlike Seok apparently

Kim Taehyung: He didn’t tell me that much, I promise! And he was mostly joking

Kim Taehyung: I think

Jeon Jeongguk: is seok kinky

Min Yoongi: I’ve gotta go, my brother’s calling me

Jeon Jeongguk: so a firm yes?

Min Yoongi: fuck off Guk

Jeon Jeongguk: ;)

Yoongi hadn’t been to Seokjin’s house in over a year. He had first visited when the two had began bonding after Namjoon had introduced them to each other, and Seokjin’s mothers had both pinched his cheeks and called him ‘small’. Yoongi had sulked every time Seokjin held that moment against him and laughed.

Seokjin’s house hadn’t changed, and the only thing that had was the lawn outside – a few of its flowers were dying due to the particularly harsh winter. Yoongi shivered in his multitude of layers as Seokjin took his time to answer the door.

“He’s definitely here, right?” Taehyung asked, his brow furrowed as he stared at the door. His nose was tinged red and the rest of his face was practically invisible apart from his cheeks due to his hat and earmuffs.

“That’s what he said. Apparently, his mums went out to go last minute shopping,” Hoseok answered, checking back the messages on his phone. He shoved his phone back in his coat pocket.
before ringing the doorbell yet again, knocking at the door with his gloved knuckles just for measure. Disheartened at the lack of response, Hoseok huffed and stood down from the step, making his way back to Yoongi’s side and instinctively entwining their fingers. Yoongi suddenly felt far too hot in all of his layers with Hoseok’s warmth rushing through him and coating his skin. He gripped Hoseok’s hand a little too hard.

“I can call his phone,” Jeongguk suggested, laying his chin on Yoongi’s shoulder like he used to do years ago. A smile crept onto Yoongi’s face at the memory, despite the freezing cold.

“Good idea,” Taehyung said, clearly wanting nothing more than to step inside out of the blistering winter. Yoongi heard a chatter of teeth and from the corner of his eye he saw Taehyung brush against Jeongguk’s arm, clearly wanting to receive body warmth but too shy to do so.

It was clear that the two were still at the shy fumbling stages of their relationship, not knowing entirely how to act and unsure whether they were still trying to impress each other or to begin being themselves. Jeongguk had confided to him in secret over the phone that the closest he and Taehyung had gotten was handholding, and even that had made him nervous.

“I’m so glad it’s winter,” Jeongguk had told him one night. “My hands were sweating so much, I’m sure they sweat through my gloves.”

It was sweet, Yoongi thought, how much they respected each other’s boundaries whilst being unsure of what said boundaries were. He and Hoseok had long since crossed the awkward stage, he thought, and he was incredibly glad about that as it meant that he could be content being himself and knowing that Hoseok still cared about him, no matter how awkward he may be.

But sometimes, Yoongi missed the shy stage of their budding relationship. Now, he was too aware of Hoseok’s presence for all the wrong reasons. Every brush of Hoseok’s hand against his, every time Hoseok leant into him to laugh, Yoongi experienced it all tenfold. It was becoming increasingly infuriating and tedious to push down a hormonal urge to ravish Hoseok or let Hoseok have him. And yet he had failed to communicate his feelings to the other boy.

They had called each other last night before Yoongi went to sleep. Hoseok had been tired from his dance rehearsal, but he was feeling good about it; he had told Yoongi that he couldn’t wait to perform and that he couldn’t wait to go to dinner with his family and Taehyung and Yoongi afterwards.

He had asked about how Yoongi’s barista training day went on Friday and Yoongi had told him that it had been overwhelming and that he wasn’t sure whether he liked talking to customers but that the manager had been rather nice and patient with him, and that he needed the experience (and the money).

Yoongi had learnt that Hoseok had only applied to one of the same universities as him and a few others that he hadn’t named as he didn’t believe he could get into them. When Yoongi had insisted that Hoseok tell him, the other boy had merely laughed it off and told Yoongi that it was getting late and that they had to be up early tomorrow to get to Seokjin’s on time. But now it seemed that hanging up early was for nothing; Seokjin clearly wasn’t at home.

“Well, should we hang out at a café and come back later?” Taehyung suggested, rubbing his gloved hands together. Yoongi would have done the same had Hoseok not been holding one of his.

Jungkook pulled the phone away from his ear as he moved his chin from Yoongi’s shoulder. “He’s not picking up.”
“Let’s go then,” Hoseok said, looking at Yoongi to see if he agreed. Yoongi nodded; he was rather keen to get somewhere warm as well, and the group turned around and began to head down the path.

Yoongi’s ears winced as an explosive bang was heard. He whipped his head around to see that Namjoon had slammed the door against the greenhouse outside. The boy’s hair was askew, and his shirt was half-tucked into his trousers. His face was red, too red for the brief seconds he had been outside in the cold.

“Joon!” Hoseok exclaimed, looking thrilled. He practically dragged Yoongi back up the path, the two other boys in tow. “What took you so long?”

“We, uh…” Namjoon started, standing back so that everyone could pour in through the front door. “Lost track of time.” He cleared his throat just as Hoseok stared blankly at him before letting out a nervous laugh.

“Oh,” Hoseok said, his already red cheeks blazing. Yoongi felt Hoseok’s hand twitch in his. “Still, you knew we were coming.”

“I think he was a little preoccupied with me coming,” a voice announced from the stairwell. Seokjin appeared with a smug grin and a twinkle in his eyes. He was sporting an obnoxiously colourful Christmas jumper.

Taehyung had his nose crinkled at Seokjin’s remark. “Gross. I don’t want to think of my friends doing… that.”

Seokjin only continued to grin wider. “How cute, Tae.” He squeezed Taehyung’s ruddy cheeks before joining Namjoon by his side, his arm weaving around Namjoon’s waist. “You all look freezing.”

“I wonder why,” Yoongi said in a deadpan causing Seokjin’s eyes to crease in amusement.

“Oh, don’t look at us like that,” Seokjin laughed, rolling his eyes and squeezing Namjoon tighter. “Not when you’d be doing the same thing.”

Yoongi hoped that the flush on his face went unnoticed, however due to Jeongguk’s grin he doubted it did. He stared down at the floor instead of focussing on Seokjin’s smug expression or the similar flush on Hoseok’s face, willing away any of his perverse thoughts.

“So, when are your parents gonna be home?” Jeongguk asked, steering the conversation into safer waters.

Seokjin hummed whilst he approached Yoongi and attempted to unwind the scarf from around his neck. “Maybe in an hour? You guys wanna play a game before they get back?”

“Sure,” Taehyung agreed happily, removing his own scarf, along with his earmuffs, coat and gloves. Seokjin swept by to gather everyone’s winter layers and proceeded to dump them all on a conveniently placed chair by the door.

Yoongi, who had almost been strangled to death by Seokjin, had had to succumb to Hoseok’s help. He could scarcely breathe when Hoseok’s bare fingers brushed against the sensitive skin of his neck, and his skin felt on fire when Hoseok successfully slid off the scarf from around Yoongi’s neck, their chests centimetres away.

Hoseok smiled at him, his cheeks round and pink, his red lips chapped from the cold. “You’re so cute, Yoonie.”
Yoongi felt appalled by the giggles that slipped from his mouth whilst Hoseok looked delighted.

“Don’t let my mum hear you call me that,” he deflected, trying not to let on how much Hoseok’s words had affected him. His stomach roared with an uncontrollable fire that wanted Hoseok closer to him. “She’ll never let me hear the end of it.”

Hoseok laughed, stepping away from him only to shrug Yoongi’s coat off. Yoongi vaguely heard Taehyung laugh at something Seokjin said and then follow Namjoon and Jeongguk into Seokjin’s living room.

“But it’s so cute,” Hoseok mock-whined, taking Yoongi’s coat in his arm and casting off his own onto the nearby chair. “Just like you.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes, although his stomach was jittering with anticipation, like Hoseok was about to pin him down on the Kims’ counter. “When did your pick-up lines get worse?”

Hoseok pouted before bursting into laughter. “Don’t be mean. I take pride in my pick-up lines!”

“You shouldn’t,” Yoongi mumbled as Hoseok took Yoongi’s hand and followed the path that the others had taken into the living room.

“You took your time,” Seokjin commented loudly, drawing the attention of everyone. “What were you two up to, hmm?”

“Nothing!” Hoseok said, sounding far too defensive. He dropped Yoongi’s hand quickly. “We’re not all sex deviants like you.”

Seokjin chuckled but raised an eyebrow, clearly disbelieving Hoseok’s words. Yoongi avoided his gaze, tried not to think about how cold he felt without Hoseok’s hand nestled in his.

“Anyway,” Namjoon quickly diverted. “We were about to play a game. ‘Jin had an idea?”

“Yes,” Seokjin said, smiling. Naturally, trepidation crept into Yoongi’s stomach as he sat beside Jeongguk on the couch. Hoseok perched on the armrest next to him, an arm slung on the back of the couch. “Let’s play truth or dare.”

Taehyung visibly deflated. “But that’s so boring. And not Christmas-themed.”

Seokjin slumped as well, an arm sneaking over Namjoon’s stomach as he snuggled closer. “Fine. Christmas truth or dare. I want to play it with you guys.”

“Sounds tame,” Hoseok laughed. “I thought you were supposed to be in uni?”

Seokjin threw him a piteous look. “Truth or dare makes a comeback in university, ‘Seok. You’re just not cool enough to know about it.”

Namjoon let out a low whistle as if Seokjin had dealt the winning blow. Hoseok merely laughed it off and gave Seokjin the finger.

“I don’t mind truth or dare,” Jeongguk stated, ultimately becoming the deciding vote. Taehyung must have pouted at him as Yoongi saw him smile in adoration. “It could be fun.”

“Great!” Seokjin announced, lurching forwards and away from Namjoon with a devious smile on his face. His eyes scanned the room, latching onto one face to another before lingering on Yoongi and Hoseok. “Eldest goes first.”
“It’s the youngest,” Namjoon corrected, seemingly aware that Seokjin had something up his sleeve. He didn’t look particularly pleased with his boyfriend’s antics, but his eyes were soft as he surveyed Seokjin’s profile. “So it would be ‘Guk’s turn first.”

Jeongguk shrugged. “Sure, okay.”

Yoongi watched in amusement as Seokjin nudged Namjoon and glared whilst Namjoon stared back innocently.

“‘Seok, truth or dare?” Jeongguk asked, a smile curving on his face as he eyed Hoseok who was perched on the armrest.

Hoseok raised an eyebrow as if to show that he wasn’t impressed he had been singled out. “Truth,” he answered in a clear tone. To Yoongi, it was clear that Hoseok wanted to show that he wasn’t scared.

Jeongguk grinned at Hoseok’s option; clearly it had been the one that the boy had hoped Hoseok would choose. “Is it true you like lingerie?”

Yoongi’s breath caught in his throat and he felt his cheeks burn in embarrassment. He couldn’t bring himself to look Hoseok in the eye, nor Jeongguk. He was going to kill Jeongguk for asking such a question. How had he known about it anyway?

“‘Seok, you saucy boy!” Seokjin exclaimed before bursting into laughter. He pointed at Hoseok, clearly Hoseok had turned as bright a shade of red as Yoongi had. “Do you? You’ve got to tell the truth.”

“Who doesn’t like lingerie?” Hoseok retorted, and Yoongi dared to glance up through his hair to find that, yes, Hoseok was red, but he also looked defiant. “I’d be crazy not to.”

“You should have asked if he liked Yoongs in lingerie,” Seokjin hissed at Jeongguk. Jeongguk collapsed against the back of the couch, his shoulders shaking in laughter. “You fucked this up for us.”


“Well, I do,” Seokjin said brashly, shooting a wink in Yoongi’s direction – much to Yoongi’s disdain. He must have felt everyone’s eyes on him as he tried to turn to turn the attention onto someone else. “And so does ‘Seok.”

“Fuck off,” Hoseok scoffed, denying nothing.

“Tae’s right. You are gross,” Jeongguk said and then deftly ignored Seokjin letting out an offended gasp. “‘Seok, you’re next. Who do you pick?”

Hoseok grinned and rubbed his palms together, milking the tension. “Hmm… Who will be my victim?” He pondered to himself before his grin grew in an almost sadistic manner as his eyes landed on Taehyung. “Ah. Tae-Tae.”

Taehyung audibly groaned and Yoongi thought he saw his face flush something crimson. “I’m your best friend, ‘Seok, have mercy.”

“Truth or dare?” Hoseok grinned relentlessly, and Yoongi laughed as Seokjin let out an amused squawk at Taehyung’s embarrassed expression.
“Do I have to?” Taehyung moaned, and Seokjin cackled and jolted forwards to raise his protests. Judging from Namjoon’s pained expression and the groan he let out, Yoongi assumed that Seokjin must have elbowed him in the process.

“Of course you have to!” Seokjin exclaimed. “Have you never played truth or dare before?”

“When I was eleven!” Taehyung retorted, his face ruddy from his frustration.

“Tae,” Hoseok called Taehyung’s attention. “Truth or dare? If you don’t answer, I’ll pick for you.”

“Fine,” Taehyung complied against his will. Yoongi was uncertain whether to laugh or to feel guilt, and it looked like Jeongguk was having the same problem. Taehyung pouted. “Dare.”

“Kiss ‘Guk!” Seokjin yelled before Hoseok could even open his mouth.

Namjoon looked shocked at his boyfriend’s exclamation, but it was nothing compared to the mortification on Taehyung’s face.

“Jin, stop being annoying and let me have my turn,” Hoseok reprimanded, ultimately sparing Taehyung the embarrassment. Yoongi noticed that Jeongguk too had turned a ruddy crimson and had turned to sinking into the couch to hide.

Seokjin merely laughed, but when Taehyung shot him a meaningful glare he seemed to come to his senses. He turned regretful. “Sorry, ‘Seok, Tae,” he said, and Yoongi watched how Namjoon squeezed Seokjin’s thigh in appreciation.

Taehyung cast his gaze to the floor whilst Hoseok cleared his throat. “Tae, I dare you to tell us that dream you had about your crush.”

The reaction was instantaneous, and a tad overdramatic in Yoongi’s opinion. Seokjin let out a scandalised gasp and Namjoon’s eyebrows receeded into his hairline. Yoongi turned to see Taehyung glaring murderously at Hoseok, and in turn Hoseok smiled back, a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

“‘Seok,” Yoongi said quietly, and Hoseok responded by rubbing his arm.

The warmth transferred sent an immediate shiver over his skin, he could feel the hair of his arm prickling under his jumper. He bit his lip and looked away. He knew there was no way he would be able to continue repressing his feelings; there was only a limited amount of time before it was to implode within him, these feelings of adolescent lust and whatever it was he felt for Hoseok.

Be it like or love, Yoongi didn’t know what to do about it. He knew that he should talk to Hoseok about what he was feeling like he had vowed to himself, but he didn’t know when the opportune moment was to talk to Hoseok. They hadn’t been alone together since Yoongi had visited him to reconcile, but it hadn’t been the right moment then either. Everything had been far too raw for him to press and stir matters.

The only opportunity that Yoongi could think of when discussing such matters of his and Hoseok’s future was Christmas. But what if Hoseok came to the conclusion that he didn’t want to pursue anything with Yoongi further, sexually and romantically, because their time together would surely be too limited? Even if they did by some slim chance end up going to the same university, who could say for certainty that they would stay together?

They would be pursuing different courses, and therefore would be in different departments. They might not be able to live in the same accommodation, and Hoseok would make his own new friends
easily whilst Yoongi would struggle, and then Hoseok would leave him.

They would gravitate naturally away from each other once Hoseok realised how many other people were out there who offered more than Yoongi. People who were loud and charismatic and laughed freely at Hoseok’s jokes without hiding a smile. But Yoongi already knew that none of them would compare to the enchanting glow of Hoseok’s aura, endearing and beguiling.

“I’ll take the forfeit,” Taehyung said, disrupting Yoongi’s train of pessimistic thought.

He was being ridiculous, he concluded as Seokjin let out a disappointed groan whilst Namjoon laughed. He needed to tell Hoseok what he was thinking in order to find out what Hoseok thought. He needed to stop jumping to ridiculous conclusions lest he doom himself and any potential future for him and Hoseok.

“What’s the forfeit, ‘Seok?” Namjoon asked, an amused smile on his face as Taehyung groaned again despite his own decision to give up on the dare.

“Hmm…” Hoseok hummed whilst considering. Yoongi pinched his elbow, silently warning him not to give too harsh of a punishment. Hoseok caught his hand, intertwined their fingers as he rested their hands on his thigh. “So, since Tae has to tell a truth… Tae, tell us about your dream – I’m joking, I’m joking!” Yoongi had glared up at him at the same time as Taehyung.

“Tae,” Hoseok said more soberly. “Tell ‘Jin about how you hacked his account last year.”

Yoongi grew bemused as the faint memory of Seokjin’s panicked messages came back to him after someone, some virus, had hacked into his social media.

Seokjin practically flew up off the couch, his mouth wide open in disbelief. “That was you!? he all but shrieked, pointing at Taehyung in an exaggerated manner. “How did you do that? And why? Do you know how much shit I could have gotten into if I hadn’t told everyone I’d been hacked?”

Taehyung was the one to grin now, his eyes creasing in delight. He laughed and grabbed hold of Seokjin’s hand. “I’m sorry! Jiminie dared me too! It was only a fluke I figured out your passwords, he was the one who uploaded all that stuff!”

Seokjin looked torn between crumpling into laughter along with everyone else or being eaten away by rage. “I’m gonna kill him,” Seokjin said, and Taehyung barked out another laugh and grabbed at Seokjin’s other hand. “He told the world that I fantasised about Mrs. Lee! That I would be willing to buy pictures of her feet! It’s not funny, guys.”

Yoongi had struggled to hide his smile, and when Hoseok let out a wheeze of laughter and had leant into him, it was impossible to hide it. He laughed both at the recent discovery of the reality behind Seokjin’s hacked accounts and at Seokjin’s high-pitched speech. He hadn’t laughed so hard in a while, and it made him realise just how long a month could be without the companionship of his friends.

But not all of his friends were present.

Jimin hadn’t turned up. It was the elephant in the room. Taehyung had told them all about how he and Jimin had made up, how Jimin had reached out to apologise and how Taehyung had forgiven him. Seokjin had rung Jimin’s home phone, had apologised for the whole ordeal and had invited Jimin for the pre-Christmas dinner at his house. Jimin hadn’t promised anything, and Yoongi personally hadn’t expected for Jimin to show.

Jimin had been through a lot, and maybe it was too early to reconcile with the group when
everything had gone wrong last time they had all seen each other. Or maybe Jimin was simply busy or didn’t want to interact with anyone.

Still, he had responded to Yoongi when Yoongi had called his house yesterday before he had phoned Hoseok and had talked things through with him. He had sounded tired, but he had also sounded regretful and had apologised when Yoongi had talked about what had taken place at the restaurant.

“I got carried away,” Jimin had admitted. “Jin said that it would all be fine, that we just needed to put ‘Guk in a corner, and he’s always been easy to wind up. I didn’t know that, well, what happened would happen. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for-”

“Jiminie, it’s fine,” Yoongi cut across before Jimin placed the blame entirely on himself. “Everything’s alright now. Tae and ‘Guk are together,” he had stumbled on that fact due to the knowledge acquired from Hoseok that Jimin liked Taehyung, “and ‘Seok and I are fine now too. So are ‘Jin and ‘Joon. Everything turned out okay.”


“Hey,” Yoongi dismissed, his brow had furrowed in pain upon hearing Jimin’s defeated voice. “You did what ‘Jin thought would work. Things got out of hand, but it’s not all ‘cause of you. You were trying to help, right? You wanted to help ‘Guk and Tae get together like the rest of us. We can all shoulder the blame, but it doesn’t matter because everything’s fine. Don’t beat yourself up over this, okay?”

“… I guess,” Jimin had said eventually, although he sounded hesitant. “Thanks, Yoongs. Listen, I’ve gotta go.”

“See you tomorrow?” Yoongi had asked, although his hopes weren’t raised.

“Mm. Maybe,” Jimin had said before saying in a slightly heartier tone. “Night night, Yoongs.” He had hung up. Yoongi wondered when they would next talk, when they would next see each other. He promised himself that he would ring Jimin after Christmas to arrange a meeting, just the two of them. He needed to know how Jimin was coping.

He was startled out of his thoughts when Hoseok nudged him, leaning into him all the while wrapping his arms around his shoulders as he shook with laughter. Seokjin was fuming in the corner apparently whilst Namjoon was trying to console him through his own laughter. A joke had obviously played out and Yoongi hadn’t been aware of it, too lost in his own head.

Taehyung, who was still laughing, tried to speak. “Okay, so I guess – ‘Jinnie stop glaring at me, I said I’m sorry!” He creased with laughter again and not-so-subtly leant into Jeongguk’s side. “Is it my turn?”

“Go ahead, Tae,” Namjoon encouraged, smiling amusedly as Seokjin pushed away his arm when he chuckled.

“Ohay,” Taehyung said, chewing his cheek as he scanned the room.

Yoongi didn’t have time to worry about whether he was to be picked; Hoseok’s scent was drowning out any coherent thought he had, and he was lost in the intoxicating comfort of Hoseok’s arms, all the while being cast into a disarray of thoughts of Hoseok’s arms pinning him down onto the couch, Hoseok attacking his skin with open-mouth kisses until-
“Yoongs.” A voice jolted him from his fantasies, and he turned his head to find Taehyung grinning at him. “Truth or dare?”

Yoongi parted his lips before he had even considered an answer. He felt Hoseok sink his chin into Yoongi’s shoulder, his hair tickling the shell of Yoongi’s ear. Yoongi tried to repress a shiver but he was sure he had failed when he felt Hoseok pull away from him. His brain seemed to have temporarily shut down due to Hoseok’s proximity and he had failed to notice someone enter the room and announce their presence.

Seokjin’s parents had returned home and they stood at the living room door.

“Hello, boys,” Haewon greeted. Her eyes slid past Hoseok’s and landed on Yoongi’s. Her smile broadened, resembling a delighted Seokjin. “Are you all alright?”

“We’re doing fine, Mrs. Kim,” Hoseok replied with ease.

She rolled her eyes fondly whilst Meeyon laughed. “Still ever so polite, Mr. Jung,” Meeyon joked, nudging her wife playfully.

Hoseok blushed and mumbled an apology. Yoongi smiled, endeared by Hoseok’s shyness, and he took Hoseok’s hand once more. Hoseok squeezed back, shooting him a grin.

“Stop embarrassing ‘Seok more than he already is,” Seokjin called out, and his mums tittered.

“Sorry, Hoseok,” Meeyon apologised, her hand resting on her wife’s shoulder. “We’re going to serve out dinner now, so when you boys are ready, join us in the kitchen.”

“I hope you’ve been offered drinks?” Haewon raised an eyebrow, staring at Seokjin. “It would be a shame if the person hosting in our absence has made a bad impression.”

“He’s the one making a bad impression, don’t worry, Haewon,” Taehyung said and then laughed when Seokjin threw out a snarly fake-laugh.

“Oh, Taehyung, I have missed you,” Haewon said, a laugh at her son’s expense slipping free from her lips.

Taehyung smiled abashedly. Seokjin rolled his eyes before whispering into Namjoon’s ear just as his mother said something to Meeyon.

Meeyon smiled at whatever her wife had said to her before pulling her away from the door. “We’ll leave you boys to it. We’ll all catch up at dinner.”

Yoongi smiled as they shut the door behind them, assumedly heading back into the kitchen to prepare the meal.

“Your parents seem happy,” Jeongguk said to Seokjin who merely smiled and rolled his eyes. “I haven’t seen them in ages.”

“That’s why they’re happy,” Seokjin replied, leaning further onto Namjoon so that his head was practically resting on his lap. “You guys haven’t been around and especially not altogether like this.”

“I guess we haven’t all been friends for that long,” Taehyung said thoughtfully before he swung an arm over Yoongi’s shoulder and grinned at him mischievously. “But thanks to you, Yoongs, and your willingness to put up with ‘Seok, we all met!”
“Hey!” Hoseok exclaimed, pinching Taehyung’s arm and reclaiming his right to Yoongi’s shoulders. “What do you mean by ‘put up with’?”

“Nothing,” Taehyung smiled innocently whilst Seokjin cackled from the other side of the room.

“Hmm,” Hoseok said, clearly crafting something. “Maybe we should thank ‘Guk for dating you. Your pining over him is more bearable now.”

“Oh, shut up!” Taehyung cried, moving over Yoongi to slap Hoseok on the leg. Hoseok, in an attempt to jump out of the way, threw himself onto the floor and landed on his stomach.

The door opened yet again as Meeyon looked in on them. “Oh dear,” she exhaled when seeing Hoseok on the floor. “We leave you alone for five minutes and you’re already fighting.”

“Tae started it,” Seokjin piped up, jabbing a finger at Taehyung’s reddened face. “He punched ‘Seok square in the face.”

“Namjoon, is this true?” She asked wearily, and Yoongi recognised the dry humour from his last visit all those months ago, eerily similar to his own.

“Uh,” Namjoon dithered, clearly unsure whether to side with his boyfriend in jest or to stick to his moral ground. “I guess Tae’s more violent than we realised.”

“I’m not!” Taehyung cried, his face ruddy and his smile abashed. Yoongi saw Jeongguk smile endearingly, his hand incredibly close to reaching out and resting atop of Taehyung’s.

Seokjin failed to hide his snicker and he patted Namjoon’s hand which ran through his hair. Hoseok lifted himself from the floor and rejoined Yoongi’s side with a bright grin, his hair and clothes dishevelled.

“Are you alright, Hoseok?” Meeyon asked, an amused smile lingering on her face.

“Right as rain, Mrs. Kim,” Hoseok replied breezily. Yoongi snorted through his nose and picked a hair from the rug off of Hoseok’s jeans.

“Well, next time you decide to be punched by Taehyung, please refrain from falling onto our rug. We’ve just had it cleaned and it would be an awful shame if you were to get blood on it,” she said and Yoongi heard familiar laughter from behind the door.

Haewon peeked out from behind her wife’s shoulder, bearing a matching grin. “When she’s done messing with you, dinner’s ready, so get out here before it gets cold.”

“Fine!” Seokjin exclaimed and sat up from Namjoon’s lap. Namjoon got up and followed after him just as Seokjin’s parents departed back into the kitchen.

Taehyung jumped up, grumbling under his breath about how he was ‘going to get ‘Jin back’, whilst Jeongguk dithered. Hoseok slipped down from the armrest and hauled Yoongi up by their conjoined hands.

“Um, Yoongs?” Jeongguk asked, his voice wary. “Can I speak to you for a bit?”

Hoseok turned and regarded Jeongguk with a questioning stare whilst Yoongi bit his lip. He was sure he knew what Jeongguk wanted to talk to him about, but he didn’t know how else to phrase the words he had told him on multiple occasions.
“If you’re going to talk to me about what I think you are then remember what I’ve told you before,” Yoongi advised, fully aware that Namjoon and Taehyung had turned around to look at them whilst Seokjin talked to his mums in the kitchen.

“Yeah, but…” Jeongguk looked pained and Yoongi watched his ears turn red as he fidgeted. “It’s harder than it looks.”

“Are you guys alright?” Namjoon asked, approaching them with a bemused expression. Taehyung followed behind him and Jeongguk averted his gaze.

“Yeah, we’re fine,” Yoongi said, grasping Jeongguk by the wrist and urging him forwards, nearer to Taehyung. He felt Hoseok squeeze his hand and he knew that Hoseok would hound him for answers later. “Let’s go get dinner.”

Namjoon pulled a face. “If ‘Jin says something embarrassing again like he did last night I really am going to kill him.”

Hoseok laughed and nudged his arm with his shoulder. “No, you won’t, you need to get into a good uni and you won’t let something as insignificant as ‘Jin’s murder ruin your record.”

Namjoon let out a rumbling chuckle. “That’s true.”

“Also because you love him,” Taehyung said as they piled into the kitchen. “And murder is bad.”

“Are you planning my murder behind my back?” Seokjin asked as he finished laying the table, arching an eyebrow playfully.

“If you are, you should include us in your plans,” Haewon said, carrying two plates heaped with food to the table. “We’re his parents and we need to give you our blessing.”

“You guys are the worst parents,” Seokjin complained, sinking down into his chair.

Meeyon laughed and ruffled his hair, placing a plate in front of him. “We’re joking, honey. If ‘Joonie ever tried anything, he’d have us to go through.”

Namjoon let out a nervous laugh and took his seat next to Seokjin who nudged him and smirked. Yoongi sat opposite Namjoon and he watched as Hoseok made a beeline for the chair next to him, nudging Jeongguk out of the way.

Yoongi glared at Jeongguk who only stared back helplessly. Why was he being so skittish around Taehyung to the point where he had been about to sit next to Yoongi? He silently thanked Hoseok for stealing the opportunity from him, and he turned his head away pointedly as Jeongguk slid onto the chair next to Taehyung.

“What was that about?” Hoseok muttered, his lips dangerously close to Yoongi’s ear.

Yoongi shrugged, failing to repress yet another shiver just as Haewon placed food in front of him with a smile.

“Are you boys hungry?” Haewon asked as she sat down as Meeyon finished handing out the food.

“Starving,” Taehyung said, and Meeyon smiled fondly whilst Haewon laughed into her wine.

“Good. You’ve got a lot to get through. I think ‘Yon went overboard,” Haewon said, and was immediately elbowed by Meeyon.
“Hey! You were the one who said to make loads, just in case,” Meeyon defended, seemingly put out until Haewon laughed and kissed her temple.

“I was kidding! The more the merrier. Speaking of, everyone dig in!” Haewon said, and Yoongi obeyed as the smell of the spiced noodles in front of him were making his mouth water.

Meeyon was an amazing chef and it was clear where Seokjin had inherited his ability to cook from. Yoongi was certain that he was audibly slurping his noodles, but nobody paid him any mind due to them focussing on their own food.

“This is so nice, Mrs- Meeyon,” Hoseok said appreciatively, his lips wet with noodle broth. Yoongi tried very hard not to stare and instead directed his attention back to his noodles.

“I’m glad you think so,” Meeyon said warmly, her smile bright and kind. “And thanks to a certain someone, there’s enough left over for seconds if anyone wants some.”

“I’ll have some,” Jeongguk said, his plate practically wiped clean. Yoongi rolled his eyes, incredibly used to Jeongguk’s hearty appetite.

Haewon turned around to grab the pot on the stove and placed it on the middle of the table. “Here you go, sweetie.” She then turned to her wife and raised an eyebrow. “See? I told you you would need to make loads.”

Jeongguk thanked her and spooned some more noodles onto his plate whilst Seokjin’s parents argued back and forth playfully, almost flirtily.

“Where do you put all that?” Taehyung asked in awe, staring at Jeongguk with wide eyes. The redness of Jeongguk’s cheeks had very little to do with the heat of the food and more to do with Taehyung’s undeterred attention, Yoongi guessed. “You’re so muscly and yet you always eat so much! I’m jealous!”

Jeongguk cracked a nervous sort of smile and twirled a noodle around his chopsticks. “Maybe if you went running with me more often…”

Taehyung broke into an infectious grin and he slapped Jeongguk’s arm. “Hey! You know how I feel about running! It’s morally wrong!”

Jeongguk laughed into his bowl of noodles whilst Taehyung grumbled on about how much of a health-nut Jeongguk was. Yoongi looked across the table to find Seokjin rolling his eyes fondly at Namjoon. He felt something brush against his calf, a foot. He turned to find Hoseok smiling at him affectionately.

“Can I convince you to ever join me in the studio for a dance session, Yoonie?” Hoseok asked, and Yoongi had to laugh at the thought.

He shook his head rapidly. “No,” he said with such firmness that Hoseok seemed taken aback and spat out a loud bark of laughter which drew everyone’s attention to him. “I can’t dance and I’m not gonna risk embarrassing myself in front of you.”

Hoseok looked as if he was about to say something consoling but he didn’t get chance to as Haewon let out a fond laugh. Her smile was warm, and her eyes were sparkling as she regarded Yoongi and Hoseok, her eyes sliding over to Taehyung and Jeongguk and then Namjoon and Seokjin.

“You’re all so cute. Remember when we were like that?” She said to Meeyon, who was regarding them with an equally fond look. “Young and in love?”
Yoongi almost choked on his noodles at the word that had been tearing hunks off of his brain. He and Hoseok were not in love, surely. They were far too young. And, yet, this emotion stirring inside of him whenever Hoseok touched him or even so much as looked at him could not be chalked up to a mere crush. Still, Yoongi considered it far too early to be talking about the prospect of love. He wasn’t even sure he understood it himself.

“We’re still young,” Meeyon contradicted, “and hopefully in love.” She gave Haewon a pointed look.

Haewon laughed. “Of course I love you. Now, you lot,” she turned her gaze back to the boys in front of her, her mischievous smile reminding Yoongi a lot of Seokjin. “How long have you been together? I know about you and ‘Joonie of course, ‘Jin. But I didn’t even know you four knew each other.” She gestured to Hoseok and Yoongi, Jeongguk and Taehyung.

“Ah, mum, don’t embarrass them like that,” Seokjin said, and Yoongi felt a sense of bewilderment creeping up on him. Seokjin usually was the one to pounce on any opportunity to embarrass someone. “That’s my job.” Yoongi audibly sighed, to which Seokjin cackled.

“Let me explain so that nobody else has to,” Seokjin began. Haewon smiled and nodded her encouragement whilst Yoongi’s stomach rolled with dread. He shot Hoseok a disconcerted look and Hoseok returned the sentiment by rolling his eyes.

“After ‘Joon and I got together, I invited ‘Seok and Tae to a party and ‘Seok got a little… silly, and messaged Yoongs his undying love and affection. Yoongs’ unromanced heart didn’t know what to do with this, and when they finally started talking, he freaked out and broke it off. And then they got back together and broke it off again. And then they got back together and broke up – and you get the gist. Anyway, they’re here before us together, hopefully for a little while longer before they break up again-”

“’Jin!” Meeyon hissed, her eyes narrowed and threatening. Yoongi feared his face was terribly flushed although he knew that Seokjin was joking.

Seokjin backed down. “Alright, alright.” He met Yoongi’s eye before looking to Hoseok. “I’m kidding. Really. If you guys don’t stay together this time, I really will skin you both alive.”

Haewon nodded, almost approvingly, whilst Jeongguk snorted into his noodles. Namjoon lifted his glass of water as if to cheers what Seokjin had said, and Taehyung grinned delightedly while giving a few ostentatious rounds of applause. “‘Seok and Yoonie forever.”

“I’m going to skin you, Tae,” Yoongi muttered under his breath, causing Hoseok to choke on his noodles. Yoongi clapped at his back while he coughed into his plate, the shirt under Yoongi’s palm was warm and he felt every flex of Hoseok’s spine as he spluttered.

“Shut up, ‘Jin,” Hoseok said once he had recovered. Yoongi’s hand lingered on his back before withdrawing. Hoseok turned to grin at him, his hand coming to rest on Yoongi’s thigh, his fingers brushing against Yoongi’s knee. “We’re gonna stay together.”

Seokjin gave them both a wary look. “I’ll hold you to that.” Yoongi didn’t even have a chance to form a defensive retort before Seokjin clapped his hands and briskly moved on.

“So, Tae and ‘Guk. They officially got together recently, but they’ve been dancing around each other since last year. They eventually got together due to my doing – no need to look at me like that, Yoongs, I’m not proud of it. But I am proud that they eventually stopped dancing once they realised they were hopeless at it.”
“I think that’s enough,” Taehyung said through a strained smile, his ears bright red. Jeongguk wasn’t coping much better – the entirety of his face was a ruddy crimson.

“Jin, leave the poor boys alone,” Meeyon reprimanded lightly to save them all further embarrassment.

Seokjin simply shrugged his shoulders and carried on with his meal, but not before giving Taehyung a small wink. Taehyung rolled his eyes, but he smiled all the same. Apparently, just like everybody else, Taehyung found it hard to hold a grudge against Seokjin.

“So, how did you boys cope with exams?” Meeyon asked, diverting the conversation away from the topic of love lives. “Joon seems to have gotten on rather well. What about you? Yoongi?”

Yoongi shrugged as everyone’s fell to him and he felt Hoseok squeeze his leg from under the table as a form of encouragement. “It went okay. I think,” Yoongi said.

“I think it went fine, Yoongs,” Namjoon, ever the loyal friend, assured him from across the table. “You studied really hard.”

Yoongi gave him what he hoped was a convincing smile as the conversation carried on as Taehyung discussed his revision methods, or lack of. He was just grateful that Seokjin hadn’t butted in and said something along the lines of how Yoongi had only studied just so he could think about something other than Hoseok.

He hardly heard Taehyung finish talking due to the thick fog of sadness that enclosed his mind. He had been so close to losing Hoseok, and who was to say that the day wasn’t approaching soon? Where Hoseok would slip from his grasp and they would part forever?

He didn’t want to believe it, but surely, they were going to have to part for university? Even if Hoseok had applied for one of the universities he had applied to, it didn’t automatically mean they were going to attend together. He might not even get accepted, and Hoseok might even be extended a better offer depending on the outcome of his dance competition.

Scouts were coming to watch, that was what Hoseok had informed him on their call last night. He had sounded excited and Yoongi had felt the same thrill for Hoseok, but he couldn’t help feeling slightly dejected. He wanted Hoseok to do well and succeed, of course he did. But there was some selfish part of him that wanted to keep Hoseok all to himself, and he wanted Hoseok to turn down every other offer he had received in order to stay with Yoongi.

But those were negative, vain thoughts he couldn’t bring himself to focus on. With thoughts like that, he truly didn’t deserve Hoseok. And, yet, he knew that he was being ridiculous. He loved- liked – no. He loved Hoseok, he was fairly certain, so it was only natural that he wanted them to stay together. But still…

“- with Yoongs.”

He was jolted back into the present where Haewon was grinning wildly at him and Meeyon looked endeared.

“Oh, really? That sounds exciting,” Meeyon said sincerely.

“Truly exciting,” Seokjin emphasised, waggling his eyebrows suggestively. Needless to say, Yoongi was lost.

“What?” He muttered to Hoseok who had been speaking previously.
“I was just saying how you were coming over to mine for Christmas,” Hoseok clarified in a small voice, the tips of his ears reddening.

“And we were saying how exciting it all was,” Seokjin added before collapsing into a fit of giggles.

“Jin, act your age,” Haewon reprimanded, throwing a limp noodle at her son who shrieked as if she had tossed a knife at him.

“Well, I hope you both have a wonderful time,” Meeyon continued as if no interaction had happened between her wife and son. It seemed to be a regular occurrence in the Kim household. “Are your parents making a special dinner?”

Hoseok cocked his head as he considered. “Not really. I have it every year on Christmas. But since Yoongs has never had it, it might be special to him.”

Yoongi smiled as he took a sip of water. He caught Seokjin mouth something at him from behind his glass, and when he lowered it, he could decipher the words clearly.

‘Seok’s dick.’ How utterly infantile. Yoongi regarded Seokjin’s statement by kicking at his shin from underneath the table. Although, Seokjin hadn’t been far from the truth. It wasn’t as if he and Hoseok had ever discussed in detailed lengths their plans for them being alone for Christmas entailed, but judging from what Taehyung and Jeongguk had told him last night, Hoseok certainly seemed to have thought about it.

He glanced at Hoseok from the corner of his eye whilst playing with the remaining noodles on his plate. Hoseok hadn’t said anything to him with a sexual nature since they had gotten back together, and he had only said that he was looking forward for Yoongi to spend time with his family since Hoseok had said to him over the phone: ‘Won’s been talking about you – she can’t wait to see you. Sometimes I think she’s got a crush.’

Yoongi couldn’t wait to see Hoseok and his family for Christmas either, although he was still dubious about whether or not Hoseok’s mother had truly forgiven him for hurting her son or not. Despite Hoseok’s reassurances that his mother didn’t bear any ill feelings towards him, he was still sceptical whether or not such a loving and protective mother could forgive him so easily. But it wasn’t as if he could avoid her forever, and besides, he was hoping to apologise for his behaviour. If Hoseok could forgive him and his stupidity, surely, she could.

The conversation flowed throughout the next course – the cake that Namjoon had helped Seokjin bake, it was a tad salty which Seokjin defended by saying that it was Namjoon’s fault entirely.

At one point, Meeyon brought up Jimin’s disappearance. “I haven’t seen him since last year,” she said. “What’s he been up to?”

There was a unanimous silence as the group tried to wrack their brains in an attempt to both keep Jimin’s secrets and not arouse suspicion.

“He’s doing okay,” Seokjin eventually said. “He’s preparing for the end of year exams.”

“Was he busy?” Haewon asked, sounding concerned. “We made some extra food just in case he turned up.”

“The Park’s usually spend Christmas together,” Hoseok excused. “I’m sure he would have liked the food though. Who wouldn’t have?” Yoongi enclosed his hand over Hoseok’s, silently thanking him for his quick thinking.
They moved on to discuss Haewon’s new job as a nurse and then job potentialities for Taehyung, Jeongguk, Hoseok and Yoongi. Yoongi had said that he may have already landed a job at a café which seemed to prompt Taehyung to say something of similar variety; that he had a job, but it wasn’t secured yet.

“What job?” Jeongguk had asked, shocked that Taehyung hadn’t told him. Yoongi was surprised as well since he hadn’t heard that Taehyung was even thinking about getting part-time work.

Taehyung looked rather sheepish, like he regretted saying anything. “Oh. It’s nothing.”

Jeongguk looked confused before Hoseok interjected. “You’re working at that library in town, right? The one you mentioned to me?”

“Oh. Yeah,” Taehyung said, a slow smile forming on his face. “That one. They said they’d get back to me, so I don’t know if I’ve got it yet.”

“Good luck to all you boys in your future careers,” Meeyon said. “It’s tough getting work out there now.”

“And soon they’ll have machines to replace us,” Haewon added, to which Meeyon smiled and nudged her arm.

“But then a robot will replace you at the hospital, and you can spend all your time with me,” Meeyon replied, fluttering her eyelashes.

Haewon burst out in laughter. “You’re so cheesy sometimes, it’s ridiculous,” she laughed, her eyes fond as she gazed at her partner.

Yoongi’s stomach twisted at the sight and he looked back to his half-eaten cake. He knew that Seokjin’s parents had been married for quite some time, before Seokjin was even born, so he knew that the bond that they had was extremely deep, but to see such signs of intimacy made his being fill with hope. Hope for him and Hoseok.

Would they ever be like that? Happy together, with a home, and jobs, and a loving family? Did Hoseok ever want to get married? Did he even want kids?

Why was Yoongi suddenly picturing a home with two dogs and two children and two matching rings engraved with the names of the significant other?

His heart had stuttered, and he found himself unable to join in with the general chatter. Eventually, Seokjin’s parents proposed that the boys go back into the living room and watch a film whilst they cleaned up the table.

Seokjin originally picked out a horror movie, but after the protests of both Hoseok and Taehyung he digressed and put on a new comedy his friend had bought him for Christmas. He settled next to Namjoon when the film started whilst Taehyung and Jeongguk sat side by side.

“Just sit on his lap!” Seokjin called to Yoongi as the opening credits began to roll. Hoseok had taken the only remaining seat and was attempting to shove himself into the corner to make room for Yoongi. “You guys are so annoying.”

Hoseok’s face flushed, but Yoongi diligently ignored it as he could feel the flaming heat of his own.

“I don’t mind,” Hoseok muttered self-consciously. “You could sit in between my legs?”
Yoongi mumbled something intelligible although he hoped it sounded nonchalant. He didn’t want Hoseok to clue onto what the close proximity would do to him. But he tried not to pay mind to Hoseok’s blazing warmth as he sank down onto the couch, Hoseok’s legs either side of him.

The film carried on playing and everyone’s interest became apparently rapt as not even Seokjin was paying attention to Yoongi’s distress at having Hoseok’s chest pressed flush against his back, at Hoseok’s arms wrapped around his stomach.

Yoongi felt himself grow rigid in his posture, unable to relax, hopelessly attuned to every flex of Hoseok’s muscles, every rumble of his chest as he laughed at some joke in the movie that Yoongi wasn’t following. It didn’t help that the infantile thought kept slipping into his head that if he were to lean further into Hoseok, he would be pressing against the crotch of Hoseok’s jeans. He blamed Seokjin’s non-verbal comment at the dinner table for his thought process.

Much to his dismay, Hoseok was either entirely unaware of his effect on Yoongi or he knew it far too well. He rested his head on Yoongi’s shoulder so that every breath he took brushed against Yoongi’s ear, causing Yoongi to think of hot breath on his neck, along with lips and tongue.

He tried not to fidget and instead focussed his mind on other things, such as his gift for Hoseok for Christmas and he wondered what Hoseok’s reaction would be, and, when should he ask Hoseok to come to dinner? Should he do it today or at Christmas? His mother had asked him once more and he knew that if he didn’t introduce her to Hoseok as his boyfriend soon, her agreement to not tell anyone else in the family would not be so firm.

Somehow, he managed to sit encased in Hoseok’s arms throughout the entire movie without straying into licentious thoughts. As soon as the film was over, he jumped up from the sofa and told the room that his mother was waiting outside ready to pick him up.

“Alright then, Yoongs,” Seokjin said, removing himself from Namjoon’s lap to gather Yoongi in his arms. “Remember to use protection,” he whispered, somewhat seriously, into Yoongi's ear so that no one could overhear.

Yoongi flushed and pushed Seokjin away from him frantically. “Thanks for inviting me,” he mumbled and fled the room.

“Hey, wait!” he thought he heard Hoseok call as he hurried into the hallway and tried to locate his coat in the pile of coats on the chair by the door.

“Yoongi?” he heard a female voice and looked up to see Meeyon smiling at him from the staircase. “Are you going? I think I can see a car outside. Is that your mum?”

“Yes,” he answered, finding his coat and pulling it on without managing to knock all the other coats onto the floor. “Thank you for having me. Dinner was really nice.”

Meeyon’s smile grew as she climbed down the stairs, Haewon not too far behind her. “It’s our pleasure. We’re just happy to see you again. I’m glad you still kept in contact with ‘Jinnie.”

“I don’t think he’d let me not keep in contact,” Yoongi said in all earnest but Haewon snorted heartily.

“That sounds like him,” she said, winding an arm around Meeyon’s waist.

“Do you mind if I talk to your mother? I haven’t spoken to her in ages,” Meeyon said and Haewon smiled eagerly.
“Ah, Yoongi, I love your mother. Her cakes are amazing. I remember when she made that cake for Jin’s birthday last year,” Haewon complimented, and Yoongi squirmed as he smiled uncertainly.

“Yoongs?” Another voice piped up. It was Hoseok, who was then quickly shoved aside by Jeongguk who pulled him in for a brisk hug.

“When we get back, we need to call,” Jeongguk mumbled in such a frenzy that Yoongi barely had time to decipher his words. “I’ll see you after Christmas, Yoongs! And you, ‘Seok. My dad’s here to pick me up. Thank you for having me, Mrs – uh. Meeyon and Haewon.”

“Thanks for coming, Jeongguk,” Meeyon smiled, moving from Haewon’s side to open the door. “Tell your father, merry Christmas!”

“I will!” Jeongguk yelled back as he darted up the path. “Merry Christmas!” he called to them before skidding around the corner.

Yoongi almost didn’t see Seokjin skirt around him and his parents to edge his way upstairs, Namjoon trailing after him.

“And where do you think you’re going?” Haewon asked, spinning on her heel and shooting Seokjin a scrutinising glare. “Aren’t you at least going to tell your guests goodbye?”

“I did!” Seokjin called, his eyes wide in disbelief, pausing on the staircase. Haewon must have shot him an equally incredulous look as he deflated. “Fine.”

He stomped down the stairs and pulled Taehyung, who had just emerged from the living room, to his chest. “Merry Christmas, Tae.”

He moved onto Hoseok, but instead of a hug he ruffled Hoseok’s hair, much like Seung did to him at home whenever he wanted to show ‘brotherly affection’. “Have a very merry Christmas, ‘Seok. You and Yoongs.”

Hoseok tried to smooth down his hair with both hands, sending an unamused glare towards Seokjin who had began making his way back up the stairs. He grabbed hold of Namjoon’s wrist and lead him away, leaving Namjoon to call out a rather garbled: “Merry Christmas, guys!” before he disappeared from view.

Haewon rolled her eyes. “That boy,” she muttered, “has got one thing on his mind.”

Yoongi couldn’t help but laugh at her comment, and she smiled at him. “Now, do you want us to walk you to the car, Yoongi? We’ll just have a quick chat with your mother.”

“Actually, is it okay if I borrow Yoongs for a minute or so?” Hoseok asked, his eyes wide and his speech polite. A piece of his hair was sticking up, and Yoongi had to fight the urge to brush it down.

Haewon exchanged a brief glance with Meeyon before nodding. “Of course. We won’t be that long, so make it brief. Though, I’m sure you boys can talk later.”

Hoseok smiled as they filed through the door and Yoongi saw Taehyung let an exaggerated sigh. “I suppose you want me to leave?” he said to Hoseok.

Hoseok looked rather sheepish whilst inching closer to Yoongi’s side. “You don’t have to, but I would appreciate it.”

Taehyung looked unusually put out by this, but he shot Hoseok a tight-lipped smile and exhaled a
dramatic: “fine!” before turning back into the living room and shutting the door behind him. Yoongi had a feeling that whatever Taehyung’s problem was, it was to do with Jeongguk.

But he couldn’t dwell on that now, not when Hoseok was staring into his eyes intently like he was trying to decipher some sort of code.

“What’s going on?” Yoongi asked when Hoseok didn’t speak. Hoseok licked his lips uncertainly, and it was a losing battle when Yoongi had to fight with himself not to openly stare at Hoseok’s pink tongue.

Hoseok continued to look perplexed, the crease in his brow seemed indefinitely furrowed. “Do you still want to spend Christmas at mine?”

If Yoongi hadn’t been staring at Hoseok’s lips and saw his mouth form the words, he would have believed Hoseok hadn’t spoken at all. His mind was frozen and couldn’t seem to process what Hoseok had said. “What?” he asked dumbly.

“We haven’t really talked about it,” Hoseok continued, looking increasingly uncomfortable. “And you didn’t really seem into it today. So, if you’ve changed your mind, or if you’re busy, you can tell me. It’s fine.”

Yoongi could only blink in shock. Had he truly been acting so disinterested? Hoseok doubted his interest because he hadn’t been engaged in the conversation when in reality he had been dwelling over the future of their relationship. He felt a stab of guilt press into his stomach.

“I haven’t changed my mind,” Yoongi said, but Hoseok continued to look shifty. “I want to spend Christmas with you, and your family. I guess we haven’t talked about it because we’ve both been busy.”

Hoseok’s expression fumbled between looking relieved and concerned. “Okay, good. I just wanted to make sure.” Yoongi nodded, unable to think of anything else to say, whilst Hoseok swallowed.

“You know, you can message me at any time. I might not always get it right away, but I’ll reply as soon as I can,” Hoseok said earnestly, rather out of the blue. “It’s annoying that I have to practice all the time, but when the competition’s over, we can hang out more. And I know you’ve got your job – which I know that you’re gonna get – but as long as we can still talk, that’s fine with me.”

“Seok, what are you saying?” Yoongi asked warily.

Hoseok’s brow furrowed and his mouth parted before closing again, as if he were trying to push words out that refused to come.

“I just mean,” he said when he tried again, and he took Yoongi’s hands. Yoongi’s pulse leaped and he felt his heart jolt upwards to his throat. “I know you get worried about what’s gonna happen, but you shouldn’t. Because if we talk, or if we don’t, I’ll still like you, no matter what.”

Yoongi’s heart hammered frantically in his chest at the impact of Hoseok’s words. It was strange that Hoseok had managed to tap into his thought process so accurately, but at the same time it didn’t seem bizarre at all. It proved to him that Hoseok knew him more intimately than he had thought, and the fact that Hoseok was confronting him with insecurities didn’t scare him as much as it would once have. All it provided him now was comfort, reassurance that Hoseok wanted him as much as he wanted Hoseok.

Yoongi wanted so desperately to convey this to Hoseok, so that the other boy would know that his sentiment was shared, but he found that no words could channel the intensity of his emotions.
Instead, he cast away his attempts of repression and threw his arms around Hoseok’s neck.

His coat acted as a barrier between them, but he could still feel Hoseok’s heat and reckoned he could hear Hoseok’s heartbeat matching his. Hoseok’s hands settled on his lower back as he wove his arms around Yoongi’s waist.

“Are you okay?” Hoseok asked unnecessarily, sounding both concerned and amused. Yoongi clasped him tighter, wanting the distance between them to be as small as possible. “I take that as a yes,” Hoseok laughed into his hair.

“Shuddup,” Yoongi mumbled half-heartedly into Hoseok’s neck as Hoseok laughed in response.

Yoongi wanted nothing more than to stay in that moment, where his hormones were mercifully muted and the love and adoration he held for Hoseok was pure and innocent. Perhaps, even naïve. With Hoseok’s words of reassurance ebbing around his veins and nesting themselves in Yoongi’s heart, Yoongi dared to ignite some optimism to smoke out the negative thoughts in his mind.

Maybe there could be a happy ending for them after all. He wanted that more than anything. He only hoped that fate would take pity on him; Hoseok had been granted to him, and the last thing he wanted was for Hoseok to be snatched away.

Chapter End Notes

,,,,, why is everything i do angsty

fear not, the next chapter is the jung family's christmas! i’ve written more than half of it out at this point, so the next chapter will be up some time next week! i’m estimating that there will be 5-6 chapters left? so im hoping updates will be fairly quick!

anyway, i hope you enjoyed! if you did and/or want to leave feedback, please drop a comment below! i live for any kind of validation :333333

thank you for your patience <3
Hoseok had told him that Christmas at his house was no grand event. Yoongi vowed to never believe a word that Hoseok told him ever again.

The first thing that greeted Yoongi when he climbed out of the car and stepped onto Hoseok’s driveway on Christmas morning was the smell of cooking coming from inside the house. Something sweet, like cookies, he reckoned. After he bade goodbye to his mother, the next thing that greeted him was the wreath that decorated Hoseok’s front door.

He was pulled inside by a particularly zealous Dawon who told him that he needed to stop by more often, and then he was greeted by Hoseok’s father who was adorning a Christmas themed jumper.

“One of ‘Won’s presents,” he explained when he caught Yoongi ogling the sparkly reindeer on his jumper.

“One of the best presents,” Dawon corrected with an impish smile.

“Oh, by far,” her father humoured with his usual warm smile. He directed the same smile at Yoongi, which Yoongi was grateful for. It seemed that Hoseok’s father bore no grudge against him. “Good morning, Yoongi! Hobi’s upstairs doing some last minute wrapping, like last year. We’re going to be cooking most of the morning, so feel free to use the lounge.”

“Thank you. Thanks for having me,” Yoongi said, to which he shook his head as if it was nothing.

Once Hoseok’s father excused himself to help his wife in the kitchen, Dawon turned to him. “Wanna see what I got for Hobi? I have a feeling you’ll love it as much as I do.”

Yoongi smiled back at her and allowed her to lead him up the stairs once he had taken his coat and shoes off. “Sure.”

Dawon laughed. “You’ll love it! I doubt he will though. But it’s the thought that counts.” She banged on Hoseok’s door with her palm once they had reached the second floor. “Yoongi’s with me! Hurry up wrapping!”

“Don’t come in!” Hoseok yelled back in a distressingly loud volume. “I’ll be five minutes!”

“Hurry up!” She called, before smiling apologetically at Yoongi after opening the door to her room.
and ushering him inside. “Sorry about that. He’s trying to wrap everyone’s presents last minute. Speaking of,” she eyed the plastic bag he was carrying, “is that your present for him?”

Yoongi looked down at the bag as if to confirm the reason he was carrying it. “Uh, yeah. But for you as well. And Mr and Mrs Jung.”

Dawon stared at him with an open mouth. “Really? Oh, wow. You’re so nice. You didn’t have to.”


She smiled at him and seemed to realise he was feeling awkward. She turned her attention from him and gestured at the large picture frame lying on her bed, topped with a ribbon and a bow. “Here! I tried wrapping it, but it was too big, and I knew mum would have killed me if I used all the wrapping paper.”

Yoongi peered at it curiously, and when the photo came into view he spluttered with laughter. “Is that…?”

“Oh, yes,” Dawon said with the air of someone who was wiser than their years. “Little Hobi in his naked glory in a bathtub.”

The fact that Dawon had gone out of her way to embarrass her brother to the extent that she must have gone through family pictures to find the perfect one wasn’t what amazed Yoongi, it was the fact that she had edited a Santa emoji onto the picture to save Hoseok some dignity – or to mortify him further.

“He’s gonna kill you,” Yoongi said, trying – and failing – to repress his laughter.

He hadn’t seen many pictures of Hoseok when he was a child, and especially not one like this. Hoseok truly had been an adorable infant, and some of his childlike qualities still existed in the teenage Hoseok today. Puppy fat in his cheeks, the wide smile of pure delight, the brown tones of his hair.

Yoongi was suddenly overcome with a desire to see the other boy, to see the person he had grown into, to cup his cheeks, to lay a kiss on that infectious smile. He was brought out of his fantasy by Dawon letting out another snort of laughter before laying a blanket on top of the frame.

“If he kills me, you have permission to look in my drawer and look through all the other embarrassing pictures I have of him,” Dawon laughed. “Now, shall we go and see how he’s getting along?”

Yoongi smiled and followed after her as she went to pound on his door again. “Hobi!” She called. “Yoongi’s waiting for you!”

She received no reply and arched an eyebrow at Yoongi. She raised her hand again but found there was nothing to knock against when Hoseok wrenched the door open.

“I get it! Shit, ‘Won,” Hoseok fumed. When he turned to regard Yoongi, however, his tense expression faded into a wide smile. The very smile that Yoongi longed to kiss. “Sorry, Yoongs. I had to finish wrapping. Apparently, some people get mad when their presents aren’t wrapped.” He shot a glare at Dawon, who huffed and rolled her eyes.

“Why are you mad at me? It’s custom to wrap presents,” she said, folding her arms and staring Hoseok down.
“I’m not mad at you, you’re just being annoying,” Hoseok retorted. She glared at him before he stuck her tongue out at her in a childish manner. “Now, go away and leave Yoongs and I alone.”

She screwed her face up at her brother with an identical childish charm. Yoongi stayed still as the two fought, hoping he wouldn’t be dragged into their squabble.

“How do you put up with him?” Dawon addressed Yoongi whilst glaring at Hoseok. She didn’t give him time to answer and stormed off towards her room, slamming the door shut behind her.

Hoseok sighed as if he were looking after a toddler who had just had a temper tantrum. He looked at Yoongi apologetically. “Sorry about that.”

“Is she okay?” Yoongi asked, fully familiar with the feeling of being angry at an older sibling.

“She’ll be fine. We were just messing about. Mostly,” Hoseok said. Yoongi must have looked hesitant because Hoseok cocked his head. “I’ll apologise to her later. Do you want to see her present? I was in the middle of wrapping it before she knocked on my door like a madman.”

Yoongi wondered if this was how he and his brother looked when they were arguing – unreasonably petty. He felt wrong pointing this out though as it would be rather hypocritical. So, instead he took Hoseok’s hand and followed him into his room.

Wrapping paper was strewn all over the floor, along with various bits of tinsel and ribbon. Hoseok had left his scissors and tape on the bed, and he hastily stored it away in his drawer so that Yoongi could sit down.

Yoongi spied a few presents sitting inside a plastic bag, similar to how Yoongi was carrying his, but Hoseok must have seen him looking because he laughed and stowed the bag away in his cupboard.

“No peeking,” Hoseok pretended to scowl with an easy-going smile. He collapsed onto the floor and held up something sparkly. A shawl, from what Yoongi could tell, in a ghastly green colour. “Pretty gross, right?” Hoseok grinned proudly.


Hoseok sat back on his heels, draping the shawl over his shoulders. It clashed terribly with his tanned skin tone and Yoongi longed to burn the offensive material.

“It’s a tradition,” Hoseok explained, shuffling over to Yoongi and resting his chin on Yoongi’s knees, his eyes wide as he peered up at Yoongi. It was entirely too suggestive for Yoongi’s hormones and it took everything he had not to tackle Hoseok onto the floor, to trail his mouth down Hoseok’s neck, his chest, his stomach, until…

“A few years ago, ‘Won got me this ugly t-shirt that was way too small. She said it was an accident, but I don’t understand how she had bought me something so gross.” Hoseok wrinkled his nose, and Yoongi chuckled. He curled his fingers so as to fist the bedsheets to suppress the urge to reach out and further the physical contact. “So I told her I’d get her back. Next year, I got her these socks that she hated. They fell apart within a week, but I think that was because she kept washing them so they would shrink.”

“Why didn’t she just throw them out?” Yoongi asked, laughing amusedly.

Hoseok rolled his eyes in annoyance. “‘Cause mum has this stupid thing that we have to keep each other’s gifts. It’s so mushy. So, anyway, ‘Won couldn’t get rid of them, so last year she got me a scrapbook and it was covered with loads of cringey baby pictures. Of course, mum loved it, and now
she keeps it locked up.”

The image of Hoseok’s mother warding Hoseok away from a scrapbook of his childhood was so comical that Yoongi struggled to sit up straight. Hoseok continued to look up at him before dissolving into laughter with him, his hands latching onto Yoongi’s knees as he leant backwards.

“Stop laughing or I’m gonna pee,” Hoseok said through his laughter, sitting upwards to lean his head onto Yoongi’s knees.

“That’s not my fault. Blame your child bladder,” Yoongi quipped dryly as he pushed himself upright. Hoseok was smiling at him, looking so soft and vulnerable that a blaze of heat rippled through him. He averted his eyes away from Hoseok’s gaze. “I have a feeling you won’t like Dawon’s gift this year either.”

“What? Why?” Hoseok asked, eyes alert. He pushed himself up onto his knees, his hands sliding up from Yoongi’s knees to his thighs. Yoongi’s hands clenched tightly at the bedsheets to suppress a shiver. “What did she say to you?”

“Nothing,” Yoongi said. He wasn’t lying. Dawon hadn’t said anything, she had shown him.

Hoseok regarded him with a sceptical stare. “… She told you, didn’t she?” Yoongi wasn’t quick enough to reply, apparently, because Hoseok’s mouth dropped in disbelief. “What!? Well, now you have to tell me!”

“Why?” Yoongi asked, trying to back away from Hoseok’s hands, far too warm on his legs. “It’s meant to be a surprise.”

“So? It’s not a surprise if I know I’m going to hate it,” Hoseok said, emphasising his pout.

Yoongi deliberated, Hoseok did have a point, but he knew that if he were to tell Hoseok, Dawon might take it personally and never trust him again. He was supposed to be winning the Jung family’s favour, not actively turning them against him.

He shook his head adamantly. “I’m not telling you. You’ll have to find out the non-cheating way.”

Hoseok whined, tilting his head to emphasise his pout. When Yoongi laughed instead of conforming, he quickly changed tactics, and Yoongi began to half-wish he had just told Hoseok about the gift after all.

“Oh, really, now?” Hoseok said slowly, his pout transitioning into a smile, almost as predatory as the darkness of his eyes. Yoongi didn’t realise how close Hoseok had moved to him until he could see the flecks of gold in the boy’s irises. “Then how about I convince you some other way?”

Whatever had been stirring in Yoongi for the past few months had been poked at with the heat of Hoseok’s words, along with the way Hoseok had stroked up Yoongi’s thighs until they rested either side of his hips. He couldn’t hold back anymore, not when Hoseok’s captivating eyes dipped from his eyes down to his lips, his breath brushing against the hairs of his mouth.

Yoongi couldn’t toss out some flirty one-liner as his mind was well and truly frozen. His body was the one that acted, giving into the desires that he had built up over the month without Hoseok’s presence.

Yoongi pushed himself forwards onto Hoseok’s mouth, his hands entangling in Hoseok’s hair just as Hoseok pushed his tongue past Yoongi’s lips. The heat of Hoseok’s mouth took him by surprise, and the heating of Hoseok’s wooden floor had nothing in comparison to the fire concealed on Hoseok’s
tongue, encircling around his.

Hoseok pulled away to exhale a ragged breath before pushing Yoongi down onto the bed by his shoulders. Yoongi let himself fall down, let Hoseok kiss him somewhat softer, his hands stationary on Yoongi’s shoulders, but after a while he could no longer take the slow pace, nor the softness that Hoseok was pouring into him through his touches.

He barely heard a guttural sound rip from his throat as he wrapped his legs around Hoseok’s waist and managed to flip him over so that he perched upon Hoseok’s lap. Hoseok looked up at him, his hair askew and his face bewildered as he let out a few breathy chuckles.

“You’re eager,” Hoseok commented as Yoongi ran his hands up the expanse of Hoseok’s chest. Hoseok had been muscular before, there was no doubt, but now Yoongi could feel each muscle push up against his skin. Hoseok had well defined abs now due to all that dance practice and training. Yoongi felt his mouth water.

He fell back into Hoseok’s lips, his tongue easing between them with ease and latching onto the damp heat of Hoseok’s mouth with relish. Hoseok tasted like chocolate and mint. The ache in Yoongi’s lower stomach only intensified.

He felt Hoseok groan beneath him, his head lifting into the kiss as his hands skittered up and down Yoongi’s arms. Yoongi couldn’t take it anymore; the clothes between them, the distance. He wanted to taste Hoseok’s skin, the hair trailing down from his navel. He wanted Hoseok in his mouth, feeling the heavy weight of Hoseok’s dick stretching the skin of his lips and the cavern of his mouth. He wanted Hoseok to use him.

He froze in his actions as he allowed the thoughts to cascade over him. He registered Hoseok tensing, pulling back from his mouth and staring up at him in confusion, but he didn’t really see it happen.

Everything felt slightly surreal. Hoseok wasn’t underneath him, panting from the breath Yoongi had pulled out of him with a ferocious tongue, and Yoongi didn’t just discover that he wanted Hoseok in more ways than one – that he didn’t want Hoseok to pin him down, to humiliate him, to use him for his own pleasure.

“Yoonie?” Hoseok said, his voice gravelly yet soft. He laid one hand on Yoongi’s knee and squeezed. “You okay?”

“I-” Yoongi began, but his throat hurt to talk. He cleared his throat, removed his hands from Hoseok’s chest. “I think I’d rather talk.”

Hoseok blinked at him a few times before struggling to sit up. “Yeah, that’s – it’s fine, Yoongs. We can talk, or do whatever. We don’t have to do anything like that, if you don’t want.”

Yoongi removed himself from Hoseok’s lap and pushed himself against Hoseok’s wall, tucking his knees to his chest. Hoseok sat in front of him, his expression one of concern.

“It’s not that I don’t want to,” Yoongi said. “I do. But… I think I want to a little too much.”

Hoseok’s brow furrowed, and his cheek hollowed from where he began to chew it. He brought his hand to Yoongi’s knee and began to move his thumb in circles. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” Yoongi tried to explain himself, but it was difficult to piece his feelings together when Hoseok was staring at him thoughtfully, rubbing his knee reassuringly. Somehow, even that simple
act of contact was too distracting for him.

Yoongi cast his eyes away, spoke his words in a rapt mumble. “When are we gonna have sex?”

Hoseok didn’t appear to hear him at first as Yoongi saw him struggle to make eye-contact with Yoongi in an attempt to understand. But he eventually made out what Yoongi had said as his hand stiffened on Yoongi’s knee.

“What?” Hoseok asked, his voice breathless as if Yoongi had punched him square in the stomach. Yoongi couldn’t meet Hoseok’s eye, embarrassment coursing through his being. “You want to…? But you said you didn’t yet?”

“I don’t,” he said, crossing his legs and ultimately removing Hoseok’s hand from his leg. Hoseok blinked at him owlishly, seeming bewildered. “I mean, I do. One day. But, have you thought about it?”

Hoseok looked incredibly disconcerted, like he had no idea what Yoongi was getting at – which Yoongi supposed was well within reason. He, himself, didn’t know where he was heading with the conversation, all he knew was that these things needed to be said for his peace of mind.

“I – I guess?” Hoseok stammered, mirroring Yoongi’s movements and crossing his legs. “But I thought we both agreed that we weren’t ready.”

“I think the same,” Yoongi agreed. “And that’s just it. I know we shouldn’t, but I feel like… I want more.”

Hoseok looked perplexed. He began playing with the sleeve of his jumper. “More of… what? Of what we’ve done before?”

“Yes, and no,” Yoongi said. “I know we haven’t done a lot together, but what we have done I’ve really liked. But, lately, I’ve been thinking that we should try other things. Or that I just want you, and I don’t know how.”

Hoseok seemed as if he were struggling to place Yoongi’s meaning. He bit his lip. “So, you don’t want to have sex yet, but you want us to do things more often.” Yoongi nodded, as he supposed that was the gist of it.

“What kind of things do you want to try? We – well, I said that I wanted to – to eat you out,” Hoseok said smally, his face turning red. Yoongi knocked their knees together in a weak attempt at encouragement. “Do you want more blowjobs? We could use, like, ice-cubes, or something.”

For someone who considered themselves dominant, Hoseok was incredibly shy about discussing acts of sex. It was certainly endearing, although it did only add to the heat building inside of Yoongi’s stomach.


“So, you know,” Hoseok despaired, gauging Yoongi’s reaction. He groaned in embarrassment when he deemed that, no, Yoongi did not know. “So, if I – or you – ate an ice-cube and then, you know, sucked my dick – or I sucked yours – then it would feel weird. A good weird! Like, hot against cold.”

“Oh,” Yoongi said, feeling himself stir at the suggestion, at the memory of Hoseok’s mouth wrapped around his cock. “That sounds good.”
“Yeah?” Hoseok sounded surprised. “Jin told me about it ages ago, so… Anyway. Yoonie.” He placed his hands onto Yoongi’s knees and squeezed, locking with Yoongi’s eyes and gazing at him affirmedly. “You don’t have to worry about sex now. We’ve both agreed we’re not ready for it. We’re on the same page, okay? I’m not going to expect anything from you, and I’m not going to be disappointed if you change your mind or say no.”

Yoongi gauged his expression, not that he doubted Hoseok’s sincerity, but just because he couldn’t believe that Hoseok had understood him so completely. He placed his hands over Hoseok’s and squeezed gratefully.

“Thanks, ‘Seokie,” he said, watching as Hoseok’s concerned expression shifted into a warm grin. “But I need to tell you something.”

“Yeah?” Hoseok said, the smile freezing on his face.

Yoongi sighed; he may as well admit it now whilst everything was out in the open. “I’ve been so horny for the past few months, I couldn’t stand to be around you because I know I’d get hard.”

At first, Hoseok didn’t react, and Yoongi regretted ever speaking, but when he did eventually react it was in a way that Yoongi hadn’t been expecting.

Hoseok started to laugh uncontrollably, his knees banging against Yoongi’s as he clutched at his sides, practically bowling over onto Yoongi’s lap.

“It’s not funny,” Yoongi said dejectedly, but Hoseok continued to let out giddying whoops of laughter. “I couldn’t even kiss you without wanting you to do something more. It was annoying.”

Thankfully, Hoseok managed to control his laughter, and he sat up straight once more with a ruddy face, contorted with effort not to break down again. “I’m sorry. You’re right. That’s not funny at all.”

A snort of laughter escaped, and Yoongi continued to glower.

“You’re just being mean now,” Yoongi said, settling for sulking. He had been waiting for Hoseok to get uncomfortable again. But for Hoseok to laugh at him? Maybe he really should have kept his mouth closed.

“Yoongs, I’m kidding, I’m kidding!” Hoseok conformed, seeing that Yoongi’s lips had began to jut. His hands skirted up Yoongi’s legs again. “Okay, maybe it’s a little funny, but only because it’s so cute. Also, because I’ve been wanting to touch you again.”

Yoongi flushed, both in embarrassment but also in pride. He peered up at Hoseok through his fringe. “Really?”

Hoseok’s eyebrows arched their way into his hairline. “Yes! Jeez, Yoongs, I think about you all the time. To be honest, I’m kinda surprised you feel like that. After yesterday, I thought you were uncomfortable with touching or something.” Hoseok looked less assured. “I thought you didn’t want to be near me.”

“What? When?” Yoongi questioned, his hands coming to rest on Hoseok’s hands. Even in the piercing cold winter, Hoseok’s skin managed to be smooth and flake-free. With a sudden rush of confidence, both in himself and the belief that Hoseok would reciprocate, he traced his hands up over Hoseok’s arms, his neck, until they rested on Hoseok’s cheeks, cupping his jaw.

“When you had to sit on me,” Hoseok said, his voice dropping to a whisper as he leant in, his knees pushing against Yoongi’s due to their position. “You were tense.”
Yoongi snorted, leaning forwards to push his lips against Hoseok’s. Hoseok tilted his head, moved his mouth in time with Yoongi’s just as Yoongi pulled away. “It’s ‘cause I was near your dick. I didn’t want to get hard in front of ‘Jin.”

Hoseok laughed against his mouth, but Yoongi swallowed it with another kiss, tasting the tip of Hoseok’s tongue. “I don’t wanna think about ‘Jin when we’re making out,” Hoseok muttered once they had parted.

“I’m sure he thinks about us making out,” Yoongi joked in a low tone, his thumb stroking Hoseok’s cheek as he pressed another kiss onto Hoseok’s lips. “He’s a sick man.”

“Poor ‘Joon,” Hoseok laughed, his fingers brushing against Yoongi’s inner thighs. “Yoon?”

“Mm?” Yoongi hummed wordlessly, Hoseok’s tongue curling around his slowly before releasing.

Hoseok pulled away, his forehead resting against Yoongi’s whilst his warm breath fanned lightly on Yoongi’s lips. “What do you wanna do tonight? When my parents go to bed.”

“Oh.” Now that Yoongi had been given the option, he wasn’t certain what he wanted. “I don’t know,” he breathed, dropping his hands to Hoseok’s neck. “What do you want?”

Hoseok didn’t leave time to think. “I want to see you naked,” he answered, pressing his lips against Yoongi’s, before pulling away to say, “and I want you in my mouth.”

Yoongi felt himself twitch in his underpants, but there was no urgent rush to relieve himself. He knew for certain now that Hoseok would take care of it, and more, later. “Sounds good,” he said, laying his lips on the corner of Hoseok’s lips. “Maybe I’ll take another shower.”

“Yeah? How come?” Hoseok asked, chuckling lowly as he tilted his head, his lips brushing against Yoongi’s earlobe.

Yoongi cocked his head, trembling with anticipation as the heat of Hoseok’s breath tickled his skin, teeth pulling lightly at his earlobe. “Because, if you want to, you could do the thing you wanted.”

“Which thing?” Hoseok asked, parting himself from Yoongi’s ear to kiss down Yoongi’s neck. “Say it.”

“Eat me out,” Yoongi responded as if Hoseok had tugged the words out with his tongue.

Hoseok paused from where he had been breathing hotly over the skin of Yoongi’s neck. “Jesus, Yoongs.”

“Is that a yes?” Yoongi craned his neck awkwardly to face Hoseok who had buried himself in Yoongi’s hoodie.

“Fuck yes, it’s a yes,” Hoseok exclaimed breathily, smiling excitedly at Yoongi. “That’s so hot. You’re so… perfect.”

Yoongi crinkled his nose and looked away, feeling the blood pound behind his ears. “Shut up. I’m not.”

“No, no. You are,” Hoseok protested, cupping Yoongi’s cheeks in his hands. “I’m so glad that you like me back, and my shitty pick-up lines.”

“Maybe not so much your pick-up lines,” Yoongi retorted, to which Hoseok laughed fondly.
Hoseok’s lips pressed themselves to his nose, causing Yoongi to let out a high-pitched giggle, and Yoongi had to shove lightly at his chest as a way to get him to stop.

Hoseok leant back, grinning widely, seemingly proud that Yoongi was blushing a cherry red. “Cute,” he cooed. Yoongi flipped him off but Hoseok caught his hands, held them to his chest. “Just accept the fact that you’re adorable.”

“Accept the fact that I’m not a doll,” Yoongi quipped, not bothering to fight his constraints. Hoseok’s hands were warm around his.

“I know you’re not,” Hoseok smiled, his eyes fond and unrelenting as he gazed back at Yoongi. Yoongi felt exposed all of a sudden, like he was stripped bare and had surrendered himself to Hoseok’s praise. He wanted nothing more than to look away, but the moment was so startingly intimate that he knew it would crumble around him if he messed it up.

“Yoongs,” Hoseok said. His throat jolted, almost nervously, and he licked his lips. Yoongi didn’t dare blink, twitch, or even breathe. He could taste the tension on his tongue, but what for? “I think that I…”

Some sort of yell let out below, and Yoongi started. His hands slipped from Hoseok’s and his heart thudded quickly as some of the suspense dissipated. He recognised Hoseok’s mother’s voice from below. Was she yelling? Maybe the kitchen was on fire, maybe they needed to evacuate-

A pounding on the door. “Brunch’s ready!” Dawon called. “Hurry up! I’m starving.” Yoongi vaguely heard her bolt down the stairs.

He let out a laugh he hoped didn’t sound shaky as he looked back to Hoseok. “We should get going.” Hoseok only nodded. “You okay?”

Hoseok looked back at him blankly before a small smile played out on his lips. “Yeah. I’m fine.” Yoongi didn’t buy it for a second. “Did you want to say something before?”

Hoseok shook his head. “Nah. Nevermind. Let’s get going, yeah?” He climbed off of the bed, and Yoongi followed.

“Wait, ‘Seok,” Yoongi called, a panicked thought flitting through his head, overriding Hoseok’s strange mood.

“Yeah?” Hoseok said, pausing near the door.

“Is your mum – is she mad at me still?” Yoongi asked, hating how he sounded like an infant child asking why someone wouldn’t play with him.

Hoseok frowned. “What? Oh, you mean, about last time you came over?” Yoongi nodded and Hoseok quickly shook his head. He took Yoongi’s hand and squeezed. “She likes you, Yoon. Don’t worry. She’s not mad. Sometimes she gets in her own head, and since she doesn’t know the whole story, she knows she can’t judge.”

Yoongi must not have looked entirely convinced. Hoseok ducked down to give Yoongi a firm kiss on the lips. “She was asking about you all week. What foods you liked, what you didn’t eat, what films you wanted to watch. She wants you here. Don’t worry, okay?”

A kiss wasn’t enough to suffice Yoongi’s craving physical contact. He wove his arms around
Yoongi’s waist, burying his head in Hoseok’s neck.

“Thank you, ‘Seok,” he mumbled into Hoseok’s heated skin. He felt Hoseok’s arms wrap around him and he pressed himself further into Hoseok’s chest.

“You two! Hurry up!” Dawon yelled up the stairs, causing the two to separate.

Hoseok opened the door, his hand still settled around Yoongi’s waist. “Coming! Stop letting your appetite rule your head!”

“You’re one to talk!” Dawon called back.

Hoseok chuckled and rolled his eyes. He nudged Yoongi out of the door, promptly ushering Yoongi back into the present – he had been so lost in the feeling of Hoseok’s arms around him, he had zoned out.

“Let’s go and eat. Afterwards, they’re gonna want to play games and watch a film,” Hoseok explained as they walked down the stairs.

“Sounds fun,” Yoongi said honestly, but Hoseok merely snorted.

“It also sounds like living hell,” Hoseok said once they reached the landing. He turned to Yoongi with a mischievous smile. “But after everyone goes to bed, maybe we can turn it into heaven?”

Yoongi couldn’t suppress a smile as much as he couldn’t stop the anticipation from building inside of him. Months of racing hormones and lust stained thoughts were about to be relieved, he just needed to wait a little bit longer.

“You need to work on your lines,” Yoongi said, walking around Hoseok towards the kitchen that was exuding a delicious smell.

“And ‘Won’s right,” Yoongi added, turning around to see Hoseok guffawed in disbelief. “You do have an appetite that rules your head.”

Christmas with the Jung family was one of the most enjoyable experiences of Yoongi’s life, despite how much Hoseok groaned whenever he was forced into doing an activity, or when Dawon shrieked and quit a game whenever she suspected Hoseok of cheating. It was like being an honorary member of Hoseok’s family, especially when Hoseok’s mother roped Dawon, Hoseok and Yoongi into doing the washing up after brunch. Yoongi had ended up getting soaked by Dawon who had aimed a mug of dirty water at Hoseok, only to miss and splattered Yoongi instead. Yoongi had had to borrow one of Hoseok’s shirts.

Fortunately for Yoongi, Hoseok’s mother had smiled at him with ease when she had first seen him, and she had informed him how happy she was that he was spending Christmas with them. She had even given him a squeeze on his shoulder when Hoseok’s father told him to help himself to any of the food.

“We were too lazy to prepare another meal, so it’s buffet style,” Hoseok’s father had laughed.

Even though there was going to be a dinner later on, Yoongi ate three helpings of the buffet that Hoseok’s parents had prepared – and blushed later when he could only eat a bit over half of the portion of the dinner that Hoseok’s mother had served for him. However, she assured him that it was fine, and that he could have dessert later when they were watching a film, if he wanted.
He did have dessert, along with Hoseok, after a dinner of various meats and two rounds of cracker pulling. Yoongi had only won three times altogether, and two times were against Hoseok who had practically tugged Yoongi's arm off and still resulted in losing. He won against Hoseok's mother, who laughed when Yoongi tried to give her the prizes as a consolation, and she laughed again onto her husband's shoulder when Yoongi read out the usual crappy joke the cracker supplied.

Dawon won all of her cracker rounds and hoarded all of the prizes greedily, making sure to shoot a smug expression in Hoseok's direction, but when it was time to leave the table after Hoseok's mother and father had downed a bottle of wine between them, Dawon deposited her prizes into the bin, denouncing them as: “garbage.”

The movie of the evening was an old Christmas movie the Jung's apparently used to watch as tradition, and it consisted of a boy trying to prove to his disbelieving town that his grandfather was Santa Claus.

Although Hoseok's mother and father snuggled up rather contently to watch the film as if it were their first time, Dawon tutted and sighed and opted on downloading a movie onto her phone with the voucher her parents gave her as her Christmas present.

Exchanging gifts had taken place after dinner, even though Yoongi was full and drowsy, he had perched in front of the rather large tree and beautifully decorated (Dawon had smiled when Yoongi had complimented it, apparently, she had put it all together) along with everyone else.

There were many presents under the tree, along with the ones that Yoongi and Hoseok had placed under it after brunch. Yoongi had been thrown off guard when Hoseok’s mother handed him a present when the Jung family were all exchanging theirs.

She smiled at him as he blinked at her in shock, the wrapping paper crinkling in his hands. “That one’s from both of us,” she indicated to her husband.

“Oh,” he said, wishing he could convey his feelings of warmth and gratefulness. “You really didn’t have to.”

“Nonsense,” Hoseok’s father said, his smile warm and wide – intrinsically similar to Hoseok’s heart-shaped smile. “You’re spending Christmas with us. Receiving a gift comes along with it naturally. It’s a package deal.”

Yoongi was torn between rejecting the present and tearing it open, both out of frenzied politeness. He was stopped from doing either these as Hoseok leaned over from where he was opening the present his mother had given him.

“Oh! Is this the present you asked me to help you with?” Hoseok asked, and Yoongi supposed he wasn’t meant to say anything at all due to the look his mother shot him. “Uh – sorry.”

Hoseok rested his head on Yoongi’s shoulder. “Go on then. Open it.”


Hoseok merely laughed. “If you don’t open it now, Yoongs, I’ll do it for you. I wanna see your reaction!”

“So do I!” Dawon piped up, seemingly forgetting her prior anger towards her brother for bestowing her the ugly green shawl that she had draped around her shoulders. She scooted over to her father to get a better view of Yoongi.
Yoongi felt everyone staring at him expectantly and he couldn’t help his fingers shaking as he fumbled at pulling away the wrapping paper. When he did, a pile of material fell onto his lap.

“Do you like it?” Hoseok’s mother asked hurriedly, seemingly unable to wait for Yoongi to say something. “If you don’t, I kept the receipt so you can exchange it for something else.”

“Mum, leave off,” Hoseok said. “He hasn’t even looked at it yet. Besides, I helped choose it. How could he not like it?”

Yoongi felt his fingers tremble as he lifted the folded material up against himself. It was a long-sleeved shirt, two-tone in colour and asymmetrical in pattern. It was black and white with a line of yellow running through it, separating the unique designs from each other. He spotted the label with the shirt and he felt his eyes boggle. It was a high-end brand, one he would never even dream of asking his mother to take him shopping at.

“It’s so nice,” Yoongi said, trying to control the tremor in his voice.

“See? Told you,” Hoseok boasted, his arm coming to rest around Yoongi’s shoulder.

“But isn’t it too expensive? You didn’t have to,” Yoongi went on.

Hoseok’s mother frowned whilst Hoseok’s father let out a chuckle. “It’s a joint gift, Yoongi. Don’t worry about the price, just worry about whether it fits or not.”

“Do you not like it?” Hoseok’s mother asked. “You can be honest, Yoongi. We wanted to get you something nice, so if you don’t like it-”

“I like it,” Yoongi interjected, and then withdrew when he realised his abruptness. “Sorry. I do like it. It’s one of the nicest things I own. I just feel… bad. I didn’t expect you to get me anything.”

Hoseok’s mother seemed to understand where he was coming from. She began to smile, and she even shook her head, patting her husband’s leg. “Don’t feel bad, Yoongi. We didn’t expect anything in return. Your company is enough.”

Yoongi was uncertain when the right time was to bring it up, but now seemed a good a moment as any. He fidgeted, placing the material on his lap. “Actually, I did get you all something. It’s not much though.”

“I got you something too! Wanna trade?” Dawon exclaimed, her eyes glistening.

“I – yeah, sure,” Yoongi agreed when Dawon scanned the presents, found one she was looking for, and thrust it under Yoongi’s nose. He reached behind him after taking it and handed Dawon her gift. “Like I said, it’s not much-”

“Oh, shut up,” Dawon said, her smile wide. “You’re already making mum cry. She didn’t think you would want to come over for Christmas, y’know. Now, open your gift! Let me know what you think.”

Yoongi didn’t appear to have a choice. His eyes slid over to Hoseok who was grinning at him slyly; it seemed that he knew about it the whole time, the fact that his whole family had decided to buy Yoongi presents.

He peeled off the wrapping paper as Dawon unwrapped hers. Hoseok giggled from beside him, using his arm wrapped securely around Yoongi’s shoulders to sway him from side to side gently.
“What’d she get you?”

“Oh wow!” Dawon exclaimed, jumping up onto her feet. She darted towards Yoongi and showed no hesitance in throwing her arms around Yoongi’s neck before pulling away, the makeup kit in her hand. “I love it. One of my friend’s has this and she says how good it is all the time. How did you know?”

Yoongi blushed at the attention. “Oh, just research, I guess.” He didn’t mention how he wanted to buy the same kit out of curiosity but refrained from doing so because he had to restrict his budget.

She smiled delightedly. “Thank you, Yoongs. Now, did you open yours?” She stared expectantly at the half-wrapped parcel in his hands.

“Give him space to breathe, ‘Won,” Hoseok said, frowning slightly as he reattached his arm over Yoongi’s shoulder.

Dawon ignored him pointedly and watched as Yoongi removed the gift from the paper. It was a piece of black material, a stylish gold plate sewed onto the middle. It was a beanie.

“Do you like it?” She asked. “I’ve never seen you wear one, but beanies are really in right now. I asked Hobi and he said that you’d look good in one, so you have to wear it.”

“‘Won,” Hoseok’s mother reprimanded her daughter’s speech, but Dawon laughed it off.

“No, it’s fine. I like it. It’ll go well with the shirt,” Yoongi complimented. Dawon smiled, her eyes glittering in the lights of the Christmas tree. “Thank you.”

“Get a room!” Hoseok crowed, laughing when Dawon glared at him. “Seriously, ‘Wonnie. Are you sure you don’t have a crush?”

“Oh, shut it,” Dawon snapped. “I’m happy he liked my gift. So, go on then. Where’s your gift? You were stressing about it for months, weren’t you? I’d like to see the pay-off.”

Hoseok laughed. “You wish. You haven’t even given me my gift yet.”

Dawon crossed her arms. “I was going to show you in private and save you the embarrassment, but if you’re so keen on being a brat, I’ll give it to you right here, in front of everyone.” And with that, she leapt up and darted out of the room.

Yoongi heard the sound of her footsteps thundering up the stairs just as Hoseok’s mother sighed wearily. “You could have been nicer, Hobi,” she said. “There’s no need to get jealous.”

Hoseok spluttered. “Me? Je- I’m not jealous!”

“Well, there’s no need to tease,” his father interjected, stroking his wife’s arm comfortingly. “You know that ‘Won is already seeing someone. Getting jealous isn’t healthy.”

“I’m not jealous!” Hoseok exclaimed again, his face turning a spectacular shade of red.

Yoongi was so busy laughing at Hoseok’s parent’s spat between them and their son that he almost failed to notice when Dawon skid into the room with a maniacal grin, clutching the frame in her hands.

“What the hell is that?” Hoseok groaned as Dawon approached.

“Your present,” Dawon replied haughtily, pushing it into Hoseok’s hands.
He stared down at it in alarm, his previously ruddy face transitioning into an unbecoming shade of purple. Yoongi peeked over his shoulder at the picture, a snort of laughter escaping his lips when he sighted baby Hoseok’s delighted grin. Hoseok ripped the picture out of his sight and clutched it to his chest.

Hoseok glared up at his sister with a menacing intent. “I’m going to kill you.”

“Don’t you like it?” Dawon asked, struggling to control her laughter. She seemed to sense that Hoseok was being serious as she let out a squeal and attempted to run, but Hoseok was faster.

He held her under his arm as she struggled, yet, laughed through her cries.

“Hoseok!” His father snapped, losing his composure for the first time. “Let go of your sister and thank her for her gift.”

Begrudgingly, Hoseok released Dawon. “I’m not thanking her.”

“‘Won, what did you give to him? It’s not to do with this ridiculous tradition, is it?” Hoseok’s mother asked

“Look at the scarf he got me!” Dawon yelled, pulling it from around her shoulders and practically thrusting it in her mother’s face. “It’s hideous!”

“And so is this!” Hoseok yelled back, grabbing the frame he had thrown on the floor and presenting it to his mother. “Can I burn it?”

“Enough! Both of you!” Hoseok’s mother exploded, rendering her children silent. Even Yoongi was affected and he had only been observing the sibling’s squabble.

“‘Won, if you really don’t like it, get Hobi to exchange it for something else of your choosing. And, Hobi,” she took the picture from his hands, “if you’re not going to keep this, I’ll keep it.”

“No,” Hoseok dragged out. “This is just like that scrapbook last year. Can’t you just get rid of it? It’s embarrassing.”

“If you throw it out, the garbagemen will get a lovely peek at it,” his mother replied dryly. “No. It’s staying. But you two are to end this ‘tradition’. Next year, you’ll get each other suitable gifts. Understand?”

Dawon and Hoseok both made a sort of grumbling noise that seemed to resemble uncommitted compliance. Their mother took this as a good sign and nodded affirmatively.

“Good,” she said, and then straightened up. “Hobi, don’t you have one last gift to give?”

“Yeah, yeah, jeez,” Hoseok grumbled under his breath. “It’s not like I wasn’t going to give it.”

Hoseok reached behind Yoongi, curving around until he was lying flat on his stomach in an attempt to find the present under the tree.

“Lovely view,” Dawon scoffed, leaning back against her father who chuckled along with her.

“Heard that,” Hoseok called back before emerging with an envelope. “Did you have to pile all your presents on top of mine, ‘Won?” he complained.

“I didn’t. Your presents got under mine,” Dawon quipped. She stared at the envelope in Hoseok’s hand before snorting her laughter. “Is that it? With the way you were stressing over it, I thought you
were gonna buy a ring or something.”

Yoongi thought he saw Hoseok fidget. He averted his eyes. “Shut up, ‘Won,” he said instead of denying anything outright. Yoongi eyed the envelope warily. It was possible to slip a ring into it, but what ring was sold without its box?

“It’s not a ring,” Hoseok said smally, putting Yoongi’s thoughts to rest. He handed the envelope over to Yoongi. “It’s not much, but I thought you’d like it,” he said, almost shyly.

“Everyone’s said that so far,” Yoongi pointed out. “And everyone’s gifts have been nice.”

“Apart from mine,” Dawon interjected sourly, kicking at the hideous green shawl.

“Yeah, ‘Won, we get it, your whole Christmas has been ruined,” Hoseok retorted with a glare. He looked back to Yoongi who was staring, transfixed, at the envelope, uncertain, and almost nervous, as to what could be hiding inside. “Need help?”

“Oh. No, sorry,” Yoongi said, forcing his mind back into the present. Hoseok laughed lightly, placing his hands over Yoongi’s like his parents weren’t sitting a few inches away.

Yoongi tried to open the envelope, but once Hoseok tore one of the edges and laughed it off, Yoongi gave up trying to be delicate and ripped it open, revealing the contents inside.

Hoseok let go of his hands when Yoongi took out the piece of cream coloured card, its edges ornate.

“I know it’s not much, but that was the only restaurant I could find on such short notice. Everything in the city was all booked up until late February. Dad said this should be fine,” Hoseok said apprehensively. “And we don’t have to wear suits. Just, like, shirts and ties. It looks fancy, but apparently, it’s fairly relaxed. Didn’t you say you wanted to try first-class dining at least once?”

Yoongi didn’t know what to say. Hoseok had listened to his off-hand comment about wanting to try Michelin star food and had gone through with it. The card in his hand declared that ‘Mr. Jung & Mr. Min’ had their booking confirmed and were inviting to attend their three-course dining experience on the twenty-sixth of January.

“Mum and dad offered to pay as long as we stick to the deal menu, so you don’t have to worry about price, and—” Hoseok was cut off by Yoongi throwing his arms around his neck. “Oh. Um. I’m guessing you like it?”

Yoongi laughed breathily into Hoseok’s shoulder. “Guess you could say that. I have a gift for you too, but I’ll give it later.”

Happiness flushed in his core and tripled tenfold when Hoseok’s hands brushed along his lower back. There was the sound of a whistle, and then Hoseok cleared his throat. Yoongi pulled away, his cheeks burning as he realised where he was. He had gotten tugged along by the pull between him and Hoseok and had forgotten that Hoseok’s sister and parents were surveying them.

Fortunately, for him, when he next looked, Hoseok’s mother and father were smiling, and even Dawon who seemed to be in a surly mood was grinning.

“When are you two gonna kiss?” she asked, letting out a shriek of laughter eerily similar to Hoseok’s. Yoongi looked away and Hoseok glared at her.

“’Wonnie, leave the boys alone,” Hoseok’s mother reprimanded, but she was smiling all the same.
She smiled too, to the extent where Yoongi thought her face would split in two, when she opened the present that Yoongi had bought for her and Hoseok’s father – a western-styled cookbook that his own mother had recommended.

She smiled at him once more when the movie the family had settled down to watch was over, and she took off to bed. Yoongi followed her into the kitchen, a strange resolve taking over him to ensure that she was not hiding a grudge underneath her content exterior.

She was sipping at a glass of water when he greeted her. She smiled at him over the glass, set it down on the table. “Are you okay, Yoongi? Aren’t you, Hobi and ‘Won going to watch another movie?”

“Yes, probably,” Yoongi said uncertainly, recalling how just two minutes ago Hoseok had hinted that Dawon go to bed because all she was doing was ‘texting her not-boyfriend’.

He cleared his throat awkwardly and then regretted doing so when Hoseok’s mother began to chuckle.

“I’m sorry,” she apologised. He must have looked startled. She smiled warmly. “I think I know what you’re going to want to talk about, Yoongi. The last time we saw each other, I didn’t exactly treat you very kindly.”

Yoongi had no idea how she had peered into his thoughts, but he didn’t want her to think that he blamed her in the slightest. “It’s fine. I mean, I wanted to apologise. You told me not to hurt him, and I did. I didn’t mean to. I-”

She had moved towards him, placed both her hands on his shoulders and stared him in the eye. “Thank you, Yoongi. That’s sweet of you, but it wasn’t your fault.” He felt the bemusement stir within his gut. “Hobi explained it to me, very ambiguously, but I understand the main idea. It was a problem between the two of you and I didn’t treat you fairly.”

She continued on. “You two sorted it out, and you wouldn’t have been able to do so if I had intervened any more than I had done. So, thank you for being mature enough to do so and to return here with no hard feelings.”

Yoongi’s name was being shouted from the living room, followed by a muffled yell of: “your boyfriend doesn’t even want to be in the same room as you!”

Hoseok’s mother rolled her eyes at her children’s antics as she released him and nodded towards the door. “I think you’re being called for,” she laughed. “Go on now.”

Yoongi nodded, feeling more even-footed. His chest inflated with her praise. Mature, she had called him. Yet, he didn’t feel very mature with the adolescent heat building in his stomach as the fated promise approached as the evening ticked on by. He and Hoseok were going to be alone together very soon, he just needed to hold out until then, until Dawon had left.

“Oh, and Yoongi?” Hoseok’s mother called after him before he left the kitchen. He turned to her to find her regarding him with a wide smile. “You didn’t break any promise. I know you’ll treat him right, and I hope he does the same. You’re a good boy, Yoongi.”

Yoongi’s face flooded with heat, and he ducked his head out of embarrassment. “Thanks, Mrs. Jung,” he mumbled and moved hurriedly towards the lounge, back to where Hoseok was loudly bellowing his name.

That had been unexpected, but her approval certainly wasn’t unwelcome. He felt at peace in
Hoseok’s home, with his family and each of their own antics. He felt as if he had found a second home, somewhere where he could picture himself in the future.

Hoseok spared no expense in ensuring that Dawon knew she wasn’t welcome after his parents went to bed. He turned the TV on and flipped idly through the channels, his hand on Yoongi’s leg as if to remind him of his presence. If that was his intention, it worked. Yoongi couldn’t stop fidgeting.

Dawon sighed irritably and looked up from her phone. “Can you settle on one channel?” she snapped at Hoseok.

“What does it matter to you?” Hoseok scoffed, continuing to change programme. “You’re not even watching. Why don’t you go somewhere else and text your boyfriend?”

“He’s not my boyfriend,” Dawon retorted hurriedly.

“But you went on a date,” Hoseok said, his thumb rubbing at Yoongi’s inner thigh as he leant over to raise an eyebrow at Dawon. “He clearly likes you.”

“Well, if he does, he hasn’t said anything,” Dawon said, her eyes focussed on the screen of her phone.

“Then it should be you. He asked you out, you should confess. That way you’re even,” Hoseok pointed out as if he had years of experience in the dating field.

Yoongi knew for a fact that he was Hoseok’s first boyfriend, so whatever experience they both had was exceedingly limited. Frankly, Yoongi didn’t think that either of them was qualified to hand out dating advice.

Dawon seemed to be having the same train of thought. She snorted. “Why would I take advice from you? You had a crush on Yoongi for years before you even said anything,” she said in a deadpan, her thumbs darting across the screen.

Yoongi felt a smile spread across his face. He turned to Hoseok, his eyebrow raised. “Years?”

Hoseok was blushing, and he spluttered. “Yeah, well, you knew that. Anyway, ‘Won. It’s getting late, you should head to bed.”

Dawon sighed irritably, the air ruffling his fringe. She glared at Hoseok over her phone screen. “And why should I do that, mum? You’re not the boss of me.”

“What a witty comeback,” Hoseok responded dryly. He shut the TV off. “Yoongs’ mum is coming to pick him up early tomorrow, so we’ve gotta go to bed early.”

“Are you serious?” Dawon asked, baffled. “It’s barely twelve. Just because mum said you can sleep downstairs doesn’t mean you have control of it. I don’t even know why you want to sleep down here. Surely you could just share the bed?”

She raised both her eyebrows at them and Yoongi averted his eyes. Hoseok had informed him earlier on that he had asked his mother if they could sleep downstairs, as that was what he and Taehyung did whenever they had a sleepover since Hoseok’s bedroom was too small for a futon.

Yoongi hadn’t seen the point of this, but Hoseok told him that it was simply ‘precaution’ for the possibility that one of them was ‘too loud’ and awoke other members of the household. Yoongi had blushed at this, and Hoseok had laughed before informing him with the news that maybe Hoseok’s
mother didn’t want them to get too intimate with each other.

Yoongi knew that saying sorry for touching her son in a way that he had been craving for months was an apology he would never be able to give, nor want to.

“I always sleep downstairs when I have a sleepover,” Hoseok supplied breezily, but he mustn’t have sounded convincing enough for Dawon’s taste as her nose crinkled.

“Oh my god,” she said and then shook her head, hoisting herself up from the couch. “You two are gonna…? In the living room? Dad eats his dinner here, you know!”

“We’re not going to do what you’re thinking.” Hoseok hissed at her, hinting for her to lower her voice.

“Yeah, but you’re gonna do something.” She folded her arms, eyeing them suspiciously. Yoongi forced himself to look her in the eye, and he supposed that Hoseok did the same as she visibly slumped.

“Nevermind,” she muttered. “Just keep it down. And not on the couches, okay?” She trudged out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

Yoongi barely had time to process her departure before Hoseok had pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth, attempting to swipe his tongue over Yoongi’s upper lip.

“Wait,” Yoongi said, moving back slightly. He pressed his hands against Hoseok’s chest and resisted the urge to slip his hands under Hoseok’s shirt. “I wanted to talk first.”

It was clear that Hoseok didn’t understand Yoongi’s reluctance, but he backed down all the same. “Sure. Okay. What about?”

Yoongi couldn’t resist laughing at the visible pout on Hoseok’s face, and he leant in to press a closed-mouth kiss to Hoseok’s pursed lips. “We’ll get to that later, I promise. But I need to do something first.”

“Oh, yeah. Shower?” A smile slid across Hoseok’s face, his arms winding around Yoongi’s waist where Yoongi was facing him, pulling him closer.

Yoongi hummed. “Not quite. I’ll take one after. Aren’t you forgetting something?” Hoseok looked blank. “Your present?”

Hoseok sucked in air, his eyebrows raising. “Oh, right. It completely slipped my mind,” he laughed abashedly. His mood changed, his eyebrows hunching together. “Speaking of, I…”

Yoongi looked at him expectantly, but Hoseok shook his head, his hands grasping Yoongi’s waist tighter until he was pulled onto Hoseok’s lap. Automatically, Yoongi wrapped his arms around Hoseok’s neck and pressed a lingering kiss to Hoseok’s lips. He heard Hoseok’s breath intake as his hands travelled from Yoongi’s waist to his hair, pulling him down harder into his mouth, the kiss deepening.

Yoongi struggled to pull away, both due to the force Hoseok was using and his reluctance on breaking the desired contact. “I thought I told you that could wait?” Yoongi teased, tilting his head so that it rested on Hoseok’s forehead.

“Not fair. You started it,” Hoseok grumbled, his breath scalding Yoongi’s lips. Yoongi had to pull away, lest the temptation became too great for him.
“I need to go and get your present,” Yoongi said, pulling away hurriedly when Hoseok leant in for another kiss.

He scrambled off Hoseok’s lap and darted towards the Christmas tree. Only a few gifts remained since Hoseok’s mother had wanted to leave some for boxing day. Along with the rest of the Jung family’s gifts lay Yoongi’s for Hoseok. He picked the small parcel from the floor and returned to the couch.

Yoongi offered it to Hoseok, and only when Hoseok took it from him did trepidation thrum through his entire being. “Before you open it,” he said hurriedly, before Hoseok could tear into the paper, “it’s nothing special. I mean – it’s not really expensive or anything, like I’m sure your gift was, but I hope you like it.”

“Yoongs,” Hoseok said steadily, his gaze heavy as he met Yoongi’s eye. “I’m sure you’ve put a lot of thought into it. That’s all that counts. I don’t care about the price.”

Yoongi had to blink in order to hold back the tears. Hoseok had done it again, known exactly what Yoongi’s worry was and had spoken against it using the words that Yoongi so desperately needed to hear.

He pressed his lips together into a wobbly smile and nodded to give Hoseok permission to begin unwrapping it.

Hoseok’s hands were eager as they tore open the paper, but Yoongi noted that he seemed to be holding himself back, most likely for Yoongi’s consideration. When the contents eventually tumbled onto Hoseok’s lap, Yoongi’s stomach was itching with nerves.

The CD looked positively inadaquete in comparison to Hoseok’s elabororate gift of a fancy restaurant date and he couldn’t help but notice Hoseok’s blank expression.

“I should have gotten you something else,” Yoongi concluded, putting his hand out to take it back.

“No, no,” Hoseok quickly defended, hugging the CD case to his chest as a mother would do to one of her cubs. “It’s just… A mixtape? That’s what it is, right?”

Yoongi hesitated. “I suppose. In a way.”

Hoseok frowned, he looked down at the CD, traced over the words written in black marker ‘for Seok, Merry Christmas’. “Is it…” He looked up so quickly that Yoongi surprised his neck didn’t snap. “Did you make this yourself? Is it a song?”

He sounded so incredibly eager that Yoongi almost keeled over in endearment. “Uh, yeah. A few songs. They’re not that good though, I didn’t have much time, and no real equipment.”

“Shut up,” Hoseok said, his voice breathy as if he was in awe. “They’re gonna be so good, I know it. I can’t believe you made songs for me. My gift looks so shit now.” And he laughed that infatuating laugh that caused Yoongi’s stomach to lurch pleasantly.

He smiled at Yoongi, his cheeks ruddy and the tips of his ears stained red. “Thank you, Yoon. Really. This is amazing.”

Yoongi pretended as if he wasn’t blushing up to his hairline. “It’s not really. They won’t sound that good until I get proper recording equipment, and a real MIDI instrument.”

Hoseok rolled his eyes. “Shut up, you dork, and kiss me.”
So Yoongi did. The wrapping paper crinkled loudly as Hoseok pulled Yoongi in, flush against his chest. Their lips fell apart before reconnecting, warm skin melding together and wet heat intermingling sincerely. Yoongi parted from the kiss before he could give into the temptation pin Hoseok down on the couch and deepen their contact, preferably without any clothes.

“Speaking of presents,” Hoseok began as Yoongi began to ball the wrapping paper in his hand. “That one I gave you earlier wasn’t your real present.”

It was typical of Hoseok to drop a bombshell on him at the last minute. He was certain that his eyes nearly bulged out of his head. “What?”

Hoseok smiled sheepishly and gave him some unenthusiastic jazz hands. He seemed uncharacteristically nervous. “Your real present – it’s upstairs.” He dithered, before apparently making up his mind. He removed himself from the couch.

“Wait here,” he said over his shoulder. “I’ll go and get it.” He raced out of the room and dashed up the stairs. Yoongi hoped that he hadn’t awoken his parents.

When Hoseok eventually returned, his face was red, and he didn’t seem to want to look Yoongi in the eye. He sat in his original position on the couch with his legs crossed and his back against the arm rest. A square shaped parcel rested in his hands.

“I didn’t want to do this in front of everyone,” Hoseok explained. “I wanted it to be just us two.”

He took Yoongi’s hands and placed the present in between them. Yoongi looked to Hoseok, who smiled at him warmly, his eyes filled with so much adoration that appeared to tremble, as if he were about to burst into tears.

Yoongi squeezed Hoseok’s hands, felt how soft and warm they were under his. He hadn’t really noticed it, but he realised that his hands were slightly bigger than Hoseok’s. The realisation made his stomach warm, made his heart flip and his blood rush through his veins at a dizzying speed.

“You can open it,” Hoseok said, and Yoongi complied.

He prised the paper off with shaky fingers, all too aware of Hoseok watching him for his reaction. Once he had unwrapped his gift, saw how the square shape had turned out to be a box coloured a deep blue, he looked back to Hoseok. He was shocked. Hoseok hadn’t truly gotten him a ring, had he?

Swallowing down any anxieties about their future, Yoongi opened the box with barely concealed anticipation. The view simultaneously made his heart soar and his stomach drop.

Hoseok hadn’t gotten him a ring, but he had gotten him a couple’s bracelet.

“I wasn’t sure what colour to get,” Hoseok began waffling as soon as he had seen that Yoongi had laid eyes upon the bracelet. “The woman at the counter told me that black is always in and goes with everything, but I thought brown would be nicer. I thought that it matched the jewels more than black?”

Yoongi lifted the bracelet out of the box, his breath caught in his throat as he examined the maroon shade of the thread and the details of the jewellery. The bracelet consisted of a single leather strap, etched with intricate patterns that reminded Yoongi of a gust of wind, like something Celtic. There were various jewels dotted along the material, each an emerald colour that twinkled back at Yoongi when folded the bracelet around his wrist.
“Here,” Hoseok said, extending his hand to take Yoongi’s.

He turned Yoongi’s wrist around, his fingertips brushing against the sensitive of Yoongi’s wrist as he did up the silver clasp. One small emerald feather dangled from the links of the clasp, adding an air of elegance to the whole design.

“It’s beautiful,” Yoongi whispered, unable to project his voice. He traced his fingers over the pattern. “The colours look so nice.”

“Are you sure?” Hoseok asked to confirm, maybe to check that Yoongi wasn’t lying to spare his feelings.

“I’m sure,” Yoongi answered firmly, looking into Hoseok’s eyes. “I love it.” I love you.

Hoseok let out a nervous chuckle, almost as if he had heard Yoongi’s alarming thought. Yoongi’s heart thundered in his chest and he opted to stare down at the bracelet instead of looking Hoseok in the eye.

“It came in a set, so I have one as well,” Hoseok said, his hands stroking against Yoongi’s knees absent-mindedly. “I’ve always thought that couple’s jewellery was cute, and when I saw these, I thought that – well, I had to get them. I know you don’t usually wear bracelets, but I thought a ring would be too… You know.”

“Serious?” Yoongi offered, reaching for the obvious. But Hoseok shook his head.

“No. I mean, we are serious, right? That’s why I thought a couple’s bracelet would be the right idea. A ring is like marriage or something, and we haven’t even gone to uni yet,” Hoseok began to smile.

Yoongi’s stomach tensed at the word, at the prospect of the two separating, but he forced himself away from such thoughts. He couldn’t spoil the moment between them with his own sour thought process.

Instead, he smiled back, placing his hand on the plush of Hoseok’s cheek, his stomach flipping when Hoseok tilted his head into the contact.

“I think it’s perfect, ‘Seokie,” he said. “You must have spent a lot of time planning.”

Hoseok shrugged, trying to play it off, but Yoongi felt the blush on his cheeks against the palm of his hand. “A bit. I’m glad you like it.”

“I like them both,” Yoongi said earnestly, pressing a chaste kiss to Hoseok’s smiling mouth. He pulled away to regard his bracelet once more. “So, the dinner will be after the competition?”

Hoseok exhaled, slumping back against the armrest. “Yeah. I’m just hoping I score decently.”

“You will,” Yoongi affirmed. Hoseok lifted an eyebrow. “‘Seok, you’ve been working so hard, and I’ve seen the video of you dance – even if it was years ago. You’re good. You’ll do well, I know it.”

“And if I don’t?” Hoseok asked, sounding teasing now, clearly fishing for more compliments.

“Then you’ll have many more opportunities to prove yourself,” Yoongi concluded, patting Hoseok’s leg. “Don’t worry about it now. It’s Christmas, enjoy yourself.”

“Oh, I’m planning to,” Hoseok said flirtily, sitting up and allowing his hands to travel over Yoongi’s thighs. His hands were dangerously near Yoongi’s crotch as he spoke deep and low into Yoongi’s
Yoongi couldn’t restrain a whimper when Hoseok ran a wet strip of heat up Yoongi’s neck. He gripped onto Hoseok’s shoulders. “What if your parents see?”

“They’re asleep,” Hoseok said against Yoongi’s skin, pressing lazy, deep kisses into the crook of Yoongi’s neck. Yoongi felt his lower stomach stir at the sensation of Hoseok brushing his teeth against the nerves encased near his collarbone.

“What if they need to use the bathroom?” Yoongi whispered, his voice strained as Hoseok’s hand trailed up his thigh and lingered over Yoongi’s semi-hard crotch.

“You say you left your clothes in my room, and then get the lube,” Hoseok replied, his voice several octaves lower and the predatory smile gone from his face. He was intent on sucking his bites onto Yoongi’s neck, his heated tongue causing Yoongi’s fingers to curl in his hair. The feather of his bracelet tickled Hoseok’s forehead.

“Where – where is it?” Yoongi stumbled over his words as Hoseok pushed his hand under Yoongi’s jeans, his palm cupping Yoongi’s hardening erection.

Hoseok licked across Yoongi’s neck before kissing hard. Yoongi felt the intense pain of skin breaking become numb due to the pleasure that flushed his being when Hoseok kissed over the newly formed hickey. “In my desk, second drawer down.”

Yoongi struggled with himself all the while struggling with the reality that Hoseok was massaging his hand against his dick. He needed to leave before he succumbed to Hoseok completely – he needed to get a shower so that the evening could go ahead as previously planned.

With as much strength as he could muster, Yoongi pushed Hoseok away by his shoulders. The cold hit him at once, even with the heating running through the Jung’s house’s flooring, it was freezing without Hoseok’s mouth on him.

“I’ll be back soon,” Yoongi mumbled, his mouth slack from the way that Hoseok twisted his hand against his dick when he was removing his hand from Yoongi’s jeans.

“Hurry up,” Hoseok said, his hands finding Yoongi’s and clinging onto them, his eyes dark and heavy. “Need you.”

“I’ll be quick, I promise,” Yoongi said as he made his way out of the room.

He adjusted himself in his jeans awkwardly as he half-walked, half-tripped his way upstairs. He didn’t want to risk turning the light on and waking someone up because the lightrays slipped under the door.

He couldn’t stop his hands from shaking as he undressed himself and stepped into the shower. The water was cold against his skin even though he had turned it to a fairly warm temperature, but perhaps that was simply because his skin was heated from where Hoseok had touched him.

He felt the familiar thrum of something burning inside of him as he scrubbed his body with Hoseok’s shower gel. The scent wasn’t enough; he needed the being it belonged to. He needed Hoseok draped over him, on him, kissing him all over, muttering words of praise against his skin, his voice vibrating against Yoongi’s core, repeating his name over and over until-

Yoongi cursed aloud, his dick had twitched in accordance to his lusty thoughts and was desperate for attention. He fought the urge to touch himself in the Jung family shower and instead focussed on
washing his hair and recalling the article he had read about how to clean himself out properly.

He didn’t have a douche, so he was going to have to make do with the shower. It was rather awkward to stick a clumsy finger inside of himself, feel his rim remain unbudging against his digit, and to have the water scald his backside and inner thighs. After a while, when he figured he was finished, he rewashed himself again to ensure that he was as clean as possible.

Just as instructed, when he climbed out of the shower, he wrapped the guest towel around himself, and then hesitated. If Hoseok’s mother or father spotted him in the bathroom light, they would undoubtedly see the bruises blossoming on his neck, shoulder and upper chest.

Hoseok certainly had gotten carried away; he traced a hickey with his finger upon examining himself in the mirror and shuddered at the raw sensation. He resorted to rewrapping the towel around his upper body. He didn’t have the correct moisturiser with him, nor did he have time. He wasn’t certain that he had taken long enough.

With a racing heart, he crept out of the bathroom, across the hall and into Hoseok’s room. He located the bottle of lube in the drawer that Hoseok had directed him to and added it the pile of clothes in his hand. He made his way down the stairs carefully in case he slipped in the dark and ended up with a broken leg.

He didn’t care to wait anymore. He entered the lounge, shut the door behind him and turned to face the couch where Hoseok had opted to lie down, browsing through his phone. He had looked up as soon as Yoongi had entered, a smile transforming his face.

“What took you so long?” Hoseok asked him as Yoongi deposited his clothes on the other couch.

Yoongi felt his cheeks flush. “You know,” he said, and hoped Hoseok understood without having him to explain further. Talking about how he had had to clean himself out would be a mood killer for sure. He had grown soft mid-process, and it disconcerted him how he was supposed to find anal sex remotely pleasurable if a finger up his ass had been nothing but a displeasing experience.

Hoseok nodded, bit his lips. Clearly, he was being tact, that was what Yoongi thought, but when his eyes adjusted to the dim lighting, he saw that Hoseok was too busy running his eyes over Yoongi’s figure to think about what Yoongi had been up to in the shower.

“Yoon, come here,” Hoseok said, sitting up and facing Yoongi’s direction. His eyes were trained solely on Yoongi’s figure and the room became increasingly silent, even as Yoongi took several steps towards Hoseok.

When he reached Hoseok, he let his fingers dance hesitantly over Hoseok’s shoulders. Now that the time had come, Yoongi wasn’t certain how to approach Hoseok or his fantasy. Dawon didn’t want them to do anything on the couches, which he could respect, but all they had were two rather flimsy futons. Where were they going to lay?

Hoseok’s hands rested on Yoongi’s hips, his thumbs rubbing slow circles through the thin material of the towel. His eyes rested on Yoongi’s face, running down to gaze at the pattern of purples planted on Yoongi’s neck and shoulder.


Yoongi could no longer feel the blush on his face. All he wanted to do was please Hoseok, have Hoseok’s eyes on him, as well as his hands. He was so desperate for contact that he dropped the
towel without a second thought, he spared no time to become self-conscious as Hoseok’s lips parted as his eyes ran over Yoongi’s naked form.

“God, Yoongs,” Hoseok exhaled, his hands taking hold of Yoongi’s hips before trailing down Yoongi’s thighs. “So beautiful.”

Yoongi shivered in response to the way Hoseok’s fingers took in his skin, caressing him slowly, intently. “’m not,” he mumbled abashedly, because it was the truth.

He was far too skinny, he thought. He was straight up and down like an ironing board and his arms, legs and chest possessed no muscle – unlike Hoseok.

“You are,” Hoseok contradicted, his hands tracing back up towards Yoongi’s chest, brushing over Yoongi’s erect nipples. Yoongi, yet again, failed to suppress a shiver. “Look at you. So soft.”

A warm breath ghosted over Yoongi’s stomach, and he tensed instinctively when something wet and solid pressed against the hair beneath his navel. It was impossible not to notice how his cock twitched in response, hardening rapidly the longer Hoseok touched him, but not in the way he quite wanted. His boyfriend truly was a tease.

“’Seok,” Yoongi groaned, trying to get across that he wanted more but unable to access the words to translate his meaning.

Hoseok didn’t respond, continuing to press kisses near the base of Yoongi’s crotch, his lips tickling against the hair gathered there. Yoongi’s hands scrambled from Hoseok’s shoulders to his hair, twisting when Hoseok traced a finger over the prominent vein of his shaft.

“So cute,” Hoseok said as Yoongi keened, unable to control himself. Hoseok looked up at him, his eyes dark and hooded. “What do you want, Yoonie?”

“I- I don’t know,” Yoongi answered, swallowing hard as he found his mouth unbearably dry. Hoseok traced circles on his hips with the pad of his thumbs. “Just touch me. Please.”

“Hmm,” Hoseok hummed in deliberation, as if Yoongi had given him a particularly tricky Chemistry equation. He ran his hands up and down Yoongi’s sides. “Touch you where?”

“Please, ’Seok,” Yoongi pleaded, bucking his hips in a desperate attempt for some sort of friction. Hoseok leant away, his arms coming to loop around Yoongi’s waist and his hands to rest on Yoongi’s butt.

“Where’s the lube, baby?” Hoseok asked, cocking his head as he pulled Yoongi down onto his lap. Yoongi’s hands balled themselves around the material of Hoseok’s shirt as his dick pressed against his own stomach and the roughness of Hoseok’s clothes.

“Other sofa,” Yoongi answered distractedly. Hoseok’s hands slid down his thighs, his lips coming to rest between Yoongi’s shoulder and his neck, teeth grazing over the newly formed hickies.

“Do you want to go and get it for me?” Hoseok asked, although Yoongi knew it was more of an order than a request.

Yoongi had no idea how Hoseok expected him to fulfil his wishes when he was kissing at the sensitive nerves enthroned in Yoongi’s skin, the heat of his breath and tongue causing Yoongi’s blood to rush around his body, his dick throbbing with anticipation.

Thankfully, Hoseok seemed to sense Yoongi’s dilemma. He pulled away with a smile, his hand
patting at Yoongi’s thigh. “You okay to walk?”

Yoongi nodded mutedly although he wasn’t entirely sure. With much difficulty, he removed himself from Hoseok, shivered when the cool air hit him. He moved as quickly as his shaking legs would allow him to retrieve the half-empty bottle of lube.

When he returned back to Hoseok’s lap, he found that Hoseok had been busy unzipping the crotch of his pants. Through the material, Yoongi could see that Hoseok was as hard as he was. A wild impulse took over him, commanding his body to move on its accord and pull Hoseok into a frenzied kiss.

But it wasn’t enough, not even with Hoseok’s tongue curling against his in the way that he loved. He wanted friction, skin on skin. He wanted Hoseok beneath him, or Hoseok on top of him. Either way, he didn’t care.

“‘Seokie,” Yoongi breathed raggedly as Hoseok pulled away long enough to reach for the lube that Yoongi had dropped next to Hoseok’s leg. “Want you to – want more.”

“I know, baby, I know,” Hoseok consoled, snapping open the lid of the bottle and squirting the contents in his palm with ease. He looked to Yoongi, his eyes flitting from one side of Yoongi’s face to the other as if to look for any discomfort. “You okay?”

Yoongi couldn’t bring himself to provide a coherent answer. He moaned instead, burying his head in Hoseok’s shoulder, his hands tightening their hold on Hoseok’s shirt.

“Impatient, aren’t you?” Hoseok chuckled, but Yoongi could hear the strain in his voice. He was just as turned on as Yoongi was.

That piece of information was enough to spur Yoongi on. He parted his lips, flicked his tongue over a strip of Hoseok’s neck. He felt Hoseok tense beneath him as his lips unfolded from his teeth, grazing at Hoseok’s neck.

“Touch me, ‘Seok,” Yoongi whispered into Hoseok’s ear. “Can’t wait. Please?”

Something cold encased him, the warmth building in the base of his cock started as Hoseok’s hand slid down his length, brushing against every heightened nerve. Yoongi’s gasp was strained, and he felt his legs tremor as Hoseok tugged at him before his thumb toyed with the head of Yoongi’s dick.

It had been too long since Hoseok had touched him, too long since he had felt such pleasure intensified. He had asked for Hoseok to touch him when he had been so worked up, when he had been deprived of Hoseok’s touch for months. He knew that there was no way he was going to last.

“‘Seok, I’m gonna-” Yoongi keened into Hoseok’s ear, arching his back when Hoseok clasped him closer, Hoseok’s fingers trailing up from his balls to the tip of his cock.

He felt the slick of the lube trickle to his perineum as well as clinging to his stomach. Hoseok’s breathing was ragged and his fingers were sticky with lube and pre-cum. The desperate messiness of it all only added to the fire building in Yoongi’s gut, burning at his base and licking at his shaft. He couldn’t hold on any longer.

“‘Seok,” he tried to warn, but it was too late. He came over Hoseok’s fist, months of frustration seeming to come undone, streaming from him in thick strips.

He couldn’t stop himself from shaking, his mind clouded and his breathing compromised. He collapsed into Hoseok’s neck, uncaring whether his softening dick pushed against Hoseok’s
stomach. He hadn’t felt such a high in ages and he was having to adjust to the feeling of a satisfied orgasm.

“It’s okay, Yoon. You did great, baby,” Hoseok murmured to him, one hand gliding up and down his back whilst the other remained strategically positioned away from Yoongi. “Do you want me to clean you up?”

Yoongi shook his head and then realised that Hoseok couldn’t see him. “Did any get on the couch?” he asked, his head still swimming in haze.

“I don’t think so,” Hoseok reassured. “Just on me.”

“Sorry,” Yoongi muttered, to which Hoseok laughed, craned his neck to see Yoongi properly.

“Why are you apologising?” Hoseok smiled, gazing into Yoongi’s eyes with such adoration that Yoongi couldn’t even look away in embarrassment. “It’s hot.”

Yoongi snorted weakly, pushing at Hoseok’s shoulder. “You’re so weird.”

“But you like me anyway, right?” Hoseok teased, kissing Yoongi’s lips briefly before pulling back to grimace at his hand. “Can you stand? There are tissues over there, we should probably clean up.”

Yoongi hummed in agreement, and although he wanted to remain on Hoseok’s lap feeling comforted and secure, he knew that it would begin to feel uncomfortable. So he stood up, rather clumsily, Hoseok had to grasp his elbow to help him balance whilst he laughed breathily.

He continued to stand awkwardly when Hoseok approached him with the tissues. Having wiped his own hand clean, Hoseok asked him, “want me to help you?”

Yoongi shrugged. Although he was grown enough to clean himself up, he didn’t hate the idea of Hoseok clearing up the aftermath of what they had done. “If you want to.”

Hoseok smiled at him. “Of course, baby. Anything for you.”

Yoongi giggled, squirming slightly when Hoseok kissed him on the lips, his words reawakening the flames inside of Yoongi’s stomach.

Hoseok began to wipe him down, in between his thighs, his balls and his half-swollen cock. He flushed when Hoseok toyed at him, running a finger over the curve of his dick to watch it bounce.

“Stop it,” Yoongi whined rather pathetically. He could hardly recognise his own voice, he sounded so needy.

He went to cover himself despite the yearning that he wanted Hoseok to touch him again, but Hoseok merely laughed and encircled his wrists, pulling them away from hiding himself. “Why? You’re so cute. You just came and you’re still hard.”

Yoongi groaned his embarrassment, tugging at Hoseok’s hand until he stood back on his feet. “Can you stop making fun of me?”

Hoseok pulled a shocked face, winding his arms around Yoongi’s back and pulling him to his chest. “Who said I was making fun of you? When have I ever done that?”

“All the time,” Yoongi replied, trying not to mind how his erection was poking against Hoseok’s clothed hip. He wanted Hoseok stripped naked, just like him. He slipped his hands under the back of
Hoseok’s shirt, his palms sliding over the warm skin beneath.

“You want me to take it off?” Hoseok asked him unnecessarily, mostly just to tease.

“It would be appreciated,” Yoongi replied as deadpan as he could.

Hoseok chuckled against his ear, squeezing Yoongi once more before pulling away. “I think we should bring out the futon. Put your towel on it, just in case.”

“’Seokie,” Yoongi reached out to him just as he began to move away. Hoseok looked back at him, his eyebrows gathering in concern. “Are we gonna…?”

Hoseok blinked at him, trying to decipher his meaning. He figured it out fairly quickly as he shot Yoongi a smile, his lips stretching to show off his teeth. “If you want to. I haven’t done it before, obviously. But we can figure it out as we go. Just tell me what feels good and what doesn’t.”

Hoseok sounded confident, assured that it would be okay. The nerves in Yoongi’s stomach eased a little. He gave Hoseok a small smile. “Okay.”

“Are you nervous?” Hoseok asked, tilting his head as he examined Yoongi’s face for any tell-tale signs of anxiety.


Hoseok headed behind the sofa, pulled out a mattress and dragged it into the centre of the lounge. Once he had set it up, complete with a pillow and the towel, he looked back to Yoongi who had wrapped his arms around himself – incredibly aware how naked he was. His wet hair was cold against his neck and he was certain that a puddle had formed around his feet.

“Come here, Yoon,” Hoseok said, scrambling to his feet after laying down the towel. He raced over to Yoongi and risked Yoongi tumbling down to pull him into a hug. “You are cold. I’m sorry, I should have gotten you a robe or something.”

“Do you own a robe?” Yoongi asked teasingly, burying his head into Hoseok’s neck and wrapping his arms around Hoseok’s neck.

“… No,” Hoseok admitted, laughing once a snort escaped Yoongi’s throat. “But I should have gotten you something. I don’t want you to get sick.”

“I’m not that cold,” Yoongi reassured, his lips brushing against Hoseok’s neck. He longed to nip against his skin, taste the flavour of Hoseok’s flesh and bite down hard enough to make a mark.

“You feel it,” Hoseok said, pressing his lips against Yoongi’s head, assumedly uncaring whether his face got wet due to Yoongi’s drying hair. “You smell good.”

“I smell like you,” Yoongi said, pulling back slightly to look Hoseok in his eye. Hoseok smiled at him, it was clear he liked the knowledge that Yoongi had used his shower gel – just as he had liked Yoongi borrowing his shirt earlier. He had told Yoongi privately that he looked ‘cute’.

“Exactly. So you smell good,” Hoseok said playfully. Yoongi rolled his eyes, but he chuckled all the same. There was a unanimous silence as the two surveyed each other, gazes heavy and physical contact prolonged. “So, how do you want to do this?”

Yoongi’s eyes swivelled down to the mattress. It didn’t look particularly appealing, but it was all they had. “We could sit. Then…”
“Kiss?” Hoseok suggested, looking to Yoongi for confirmation. Yoongi nodded and Hoseok led Yoongi towards the mattress, his arm still looped around Yoongi’s bare waist.

Yoongi sat first crossing his arms over his groin. His arousal had left him, but due to the burning in his stomach, he was certain that after Hoseok touched him again, he would get hard again in no time.

Hoseok perched next to him, the mattress dipping noticeably at their combined weights. Due to their proximity, Yoongi took the time to truly admire his boyfriend.

Hoseok’s eyelashes were dark and fanned as he blinked, his eyes were deep brown dusted with golden flecks and blacks. His skin was tanned, and his dimples pinched his cheeks endearingly as he smiled, his lips heart-shaped and a swollen red, decorated with a mole on his upper lip.

In short, he was disarmingly beautiful.

Yoongi struggled to find his breath, especially when Hoseok leant forwards, his lips brushing against Yoongi’s before his hand curled around Yoongi’s jaw and deepened the kiss. He played with Yoongi’s lower lip and Yoongi could feel the edges of his mouth twitch upwards as Yoongi sighed at the sensation of Hoseok’s tongue licking into his.

Hoseok’s arm tensed around his waist, pulling him in closer until Yoongi could feel the heat radiating from Hoseok’s chest underneath his jumper. Yoongi could withstand it no longer – he needed more.

His hands left his lap and travelled underneath Hoseok’s jumper, his palms feeling the flexing of Hoseok’s defined muscles as he moved his hands upwards. Thankfully, Hoseok seemed to catch the hint and he worked with Yoongi by pulling the jumper over his head, their lips separating only for a few seconds as the material caught between their kiss.

Hoseok cast his jumper onto the floor to push his hands through Yoongi’s hair, his tongue curling around Yoongi’s. The suckling sound made caused Yoongi’s stomach to swoop, a rush of desire shooting to his cock.

He grasped onto Hoseok’s biceps, flexing under his fingers, as Hoseok pushed him down onto the futon. The coarseness of the towel brushed against his back, Hoseok kissing into his mouth roughly.

There seemed to be no time to savour anything, Yoongi’s hands skidded down the smooth skin of Hoseok’s sculpted chest while Hoseok moved from his mouth to Yoongi’s neck. Yoongi vaguely heard himself gasp for air as if he had swum across the channel. His head flopped backwards, pliant in Hoseok’s wandering hands.

He wished to touch Hoseok more than anything, but Hoseok was too quick for him, his lips lingering on Yoongi’s navel, then the trail of hair, and then the base of Yoongi’s semi-hard dick.

“’Seok,” Yoongi exhaled, his hand catching in Hoseok’s hair. “Can I – you. Please?”

Hoseok returned to him, his eyes dark and primal but his eyebrows furrowed in concern. “What is it, Yoon? Breathe slowly.”

“I want this,” Yoongi tried to slow his words down. He demonstrated by hooking his legs around Hoseok’s waist, winding his arms around Hoseok’s neck and kissing at his lips, chin, throat. “Want to touch you first.”

“Oh. Yeah, yeah, that’s fine, baby,” Hoseok reassured, catching onto the whine in Yoongi’s voice. “What do you want to do?”
Yoongi wasted no time in deliberating. He knew exactly what he wanted. He dropped his legs from where they were clutching Hoseok’s waist and sat up. His hand came to rest on the crotch of Hoseok’s underwear from where his jeans were undone. A groan escaped Hoseok’s throat as Yoongi squeezed as the evident shape of Hoseok’s erect dick straining against the fabric of his underwear.

Yoongi chuckled, looking into Hoseok’s half-lidded eyes as he palmed at him. “You’re so wet.”

Hoseok let out a breathy sort of snort. “I wonder why. Need lube?”

Yoongi smiled. “I don’t think that will be necessary.”

Hoseok didn’t seem to understand at first, his eyelids fluttering and his lips parting as Yoongi continued to feel at him. And then his eyes widened, and he stared at Yoongi alarm. “You mean…”?

“Mm,” Yoongi hummed. “But take off your jeans. Want to see all of you.”

Hoseok did so eagerly, stepping out of his jeans and shrugging them away to join his discarded jumper. He reached for his underwear, but Yoongi clasped his hand over Hoseok’s wrist and pulled him down onto his knees again.

“Can I?” Yoongi asked, eyeing Hoseok through his underwear. He had to swallow to retain the saliva on his tongue.

“Fuck, yes,” Hoseok breathed, his nostrils widening with effort.

Yoongi’s hands smoothed under Hoseok’s legs, his fingers digging into Hoseok’s thighs to feel the muscle flex beneath his fingertips. Hoseok let out a groan.

“Sore?” Yoongi guessed, and Hoseok laughed sheepishly.

“Kinda. Used to it though,” Hoseok said, and then stilled his breath when Yoongi lowered himself until his breath scalded the tip of his cloaked dick.

“That’s not good,” Yoongi mumbled, his hands travelling to the waistband of Hoseok’s underwear and tugging it down. Hoseok had to raise himself from the ground so that his boxers could slip past his thighs.

Hoseok’s cock was swollen as he pressed against Hoseok’s stomach. Its tip was an angry red and smeared with pre-come. Yoongi remembered how Hoseok had moaned when he had licked at the vein that protruded from Hoseok’s base and connected to his head. He felt his own dick twitch in response to the memory.

He pressed a testing kiss to the tip of Hoseok’s cock, brushing his tongue lightly against the slit to taste Hoseok once again. Salty, bitter, but not entirely unpleasant. He felt Hoseok gasp as licked a strip from Hoseok’s balls back up to the tip.

“You should be getting massages,” Yoongi said, his lips brushing against the side of Hoseok’s shaft. “Someone should be looking after you. You work so hard.”

There was a tremble in Hoseok’s fingers as his hand sifted through Yoongi’s hair. “Have you,” Hoseok panted, his voice straining.

Yoongi felt nothing but satisfaction that he could make Hoseok crumble underneath him, from the slightest touch of his tongue Hoseok was moaning and biting back curses. Yoongi hummed, licked
the tip of Hoseok’s head once more before deciding he had had enough teasing.

His lips stretched over his teeth as he took Hoseok into his mouth. His ears were buzzing as the blood rushed to his head, but he heard Hoseok gasp as Yoongi flicked his tongue over Hoseok’s head.

He took Hoseok in deeper, his neck aching and his cheeks hollowed from where his mouth was straining to accommodate Hoseok’s size. Hoseok’s cock was scorchingly heated and heavy against his tongue, scraping against the roof of his mouth and near entering the back of his throat.

A cough was ripped out of Yoongi as Hoseok bucked upwards out of nowhere, catching him off guard. His teeth grazed over Hoseok’s shaft as Yoongi pulled away in surprise.

“Shit, Yoongs. I’m sorry! Are you alright?” Hoseok panicked, his hand tensing in Yoongi’s hair went Yoongi looked up at him, a concoction of spittle and pre-come dripping down his chin.

Yoongi felt the apple of his throat jump as he tried to swallow. “Yeah,” he said, his throat sore. “Just… be gentle.”

“I’m sorry,” Hoseok gushed, his eyes heavy-lidded as he gazed down at Yoongi, but his forehead creased in concern. “I didn’t mean to – I won’t move.”

“No,” Yoongi said. “You can. Just slower.”

“Okay,” Hoseok complied, and he looked so dejected at the prospect he had hurt Yoongi that Yoongi smiled, slid a hand up Hoseok’s stomach in an attempt to console him.

“It’s fine, ‘Seok. Don’t worry. Just tell me if it’s bad,” Yoongi said, settling down between Hoseok’s knees to place his mouth back over Hoseok’s dick.

It was incredibly messy, with spit dripping from Yoongi’s mouth down onto Hoseok’s base which then trickled to his balls. Yoongi’s mouth both worked and rejected Hoseok’s cock which seemed to throb with heat every time Yoongi’s tongue slid against a vein accidentally or on purpose. His throat ached, uncertain whether to accept or to gag. Even when Hoseok twisted Yoongi’s hair and guided him up or down, Yoongi was lost to the feeling.

Hoseok twitched in his mouth, seemingly as eager as his tongue was on savouring every inch of heat that Hoseok possessed. He barely had sense left to hear Hoseok utter a curse, and then yank at his hair desperately.

“Yoon, I – gonna-” Hoseok warned him, but Yoongi was deaf to it.

He could feel Hoseok tense, as if every muscle in his body had become paralysed, and then just as Yoongi pulled away, Hoseok let out a cry – and he was coming, all over Yoongi’s face.

Hoseok collapsed backwards, his chest heaving as he breathed raggedly. Yoongi sat stiffly, his throat and back aching with the effort of his act. His cheeks felt sticky and as he licked across his lips, chapped from the stretch of Hoseok’s cock, he tasted the saltiness of Hoseok’s cum.

“That was amazing,” he heard Hoseok breathe into the air, “so good. Holy fuck, Yoongs.”

He sat up, his hair sticking to his forehead and a dopey grin decorating his flushed face.

“Oh, shit,” his euphoric state didn’t last very long when he saw the state of Yoongi’s face. “I’m sorry, Yoongs, I’ll get tissues.”
He leapt up with an excellent amount of balance for someone who had just had an orgasm. Yoongi was certain that he still wouldn’t be able to stand properly within ten minutes time.

Hoseok returned with the tissues, dumping the box onto the floor next to the futon. He brandished several tissues. “Do you want to, or should I?”

Yoongi shrugged. He didn’t think he had enough energy to blink let along raise his hand to his face.

Hoseok leant in, running the tissue gently across Yoongi’s cheeks, his lips and above his eyes where the stickiness had gotten caught in Yoongi’s eyebrow.

“You know, you look really hot like this,” Hoseok said absent-mindedly, a small smile carved onto his face as he concentrated on his task. “Then again, you always do.”

Yoongi scrunched up his nose, his stomach fizzing warmly. “Thanks.”

Hoseok let out a laugh, easy on the ears. “You don’t like being hot?”

“I don’t like cum in my eye,” Yoongi tried to quip, but his voice lacked the energy to stay animated.

Hoseok’s face crumpled guiltily, and he balled the tissue into his fist. “I’m sorry. I should have said something before I-”

Yoongi couldn’t bear to see the saddened expression on his face any longer. He placed a soft kiss to Hoseok’s lips, hoping that Hoseok would hear his unspoken forgiveness. Hoseok reciprocated just as gently at first, but soon the kiss divulged into something more urgent, passionate.

Yoongi’s hands wound themselves into Hoseok’s hair whilst Hoseok encased Yoongi’s face with his palms, his fingers tickling at Yoongi’s temples.

Yoongi felt energy pour through him, seemingly from Hoseok himself, reviving his desire. His dick had been hardening whilst he had been sucking Hoseok off, but now he could feel it curl into his stomach.

He pulled away with as much restraint as he could muster, only for Hoseok to redirect his attention to Yoongi’s chest, his mouth latching onto Yoongi’s nipple and flicking at it with his tongue.

“‘Seok,” Yoongi keened as Hoseok grazed his teeth over the hardened bud. The sensation was all too much. Where once he had been cold, he was now boiling.

He carded his hands through Hoseok’s hair, encouraging Hoseok to dislodge his mouth from around his nipple. He gazed up at Yoongi longingly. Yoongi understood, for he was certain he looked at Hoseok the same way.

“I think I’m ready,” Yoongi uttered, and the hazy expression on Hoseok’s face cleared after a few beats.

Hoseok straightened himself to be on Yoongi’s eye-level. “You think?”

Yoongi nodded, his saliva thick as he swallowed. “Yeah. I – I want it.”

Hoseok’s eyes were alarmingly wide. He seemed shocked that Yoongi wanted to carry out one of his fantasies. “Oh. Right.”

“What’s wrong?” Yoongi asked, seeing the various conflicts play out on Hoseok’s face. “Do you not want to?”
“No! I mean, yes!” Hoseok spluttered, his face ruddier than before. Yoongi smoothed his fringe from his forehead, tucking it behind his ear so that his brow was on full display.

“Then what is it? Are you nervous?”

Hoseok dithered, his shoulders slumping. Yoongi ran his hands up Hoseok’s chest, privately marveling at how much strength Hoseok possessed, before resting his hands on Hoseok’s shoulders.

“It’s fine to be nervous. I am too. But we can always stop,” Yoongi consoled.

Hoseok averted his eyes. “I know. But you know I’ve never done this before. I’ve only seen other people do it, and that’s porn. It’s not always realistic. So, what if I can’t do it right? Or you don’t like it? I’d feel bad.”

Yoongi’s stomach knotted at how much Hoseok cared about Yoongi’s comfort, although a sour feeling crept up to his throat. He didn’t like seeing Hoseok look so unsure of himself.

“But the least we can do is try,” Yoongi said, smoothing his hands over Hoseok’s chest once more, relishing how Hoseok’s muscle flexed in response to his touch. “If I don’t like it, I’ll tell you. It doesn’t all depend on you. I might not like it because of what it is, not because it’s you. I want us to try things out before we… You know. Go further.”

Hoseok squirmed, his eyes flickering over to meet Yoongi’s. “Yeah. True.” He sighed, and a flicker of a smile flitting across his mouth. “You’re very persuasive, you know? It’s almost scary.”

Yoongi smiled, tilted his head as he went in for a kiss. He pulled away just as Hoseok smoothed his hands over Yoongi’s back, travelling downwards.

“How come? You should be thanking me,” Yoongi chuckled against Hoseok’s lips, winding his legs around Hoseok’s waist in order to bring him down so that he was leaning over Yoongi.

“Hmm, maybe I should,” Hoseok teased, lowering himself downwards so that his bare chest pressed flush against Yoongi’s.

Yoongi gasped at the contact, the sensation of Hoseok’s hot skin on his travelling straight to his dick. Hoseok must have felt it, the way Yoongi’s cock hardened against his leg, as he chuckled and slipped his tongue inside Yoongi’s eager mouth.

Yoongi responded, tilting his head and sucking on Hoseok’s lower lip just as Hoseok’s hands smoothed up his thighs. Before he could truly sink into the luxury that was kissing Hoseok, Hoseok broke away, showering the marks on his collarbones with brushes of his lips.

“Do you want to turn over?” Hoseok asked, the anticipation apparent in his tone.

A nervous shiver ran down Yoongi’s spine, but he nodded all the same. He wanted to chase a new feeling, something that left him gasping and exhausting; his hunger sated. So, with nerves squeezing at his stomach, he turned onto his stomach, burying his face into the pillow self-consciously when he heard Hoseok let out something akin to a moan.

“God, Yoongs,” Hoseok said, his hand trailing down Yoongi’s back until his fingers brushed against the plush of Yoongi’s ass. Yoongi shivered involuntarily at the sensation, remembering all too well how Hoseok had squeezed at him the first time Hoseok had seen him naked.

“Stop it,” Yoongi mumbled into the pillow, feeling the blush make its way up his body starting from his toes.
“Only when you stop being so beautiful,” Hoseok said, sounding too serious for it to be a jest. Yoongi’s stomach rolled pleasantly and he let out a giddy chuckle.

“Can I…?” Hoseok went to ask, but Yoongi had bucked up into his hand without any further prompting. Hoseok’s hand immediately clasped around the cheek of his ass, his thumb burying into the soft flesh and squeezing firmly.

Yoongi felt his dick twitch against the towel beneath him, and he bucked again to heighten the friction. He needed Hoseok to touch him, and he didn’t care how.

“‘Seok,” he heard himself whine, his whole body twitching when Hoseok lowered himself onto the backs of Yoongi’s thighs.

The feeling of Hoseok on him, his bare skin against his, his toned thighs leaning on all the right spots of Yoongi’s legs, caused the delirious spark harbouring inside his stomach to implode.

He twisted his arm behind his back and clasped his hand over Hoseok’s, ensuring that Hoseok’s fingers dug into the plush of his ass. “Touch me more. Please, ‘Seok, I need you, I-” He broke off, a sob overriding his pleas when he felt something warm and wet brush against his lower back.

“I got you, baby,” Hoseok hummed, his voice low and throaty as he continued to press lingering kisses across Yoongi’s back until his lips perched at the rise of Yoongi’s butt. He paused and Yoongi could have wailed.

“I’m going to open you up,” Hoseok said, and as confident as he sounded, Yoongi could detect the nervous inflection of his tone. “To make it easier, could you – um – raise yourself up a little bit?”

Yoongi felt the blood spin around in his head, confused as to what its destination was, as he followed Hoseok’s request. He raised himself up on his knees, arching his back as he did so, and he shivered when the cool air wrapped itself around his erection.

Hoseok’s hand trailed down his back, stopping before it could fully close around one of Yoongi’s cheeks. Yoongi bit at his tongue.

“Okay,” Hoseok said. “Okay, okay,” he repeated, the nervousness shining through.

Yoongi forced himself to be patient. This wasn’t the time for a tantrum. He and Hoseok were going to be intimate in a new way, they had to pace each other through it.

“I’m fine,” Yoongi said, tilting his head away from the pillow. Hoseok was surely questioning whether Yoongi was ready for it, whether they were ready for it. “I want this. Do you?”

“Yeah,” Hoseok said, his voice nearly gone. His hands faltered around Yoongi’s hips. “I do.”

“Then do it,” Yoongi urged, his voice cracking into a mewl. He bucked himself into Hoseok’s fumbling hands. “Please, ‘Seok. I need you.”

Yoongi only wished he was hamming it up, but it wasn’t the case. He didn’t know how much longer he could last if Hoseok didn’t fulfil his side of the bargain. His legs were already shaking with the effort of keeping himself upright whilst his back ached as he pressed his face into the pillow.

He felt Hoseok grip his cheeks lightly, his fingers pressing at his flesh before spreading him gently, exposing his hole to the air of the Jung living room.

It was an entirely new sensation for Yoongi, not being able to see Hoseok touching him, just
allowing himself to feel. It should have been nice, but nerves flooded his system. He wanted to see Hoseok’s face, but Hoseok had said that it would be easier in this particular position. So, Yoongi gritted his teeth in perseverance as Hoseok paused in his actions.

“Shit,” he heard Hoseok exhale over the blood rushing through his ears. He felt something cold run along his perineum and Hoseok’s hands flex on his cheeks. “So pretty.”

Yoongi thought he had moaned either in embarrassment or contentment, but any feeling melted out off his ear as Hoseok’s thumb brushed over his rim. Although he had never attempted to finger himself properly, he knew of the connotations, and for Hoseok to tease him in such a way only fuelled the emotion of pure want.

“Are you okay?” Hoseok asked him, one hand disappearing from his ass and relocating itself on the curve of Yoongi’s back. “Can I carry on?”

“Yes,” Yoongi rasped, his hands balling around the linen of the pillow.

Hoseok’s hands were warm on his cheeks, and Yoongi shuddered as he imagined Hoseok’s dainty fingers pulling him open, Hoseok’s heart-shaped lips approaching his rim, puckering until-

Yoongi felt himself twitch as hot breath seared over the curve of his ass, heated air dipping into the stretch of space between his balls and rim. His knees locked as Hoseok’s fingers eased deeper into the flesh of his ass, massaging at every nerve and sparking fire in the base of Yoongi’s shaft.

Hoseok hesitantly placed the tip of his tongue near Yoongi’s rim, his thumbs twitching as he eased Yoongi’s cheeks open. Yoongi cried out into the pillow, his arms shaking as they tried to keep him upright, and his head spinning as the sensation of Hoseok’s tongue slowly began to ease its way over his hole.

It was as if every nerve in his body stood on end as the wet heat of Hoseok’s muscle slid over his rim, almost with relish. He felt his lower stomach swirl giddily as Hoseok retraced his path, licking back upwards to Yoongi’s perineum with ridiculously slow speed.

Yoongi gritted his teeth, uncaring if spittle stained his lips and merged with the pillow. He pushed himself further into Hoseok’s hands, his wrists straining with effort.

“Faster.” The word ripped out of this throat and was tinged with his desperateness for Hoseok to not hold back, to give into how much Yoongi needed to let go.

Hoseok didn’t give a verbal response, only squeezed one of Yoongi’s cheeks with his hand before spreading him further. Yoongi let out a high-pitched whine as Hoseok trailed his tongue downwards, furling it just as he reached Yoongi’s hole to give the illusion that he was about to enter him.

Yoongi’s stomach swooped and he felt his mind still, unable to deal with the reality that Hoseok could just as well enter him now. Even with his tongue, the knowledge was enough. Yoongi bucked back into Hoseok again, his dick twitching impatiently against his stomach and the blood beating furiously in his ears.

He felt a hand brush against his inner thigh before grasping around his cock. He had been leaking excessively, almost as if he hadn’t gotten off beforehand, so there was no need for lube. Hoseok flicked his wrist just as he dragged his tongue from Yoongi’s balls back down to his hole, the tip of his tongue circling Yoongi’s rim.

Yoongi felt light-headed, scarcely able to draw enough breath into his body. He had wanted more, and now he was receiving it. Hoseok jerked him slowly, his thumb playing with the tip of his cock,
all the while he was messily teasing Yoongi’s behind, his tongue slowly inching its way into Yoongi before removing itself altogether.

Yoongi felt himself stretch slightly around Hoseok’s tongue, an alien feeling yet not so unwelcome, but his heart pumped nervously all the same. It was happening too quickly, and somehow not fast enough. Yet, his mouth was too slack to do anything but moan incoherently and gasp every time Hoseok dragged his palm downwards and brushed against a particular patch of nerves in his cock.

He felt something inside of him build, something hot and all-consuming, like a forest fire thick with smoke. He could feel the smoke in his lungs every time he heard the saliva in Hoseok’s mouth stroke over him, into him. It was intoxicating, suffocating, and he could feel himself slipping.

It was all over far too soon.

Yoongi’s keen caught in his throat, and he must have whimpered as his legs locked and he was coming, Hoseok’s hand still wrapped around him, stroking him through his orgasm.

He collapsed, a familiar haze encased his mind. The pillow restricted his breathing, but he barely had enough energy to lift his head. He could feel hands running over his legs, something consoling in their meaning. The hands soon became something else, some sort of material, and he was being lulled onto his side as hands pressed against his hip.

He faced the ceiling, lungs heaving and vision foggy. His ears tuned into the world around him as the blood rushed from his head back down to his toes.

“- you okay? I’m gonna clean your front, baby. You did so well. Are you cold? After I clean you up, I’ll get your clothes, okay?”

Hoseok’s voice was calming and made no dent in the haze shrouding Yoongi’s mind. He felt the muscles of his voice ache from where he had had Hoseok in his mouth, and yet his body felt completely relaxed, like he was somehow floating.

A pair of brown eyes hovered over him, blinking down at him. “Yoongi?”

“Hmm,” he hummed in acknowledgement, closing his eyes and allowing the euphoric feeling of bliss run its course. The restless longing that he had been harbouring for months had subsided, replaced with nothing but contentment.

“Are you alright?” Hoseok asked. “You’re quiet.”

“Mm,” Yoongi hummed again, lazily lifting his arms to wrap them around Hoseok’s neck. “Wanna stay here.”

Hoseok laughed throatily. “And we can once we get dressed and take the towel off of the mattress.”

Yoongi pried his eyes open, let his arms fall to his sides. “Mean.”

Hoseok guffawed, pressing a kiss to Yoongi’s forehead whilst Yoongi pouted up at him. “Is this what happens when you come? You turn into a six-year-old.”

“So many things wrong with that,” Yoongi grumbled tiredly. But he allowed Hoseok to take his hand and pull him up on shaking legs.

Hoseok directed him to the couch, helped him get changed into his pyjamas before he threw his old clothes back on and went upstairs to throw the towel into the wash basket, and to fetch his own night
clothes. Yoongi sat, immobile, on the couch, dressed in his night shirt and loose trousers, awaiting Hoseok’s return.

He wouldn’t have minded another shower, but he didn’t want to risk sky-rocketing the Jung’s water bill, nor did he want to be asked any awkward questions. Besides, Hoseok had cleaned him up decently enough, cared enough to ask him if it was okay to touch him, constantly checking if he was faring well.

He felt his face warm a little thinking of how Hoseok had sounded so awed when seeing Yoongi beneath him, had reached out to touch only with Yoongi’s permission. Hoseok was so respectful, gentle, and sentimental. He traced the bracelet on his wrist, testing how it fit as if it was made specifically for him.

“Hey, I got an extra pillow and my duvet,” Hoseok said, appearing out of nowhere, hoisting his duvet over his arm and a pillow in his hand.

Yoongi shot up to help him through the door, ignoring the vague spinning sensation in his head, reaching out to take the pillow and to help spread the duvet over the mattress.

“You wanna watch some TV?” Hoseok asked him, tucking his hands into the pockets of his slacks. He looked so homely that Yoongi’s stomach tingled as if filled with butterflies.

“I’d rather talk,” Yoongi said. “We haven’t really had chance to talk about whatever.”

Hoseok smiled at him, and he bounded over the mattress to encircle Yoongi in his arms. Yoongi let out a noise of surprise which eventually dispersed into a small giggle, weaving his arms around Hoseok’s neck.

“What is it?” Yoongi asked, his lips brushing against a purple bruise on Hoseok’s neck.

“Nothing. You’re just so cute, wanting me to yourself,” Hoseok cooed, squeezing Yoongi tighter to his chest. It was becoming a struggle to breathe, so Yoongi had to back away.

“Shut up,” Yoongi said, turning his head and opting to crawl under the blanket so that Hoseok wouldn’t be able to see the wild blush on his face. He failed utterly, he could hear Hoseok cooing from where the blanket was covering his ear.

He turned on his side, waiting for Hoseok to tease him, but he waited in vain. The next thing he knew was that the room was shrouded in darkness and that something heavy was resting on his leg.

“Move up a bit, Yoongs,” Hoseok complained, spreading himself on the mattress only to turn on his side and clasp his legs around Yoongi’s waist. Yoongi thought he could make out a smile curving onto Hoseok’s face. “Better.”

“It would be if I could move,” Yoongi quipped dryly, although he longed for Hoseok to wrap his arms around him and pull him closer.

“Sorry,” Hoseok said sheepishly, removing his legs from around Yoongi’s person. Yoongi didn’t get a chance to protest, however, as Hoseok moved on rapidly. “I’m glad you could sleep over. I haven’t had a sleepover in ages. The last time was with Tae.”

“When was that?” Yoongi asked, shuffling forwards by a few inches so that Hoseok’s breath fanned over his face. If the lights were on, he would have been able to count each individual lash decorating Hoseok’s eyelids.
Hoseok seemed to understand what Yoongi wanted, looping an arm around his waist whilst Yoongi rested his hands against Hoseok’s chest.

“Maybe a year ago? We don’t really have time anymore,” Hoseok said, sounding slightly disheartened. “He’s got his job, I have dance, and it’s exam year so…”

Hoseok sighed, his fingers playing with the hem of Yoongi’s shirt. He was momentarily distracted, or that was what Yoongi thought before Hoseok dove forwards and kissed him fleetingly.

Yoongi reckoned Hoseok’s smile was infectious; that or the warm feeling humming in his stomach had spread itself onto his face. “What was that for?”

“You have a problem with me kissing my boyfriend?” Hoseok teased, raising an eyebrow daringly.

“Only when the kiss was as bad as that one,” Yoongi replied, equally as teasingly whilst he tried to be tantalising.

“Bad!” Hoseok exclaimed in Yoongi’s face, causing him to wince. “How was it bad?”

“It was a grandma kiss,” Yoongi clarified, raising his eyebrows. “You can kiss better than that.”

Hoseok smiled, his dimples prominent in his cheeks. “I’m glad you think so. But I’m all out of kisses.”

Yoongi crumpled his face, hit Hoseok’s shoulder. “You tease.”

“I’m being serious,” Hoseok laughed, burying his head in the pillow where Yoongi had previously gripped at. Shame clenched at his stomach.

He pulled the pillow out from behind Hoseok’s head and quickly flipped it over before returning it, all the while Hoseok stared at him in shock. “What was that for? Because I’m out of kisses?”

“No, I…” He trailed off, his cheeks reddening. “It doesn’t matter.” He collapsed back down next to Hoseok. “Anyway, maybe you should talk to Tae, try to make time to see each other more.”

“Why’d you flip the pillow?” Hoseok hounded, to which Yoongi groaned. Hoseok began to beam. “Is it because…?”

“Because I drooled on it? Yes,” Yoongi cut across, his face flushed with shame and his stomach rolling in embarrassment. “It’s gross, I know, so just ignore it.”

“It’s not gross,” Hoseok protested, his lips stretched so that Yoongi could see the whites of his teeth. “It’s cute. Hot, even.”

Yoong rolled his eyes. Typical Hoseok to find anything to do with fluids remotely sexy. “You’re so weird. Can we move on, please?”

“Fine, fine,” Hoseok complied, although he looked increasingly endeared. He humoured Yoongi though. “I doubt I’ll get to meet up with Tae often now, we’re busier than ever. I don’t know how he’s balancing his job and his school work.”

Yoongi frowned in confusion. “But he doesn’t know if he has that library job yet.”

“Yeah, well, I mean, when he gets the job – I’m sure it’ll be a lot for him,” Hoseok said, fumbling over his words, further increasing Yoongi’s suspicion that Hoseok wasn’t being completely honest.
“… Is there really any job at the library?” Yoongi questioned, watching Hoseok’s expression intently.

Hoseok groaned, turning his head away and into the pillow. “I can’t tell you anything. He’ll kill me.”

Yoongi blinked in confusion. “So, he already has a job? But you can’t say anything?”

Hoseok turned to look at him, the corners of his mouth turned downwards. “Exactly. He told me he wants to tell everyone when the time is right, and he reckons that it’ll be in January. You’ll find out then. So, for now, can you keep this between us?”

Yoongi smiled at Hoseok’s pleading expression. “Of course. Why would I go around telling everyone?”

“You’re the best, Yoongs,” Hoseok said in relief, his hand leaving Yoongi’s waist to tuck part of Yoongi’s fringe behind his ear before trailing his fingers up and down Yoongi’s arm.

“I know you wouldn’t tell anyone, just wanted to make sure.” His voice was deeper all of a sudden, evoking a shiver to run amok over Yoongi’s skin.

“I’ll hold you to everyone finding out in January,” Yoongi said, lowering his voice just as Hoseok had done. He was well aware that he had edged towards Hoseok so that their breath intermingled.

“I take it that you’re the only one who knows? ‘Guk didn’t know anything about Tae having a job at ‘Jin’s house.”

Hoseok hummed, reaching forwards to brush their lips together, satisfying the close proximity that Yoongi craved. He was feeling particularly clingy after Hoseok had gotten him off, and he knew that Hoseok felt the same – no matter if he had said he was ‘out of kisses.’

Yoongi clung to Hoseok’s shirt as Hoseok kissed him, no tongue, just lips meshing together. Yoongi was quickly succumbing to the haze that reclaimed his mind as Hoseok leant up on his elbow to glide his tongue into Yoongi’s mouth, his other arm wrapping tightly around Yoongi’s waist.

He was more than ready to slide his hands down Hoseok’s stomach to the waistband of his slacks before Hoseok pulled back, his lips slick and puffy.

Hoseok gazed down at him, his eyes running over Yoongi’s face before returning to meet his eyes. He threw himself against the mattress dramatically, an arm draped over his face.

“You’re impossible, you know,” Hoseok groaned.

Yoongi glared at his side profile, infuriated that Hoseok had initiated the kiss but stopped halfway through. “Says you. Why did you stop?”

Hoseok dropped his arm to the side, turned his head to gaze at Yoongi hopelessly. “‘Cause if I carried on, I wouldn’t have been able to stop myself.”

Yoongi didn’t understand the problem. “So?”

Hoseok laughed, turning back to stare up at the ceiling. “I’m tired. And I don’t want to get the sheets dirty.”

“You sound like an elderly man,” Yoongi sulked.

“Rude,” Hoseok retorted, turning onto his side again. “But I meant it. Besides, if I pop another
boner, I think I’ll pass out. You’re too sexy.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes, pushed at Hoseok’s chest, although his stomach rolled pleasantly at the praise. “Shut up, old man.”

“It’s true! And are you saying you could go again?” Hoseok challenged, giving Yoongi a look of incredulity.

Yoongi glared at him but privately deliberated. He was feeling awfully tired, but Hoseok’s touch did things to him that he didn’t understand. “Maybe.”

Hoseok’s eyes widened. “Holy shit,” he breathed out. “Are you serious? You better not be, ‘cause if I get hard again it’s all your fault.”

“Why would you get hard? I haven’t even done anything,” Yoongi laughed.

Hoseok looked in complete disbelief. “You’re kidding.” Yoongi stared blankly to show that he was, in fact, not kidding. Hoseok guffawed. “The thought of you turned on is enough to turn me on, Yoon. I’ve told you before.”

Yoongi distinctly remembered how Hoseok had lain next to him, whispering into his ear all the while watching Yoongi jerk himself off. He remembered that Hoseok liked to think of him getting himself off, wanted to know what Yoongi thought about.

Even though not even two hours ago Yoongi had had Hoseok in his mouth, he blushed at Hoseok’s forwardness, and he buried his face in Hoseok’s shirt. “So embarrassing,” he grumpled against Hoseok’s chest.

He felt Hoseok laugh, his chest vibrating. A hand wove itself into his hair, playing with the strands and gently easing out any knots. “Sorry, baby. Let’s agree to save it for another day, okay?”

Yoongi hummed in agreement, closing his eyes at the familiar sensation of Hoseok’s delicate fingers tickling at his scalp. He breathed in leisurely, savouring the clean, homely scent that was Hoseok. The same scent that the Jung house radiated. Yoongi hoped it clung to his clothes when he had to return to his own house.

“I think you asked me before whether ‘Guk knew about Tae’s real job? To answer, no, he doesn’t. It’s just me, and even I’m not really supposed to know about it. Tae wants to tell him so he’s going to tell him a few days before everyone else knows officially,” Hoseok said, speaking into Yoongi’s hair.

Yoongi was curious as to what Taehyung’s job was, but he knew it wasn’t his place to pry. He focussed on something that had been nagging at his mind instead. “How are they going? Tae and ‘Guk? Has Tae said anything?”

Hoseok hummed thoughtfully, pressed a kiss atop Yoongi’s head where his hair was still slightly damp. “Yeah. I don’t know how it’s going really. Sometimes Tae calls me seeming so happy. He tells me about something nice ‘Guk said, or how their date went, and how ‘Guk held his hand first, but other times…”

“He complains?” Yoongi offered, knowing all too well what Hoseok’s predicament was.

“Yeah. He says how he thinks he likes ‘Guk more than ‘Guk likes him, how ‘Guk seems hesitant or something. He says he thinks he’s ready for more, ‘cause he was more than happy to go slow at first – you know how Tae is. He doesn’t really talk about sex or his infamous wet dreams. You’ve seen
“Anyway, he told me that at first he wanted their first kiss to be something special, but lately he’s been saying that he doesn’t care, he just wants ‘Guk to make a move to show that ‘he’s as interested as me.’” Hoseok snorted at his own impression whilst Yoongi remained tactfully quiet.

“I’ve told him that ‘Gukkie is younger, and he’s probably just as nervous as Tae is. If Tae wants something to happen, he should be the one to initiate it, or talk to ‘Guk about it. Those two can talk about pizza like there’s no tomorrow, but when it comes to their feelings, they’re hopeless.”

“But that was us once,” Yoongi admitted, and felt comforted when Hoseok squeezed his waist. “They’re new at everything, and we’re not perfect either. They’re still getting used to each other, to being in a relationship. They don’t know their boundaries, and they’re worried that if they press too much the other person won’t be interested anymore. I’ve told ‘Guk the same thing.”

“It’s true,” Hoseok agreed. “What has ‘Guk said to you?”

Yoongi let out a weary sigh. “Everything that Tae has said to you. More or less exactly the same.” He felt Hoseok let out a laugh of disbelief.

“He called me after I got home from ‘Jin’s house and he told me he didn’t know if he could touch Tae, or if Tae wanted to hold his hand because, apparently, every time he held Tae’s hand before ‘he looked scared’. Which was probably ‘Guk just overthinking. Tae was probably busy trying not to hyperventilate—”

He was cut off when Hoseok let out a loud crow of laughter which he had to silence by sinking his face into the pillow, his shoulders shaking. Yoongi shoved his shoulder playfully, although he couldn’t conceal the laughs seeping out of his own mouth.

“You’re gonna wake everyone up!” Yoongi exclaimed in a loud whisper.

He failed to quieten Hoseok, however, as his boyfriend only continued to laugh more. Yoongi pinched his arm, attempting a glare that was betrayed by the smile on his face as Hoseok peeked at him from where he had hidden his face in the pillow.

“Ow!” Hoseok hissed, rubbing the arm that Yoongi had pinched. “Stop being violent.”

“Stop being loud,” Yoongi retorted, chuckling at Hoseok’s mock-pout, settling down onto the mattress once more.

“I can’t promise anything,” Hoseok winked at him suggestively, only continuing to laugh when Yoongi rolled his eyes. “Fine! No more being loud! We can only whisper from now on.”

“Are you six?” Yoongi quipped but dropped his voice to a murmur. Hoseok responded by sticking out his tongue, nearly swiping it against Yoongi’s nose. Yoongi pushed Hoseok back in repulsion. “Can you not? We were talking about our friends in a crisis. This is not the time to lick me.”

Hoseok laughed again, burying his laughter into Yoongi’s hair this time. “Can’t wait to lick you next time,” Hoseok muttered, and Yoongi had to pinch him again, blushing furiously all the same.

“Control your hormones,” Yoongi grumbled, as if he hadn’t been lusting uncontrollably after Hoseok for the past two months. “What are we going to do about Tae and ‘Guk?”

Hoseok settled down from his giddy high of laughter to hum thoughtfully. “I don’t think there’s much we can do. Only encourage them to talk to each other about their feelings. It’s best we don’t
get involved.”

Hoseok seemed to have matured somewhat since their break-up. Yoongi’s heart thumped erratically, never safe in Hoseok’s presence.

“I think so too,” he agreed. “I’ll tell ‘Guk to talk it through with Tae. Maybe they’ll finally kiss by the end of January.”

Hoseok laughed again, his chest rumbling. His legs came to rest around Yoongi’s hips again, and this time, Yoongi could not pretend to have a complaint. He loved having Hoseok entwined around him, acting as a barrier from the cool night and the reality that he had to return home tomorrow morning, back to his annoying brother and hinting mother.

He considered telling Hoseok about his mother wanting to meet him officially, to introduce him to his family as Yoongi’s boyfriend. His tongue stilled, however, when he felt Hoseok’s throat jump.

“Yoongs?” Hoseok started hesitantly, his hand stalling in Yoongi’s hair.

“Yes?” Yoongi looked up at Hoseok, saw the apprehensive look on his face. “What is it? You can tell me.”

“We talked about it before over the phone, but you said that we should talk about it in person,” Hoseok said, his hand falling from Yoongi’s hair to relocate itself around his cheek. “And I feel that you’ve been more scared about this than I have. But when we go to uni…”

Yoongi’s heart rate sped up, slamming itself almost painfully against his ribcage. Hoseok had read into all of his nervous cues, his thoughts about their future, without Yoongi even noticing that Hoseok had picked up on it.

Although it was frightening for it to be addressed, he was immensely glad that it was Hoseok to bring it up first. Yet, he wasn’t sure he had the courage to hear any pessimistic thoughts Hoseok had for their future.

“Yes?” Yoongi encouraged, hoping he sounded more casual than he felt. His palms were beginning to sweat, and he prayed that Hoseok didn’t feel it through his shirt.

Hoseok stroked the plush of Yoongi’s cheek with his thumb, his expression fond, though his brow was creased. “You know that even if we don’t get into the same uni, we’ll still be together, right? It might be harder, but we can still visit each other at weekends, and we’ll be back home for holidays.”

Hoseok seemed to have put a lot of thought into his words. Yoongi felt some of his worries shake, although the main, prickly ones still pierced themselves into his skull. There was no way that Hoseok could guarantee that he wouldn’t find someone else in his new environment. Perhaps a classmate, or even his roommate.

His anxiety must have been displayed on his face as Hoseok tilted his head up by his chin. “Hey, what’s wrong?”

Despite himself, Yoongi felt his throat tighten uncomfortably as he tried to fight back tears. “What if – you might find someone else,” Yoongi choked. His fear got the best of him, he felt tears sting his eyes as they surfaced, sliding down his cheeks.

Hoseok’s face crumpled. “Oh, Yoon. Baby, don’t cry. You don’t think I don’t worry about the same thing? You’re gorgeous, and anyone can see that.”
“So are you,” Yoongi sobbed, rubbing his eyes frantically, hating how weak he felt.

Hoseok wrapped his arms around Yoongi’s back, which must have been uncomfortable due to their position, but Yoongi only focussed on being as close to Hoseok as possible.

“Even if we talk or see each other every other weekend, it won’t change the fact that you could like someone else,” Yoongi said with a shaky voice. Hoseok’s arms tightened around him like he was trying to keep Yoongi together.

“Yoon, I could never like someone else. Not with you as my boyfriend,” Hoseok consoled, rubbing his hand in circles on Yoongi’s back. “I’ve liked you since first year, and nothing has changed since then.”

Hoseok was quiet for a bit as Yoongi tried to collect himself. “Besides, I…”

Yoongi sniffed, cringing at how wet his face was, and looked up to Hoseok. “I’ve gotten your shirt all wet.”

A smile appeared on Hoseok’s face, and Yoongi saw that Hoseok’s eyes were slightly misty as if he had been close to crying as well. “I know, but I don’t care. Use me as a tissue, baby.”

Yoongi snorted at Hoseok’s lame joke before rubbing at his face with his hand. “You’re a dork.”

Hoseok’s smile brightened, and he swiped his fingers underneath Yoongi’s eye to catch any remaining tears. “But I’m your dork.”

“Your lines still need work,” Yoongi said before dissolving into laughter at the offended expression on Hoseok’s face. “I’m kidding. I love them.”

“Of course you do,” Hoseok said smugly, laying a kiss on the tip of Yoongi’s damp nose.

“Please don’t,” Yoongi pleaded, ducking his head. “My whole face feels so gross.”

“It doesn’t look gross,” Hoseok said, his hand scuttling up Yoongi’s side, catching him by surprise. “I forgot how ticklish you were.”

“Sadist,” Yoongi spat out, trying to back away from Hoseok’s fingers but finding it difficult when Hoseok’s arm secured around his back prevented him from escaping.

Hoseok didn’t let up despite Yoongi’s protests, and Yoongi ended up turned onto his back, Hoseok pinning him down whilst his spare hand tickled Yoongi’s ribs. Yoongi was gasping for breath, his laughter strained and his nerves tingling.

“I give up! Mercy!” Yoongi called to Hoseok in between laughs, forgetting to be quiet for Hoseok’s parents and sister sleeping upstairs.

“So you agree?” Hoseok said to him, his hand unceasing its attack. “You agree to be my boyfriend no matter if we go to different uni’s and some guy asks you out?”

“Yes! Yes, yes, yes! Please, stop!” Yoongi begged, pushing himself up as soon as Hoseok let go of his wrist. He glared at Hoseok whilst he laughed. “That was not funny.”

“It so was,” Hoseok said, shaking his head. He patted at Yoongi’s knee and slid forwards until his chin was resting dangerously near Yoongi’s crotch. He wrapped his arms around Yoongi’s lower back, his smile wide. “You’re so cute. It’s not fair.”
“And you’re evil,” Yoongi spoke frankly, determined not to be shaken by his boyfriend’s endearing antics after the tickling assault. “You could have just asked me instead of using tickle torture.”

Hoseok pouted, staying oddly silent. Yoongi sighed and gave in. There was no way he could bear a grudge against Hoseok, real or fake. He threaded his fingers through Hoseok’s hair, watched how Hoseok’s eyes fluttered shut, felt how his breathing evened out.

He was puzzling over how everything Hoseok did, moving or even just breathing, was exquisitely beautiful when Hoseok looked up to him again.

“I didn’t mean it, you know,” he said so quietly that Yoongi had to strain to hear him. “If you found someone else, you don’t have to stay with me. I’d rather you be honest and happy.”

Yoongi stared down at Hoseok as if he could somehow unhear the words that Hoseok had uttered. He didn’t understand them; how could he find someone better for him than Hoseok? It was an impossibility.

“‘Seok,” Yoongi began, placing his hands on Hoseok’s shoulder and encouraging him to sit up so they were at eye-level. Hoseok stared back at him adamantly, although his eyes didn’t shine that familiar glow.

“I don’t want anyone else either,” Yoongi stated. “That won’t change. And if it does, then we have to be honest with each other. But I know that it will always be you. I’m more than happy with keeping in contact and seeing each other at the weekends if we don’t go to the same university. As long as I have some part of you, that’s fine with me.”

Hoseok’s expression was slated blank. He blinked owlishly, his hands resting on his lap.

“Oh,” was all he said. And then, “the same for me. If anyone can make it work, it’s us. I trust you, Yoon.”

Yoongi’s skin was caressed by Hoseok’s affirming words, his cheeks filled with colour. “I trust you, too. And if I have any problems, I know I can come to you. I want you to know that you can come to me. About anything.”

Hoseok was smiling now, he was swaying too, as if overtaken by pure happiness. “Thank you, Yoongs.”

Yoongi reached over to grasp at his hands. “Thank you, ‘Seokie.”

Hoseok gripped Yoongi’s hand, pulling him forwards so that he could tilt his head and place his lips against Yoongi’s chastely, sweetly. He pulled away, resting his forehead against Yoongi’s.

“Should we go to bed now? Maybe you’re right about the old man thing, I’m exhausted,” Hoseok laughed against his lips, kissing him once more as Yoongi nodded in agreement.

Yoongi crawled under the covers whilst Hoseok flopped backwards, throwing the duvet over him. Hoseok turned on his side, finding home on Yoongi’s waist again.

Something peaceful rested amongst them, over them, within them. At least, that was how Yoongi felt. His shoulders felt lighter, and so did his heart. He was free of worries and any hormones that lusted after Hoseok had been sated. He inched himself closer to Hoseok, listened to the rhythmic beating of his heart.

“Merry Christmas, Yoonie,” Hoseok whispered groggily to him, his spare arm slipping under
Yoongi’s neck and curling so his hand rested in Yoongi’s hair.

Yoongi closed his eyes, allowing Hoseok’s presence to wash through him. He had never wanted anything more than this; something so domesticated and blissful as sleeping beside somebody he loved.

Hoseok’s arms around him, Hoseok’s warm breath blowing gently into his hair, and Hoseok’s heat were confirmations that Yoongi was in love, and there was not much he wouldn’t do for the boy beside him.

“Merry Christmas, ‘Seokie,” Yoongi whispered back, pouring as much emotion as he could into the words.

He felt Hoseok’s lips twitch against his hair, and that was enough to know that Hoseok understood at least a portion of what Yoongi was trying to convey. And for now, that was more than enough for Yoongi to sink into a blissful sleep.

Yoongi came across several startling discoveries the next morning.

One being that Hoseok was an incredibly restless sleeper, and he woke up with a crook in his back and an ache in his left arm where he had been kicked off of the mattress and had landed awkwardly on the floor. Although Hoseok had relentlessly apologised, it didn’t make up for the pain in his arm whenever Yoongi had to lift his bags.

The other discovery was that he and Hoseok were not as discreet as they hoped they had been. Hoseok’s mother was the one who had discovered him on the floor, shaking his shoulder and telling him in a hushed voice that they had one hour to get ready and eat breakfast before his mother was scheduled to pick him up.

She had cast the curtains open after Yoongi had given a groggy nod, and with one sweep of her eyes her gaze had landed on the bottle of lube that Hoseok must have forgotten to return back to his room. His heart had jolted guiltily, aware that she didn’t particularly approve of intimate activities she didn’t think they were ready for, especially not in her living room.

“I trust you two were safe,” she had said, her eyebrow raised.

“We didn’t…” Yoongi had tried to defend, but the words had caught in his throat.

She had eyed him before approaching Hoseok, pulling the duvet away from him, causing him to groan and stir.

“Get up, Hobi. Yoongi only has an hour left, and you have to shower and get breakfast. But most importantly, tidy the lounge,” and she dropped the bottle of lube next to his head, causing him to startle.

Dawon had eyed them suspiciously at breakfast, and when they sat around to watch morning TV, awaiting Yoongi’s mother, she had spoke up. “You two didn’t fuck on my part of the couch, did you?”

“What the fuck?” Hoseok had exclaimed, crinkling his nose. “No! We didn’t do that. We didn’t do anything on the couch.”

Besides from giving me a handjob Yoongi added silently but let the siblings bicker. His mind was reeling over the bombshell that Hoseok’s mother had dropped at breakfast.
What Hoseok’s mother had informed him was the third and last discovery of his morning, and it had happened out of the blue.

“Hobi, did you tell Yoongi about where you applied for university?” she asked as Yoongi devoured the rice in his bowl. He was never usually hungry in the morning, but after what had transpired last night, his appetite had increased.

Hoseok had seemingly grown embarrassed. “Kinda, yeah. We both applied to D Arts.”

“So you’ve told me,” Hoseok’s mother smiled. “Where have you applied, Yoongi? It’s slipped my mind.”

Yoongi relayed the information back to her. The majority of his chosen universities were fairly average in scoring, but he had chosen them because he knew there would be a good chance he got accepted. Only one of them was considered high ranking, however, he didn’t want to put too much faith into getting accepted.

Hoseok’s mother raised her eyebrows as if she was impressed when Yoongi told her. “Oh. That’s a top university. I’m sure your grades will be good enough to get accepted.”

Yoongi laughed at that. “Thank you, but I’m not getting my hopes up.”

“You shouldn’t put yourself down before you’ve even tried,” Hoseok’s father advised, and Yoongi smiled at him, trying to ignore the flush on his face due to the attention.

“You’ll be good enough,” Hoseok encouraged, a grain of rice stuck to his upper lip that Yoongi was trying so very hard not to remove with his tongue.

“Has Hobi told you what universities he applied for?” Hoseok’s mother asked, her eyebrows knitting together. Yoongi shrugged, not wanting to say that Hoseok had been strangely evasive. She pointed her chopsticks in her son’s direction. “Tell Yoongi about the abroad scheme.”

Abroad?

It hit Yoongi like a tonne of bricks, like an entire building had crashed down upon him.

Hoseok seemed to sense Yoongi’s distress. He looked over with a creased brow, his eyes concerned. “Not abroad abroad. But Japan. It’s a boatride away. You can even get a train. Apparently, they have several universities around the world, so it gives you an opportunity to work with different professionals.” He shrugged. “I probably won’t even get in. There are limited spaces, and I doubt my grades will cut it.”

“But there’s an audition process, Hobi,” his mother reminded. “If you’re good enough, they might overlook any bad grades, which I know you will not be getting any.” She gave him a stern look.

Hoseok laughed it off, although Yoongi could tell that there was something more to it that Hoseok wasn’t voicing. He hadn’t said it, but it was obvious that going abroad to Japan to study was something that Hoseok wanted to do.

Yoongi stared down at his empty bowl. Why hadn’t Hoseok told him anything when he had asked a few days before when they had called?

Maybe Hoseok hadn’t wanted him to worry, and he understood that concern as he knew himself well enough to know that he definitely would have worried. Still, it didn’t change the fact that now he knew the truth, through Hoseok’s mother no less.
Yoongi didn’t want to dwell on it, but how could he not? It was true what Hoseok had said, Japan was a boatride away, but the fee and the convenience would surely narrow weekend trips down to a nil.

Still, he was determined not to be burdened by overthinking. Hoseok had said so himself that he didn’t think he would be accepted, so they would have to wait and see.

Yoongi didn’t think he could bear to be weighed down by more worries before their real exam period began. He simply wanted to enjoy the rest of the time with Hoseok he had with ease.

Hoseok clung onto him before he left to see his mother parked outside.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you before, about Japan,” Hoseok whispered to him, his arms tight around Yoongi’s waist. “I just didn’t know how. It felt too real somehow.”

“I understand,” Yoongi said, because he did. Speaking something into existence solidified it, but it wasn’t as if Hoseok telling Yoongi would be confirming his place in the Japanese university.

“Don’t worry about it,” Hoseok said to him. “Nothing’s changed. A city away, or a country. We’ll stay the same.”

“Yeah,” Yoongi replied earnestly. He pulled away, looking Hoseok in the eye. “We will.”

When he spoke, he spoke it with surmise, like he believed that if saying it would speak it into existence.

Jimin’s room hadn’t changed since the last time he had visited. It was clean and, for the most part, tidy.

Jimin seemed to be the only thing that had changed. His hair was different, a lot shorter, and his eyebrows were visible where his fringe had been cut. His face was slightly rounder as well, which Yoongi privately thought was a good thing.

His small, slight face from all those months ago seemed equipped to hold an impish smirk and cunning eyes, whereas this Jimin held an air of innocence that Yoongi reckoned he must have had during childhood.

It was a refreshing thing to see; Jimin smiling without a hint of reservation, like he could finally afford to be truly happy without having to look over his shoulder for the crowd he had lost himself in.

Jimin’s mother had seemed surprised when Yoongi had called to ask if Jimin was free to hang out, and Jimin was equally as shocked. Still, he had welcomed Yoongi to his room without concealing his excitement.

The first thing that Jimin did was ask him about Hoseok.

“I spent Christmas with his family,” Yoongi had confided. “And my mum wants him to come over for dinner after the first week of school.” He didn’t mention that he hadn’t said anything to Hoseok yet. “What about you? How was your Christmas?”

“It was alright. I didn’t get many presents,” Jimin told him, his legs folded as he took absentminded bites of his ice-cream. One thing that he and Jimin always had in common was their love for cold foods in the winter. “I guess that’s my punishment. I did get a new phone, though, but dad said I was
Yoongi removed the ice-lolly from his mouth, empathy stirring in his gut. “At least you’ll finally be allowed to use it at school.”

Jimin shrugged. “How is home now? You can hang out with your friends now, can’t you?”

Jimin laughed. “I wish. Not properly. Mum says I can invite people around, or go over to their house, and go to town and stuff. I can’t go into the city, not even with them. They’re telling me I should apply to a uni that’s far away, y’know. They don’t want them finding me, or me going back to them or whatever.”

Jimin took a large bite from his ice-cream, cracking the chocolate coating. He didn’t even wince. “It feels like they don’t trust me, and I can’t blame them. Still, the least they could do was not insist on hanging with me as a chaperone when I go into town. It’s like they’re paranoid I want to sneak off to some rave in the middle of the day.”

Yoongi searched for the annoyance on Jimin’s face, instead all he found was sadness. “They’re only doing it to protect you,” Yoongi said, to which Jimin scoffed, his shoulders slumping. “It’s a bit overbearing, but they want what’s best for you.”

“What’s best for me is that I know they can trust me,” Jimin said sourly, staring at his half-eaten ice-cream as if it was somehow to blame. “But after everything, that’s not gonna happen.”

“They’re letting you go back into school at least,” Yoongi offered, “and with a phone.”

“Yeah, ‘cause I begged them. I couldn’t stand being shut up in here and revising. I did my exams, y’know? I had to go into a private room while you were all in the hall. I hated it.” He laughed. “You know I’ve always hated exams. But I want to do them. I can’t drop out or I’ll be stuck here forever.”

Yoongi took aim and threw his ice-lolly stick into the bin before placing a hand on Jimin’s leg, causing Jimin to look up and offer him a small smile. “Good throw, Yoongs.”

“Thanks,” Yoongi smiled back. “So, you took exams? Does that mean you’re applying to university?” Yoongi asked, hope buzzing in his chest.

Jimin grinned at him, pushing at his shoulder. “Why? Hoping to apply to the same one as me?”

“Well, maybe,” Yoongi said, pinching at Jimin’s leg. “Depends on if I can tolerate you for three years.”

Jimin laughed, shoving harder at Yoongi’s chest. “Shut up. I know you want me all to yourself. What would ‘Seokie say? Knowing him, he’d probably ask to join in.”

Yoongi guffawed, crinkling his nose in distaste. He crossed his arms. “Then you don’t know him at all.”

“Ha. Maybe. You and ‘Seokie, one love, right? How’s that going by the way? You spent Christmas at his house, right? Shared a bed?” Jimin asked, leaning in intently.

“What universities did you apply to?” Yoongi responded, challenging him.

Jimin rolled his eyes, although he was smiling. “You’re so annoying, Yoongs. Fine! I applied to loads away from the city. Quite shitty ones, to be honest. Only ‘cause I won’t get the grades to get into ones you’ve applied to.”
Yoongi sighed. “I didn’t apply to prestigious ones either, so that’s not true. Is there one you really want to go too?”

Jimin considered his question before shrugging, finishing his ice-cream before throwing the stick into the bin. “Maybe D Arts? I applied for dance with language, so I think I have a good shot there.”

Yoongi brightened. “‘Seok and I applied there too. If we get in, you and ‘Seok could be taking dance together.”

A grin slid across Jimin’s face. “Really? Oh, nice. That’s so cute. But I’m not acting as third wheel. Unless you want me to.” He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively and Yoongi reached behind him to toss a pillow at Jimin’s face.

“Shut up,” Yoongi groaned whilst Jimin laughed, collapsing onto his back, his toes pressing into Yoongi’s knees. “You’re not funny.”

“I like to think otherwise,” Jimin said, peering up at him, his grin now turned smirk. “So, Yoongs. How far have you and ‘Seokie gone? You fucked yet?”

Yoongi felt his face flush crimson. He grabbed the pillow and thumped Jimin’s stomach with it. “None of your business.”

“But it is!” Jimin sat up, his hair askew. “If you haven’t, I can give you tips. If you have, I can give you improvements.”

Yoongi hit him again to no avail, Jimin grabbed the pillow and threw it onto the floor, his smirk still in place. “You’re the worst,” Yoongi huffed.

“Or I’m the best,” Jimin corrected. “I take it you and ‘Seokie haven’t gone all the way yet then? Oh, well. Have you talked about it yet?”

Yoongi folded his arms, averted his eyes. “None of your business.”

Jimin ignored him. “Oh, cute. Are you waiting? What, for marriage? I admire that, Yoongs. Though, the first thing I do when I get to uni is find someone decent to fuck, y’know?”

Yoongi stuffed his fingers into his ears. “Please shut up.”

Jimin laughed, cooing as he pulled Yoongi’s hands away. Yoongi glared at him, exasperated. “There’s no need to be embarrassed! You and lover boy have done things, right? You’ve at least sucked each other off?”

Yoongi ripped his hands away, aware that his face was ruddy and that he had given everything away without saying anything.

“Oh, you have,” Jimin laughed, crawling over to Yoongi. “What was it like? Did you like it? Giving it, I mean.”

“I think I said it’s none of your business,” Yoongi emphasised, kicking at Jimin’s chest. “Can we talk about something else? Anything?”

“What a party pooper,” Jimin sulked, resting his back against the headboard so that he was positioned next to Yoongi. “Fine.”

A comfortable silence stretched out between them. Yoongi was about to ask him how he felt about
going back to school before Jimin interrupted his thoughts with: “How big is ‘Seok’s dick?”

“What the fuck?” Yoongi spluttered, shuffling away from Jimin. “I told you, drop it!”

“When I was little, I remember it being small,” Jimin swiftly carried on. “Is it average now? Bigger?” He dropped his voice to a whisper, grasped hold of Yoongi’s arm. “Smaller?”

Yoongi jerked his arm away. “Can you keep your mind out of the gutter for five minutes? You said we can talk about something else, so how are you feeling about school?”

Jimin sighed again, clearly disappointed in Yoongi’s lack of enthusiasm to spill details about his sex life, and he settled to leaning his head against the wall. “Alright, I guess. It’ll be good to have a routine again, at least that’s what my dad says.”

“What do you say?” Yoongi asked, pushing aside his frustration to comfort his friend.

Jimin shrugged, moved to rest his head on Yoongi’s shoulder. “I say… I’m looking forward to seeing you guys again. I guess I’ve gotta apologise to Tae and ‘Guk, even if everything is okay now. I’ve also gotta deal with all the teacher’s either being literal hell or even worse, sympathetic.”

Jimin pulled a face. “I don’t even wanna know what my parents told them about why I wasn’t attending. I’m only here for a few months anyway before exams, and then I’m out.”

“So, you’re okay with it?” Yoongi asked to clarify, to which Jimin deliberated, and then nodded.

“Yeah,” he said, his voice small, weightless. Content. “Yeah, I’m fine with it.”

Yoongi smiled at Jimin’s confession. His hand slid through Jimin’s hair instinctively. “You’ll be fine, Jiminie. We’ll all be with you.”

“Promise?” Jimin said, looking to Yoongi with wide eyes. “‘Cause I know I wasn’t always there for you guys.”

Yoongi shook his head, waving it aside. “What’s done is done, and you’ve apologised. You’ve changed. You have a chance to prove it to us.”

Jimin looked away, his expression thoughtful. “Well, I will. For real this time. I’ll always be here for you guys. ‘Jin, too.”

Yoongi’s being felt warm, heavy. He was incredibly relaxed sitting with Jimin who seemed to have found new hope for his future. “I’m glad.”

“… And I’ll be here if you ever want to talk about positions.”

It took Yoongi entirely too long to figure out what Jimin was referring to, and he only did when Jimin turned to him with a mischievous smile.

“You ruined it.”

“But I meant it.”

“You’re not helping.”

“I will help you one day with my infinite knowledge – ow!”

“You deserved that.”
“Meanie.”

Chapter End Notes

BOOM
okay wow we love a smutty Christmas
also soft yoonseok is what i LIVE for and i am so glad that Yoongi and Hoseok finally TALKED like omfggg
now it's tae and gukkies turn oh lordie
jimin is coming back to school, Hoseok is gonna be introduced to yoongis parents and brother as his boyfriend, tae's job will be revealed(?) and Hoseok has his all important dance competition coming up next time ;;;;;)))))

thank you so much for all your wonderful comments?? it really helps me to continue to write so i'm so grateful! if you did like this chapter and/or want to leave feedback, please drop a comment below *drew monson voice* because i'm very lonely <33333
Yoongi hadn’t expected his first day back at school after the winter break to be a complete breeze but he also hadn’t expected it to be as hectic as it was. It wasn’t the reveal of his startlingly decent results that shook him though, it was seeing Jimin with everybody again, feeling that their dynamic as a group was finally right.

Jimin’s arrival to school was noticed immediately by almost everybody in their year. Yoongi had been waiting in the basketball court with Jeongguk for only twenty minutes and had had over six people run over to them and ask if it was true that Jimin was seen walking to the headmaster’s office. As much of a nuisance he had been to teachers in class, it seemed that Jimin was adored by every student due to his comedic antics. Yoongi mused to Jeongguk whether Jimin would continue to be the class clown or if he would tone his attitude down.

Jeongguk had shrugged, and Yoongi detected some hostility from the younger boy. Maybe Jeongguk wasn’t as okay with Jimin returning as he liked to make out, although Yoongi didn’t necessarily understand why. He thought that Jimin and Seokjin’s behaviour had been forgiven by all, so what reason would Jeongguk have for bearing a grudge?

He didn’t have time to ask as Hoseok came barreling over from across the court, pulling Yoongi into a hug and risking knocking Yoongi flying. Jeongguk laughed, told them to get a room, and then quietened when Taehyung approached with a delighted grin upon spotting them.

“Jiminie’s back!” he exclaimed, latching onto Hoseok’s arm. “You said he cut his hair, Yoongs?”

“Yeah. He looks better,” Yoongi said. “Did he text you guys? He has a new phone.”

“Oh, that’s who that was,” Hoseok realised, taking his phone from his pocket and typing something out. His phone vibrated not a moment later and he laughed, turning his phone to show Yoongi.

‘this old man hasn’t changed :P save me plz’

Jimin might have changed, but his dislike for the school system and staff clearly hadn’t. Shortly after Namjoon had arrived, Jimin escaped from the office, he ran towards the courts at full speed, announcing his presence by throwing his arms out and collecting them all into a hug.
He let out a laugh, excited eyes running over the group. “Why do you all look like babies still? I thought time was supposed to have passed?”

“Oh, shut up,” Hoseok said, laughing and pushing Jimin away. “What about you? You got your baby fat back.” He began pinching at Jimin’s cheeks before Jimin kicked at him in retaliation.

“How have you been, Jiminie?” Taehyung asked, drawing Jimin’s attention away from Hoseok before they could break into a playfight. “I haven’t seen you in ages.”

Jimin dithered, looking reluctant. “Eh. I’ve been okay.” His eyes jumped from Taehyung’s concerned gaze to Jeongguk, who had been standing at a distance.

“Listen,” Jimin began, dropping his confident ego. “I’m sorry about what I did at the restaurant. I should have thought it through rationally. I didn’t mean to hurt you.” His eyes lingered on Taehyung before he met Jeongguk’s stare. “I’m sorry, and I hope you’re both happy.”

Taehyung’s face radiated nothing but pure joy, happy with Jimin’s apology. Jeongguk on the other hand looked blank, but Yoongi knew that he was debating with himself.

“I’m not going to lie and say that it didn’t hurt,” Jeongguk said eventually, and Jimin’s expression crumpled. “But I said things that weren’t okay as well. I forgive you, and I hope you can forgive me.”

Jimin waved his hand, brushing it aside as a smile crept onto his face. “It’s fine, I get it, you were pissed. Of course I forgive you, ‘Gukkie.”

Yoongi caught Hoseok’s eye, saw the grin bright on his face. He leant into Hoseok’s side, watching as Jeongguk shot Jimin a small smile.

“So, we’re all okay?” Taehyung asked, eyes wide as if he was unsure when to allow his happiness to surface.

Jeongguk looked to Yoongi briefly before summoning up the courage. He brushed his hands against Taehyung’s, but Taehyung hardly needed the stimulus. He grasped Jeongguk’s hand eagerly, giving the boy a smile with flushed cheeks.

Jimin watched the display, his smile widening. “I think we’re more than fine.”

“And you, Jiminie?” Namjoon asked, ruffling Jimin’s new haircut, much to Jimin’s protest.

Jimin’s cheeks were red as he pushed away Namjoon’s hand. “Leave off, ‘Joonie,” he cackled, ducking in between Hoseok and Yoongi, much to Hoseok’s dismay.

Jimin grinned at all of them, his beam wide and innocent. Yoongi’s heart thumped with joy at the sight of someone who had previously been miserable shine with so much optimism.

“I’m better than ever.”

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Min Yoongi: hey Seokie

Min Yoongi: i need to ask you something

Jung Hoseok: heyy baby xxxxxxxxxxxxx

Jung Hoseok: oohh? What is it? do u need my help for science??? X333
Min Yoongi: everything about that sentence was wrong

Min Yoongi: are you free this weekend?

Jung Hoseok: why?? Im good at it now that u taught me! even mr kim says so :) 

Jung Hoseok: and I have practice in the evening, but i should be free during the day? 

Min Yoongi: I’m proud of you Seok <3 with more revision I’m sure you can get a B next time 

Min Yoongi: okay good because I told my mum you were coming round for dinner on Saturday 

Jung Hoseok: WHAT 

Min Yoongi: she’s been nagging me for ages about it so this was the only way I could get her to stop 

Min Yoongi: I’ll tell her no if you’re not up for it 

Jung Hoseok: no!! no no im all for it!! 

Jung Hoseok: its just the first ive heard of it that’s all 

Jung Hoseok: ur mum wants me over that badly ewkofmewk 

Jung Hoseok: wait that sounded wrong 

Min Yoongi: yes, it did but I’m gonna choose to ignore it 

Min Yoongi: so you do want to come? 

Jung Hoseok: yes!! 

Jung Hoseok: so this is like an official dinner? 

Jung Hoseok: with your whole family? 

Min Yoongi: Unfortunately 

Jung Hoseok: ????? 

Min Yoongi: I mean 

Min Yoongi: my mum is gonna be really embarrassing 

Min Yoongi: the only salvation is that my brother is gonna be at work 

Min Yoongi: but if my mum says anything cringey, please ignore her 

Min Yoongi: my dad too, I don’t think he likes the idea of dating 

Jung Hoseok: oh my god 

Jung Hoseok: youre so cute <333 

Jung Hoseok: oh? Is he protective? 

Min Yoongi: I’m serious
Min Yoongi: I will vault out of a window if my mum acts all weird
Min Yoongi: and I don’t know
Min Yoongi: he doesn’t like it when Seung dates around
Min Yoongi: I’m sure he’ll be fine

Jung Hoseok: HRGNJKWENW
Jung Hoseok: now u know how I felt!!!!!!
Jung Hoseok: don’t worry yoon, I’ll take everything with a pinch of salt
Jung Hoseok: :/// ill be on my best behaviour don’t worry!!

Min Yoongi: more like a truckload
Min Yoongi: you better

Jung Hoseok: grkjnjew exactly!
Jung Hoseok: what time should I come over? I have to leave before 7 :/

Min Yoongi: I’m glad you understand my pain
Min Yoongi: I work nine to twelve
Min Yoongi: We have dinner around five, so we should be done before seven
Min Yoongi: you could come over at one? Two? I don’t mind

Jung Hoseok: anytime baby <33333333
Jung Hoseok: rgnjownjwnew still can’t get over how u have dinner so early!!!!!
Jung Hoseok: aren’t u hungry by 10??

Min Yoongi: <3
Min Yoongi: fine
Min Yoongi: don’t come
Min Yoongi: :)

Jung Hoseok: JNGIJNWEIJWE IM KIDDING
Jung Hoseok: 5 is fine for dinner! And I’ll be there at 1 <3333

Min Yoongi: okay good, I’ll tell mum
Min Yoongi: thanks Seok

Jung Hoseok: no need to thank me??? I wanna see your family again
Jung Hoseok: sad ur brother wont be there :( he’s funny!!!
Hoseok turned up at his doorstep at exactly one o’clock. Yoongi, who had just finished spraying himself with scented body-spray his mother had picked out for him, jumped at the sound of the doorbell and moved to hurtle down the stairs, all the while yelling: “I’ve got it!”

His mother gave him a reproachful look at he tripped over his own feet on the way to the door. She still hadn’t forgiven him for the way he had handled telling his father about Hoseok’s visit the night before.

Apparently wishing his father goodnight and then telling him that his boyfriend was going to have dinner with them tomorrow before hurrying upstairs was not the way she wanted Yoongi to tell him. But he could hardly do anything about that now.

He undid the chain and opened the door, revealing Hoseok in all his red-cheeked glory. His yellow hoodie clashed with the ruddiness of his face and Yoongi’s heart clenched in endearment.

“Come in,” Yoongi said, grabbing Hoseok by the arm and dragging him inside. “Why aren’t you wearing a coat?”

“I left it in the car,” Hoseok answered sulkily, like a child who had been reprimanded, whilst taking his shoes off.

He brightened up when seeing what Yoongi was wearing, and he ran a hand appreciatively over the fabric of the hoodie Hoseok’s parents had bought for him.

“Oh wow. It suits you, Yoon. I knew it would,” he spoke affectionately, his gentle voice tugging at the strings of Yoongi’s heart.

Yoongi tugged him forwards, tilting his head as Hoseok leant in purposefully. Hoseok’s lips had just grazed his when he heard the familiar sound of slippers from behind him.

He leapt away quickly, turning his head so that Hoseok’s lips pressed clumsily against his cheek instead. He turned towards his mother who was walking down the stairs, her smile wide as she saw Hoseok.

“Ah, Hoseok!” she exclaimed, offering him a polite bow. “It’s great to have you back here. I heard you and Yoonie had a wonderful Christmas?”

Hoseok looked to Yoongi, something impish behind the sparkle in his eyes. “Oh, yeah, Mrs. Min. It was really nice. Thank you for letting Yoon stay over.”

“It was nothing, my dear,” she said. The consist smile on her face was beginning to creep Yoongi out somewhat so he began to edge his way upstairs.

“Yes, you can go upstairs,” she said, shaking her head in a mock-exasperated fashion. “Don’t think badly of the rest of the house when you see his room, Hoseok. I’ve tried to get him to tidy it.”
“Mum!” he whined to her as he began to climb the stairs. He paused to ensure that Hoseok was following him, and Hoseok did after he shot him a warning glare.

“Your father will be back midday!” she called up after them as Yoongi raced to the sanctuary that was his room.

He slammed the door behind him as soon as Hoseok made it inside, and he felt his body slump as if all the energy had been torn out of him.

“Why is she so embarrassing now that she knows we’re dating?” Yoongi grumbled to himself as Hoseok chuckled, peering around Yoongi’s room.

“She’s not embarrassing,” Hoseok said, crouching down to peer at the shelves of books Yoongi had accumulated over the years. “She’s sweet. Nowhere near as bad as my mum.”

“Your mum isn’t even bad,” Yoongi defended, slinking away from the door to collapse onto his bed. He rested his foot on Hoseok’s shoulder as Hoseok continued to scan through Yoongi’s book collection.

“She’s alright,” Hoseok admitted with a playful smile, pinching at Yoongi’s big toe through his sock. He took out a book of music, flipped it over to skim the blurb. “She’s mopey now though. Dad tells me she’s worried about me moving out. But she’ll be fine, she’s still got ‘Won.”

Yoongi hummed, removing his foot from Hoseok’s shoulder as Hoseok slid the book back onto the shelf and stood up, his back popping. “Yeah, but one child’s not the same as two. It’ll feel empty without you.”

Hoseok snorted, sinking down onto the bed next to Yoongi, so close that their thighs touched. He seemed to realise the same thing, his hand closing over Yoongi’s thigh near his knee.

“Maybe. I know for a fact ‘Won can’t make up for my presence,” he laughed, “she said she’s gonna use my room as her room while I’m gone, so I told her when I come back for Christmas, she can live in the shed.”

Yoongi smiled amusedly, flopping backwards and letting his eyes close. He was ridiculously tired from staying up last night fretting about how the following day’s events would go, but now that Hoseok was here, he felt at peace. It was just the easy-going aura that Hoseok carried with him, one that both relaxed and stimulated him.

“You okay?” Hoseok asked, getting onto his knees to peer down at Yoongi. His fingers trailed through Yoongi’s hair, lightly brushing against his temple.

Yoongi hummed his contentment. “I’m fine. Just tired.”

Hoseok tutted, reminding Yoongi so much of Hoseok’s mother that an amused smile played on his lips. “You should go to sleep earlier. Why were you up so late?”

Yoongi opened his eyes, shot Hoseok a look, to which Hoseok laughed. “It’ll be fine, Yoongs. I’ve already met your mum and she’s nice.”

Yoongi hummed, remembering the blank look on his father’s face when he told him of the news that Hoseok would be coming for dinner. A surge of regret twisted his stomach. He wished he had told his parents in a more direct way instead of letting embarrassment rule his head.

He shouldn’t be ashamed of being in a relationship, even if his father had shaken his head when
Seung took various girls on dates when he was Yoongi’s age.

“There’s more to life than dating,” he had said when Seung questioned him about it, and then he had settled his lip into a thin line.

“What about you? How’re your parents taking it?” Hoseok asked, distracting him from his reminiscing. Yoongi looked up at him blankly and Hoseok smiled fondly. His fingers tickled against Yoongi’s scalp. “You going to uni. Are they okay with it?”

Yoongi deliberated. “They haven’t really said anything about it. We haven’t received our offers yet, so it’s probably not real for them, or me.”

Hoseok nodded understandably. “Do you think you’ll get in? One of them wanted three A’s, right?”

Yoongi groaned. “Don’t even get me started. Just because they scored as one of the country’s top one hundred, they think they can get all prestigious. I don’t think I’ll get in.”

“You don’t know that,” Hoseok encouraged, leaning closer. “But I agree with you. Fuck prestige.”

“Exactly,” Yoongi said, lifting his head and placing a hand around the nape of Hoseok’s neck. “I’m glad you’re with me.”

“Always,” Hoseok muttered against Yoongi’s mouth, his breath scalding Yoongi’s lips as he pressed a kiss against them.

Hoseok nipped at his lower lip, sucking it lightly into his mouth as he tilted his head, pressed himself into Yoongi until he was positioned on top of Yoongi’s legs. Yoongi wove his hand into Hoseok’s hair whilst his other hand trailed down Hoseok’s neck to the beginning knobs of his spine, savouring the smoothness of his skin.

Hoseok’s tongue was warm and his lips were soft as they moved against his. There was no urgency in the kiss, which Yoongi was grateful for, but he got lost in it all the same. Kissing Hoseok was an experience which he would not find elsewhere as he lost all senses.

The only sense that remained was the one that sought Hoseok out, one that let him experience Hoseok in the full. Hearing anything other than Hoseok, seeing anything other than Hoseok or feeling anything other than Hoseok was completely unnecessary in the moment.

Hoseok had left his lips, began trailing his mouth down Yoongi’s neck where the marks he had left on Christmas had healed. Yoongi couldn’t summon enough will to complain about how much effort it had taken to hide them.

As much as he liked the feeling of Hoseok on his skin, he wanted to leave his own marks on Hoseok, to see what a map of purple would look like on Hoseok’s tan skin. So, he grappled Hoseok’s waist with his legs and flipped him over.

He thought he heard Hoseok let out a muffled noise of surprise, but he was too focussed on pushing aside the hoodie that concealed the skin of Hoseok’s shoulder, skin that went left unmarked.

Yoongi lowered himself tentatively, placing his mouth over skin between the crook of Hoseok’s neck and collarbone and beginning to suck. Hoseok let out a sigh, and Yoongi felt a pair of hands settle in his hair.

His teeth grazed against Hoseok’s skin, and he was just about to make his mark before the door burst open, smacking violently against the wall and causing Yoongi to bolt upwards in shock, his lips slick
Seung stood in the doorway, his signature stupid smile frozen on his face as he regarded the scene of Yoongi on top of Hoseok on the bed.

There was a prolonged silence in which Yoongi stared in mortification at his brother, Hoseok’s hands on his thighs from when he had moved to look towards the source of the noise. Seung’s grin had only widened, and Yoongi inwardly groaned.

“Nice to see you again, Hoseok,” he greeted, grinning maniacally at the boy between Yoongi’s legs. “How have you been? Busy?”

“Get out,” Yoongi said as coldly as he could as he whilst he unwrapped himself from Hoseok, who lay immobile.

“Mum says that lunch is ready,” Seung carried on as if Yoongi hadn’t even spoken. “Of course, I can always tell her you’re too busy.” He shot Hoseok a wink, and Hoseok audibly groaned.

“Can you stop bothering us and get a life? What are you even doing home anyway? You’re supposed to be at work,” Yoongi shot at him, wanting nothing less than to see his brother’s smug face.

“My shift ended,” he answered simply, and then he looked back to Hoseok. “I suppose this means I’ll be having dinner with you-”

“Get out!” Yoongi yelled, scrambling up from the bed and wrenching the door away from his brother’s hand. “I didn’t want you here in the first place, so fuck off and leave us alone!” And he slammed the door in his brother’s face.

He barely had time to catch his breath before he heard Seung bolt down the stairs, yelling at the top of his lungs: “Yoonie has a boy in his bedroom! Hoseokie’s being defiled of his innocence!”

Yoongi gritted his teeth, fought against the urge to follow after his brother and yell back at him, saying how he had no right to burst into Yoongi’s room without knocking.

He briefly heard the muffled sounds of his mother replying, but he turned away from the door hurriedly. Hoseok was staring at him, looking sheepish. A nervous giggle erupted from his throat and Yoongi looked back at him, guilt swimming in his stomach.

“Sorry about that,” Yoongi said, stepping away from the door and sinking back onto the bed, his hands pressed between his thighs. “I didn’t know he was going to be back.”

“It’s fine,” Hoseok rushed to his aid, placing a hand on his lower back. “It just caught me off-guard.”

Yoongi groaned, buried his head in Hoseok’s chest. “So embarrassing.”

Hoseok laughed, more relaxed this time, his hand smoothing up and down Yoongi’s back. “It wasn’t that bad. It could have been worse.”

“It could have not happened at all,” Yoongi moaned. “He should have knocked. Or taken a double-shift. He won’t let me live this down.”

“Well, I’m sure he would have asked you about it anyway,” Hoseok pointed out, “he’s kind of an embarrassing brother, right? So he might have asked you inappropriate questions anyway.”
Yoongi grumbled, hating how true it was. It was why he wanted to save himself the embarrassment and hadn’t told Seung, especially when it was a risk that Seung could bring it up in front of their dad. He didn’t want to see his father pull a disapproving expression, not when it concerned Hoseok. Hoseok deserved to be taken seriously.

Hoseok was smiling at him, his hand firm and comforting on Yoongi’s back. Yoongi’s heart throbbed excessively as he made up his mind. His dad could sneer and scorn all he wanted, but it wouldn’t change what he and Hoseok shared. He was fairly certain he was in love with Hoseok, and even if his father didn’t approve of him dating, there was no way the feelings contained in his heart could be deterred.

“Actually,” Hoseok began slowly, his smile becoming shy. “I’ve been meaning to talk to you, but I haven’t gotten chance at school. But now it’s just us…”

Yoongi pulled back, removing his hands from between his thighs to take Hoseok’s. “What is it?”

Hoseok squeezed his hands, the lights of his eyes performing a kind of bewitching dance. “I listened to the CD. Your CD.”

Oh. Yoongi felt the blood pool in his cheeks, flushing the tips of his ears.

“I really liked it,” Hoseok stated as a fact, no condescending smile or mocking tone. He said it because it was the truth. Yoongi didn’t know what to do with his face. “I think you’re really talented. You could be signed!”

Yoongi scoffed at that, but pride swelled in his chest. “I doubt it. But thanks. I’m glad you liked it.”

“No, you could!” Hoseok protested. Yoongi merely smiled, his stomach flipping and his pulse beating against his neck. “And… the lyrics,” Hoseok said in a quieter tone, “they were really good. Like, hot.”

Yoongi was certain every inch of his body was covered in a horrific shade of red. He averted his eyes, squirming, as he remembered the filthy and sweet things he had poured onto the page.

He only had time to make three songs, and he felt that they were haphazardly put together no matter how much time he spent on them, but it was enough material to make every nerve stand on end knowing that Hoseok had heard the things etched into filthiest corners of his heart.

“You’ve gone all red, Yoon,” Hoseok pointed out, a childish smile spreading onto his face. “Yeah, well, who’s fault is that?” Yoongi denounced rather lamely.

“I blame you. And I thought I was the kinky one,” Hoseok said, laughing. “Does ‘I want to taste your bittersweet sin, my taste of heaven’ ring a bell?”

Yoongi could have punched him. Instead, he dropped Hoseok’s hands and settled for folding his arms and legs. “I hate you.”

“But I love you,” Hoseok whined, throwing himself onto Yoongi and sending them sprawling onto the bed.

Yoongi groaned, tucking himself into the foetal position as Hoseok lay on top of him, whining into his ear about how it wasn’t fair and how he couldn’t have a boyfriend who hated him.

Yoongi stayed un-moving, even as Hoseok began to poke at his face. His mind was stuck trying to
process the words that Hoseok had said to him. Those three words he had been dwelling over for the past three months had slipped free from Hoseok’s lips first, and not his own.

It was said jokingly, a spur of the moment thing, Yoongi knew this, and he knew he shouldn’t be fretting over it, but he couldn’t help it.

When would the right time be to properly say it? In his songs, he had talked of how Hoseok had been his light in his darkness, and all types of clichés, but Hoseok had seemed to have liked it. Along with that, he had gone with the theme of a more sexual nature; something that he knew Hoseok would be bound to appreciate. But he hadn’t wanted to be too open, too vulnerable, too raw.

When he confessed to Hoseok, he wanted to be certain with himself, his feelings and his words. Music would be one way to do this, he supposed, but not mixed in with songs about blowjobs. He wanted to do it without a sloppy beat in the background, and as earnestly as he possibly could.

Yoongi was sure his father would laugh had he ever heard his thought process.

The thought was what jolted him into the present, not Hoseok’s finger grazing his nostril nor the sound of the door opening once more.

His mother stood in the door-frame, one hand on the door handle as she cautiously peered in. Her eyebrows were drawn as she observed Hoseok sprawled dangerously on top of Yoongi whilst Yoongi lay on his side, his arms folded, threatening to bite Hoseok’s wandering finger.

“If this is what Seung was talking about, I suppose we’ve got nothing to worry about,” she said, sighing. Hoseok laughed uncertainly, rolling off of Yoongi who reluctantly sat up.

She drew herself to full height, shooting a pointed glance at Yoongi. “Door open.”

Yoongi let out an audible sigh as Hoseok cast him an apologetic glance. “Fine. Just tell Seung to stay downstairs.”

“Naturally,” she said before changing the subject. “You must be hungry, boys. Lunch will be ready shortly. You can eat in the lounge whilst Seung helps me with dinner.”

“Fine,” Yoongi replied shortly, put out at how the universe seemed so against him and Hoseok having a few moments of peace.

“Ten minutes,” she called back to them as she walked down the stairs.

Yoongi vaguely heard the shouts of his brother from downstairs: “Did you see Yoon defiling him?”

He turned to Hoseok, despair churning in his gut. “Now you know what I have to put up with?”

Hoseok patted him sympathetically on the shoulder. “Nothing I haven’t seen before. You’ve been to my house, remember? Met my family, unfortunately.” He pulled a face and a giggle slipped from Yoongi’s mouth.

“Now, come on,” Hoseok encouraged, standing up and offering Yoongi his hand. “maybe that cooking show is on, the one we always watch together? Let’s see if they can remember what cupcakes are supposed to look like…”

Thankfully, Seung stayed out of Yoongi and Hoseok’s way for the most part, except for when he opened the door of the lounge when the two were having lunch and laughing at some bizarre recipe
one of the supposed ‘chefs’ had come up with on TV.

“Door open, remember, Yoonie-Boonie?” Seung patronised.

“Fuck off,” Yoongi said in a monotone, not even sparing a glance in his direction. Seung laughed and retreated, leaving Yoongi to revel in his satisfaction. As soon as Seung was heard running up the stairs, Yoongi put aside his plate and slammed the door shut.

Eventually, the pair grew tired of watching reruns of the same show, so Yoongi suggested they play a board game and let Hoseok pick. He wasn’t surprised in the slightest when Hoseok picked Monopoly and they settled down in the middle of the living room to set up the game.

Yoongi heard his father come home at one point, but he grew distracted from the muffled discussion his mother was having with him in the hallway. Hoseok had landed on one of his properties and proceeded to have a toddler-like tantrum when he had to pay extra since Yoongi had bought an apartment to accompany the property.

It came to a point where Hoseok had inexplicably lost, becoming bankrupt and having sold all of his properties to Yoongi simply to earn back some cash. Yoongi was fully prepared to gloat, considering the fact that Hoseok had bragged of his skills in Monopoly, before Hoseok began to bargain with him, wearing such a pitiful expression that he couldn’t resist.

“Fine,” Yoongi humoured, running an eye over the abundance of notes he had gathered throughout the game. “What’s the deal?”

Hoseok sat up straight, his expression solemn as if he were about to make a business pitch. “A kiss.”

Yoongi short-circuited, eyeing Hoseok to test his sincerity. “What?”

“A kiss for one-million,” Hoseok said. Yoongi shot him A Look. “Fine! A kiss for one-hundred-thousand. You don’t want me to be destitute, do you?”

“Considering the fact that this is a game, I don’t particularly mind so long as I win,” Yoongi quipped, pretending to deliberate.

“Yoon!” Hoseok whined, pretending to sulk, or actually sulking. Yoongi wasn’t sure. He only knew that Hoseok looked entirely too adorable. The bargain Hoseok had offered was starting to look more and more tempting.

“Okay then,” Yoongi agreed, moving from kneeling to sitting with his legs folded. “Make it a good one or no money for you.”

“How cruel,” Hoseok said, sighing dramatically but shifting onto his knees and hands to lean over the board. “Come on then. I promise it will be good.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes at his boyfriend’s persistence but gave in all the same. How could he ever resist Hoseok? Especially when his eyes were glowing that shade of brown in the sunlight that poured through the window, and when his heart-shaped lips were curved into a smile, the smile that caused Yoongi’s heart to skip a beat.

Yoongi leant in, closing his eyes to feel Hoseok’s lips brush against his. It was a light touch at first, something chaste and innocent. Yoongi went to pull away, to complain that for that, Hoseok would be getting no money, but Hoseok surprised him.

A hand cupped his face, tilting his head against Hoseok’s mouth. Hoseok’s lips parted, and the
familiar, and beloved, sensation of something wet and warm sliding into his mouth reoccurred. Something in his stomach fluttered, like millions of trapped butterflies, as Hoseok let out a moan against his tongue.

Hoseok was no longer on his hands and knees, instead he had looped his arms around Yoongi’s neck pulling their chests flush. A worry nagged the back of Yoongi’s mind, something about how their game would be ruined and ruin the purpose of the kiss, but he could hardly bring himself to hear anything other than the slide of Hoseok’s tongue against his, and he didn’t want to feel anything besides Hoseok pressing closer to him, Hoseok working his mouth against his.

The kiss was broken, only briefly. Hoseok pressed his forehead against Yoongi’s, his lips wet and moving against Yoongi’s as he spoke. “Yoon. I-”

The clattering noises in the kitchen became audible, and so did the pattering of socked feet on the carpet – only they came to a sudden stop. The door had opened.

Yoongi’s father regarded the scene with a cool indifference. Yoongi couldn’t locate the downturn of his lips, nor the scrutiny of his stare. Still, he ripped away from Hoseok all the same, embarrassment whirling around in his stomach, and then shame. He shouldn’t be embarrassed about kissing his boyfriend, but still, he would have much preferred Seung catching them than his father.

“Dinner is ready in half-an-hour,” he relayed to them, clearly a message deliverer. He looked to Hoseok, his eyes unreadable through his glasses. “It’s nice to see you again, Hoseok.”

“Nice to see you, too, Mr. Min,” Hoseok replied earnestly with an eager smile, his lips reddened.

His father nodded and turned, avoiding Yoongi’s gaze, leaving the room with the door open.

Hoseok mimed brushing the sweat away from his forehead, giving Yoongi an endearing goofy grin. Yoongi smiled back, although his heart was hurting. He shouldn’t have left it so late; he should have told his father and Seung earlier.

Even though his father hated the prospect of dating young, surely he couldn’t hate Hoseok now simply because he was Yoongi’s boyfriend. Could he?

Hoseok and Yoongi were the first ones at the dinner table. Yoongi’s mother had poked her head around the door when the two were packing up the long forgotten Monopoly game and had called them in.

She was talking to Hoseok non-stop whilst she served out dinner, only stopping to reprimand Seung for walking so loudly. She asked questions ranging from how Hoseok’s family was doing to whether Hoseok had done well in his exams, and then other questions such as what universities Hoseok had applied to because ‘Yoonie hasn’t told me anything.’

Yoongi was at wits end, but thankfully Hoseok laughed at her comments, answered her questions patiently and returned them with grace. Seung sat opposite Yoongi, as per usual, and kicked at Yoongi’s shin until Yoongi paid him heed.

“Shut up,” Yoongi said to him before he had even opened his mouth.

“I didn’t even say anything!” Seung exclaimed at the same time their mother glared at Yoongi and warned, “language!”

“You don’t need to say anything to be annoying,” Yoongi retorted. He spied Hoseok hiding his
“Yoonie, get along with your brother,” his mum said, placing a pan of stir fry in the middle of the table. “Now, it’s a buffet-style, so help yourselves. No, that does not mean you can have the majority of it, Seunggie, so don’t even try it.”

“Mum, I’m twenty-one years old, can you stop with the ‘Seunggie’?” Seung whined, the very picture of a five-year-old. Yoongi snickered cruelly and received another kick to the shin.

“When you have your own property and stop mooching off of us, maybe,” she replied swiftly, moving out of the room and towards the staircase.

Yoongi guessed she was going to call his father down. Perhaps he was too engrossed in his work. Or he was avoiding them. The latter was most likely. And most petty.

“So, Hoseok,” Seung started. Yoongi glared at him and was resolutely ignored. “How long have you and Yoonie been dating?”

Hoseok was oblivious to Yoongi’s distress. “Since October,” Hoseok grinned, “why? What has he told you?”

Yoongi’s stomach squeezed in guilt. Oh, god. There was no way that Hoseok would understand why he hadn’t told Seung that they were dating.

“I didn’t tell him,” he butted in before Seung could open his ridiculous mouth and spoil everything. Hoseok looked caught off-guard. “I knew he would be all weird about it and make you feel weird about it, too. Just like he’s been doing.”

“Is that why you didn’t tell dad?” Seung asked, his eyes amused. It was clear he was enjoying seeing Yoongi struggle.

“That’s different,” Yoongi shot back, finding Hoseok’s hand under the table and clasping at it to reassure him that everything was fine, and he was not ashamed in the slightest. “You know how dad is when it comes to dating. He never liked you dating.”

Seung seemed to consider this before shrugging, sipping at his water before scrunching up his nose. “God, I need something stronger.” He stood up, went to the fridge. “I’m gonna need to be plastered to get through this dinner.”

“I’m not that bad,” Hoseok murmured, and Yoongi almost gave a cry of relief when he felt Hoseok squeeze his hand in return.

Seung laughed and emerged with a bottle of wine in hand. “Not you. Dad. Yoonie’s right, y’know. He always was weird about it. Thought it was a waste of time when you’re sixteen.”

“I’m not sixteen though,” Yoongi tried to reason, hating that his fears had been verified.

Seung rolled his eyes, returned to the table with a glass of red wine. “So? Seventeen is still a foetus in dad’s eyes. He’s, like, a hundred. And traditional, so it’s studying first and forever for you. I’m sure he’ll be fine with you dating when you’re thirty.”

Yoongi muttered a ‘fuck off’ but it held no real power. His hand was growing sweaty in Hoseok’s grip and he feared he was going to overheat when he heard footsteps coming from the hallway. Two people’s footsteps. Despite himself, he tensed.
His mother entered the kitchen, followed closely by his father, and the two took their usual places at the heads of the table. Hoseok squeezed his hand once more before letting go to reach his chopsticks.

“Tuck in,” his mother said, before catching Seung’s wrist. “Let the guest go first. Where are your manners?”

Seung sighed and retracted his arm, nodding at Hoseok. Hoseok smiled and piled some noodles on his plate, taking some boiled vegetables that Yoongi’s mother had put on a plate. “It all looks really nice, Mrs. Min.”

She smiled with pride just as Yoongi’s heart leapt with the same emotion. He was immensely pleased with Hoseok’s ability to charm whoever just by a smile and a compliment. He only hoped his dad was as easily swayed.

“I’m glad you think so. I hope you enjoy,” she said as Yoongi beat Seung to it and began to help himself. Seung kicked his shin again under the table; Yoongi didn’t bat an eyelid.

“So, Hoseok,” his mother started once everyone’s plates had been loaded with food. “You were saying how you applied to study abroad? In Japan? That’s exciting.”

Yoongi’s stomach plummeted as he chewed, noodles he usually loved turning flavourless in his mouth. He was still uncertain how to feel about Hoseok’s potential departure. He didn’t want to waste time agonising over it, but nor did he want to rule it out altogether. He was beginning to accept that he and Hoseok would eventually be parted, but was secure with the knowledge that their bond would be as strong as ever, but having Hoseok far away would surely change things.

Hoseok didn’t appear to know how to feel either. “Uh. Yeah, I guess so. That is if I get accepted, which I doubt. And maybe it will be better if I stay here after all. My Japanese isn’t that great.” He let out some unconvincing laughter.

Yoongi’s mother frowned, shook her head. “Come on. You’ve got to believe in yourself more. You achieved decent grades in your mocks, so why wouldn’t you be accepted? Study hard, and I’m sure it’ll happen.”

“Yeah,” Hoseok said, although he sounded distant. “I suppose I can always get Yoongs to tutor me again, free of charge,” he teased, sounding much more himself.

“You’re paying me this time,” Yoongi deadpanned. “I don’t work for free.”

“You shouldn’t be tutoring at all,” his father spoke up for the first time, his tone clipped and abrasive. “You should be focussing on your own studies. The both of you. If you want to achieve.”

“Sungho,” his mother hissed from across the table warningly. His father stared back, but he was effectively silenced. Seung took a large sip of his wine.

“What he means to say is that you boys shouldn’t be too distracted when it comes closer to the time,” Yoongi’s mother said breezily, moving the noodle bowl in the middle of the table out of Seung’s way as he reached in again with his chopsticks. “It’s good to help each other, but you can’t do that when it comes to the actual exams.”

“We know that,” Yoongi defended, stabbing at his noodles. What was with his father’s reaction? “Seok was just joking. I’m sure the teachers will help us if we need it anyway.”

“Oh, yes, I expect so,” she said, placing the bowl back on the table as Seung resorted to leaning back on his chair and waiting. “Were the teachers much help when you were doing your exams,
Seunggie?"

He shrugged. “Maybe. That was years ago anyway. Besides, Yoonie-boonie can look after himself. No matter how much he looks like one, he’s not a baby.”

It was Yoongi’s turn to retaliate and kick his brother from underneath the table. Seung raised his eyebrows, drank some more of his wine.

“What are you drinking at the table?” Yoongi’s mother realised. “We have a guest over. An underage guest.”

“So?” he shot back. “It’s not as if I’m pouring it down Hoseok’s throat. Besides, I’m sure he’s drank before.”

Hoseok went red in the face, shifted on his seat. Yoongi prayed that Hoseok would say the right thing, that his father wouldn’t come out with some absurd reaction.

“Well… for special events and stuff,” Hoseok mumbled, lowering his head to insert noodles into the mouth.

What ‘special events’ was he possibly referring to? The copious amounts of parties that Seokjin hosted at his university? All of the dubious clubs that Jimin had snuck them into? Yoongi could have burst out laughing but judging by his father’s stony expression, he knew that it would not be the smartest decision. And neither was telling his father about the dinner at last minute. He should have given time for his father to come around, but then again, when had he ever warmed up to any of Seung’s girlfriends?

“Special events, huh?” Seung questioned, looking far too amused for Yoongi’s liking. “I wonder what those could be?” Hoseok chuckled nervously.

“Seung,” his mother warned, shooting him a glare. She turned back with a smile, almost comedically. “So, Hoseok. Yoonie tells me you dance? You’re in a competition, right? Are you nervous?”

“Oh, I – yeah, I guess so. But I’ve been practicing since November, before then, so I don’t think it’ll be terrible. I guess I’m nervous about scouts coming from all those fancy universities, but my mum says I should only focus on the ones I want to impress.”

“I agree. Those are the universities you’re aiming for, although I’m sure you’ll impress everyone,” she replied, her eyes sparkling, and her smile assured. “Will it be filmed?”

“Oh, yeah,” Hoseok replied, wiping at the broth that had trickled down his lips. Yoongi tried hard not to stare. He failed. “Competitors get a free copy of the footage, and my dance instructor says we should use it to improve.”

“So, does Yoonie get a copy?” she asked, sounding earnest.

“Mum!” Yoongi hissed at her, embarrassment swirling in his stomach.

Hoseok laughed, and Yoongi was silenced when Hoseok placed his hand on his thigh. “If he wants one, I can always ask, but I’m sure my mum will want to send the video to all my family if it goes well. No pressure.”

Seung snorted good-naturedly, which took Yoongi back, but what shocked him the most was when his mother’s face lit up. Her eyes practically gleamed. “Family?” she repeated, teasingly. “Your
“I see,” she said cryptically. A few seconds passed. Seung drank some more of his wine, Yoongi avoided looking in his father’s direction, his hand placed atop of Hoseok’s on his leg, and Hoseok ate some more of his meal. “You two are serious then?”

“Mum!” Yoongi groaned again, only to find that Hoseok was laughing. He felt Hoseok squeeze his thigh underneath his hand.

“Yes, Mrs. Min,” Hoseok answered confidently. “We’re serious.”

“Yoonie?” she turned to him, her expression expectant. Seung looked to him as well, his face missing his usual annoying smile and therefore unreadable. He felt the stare of his father rest upon him.

“Yes,” Yoongi confirmed. He looked down at his lap, saw how dainty Hoseok’s hand was under his wider one, saw the differences between Hoseok’s sculpted thighs and his untoned legs. But he loved it all the same, all their differences and similarities. He had no prior experience, but he didn’t need to. Hoseok was the one for him, he was sure of it.

“I’m serious about him, I…” Now facing his father, his words died on his tongue. There was no way he was going to admit to his whole family that he was in love with Hoseok before he had even told Hoseok. He swallowed, wracked his brains for something to amend his mistake. “I know I should have said something sooner, but I wasn’t ready to. But now I am.”

His mother was smiling widely, clearly ecstatic having received the confirmation she longed to hear. Seung raised his glass and took a dramatic sip of his wine, finishing it off. Yoongi’s father placed his chopsticks on the side.

“You’re serious about each other,” he stated, his tone blank. Yoongi thought it was almost condescending.

“Yes,” he guarded fiercely, squeezing Hoseok’s hand tighter. Hoseok looked at him, slightly bemused at his confession, but his smile was large enough to cast aside any regrets.

“How serious?” his father pressed on, his gaze piercing through his glasses, through Yoongi’s skin. “Will you still be as serious about each other when you go to university? If you both get in? There will be a whole new crowd of people, new things to do and discover. Will you be as serious then? What if Hoseok goes to Japan? Can you handle not seeing each other for an extended period of time?”

“Sungho!” Yoongi’s mother interjected once more with a threatening tone. “What are you doing?”

“I’m asking what they clearly haven’t thought of,” he replied with more bite. Yoongi’s grip on Hoseok’s hand must have been hurting him, but Hoseok gave no word of complaint. His own grip on Yoongi’s leg was uncomfortably tight.

“You’re both so young,” he went on to say, more evenly. But it only added to the rage building inside of Yoongi’s chest. “Relationships, friendships, they come and go. But qualifications remain. Seung was just the same at your age.”
Yoongi glanced despairingly at his older brother, but Seung simply shrugged as if to say, \textit{I told you so}.

“You don’t need a boyfriend,” he said plainly, and his words twisted a knife in Yoongi’s stomach. “You need good grades and a decent career. The both of you. This has nothing to do with you, Hoseok. You’re a bright person, clearly talented, just as Yoongi is. My point is, is that it’s impossible at your age to feel serious about one another because it’s not that easy. Have you ever dated before, Hoseok?”

Hoseok opened his mouth, and then shut it. His silence told the room everything, and with it came an air of defeat. Yoongi hated it, hated how his father was twisting everything with his narrow-minded view. But what he hated most was how parts of what he had to say struck a chord deep within him.

Everything would be changing in a few months’ time. How could they know whether their feelings for each other would stay the same? With the amount of time they had to spend apart, would their feelings begin to decrease? Would Hoseok one day over the phone type, \textit{it’s been good while it lasted but I think we should just be friends}?

Yoongi’s father rose from the table, his dinner half-eaten. He ignored Yoongi’s glare, his gaze sweeping over to Hoseok who wore an expression of defeat.

“You two should focus on your studies,” he said, and Yoongi despised the sincere softness of his voice.

He left the room with a brief, excuse me, and Yoongi heard him climb the stairs, deaf to anything else. The only thing he felt was the harsh surge of rage boiling inside of him, scalding the tips of his ears.

How dare his father lecture him on things he knew nothing about, and in front of Hoseok no less? It was out of order, crossing every boundary of personal and private that Yoongi could think of. 

“- he’s overworked. I’m so sorry about his behaviour, boys. Take no notice of what he said. I admire your relationship, and I believe you can do whatever you both want – to some degree-”

“Mum, mum, you’re rambling.” Seung cut in, kicking Yoongi’s shin and bringing him back down to earth, away from where he had imagined himself in his father’s study all set to scream and rage at the ignorant man.

“What she means to say is, is that dad’s talking shit.” Their mother pressed her lips together, not bothering to reprimand her son for swearing. “Just ignore him. I still dated when I was your age, younger, I just didn’t tell him. He can’t stop you.”

“Although I don’t agree with some of Seungsie’s word choices, he is correct. Although, show your father more respect. He wants the best for you, the both of you, but he believes education should be at the forefront.” She glanced behind her, ensuring the door was shut before sighing. She placed her hand over Yoongi’s and looked meaningfully at the both of them.

“Apply yourself to your studies but apply yourself to each other as well.” Seung let out a wolf whistle and she readily ignored him. “I can tell how much you mean to each other, so don’t forget that.” She squeezed Yoongi’s hand before her eyebrows scrunched up in concern. “Hoseok, I’m so sorry he spoke like that to you, I’m going to tell him off for that.”

Hoseok shrugged, although Yoongi could tell he was more affected than he was making out. “It’s fine. He wasn’t rude really, just honest.”
“No,” she said firmly. “He was being rude. He was being honest with his opinion, but his opinion isn’t necessarily true. Tell me, are you serious about our Yoonie?”

Hoseok lifted his gaze from his plate and looked her in the eye. “Yes. I am.”

“And by serious, that means you want to stay together, even if you go away for university? You’re not planning to break up before then?” she clarified, her eyes searching.

“No,” Hoseok confirmed, his hand twisting on Yoongi’s leg so that it entwined with his. “I want to stay with Yoon, even if we’re apart. He’s… He means so much to me.”

“And you feel the same way, Yoonie?” she asked, turning to him.

Yoongi didn’t have to think. “Yes, of course. I’m not gonna let dad get in the way. I don’t care what he thinks.”

“Then there’s your answer,” she said, stepping away from the two. “You two carry on, but I suggest you stay out of your dad’s way until I talk to him. You should know that I’m proud of you two. I hope that, whatever hardships get in your way, you overcome them together. Just be true to yourselves and each other, that’s the most important thing.”

Hoseok was collected from Yoongi’s house at seven o’clock exactly. Hoseok’s mother thanked Yoongi’s mother for having her son over for dinner, and she beamed when she spotted Yoongi wearing the jumper she had given him.

Nothing much had happened after the dinner. Seung left the table with the excuse of ‘being too sober for this’, and Yoongi’s mum dismissed them back into the lounge to do whatever they wanted – although she did command that the door should stay open, which told Yoongi that his father had told his mum about the scene in the living room. He was too conflicted to feel embarrassed though.

Hoseok promised him again that university wouldn’t change anything between them. He had lifted the sleeve of his jumper to reveal his couple bracelet, his feather yellow instead of jade. It complimented Hoseok’s skin tone and Yoongi had wondered what Hoseok would look like in the yellow hoodie he was adorning.

“We can wear these always,” Hoseok said, tracing the fabric of Yoongi’s bracelet. “That way, we’ll always be together, y’know?”

Yoongi had laughed, kissed Hoseok on the nose. “I know we will. Although it’s cliché, I know.”

Once Hoseok had left, Yoongi had retreated to his room and felt the anger flood his system once more upon seeing his father’s study door firmly shut. He slammed the door of his own room, hoping his father got the message. But then again, he doubted it. His father most likely didn’t care about his anger, thinking it childish and fleeting.

That was what infuriated him the most, that his own father didn’t take him seriously because of his age. Who was he to undermine relationships anyway? Just because he had forgotten what it was like to be young didn’t mean he was inherently wise.

Yoongi booted up his laptop and attempted to distract himself. Hoseok was online and had sent him a picture of him in his workout clothes, a tank top and loose sweatpants. The caption read: thanks for dinner baby xxxx

He replied distractedly, feeling immensely guilty for having put Hoseok through the whole ordeal.
Jeongguk was online but he couldn’t think of anything less he wanted to do right now than give relationship advice. So, he logged out of the chat application and loaded YouTube.

He was in the middle of watching a documentary about trafficking (and becoming incredibly disturbed) when a knock sounded on his door. “Come in,” he said absent-mindedly, sliding his headphones from his ears to around his neck.

His mum shut the door behind her, her expression nondescript. “You should talk to your father.”

Yoongi felt the anger flare up again. He tightened his lips. “I have nothing to say to him.”

“I don’t think that’s true,” she spoke quietly. “I’ve talked to him, and I think it’s your turn. He may be more honest with you.”

Yoongi snorted at the notion. He turned back to his computer, “I doubt that.”

“Yoonie,” she started, and then stopped herself. “Please talk to your father. Clear this up, for us, yourself, and Hoseok. He’s a nice boy. Don’t you want to make him feel comfortable if he comes over here? It’ll be awkward for the both of you in the end, you know it’s true.”

Yoongi squirmed in his seat, turning back around to face his mother. “Why doesn’t he come and talk to me then?” He was determined to find some output for his anger, even if it meant getting at her.

“Don’t be difficult. Please. Talk to him,” she said, her gaze troubled, almost pleading, as she stared him down. He made no move to reply or give a promise, so with a sigh she opened the door and exited, shutting it behind her.

It wasn’t fair, was what he concluded, slouching down in his seat with an awful feeling gnawing at his stomach. Why did he have to give in and make the first move when it was his dad that was in the wrong?

Still… he knew it would only get worse if he left it. Throughout his years of living under the same roof as the other man, he knew that his dad could hold a grudge. He couldn’t bear it if his father began to blame Hoseok for anything. With that thought in mind, he rose from his chair and exited the room.

His father’s door was still shut, and he could hear nothing on the other side, but he knew his dad was in there, most likely getting stuck back into his work – the only thing that mattered to him. With a clenched jaw, Yoongi rapped on the door, not waiting for a response before he opened it.

His dad was sitting at his computer desk, a blank Word document open with its cursor blinking. He turned around, caught Yoongi’s eye and faced away once more. “Yes?”

Yoongi hated the act of nonchalance and sought to break it right away. “What was that all about? You were rude to ‘Seok for no reason.”

He didn’t turn around. He took his glasses off, wiped them. “Close the door behind you, please.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes but he did so, wanting answers to quell his frustration. “So, what was that about?”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” his father turned to him, his expression blank. “You told your mother, but you didn’t think to let me know that you were dating?”

“It’s got nothing to do with you,” Yoongi countered, annoyed how his father was evading the
question. “I didn’t tell her, she found out. I knew you’d be like this, so I didn’t tell you.”

His father was quiet, defying Yoongi’s expectations. He had thought that his dad would get riled up, maybe spit something back. His silence was unsettling.

“What?” Yoongi questioned, taken aback. “What’s that got to do with anything? I mean, I know you’re weird about us dating, and I don’t get why. It’s not like I’m giving up on university now I’ve got a boyfriend. I did well on my exams, and so did he. We might be young but we’re not stupid.”

“I don’t think that, Yoongi,” his father said, sounding just as exasperated as he did weary. “I know you did well on your exams, but who’s to say that that will continue? Besides, when you were studying for them, you and Hoseok weren’t together then, were you?”

The frustration bubbling inside of him stilled for a few seconds as he stared back at his father. How on earth could he have possibly known? “What?” he got out, nonplussed.

His father sighed, ran his hands over his face, jostling his glasses. “In November before your exams you were acting differently. I could sense that something was wrong, but I knew you’d get defensive if I asked you anything. But in the winter holidays, you were so much happier. At first, I thought it was because your exams were over, but now I know differently. You and Hoseok broke up, didn’t you?”

The anger was back. Here, his father sat, prying into business that he had no part in. “It doesn’t matter, that didn’t affect my grades and being with Hoseok won’t either. It’s got nothing to do with you, all you had to do was be nice to him. Seung said you’d be like this, but I don’t care, who I date has nothing to do with you.”

Yet again, his father lacked the venom he possessed at the dining table. He only seemed to crumple further. “I know,” he said, astonishing Yoongi. What was wrong with him? Why was his dad behaving like a toddler being reprimanded?

“I know you’re not a child anymore, and neither is Seung. I care about both your grades, your careers, your futures, and I know that they’re your choices to make. But I know how easy it is to distract yourself, especially when finding a partner. I – please listen.” Yoongi closed his mouth grudgingly from where he was about to interrupt.

“I have nothing against Hoseok; in fact, I rather like him, and from what I can tell you’re well suited. My problem doesn’t lie with who you’re dating, it lies in the fact that you didn’t tell your mother and I.”

Yoongi blinked at him, bewildered. His father sighed again and leant forwards so that Yoongi had no choice but to stare into his aged eyes. “You said you only told your mum because she found out? She told me you were spending Christmas with your friends, only now I realise she was bluffing to cover you. You didn’t want me to know.”

“No, I didn’t,” Yoongi snapped, folding his arms as his defence. There was something satisfying about seeing his usually well-guarded father stripped back and vulnerable. “You would have looked down on Hoseok, and on me, thinking that you knew better – which you’re doing now.”

“Besides, you’re hardly ever home, so it wasn’t as if I could find time to tell you even if I had wanted to. And whenever I do talk to you, you never seem to listen. You’re always working, and when
you’re home, you’re in your study. Why would I tell you anything when you don’t care enough to spend time with me? You didn’t even know I was playing piano again; you thought me wanting to study music in university was a waste of time!”

“No.” His father glared at him, his tone the same sort of menacing he would use when Yoongi was a child and had acted up. Yoongi felt himself tense instinctively when his dad rose his voice.

“I have never once thought that about your music. If I did, I wouldn’t be paying for your tuition. Despite what you may think, I know how much music means to you, that’s why I didn’t want to sell your piano when you stopped playing even though your mother did.”

Yoongi glared back at him, his nails digging into the skin of his arm. He couldn’t bring himself to settle his anger, not even with the newfound knowledge that his dad has stopped his mum from selling the piano that had gathered dust in his room for years.

His father, however, seemed to have run out of steam. He deflated, sinking back into his chair and averting his eyes. A silence settled over them and it grated at Yoongi’s nerves even more; he wanted his father to yell, to break composure, and he had wanted to scream back. He was angrier than he had originally thought, and for more reasons. He realised that it was true; his father was hardly around anymore. It was as if family was placed second for him whilst work remained a priority.

“I’m sorry.”

Yoongi could scarcely believe his ears, and yet he had seen his father utter the words. “What?”

“I’m sorry,” he repeated, wearily, sadly. “It’s true. I spend far too much time at the office. Too much time thinking about work, and meetings, and paperwork, and…” He shook his head as if to stop said thoughts returning to him.

He met Yoongi’s eye. “But that doesn’t mean I care about you any less. You’re my son, and I know you’re not a child anymore. I’m not working to get you a new puzzle, or toy, I’m working to afford your tuition, your accommodation, all the while trying to settle the mortgage of the house and the bills. Your mother helps, of course, with her sewing business, but I don’t want to burden her with all of the costs.”

“So, I work more, and clearly, that’s taken a toll on both of us. I barely see you anymore, it’s true. Every time I see you, you seem older. I’m no fool, Yoongi. I know you hang around with your friend Jimin, how you go partying and drinking, but I trust you not to do anything stupid. I was your age too, I know what it’s like. I can accept that, and I don’t think I’m too strict on your curfew or things like that, but suddenly you tell me that you have a boyfriend, and it’s never crossed my mind that you might be interested in dating. I don’t know why. Maybe because I haven’t been there to see you grow up.”

“You’re eighteen in two months; you’re soon to be an adult, and I haven’t been here for you. I know you’re mature, and you’re smart too, but you need support. Growing up is difficult, and if there’s any way I can be here for you, I want you to tell me. I couldn’t bear failing you, Yoongi. I love you. You need to know that.”

Yoongi saw himself in the reflection of his father’s glass bookcase. He looked as gormless as he felt. Shocked to the point of being nonplussed. In no way had he expected his father to unload all of his thoughts and dilemmas onto him, especially when spoken in such an intimate way.
Yoongi had expected some shouting, or maybe even a lecture derived from the same recycled nonsense his father had spewed at the dinner table. But instead, he had received his dad’s sentiments and fears. Yoongi had had no idea that his dad felt like he had missed watching him grow up, and the fact that he had addressed it had thrown him off entirely. He felt less defensive; more vulnerable.

“Oh,” was all he could say, shifting on the chair.

His father seemed to sense his conflict, and he sighed. “I understand that we don’t usually talk about things such as this – perhaps due to my absence or since you don’t feel comfortable confiding in me, but I don’t want you to feel like that.”

“Maybe I did feel like that,” Yoongi admitted, “but I didn’t tell you about ‘Seok mostly because I already knew how you would react, not because I didn’t trust you.”

His dad paused, his eyes cast away as if he were contemplating. Yoongi fiddled with the hem of his hoodie. When he next spoke, his voice was quieter, more approachable and calmer. “You must like Hoseok a great deal.”

It was straying into uncomfortable territory – Yoongi didn’t particularly want to discuss the details of his relationship with Hoseok with his family – but he needed to convince his dad, to make him see what Yoongi saw in Hoseok.

“I do. He’s… he means a lot to me. He makes me happy,” Yoongi said, wanting to keep it simple, yet, as profound as he could make it without gushing.

His father nodded, his eyes distant as he looked at Yoongi. He nodded again, as if to confirm something with himself. “I can’t lie and tell you that I won’t be worried, whatever you do.” Yoongi’s stomach tensed. “But… I trust you, Yoongi. If you want to date Hoseok, I won’t stop you or disapprove. Of course, I won’t allow you to neglect your studies, and nearer to your exams I’ll be on your case, but overall, follow your heart.”

Yoongi couldn’t stop the smile spreading on his face, the previous anger flooding through him diminished and transformed into irrepressible happiness.

“I’m sorry about how I treated Hoseok, and when you have him around again, I’ll be sure to apologise and inform him he’s welcome at any time. Still, be careful, Yoonie, and don’t do anything foolish.”

Yoongi cut his father off, launching out of his chair to wrap his arms around his father’s neck. He hadn’t hugged his dad in ages, it occurred to him, and the feeling only became familiar when his father responded, patting him on the back before Yoongi withdrew.

“Thanks, dad,” Yoongi said as his father adjusted his glasses, his own smile playing on his lips.

“There’s no need to thank me,” he dismissed, although his eyes had lit up. His stare turned somewhat hard. “But please, be careful.”

“I will,” Yoongi hurried, desperate to make his exit and tell Hoseok the news.

“I mean it, Yoongi,” his father emphasised, leaning forwards as Yoongi took a step backwards. “It’s easy to get swept away with things, but sometimes you have to value your head over your heart.”

“I know, dad,” he said, unwilling to be moved by his father’s foreboding words. He opened the door, ready to leave, before looking over his shoulder to see his father staring after him almost helplessly. “Don’t worry. I’m not a child anymore.”
He shut the door behind him with a smile, but he wasn’t quick enough to miss his father’s weighted words: “I know you’re not.”

No, he wasn’t a child anymore, he was almost an adult, which meant that scraped knees and unfulfilling lunches weren’t the worst pains he could experience. But he was tired of dreading the worst; he was set on only focussing on the good things whether they would last or not.

When Taehyung’s advertisement came out on TV a week later, Yoongi had been none wiser to its existence. He had missed the debut of the ad, apparently, along with his family as they had been watching a film instead of general television. He had only found about it when arriving at school and almost being tackled to the ground when Jimin grappled him.

“Did you see it? Have you seen him? He looked so good, Yoon, I wanted to nut right there, and the way he moved! I wanted to rip his clothes off him—” Jimin screeched into his ear, causing several people who were climbing off of the bus to stop and stare.

Yoongi wrenched himself away from Jimin’s grasp and punched him on the shoulder in an attempt to silence him. “Can you shut up? Everyone’s staring,” he said in a low voice, grabbing Jimin by the wrist and hurrying towards the school gates.

“Of course they are! We’re Tae’s friends! Everyone’s gonna know who he is by the end of the day,” Jimin continued to gush excitedly, his eyes gleaming as Yoongi regarded him confusedly.

“What are you talking about?” Yoongi asked as they walked towards the football pitch as per usual. Although Jimin’s words weren’t making sense, he did notice that they received a few stares from students, both in their year and in the years below, that seemed out of place. He glanced away.

Jimin’s eyes grew wide, practically boggling in their sockets. “Haven’t you seen it?”

“Seen what?” Yoongi asked, beginning to grow exasperated.

Unfortunately, his question was never answered as Hoseok and Namjoon came hurtling out of nowhere; Hoseok throwing his arms around Yoongi’s waist and lifting Yoongi from the ground as Namjoon slung an arm around Jimin’s shoulder.

“Morning!” Hoseok exclaimed, unnecessarily loudly. Yoongi turned to face him as soon as he was placed back onto the ground, ignoring the excited ramblings of Namjoon and Jimin.

Hoseok’s face seemed tanner with the sunlight peaking through the clouds, but his smile was infinitely brighter than any sunray. He beamed down at Yoongi, quick to interlace their hands and pull him towards the courts where Jimin had sprinted towards, Namjoon close behind him.

“Why is everyone acting so weird? What did Tae do?” Yoongi questioned, insistent on drawing answers out of somebody.

Hoseok’s smile brightened and his grip on Yoongi’s hand increased in pressure. “I wanted to tell you sooner, Yoongs, I told you that, but since he told me not to tell anyone I couldn’t. But I’m so proud of him, y’know?”

“I’m sorry, ‘Seok, but what are you talking about?” Yoongi probed, and Hoseok shot him a wary glance as they entered the courts. Jimin jumped back from the crowd that had gathered around their usual corner, and he began to wave them over.

“The ad?” Hoseok said, sounding unsure. Yoongi stared back at him, the pieces not falling into place.
until Jimin ran over and dragged them both towards the crowd, mostly comprised of girls, who were clutching at their phones and chattering excitedly.

Taehyung was in the centre, Namjoon at his side protectively, his cheeks flushed and his posture awkward as he chatted to the people clamouring at him. Jimin shoved through uncaringly until he, along with Hoseok and Yoongi, had nestled beside Taehyung.

“What ad?” Yoongi asked Hoseok quietly, hating the proximity of everything and everyone, even Hoseok’s arm around his waist – which usually was a comfortable anchor – was suffocating to him.

“What do you mean, what ad?” Jimin interjected, having overheard. “‘Seok, show him!”

“Jiminnie!” Taehyung protested; his eyes wide, almost fearful. “It’s embarrassing,” he muttered.

“Alright, everyone, back off,” Jimin called, raising his voice above the gabble of the crowd. “The superstar has had enough! Give him some space.”

“Jimin…” Yoongi heard Namjoon sigh, but Jimin’s words had worked. The girls and boys looked affronted and began murmuring amongst themselves before dispersing, casting a few looks over their shoulders.

“… Why did you say that?” Taehyung asked, his voice laden with defeat, once they were left alone.

Jimin shrugged, more focussed on prising the phone from Hoseok’s spare hand than empathising with Taehyung’s distress. “What? It worked, didn’t it?”

“You know Tae doesn’t like all the attention,” Namjoon said, and Taehyung gave him a small smile.

“Well, hate to break it you, Taehyungie, but you’re gonna need to get used to it,” Jimin said rather crassly as he loaded a video on Hoseok’s phone.

“Jimin,” Hoseok said, his voice tinged with a warning.

“Shh,”Jimin hushed, handing the phone to Yoongi who took it eagerly, wanting to see what the strange events of the morning had been about.

It was an advertisement for a familiar-sounding clothing brand, Yoongi guessed at first glance, thirty seconds long and not over the top with the editing. There were a small group of models used, three girls, two androgynous people, and two boys. Yoongi’s attention immediately latched onto one of the boy models; his face familiar although his gaze intense.

It was Taehyung. He was decked out in black jeans, or faux leather, along with a plain white shirt and a dark, bellowing overcoat. Various filters ran over him in his solo seconds of screen time, but the montage ended with a view of him in full colour, black-rimmed glasses flashing along with the silver clasps of his boots. He looked intimidating, professional, and undisputedly attractive.

He almost forgot he was holding Hoseok’s phone until Hoseok was tapping his arm. “Yoon? You okay?”

“You’re a model,” Yoongi said slowly, turning to Taehyung. “That’s your job.”

“Well, I guess,” Taehyung shrugged, averting his eyes. “It’s not that much of a big deal. The clothing company isn’t very well known and-”

“But you’re on TV!” Jimin interrupted, his eyes alight with a fire Yoongi hadn’t seen in months.
“That’s amazing, Tae, so many people are gonna see it! You’re gonna have so many other companies dying to get hold of you!”

Taehyung didn’t look thrilled at the news. Namjoon sighed and nudged Jimin. “Be a bit more tactful, would you? Tae isn’t you. He doesn’t like being the centre of it all.”

Jimin was silenced after that, squirming next to Yoongi and muttering a sheepish sorry in Taehyung’s direction before running off to join in someone’s football game. Taehyung stared pointedly at the ground.

“You looked good,” Yoongi said lamely, but it caused the desired action of Taehyung peering up at him. “The whole ad looked good. Well done.”

“I told you you’d do well,” Hoseok said, and he brought Taehyung in for a hug. Taehyung clung to Hoseok gratefully, and Yoongi smiled at the sight.

“Thanks,” Taehyung muttered into Hoseok’s shoulder. “But ‘t’s embarrassing.”

Hoseok laughed and pulled away. “It will be for now, but you’ll get used to it. Soon, someone will have a party or something and the ad will be old news. Besides, you did well, there’s nothing to be embarrassed about.”

Namjoon sidled up to Yoongi and nudged him. “‘Seok knew about the ad?”

Yoongi shrugged, more focussed on the figure approaching them than any betrayal Namjoon might be feeling. “Yeah, but he wasn’t allowed to say anything because of Tae’s contact. Hey… You think ‘Guk knew?”

One look at Namjoon’s face confirmed Yoongi’s suspicions; Jeongguk had been in the dark just as much as the rest of them. Yoongi had no time to question whether Jeongguk would hold any resentment against both Taehyung and Hoseok as Namjoon gestured with a nod to someone approaching behind him.

Jeongguk gave them both a wide grin, “hey,” he greeted, and they greeted back – only for the attention of both Taehyung and Hoseok to shift to him.

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“Oh, hey, ‘Gukkie,” Hoseok beamed, patting Taehyung on the shoulder. Yoongi caught Taehyung giving Hoseok a panicked glance, so he assumed that Hoseok was trying to encourage Taehyung to approach Jeongguk about the secrecy of the advertisement.

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face flushed from his sporting activity. Yoongi glared at him, willing him not to say anything as he eyed the situation. “But I wasn’t allowed to say anything. I didn’t apply to work at a library.”

“There’s no need to sound so shy, Tae!” Jimin piped up, slinging his arm Taehyung’s shoulder and practically thrusting his phone in Jeongguk’s face. “We’re all so proud of you! You’re on your way to becoming number one, you know?”

Hoseok let out an audible sigh and dragged Jimin towards him, grabbing his phone and shoving it into his pocket, out of sight, whilst Jimin groaned in annoyance.

“I don’t want to brag about it, Jiminnie,” Taehyung protested, “there’s still lots I have to learn and it’s most likely a one-time thing anyway, so there’s no point in being proud.”

“You’re kidding, right?” Jimin gawked at him, but before he had the chance to say another word, Hoseok took off running with his phone. Jimin’s face screwed up and without a second thought he began to sprint after Hoseok, yelling after him: “I just got a phone after three months! Come back!”

Taehyung seemed unsure whether to laugh and cry, and just when Yoongi was about to step in and reassure him that Jimin was right, that they were all immensely proud of him, Jeongguk stepped forwards and took Taehyung’s fingertips in a lax grip.

“He’s right, although too loud, as usual,” Jeongguk said, his voice so soft and gentle that Yoongi felt as if he and Namjoon were interrupting something. He looked down at his phone for something to do, and hid a smile when he saw a message from Namjoon pop up on his screen: *if things get bad, we step in. If they start making out, we leave.*

“He means well, I guess,” Taehyung said, sounding confused, but Yoongi spied him sliding his hands further into Jeongguk’s grasp. “But it’s embarrassing.”

“You have nothing to be embarrassed about,” Jeongguk reassured, and Yoongi heard rather than saw Taehyung let out a breathy chuckle. He sent off a reply to Namjoon: *should we tell them there are people around?*

“I know, but still, I don’t like all the attention. It’s not me,” Taehyung admitted sheepishly.

*They probably won’t even hear us* was Namjoon’s reply, which was what made his lips twitch. But what made him chuckle was the sudden yelp that came from Hoseok who lay on the ground on the opposite side of the court as Jimin had tackled him to the ground. Namjoon laughed with him, but even the collective sound of laughter wasn’t enough to deter Taehyung and Jeongguk.

“No, I guess not. But modelling is,” Jeongguk said and Taehyung laughed abashedly. “I’m serious! I was watching TV with my family and when the advert came on, I had to re-watch it online to make sure I wasn’t imagining things. You looked so good. Well, I mean, you always look good, so I’m not surprised that you got on TV.” He finished rather lamely, but still, Yoongi was proud that his friend had successfully communicated something to Taehyung.

Taehyung was smiling whole-heartedly now, his cheeks reddened. “Oh. Thank you,” he said, and then frowned. “So you’re not mad that I couldn’t tell you sooner?”

“Of course not,” Jeongguk said. “It’s a secretive thing, isn’t it, in that kind of industry?”

“But I told ‘Seokie,” Taehyung admitted through pursed lips. Yoongi’s eyes leapt from his phone screen and across the court where Jimin had successfully wrestled his phone out of Hoseok’s grip and was now yelling in victory as Hoseok chased after him in childish vengeance. “- wanted to tell you, but we weren’t together then, and ‘Seok…”
Yoongi sniffed, looked to the couple in front of him once more to see Jeongguk shake his head. “I’m not mad, Tae. I’m happy, proud of you.” He laughed awkwardly. “I know that you’ve known ‘Seok longer, so it’s natural. Don’t worry. Just be happy about what you’ve done.”

Taehyung looked close to spontaneously combusting, his face red and his smile shy, yet wildly bright. There was a small pause in which Yoongi made a mental note to congratulate Jeongguk afterwards, and in which Taehyung most likely was digesting his boyfriend’s words.

“Thank you, ‘Gukkie,” Taehyung responded, his voice tinged with tears. Yoongi didn’t have to look up to know that the two were gazing into each other’s eyes, just like they did all those months ago when they were flustering themselves over who was going to pay for the meal. That was the day that Hoseok first kissed him. It jolted his mind back into the present and he spied his boyfriend trip Jimin onto the gravel.

“We’re all happy for you, Tae. You deserve it,” Namjoon said, ripping Jeongguk’s attention away from Taehyung’s smiling face and causing him to splutter slightly. Yoongi couldn’t pay proper attention; he was too busy sighing as Jimin shrieked about his bloody knees.

“You do,” Yoongi seconded, before nudging Namjoon. “We’ll leave you two lovebirds to talk.” Taehyung and Jeongguk tittered at that, but denied nothing, smiling wider. It was adorable, really, early dating life. But now… He looked over again to where Hoseok and Jimin had begun to argue over who-tripped-who.

“Namjoon, come with me. Help Jiminie to sew up his knees in the nurse’s office. I need to remind ‘Seok about the consequences of violence.”

Hoseok could be so immature at times, but still, as Yoongi lectured him dryly and watched the annoyance in Hoseok’s eyes turn into something bright, something elevated, before he apologised and wrapped his arms around Yoongi’s waist, Yoongi couldn’t deny that the way that Hoseok was growing up and maturing within himself was all the more hopelessly endearing. It was times like these worried less about university, and more about the future further ahead. He dwelled more on one-bedroomed apartments, date nights, and plain, but eloquent, gold bands.

He decided it would be best not to start an open discussion about any of the aforementioned things with Hoseok. At least, not yet.

“- you’re gonna be fine, as usual. You got this!” Taehyung encouraged for the umpteenth time, he gripped the back of Hoseok’s nape to yell in his ear to be heard over the bustle of dance groups backstage and the thump of the music playing for the soloist on stage.

“Yeah, thanks, Tae,” Hoseok replied just as loudly, albeit distractedly. He grasped Taehyung’s arm in comradesry and offered a tight-lipped smile. Taehyung pulled him in for one more hug before being dragged away by Namjoon. Jimin clapped Hoseok on the back just as Jeongguk squeezed his arm, before waving and following a reluctant Taehyung and an insistent Namjoon. They met with Hoseok’s parents who lingered by the door that led to the seated area before the stage.

Yoongi, who was focussing on not getting squished by a particularly aggressive dancing coach who was ranting at his students, pushed his way to fill the gap that their friends had left. Hoseok had turned his head towards the door; Yoongi could see the sweat building on his neck. He could sense Hoseok’s nerves yesterday at school even though he had insisted he was fine when questioned, Yoongi was certain that Hoseok’s apprehensions had tripled overnight even though Taehyung had slept over to prevent pre-show jitters.
“Seok,” Yoongi called but failed to gain Hoseok’s attention. He placed a hand on Hoseok’s arm, bare due to his stage outfit – a tightly-fitted tank top, black with a red embroidered Chinese dragon decorating the left breast, and matching sweatpants, loose but not loose enough to hide his sculpted legs. If it weren’t such a crucial moment, Yoongi would have had the sweatpants off as soon as he stepped foot into Hoseok’s bedroom in the morning and found him warming up.

“Seokie,” he said, louder this time. Hoseok’s arm tensed under his hand and he pulled back just as Hoseok turned to face him, looking startled. “Tae’s right. You’re going to be fine. You’ve been rehearsing for months.”

Hoseok sighed, leant in towards Yoongi to be heard over the music, one hand settling on Yoongi’s hip. “I know, but so has everyone here.”

Yoongi shook his head, pushing himself up on his toes to speak into Hoseok’s ear. “That doesn’t matter, don’t worry about them, worry about yourself. You’ve worked so hard; you deserve to be here and you’re going to do your best.”

Hoseok looked at him, his eyes wide, and then he was being pulled into Hoseok’s chest, wrapped in a tight grip. “Thank you, Yoonie,” Hoseok said as softly as he could in the chaotic environment. “It means a lot, you all being here. Thank you.”

Yoongi tried to shrug but found it difficult due to his limbs being restricted. “It’s okay,” he said, because it was. He trusted in Hoseok’s ability to perform well. He knew that even if Hoseok messed up along the way, he would recover. It wasn’t in the boy’s nature to give up.

The music on stage came to an end followed by applause from the crowd. The announcer began to talk, her words cutting through the ruckus of backstage swiftly.

“Welcome to the stage the last, but certainly not least, of the soloists, Jung Hoseok!”

Hoseok pulled away from him, looking towards the door once more before pressing a kiss to Yoongi’s cheek. “Cheer for me,” Hoseok murmured into his ear, and then he was gone. Yoongi pushed his way towards the door that everyone had left through and dashed towards his empty seat next to Dawon and Namjoon.

“You took so long,” she whispered to him as he sat down just as the lights onstage dimmed. “Is he okay?”

Namjoon offered him a smile, and Yoongi wasn’t given enough time to reassure either of them as the first few chords of the song struck up, something slow and almost sinister. A figure was shown on stage by a few dim lights, the shadow stretched into something ominous. The figure onstage moved, arms outstretched menacingly just as the music swelled and quietened, its synth changing to a lulling tune, something less menacing and sultrier. It sounded rather familiar.

Hoseok moved seamlessly, his body lost in dance, belonging to neither Yoongi or himself, seemingly belonging solely to the music. The dance itself lost its menacing vibe rather quickly and transitioned into something quiet, reserved just as the music changed itself once more without stumbling over itself. The tone was undeniably sultry as Yoongi recognised the lyrics of a popular American song, but the beat was different, slower, and growing more familiar by the minute. Just where had he heard this song before?

Along with the slower music, Hoseok’s movements fit to match, his expression intense with a hint of a smirk, his eyes glowing in the spotlight but consumed by the darkness of the audience. The curving of his body and the sway of his hips, the way he arched his back, all undoubtedly seductive, were
doing things to Yoongi that were in no way publicly acceptable. Just as he felt that Hoseok’s smouldering eyes were boring into his, even though that was impossible since he knew Hoseok couldn’t see his face, the familiar beat and rhythm of the song made itself known to him.

Hoseok had mixed his first song he had ever made him with various other beats, but his song was the main focus. Hoseok’s eyes flashed just as the piano became prevalent, slowed and almost yearning, and he reached upwards with one arm whilst the other curled around himself, legs apart, standing strong and assured. He looked as if he was searching for someone, and something told Yoongi he knew exactly who.

It struck him then. The dance was about him. Just how, he didn’t understand, but deep down he knew it was unmistakable, and due to Hoseok’s unwillingness to tell him in case he ‘spoiled’ it, he knew that Hoseok had wanted him to piece two and two together.

Yoongi stared at the place Hoseok had stood on stage, even when the lights went up and Dawon stretched next to him. “Man, that was amazing. I knew it would be. Hey, you okay?”

Yoongi didn’t care where they were, or that Hoseok’s parents were discussing something under their breaths whilst Taehyung and Jeongguk were trying to listen in. He needed Hoseok, and there was nothing that could stop him from getting to him.

He rose from his seat and mumbled a nondescript excuse to Dawon, who yelled after him: “tell him I said he did great!” But Yoongi didn’t need to be told, he was already thinking of how he was going to tell Hoseok, show Hoseok his appreciation in ways words couldn’t translate.

He briefly heard Taehyung tell him to stay above the applause of the crowd, even though Hoseok had already left the stage, but nothing could deter him. He squeezed his way through the various aisles of people until he reached the backstage door once more. The backstage area was still filled with the groups who were set to perform after the soloists, but since Yoongi couldn’t spot any black-haired boy adorning dragon-embroidered clothes he supposed that all contestants who had performed returned to the audience. Had Yoongi missed him?

“Are you with someone here?” A burly security guard had approached him without him even noticing. Yoongi forced away his sudden fright by concentrating on his goal. Find Hoseok.

“Yeah. I’m with Jung Hoseok? He just performed. I need to take him back to his family,” Yoongi explained and was met with a gaze of scrutiny before the security guard nodded.

“He’ll be changing in one of the back rooms. Go down the corridor out there,” the man gestured to a door that presumably lead to the back building.

“Thanks,” Yoongi mumbled, pushing forwards not that he had a clear destination to get to. Once the door shut behind him, he let out a breath of relief, feeling less constricted now that the air was cooler and less thick.

The corridor was rather short, so the changing rooms were easy to locate. There were three doors that could easily be mistaken for bathrooms, so Yoongi knocked on the first one ready for a trial and error only for someone to yell: “who is it?”

“It’s me,” Yoongi said, quietening his voice, self-conscious of the silence of the corridor. The noise coming from backstage was incredibly muffled, a reminder that he and Hoseok were truly alone. The thought warmed his lower stomach, and when Hoseok unlocked the door to peer at him the feeling only intensified.
“Yoongs?” Hoseok sounded surprised. His skin was shiny, and his hair was mussed. Yoongi couldn’t bear it any longer and he forced himself past the door, uncaring whether Hoseok had finished changing or not.

The changing room was incredibly narrow and consisted of coat racks pinned onto the wall along with a bench positioned opposite the door. Perfect. He turned back to Hoseok, who was still looking at him as if he didn’t recognise him.

“What are you…?” Hoseok began, almost nervously.

“You used my song,” Yoongi stated. Hoseok stared back at him before shuffling towards the bench where his regular clothes were neatly folded. He had already changed out of his tank top and into a white shirt.

“Yeah,” Hoseok said, stepping out of his sweatpants, ready to change into his jeans. “I didn’t use the vocals though, just the backing track. I thought the vocals were too personal, but you’re right, I should have asked, I just thought—”

“Don’t bother,” Yoongi interrupted, hardly listening to Hoseok talking. He took the jeans from Hoseok’s grasp, making sure to look Hoseok in the eye when Hoseok turned to face him. “Sit down,” Yoongi instructed. Hoseok blinked dumbly but did so all the same.

Hoseok’s legs were muscular, somehow more toned than they were at Christmas from what Yoongi could remember. “I’m sorry, Yoon. I should have asked. I just thought – well, the dance, it was about—”

Yoongi dropped to his knees, uncaring if the hard floor bruised his skin. All he cared about, all he could feel, right now was the smoothness of Hoseok’s legs beneath his hands. Hoseok had shaved his legs. This knowledge sparked a burn in Yoongi’s gut as he ran his hands upwards until his fingers rested on the waistband of Hoseok’s boxers.

“You were amazing,” Yoongi said, looking up at Hoseok’s stunned face. His fingers twitched, encased in the warmth of Hoseok’s body, longing to plunge downwards to reach their prize.

“Yoon,” Hoseok breathed, the syllable barely audible. He made no move to stop Yoongi, so Yoongi figured that it was a sign he could continue.

Hoseok wasn’t hard, which was no surprise considering the fact that he had ambushed him with no prior warning, but the sight was equally as inviting. He took Hoseok with in a delicate grasp to run his tongue experimentally over Hoseok’s shaft and tip. He felt Hoseok twitch in his hand, and he gazed upwards, an amused smile pulling at his lips.

“You’re cute,” he murmured, watching how Hoseok was biting his lips in an effort not to make a noise, his face glistening with remnants of sweat. Yoongi wanted Hoseok to sweat again, wanted him to moan Yoongi’s name until he was spent.

“Yoon, I,” Hoseok started, but his voice gave out when Yoongi wrapped his mouth around the head of Hoseok’s cock. He was starting to harden in his mouth, and Yoongi squeezed Hoseok’s thigh before pulling back.

“What is it?” Yoongi pressed, wanting Hoseok’s face to redden even more under the pressure. It was dazzling, really, to watch dedicated, passionate Hoseok to come undone before him. He wanted Hoseok to let go, and that meant relinquishing control.

He gripped Hoseok tighter in his hand, stroking up and down his length. It couldn’t have felt that
pleasurable since he was rather dry, but Hoseok cursed under his breath and collapsed back onto the wall, his eyes rolling to a close.

“What did you expect?” Yoongi asked with a light chuckle, allowing his fingers to slip below to rub lightly at Hoseok’s balls before placing his mouth back over Hoseok’s tip, teasing him with his tongue. With one final flick, he retreated once more to gaze back up at Hoseok. “Did you think I would be angry?”

Hoseok breathed out in reply, sounding heady and pained. Yoongi hummed, his hand closing over Hoseok’s tip before trailing back down. “You should have talked to me. Or did you want it to be a surprise?” Hoseok didn’t answer, maybe couldn’t answer, so Yoongi stroked at his thigh reassuringly.

“It’s okay, ‘Seokie. Just relax,” Yoongi said softly, sliding his hand down Hoseok’s cock once more before pressing down on his thumb. He relaxed his throat entirely as he stretched his lips around Hoseok’s dick.

He heard a whine throw itself out of Hoseok’s parted lips as he hollowed his cheeks, letting Hoseok’s length fill his mouth, hitting the back of his throat. His eyes watered and his breathing was laboured as he inhaled through his nose, but he pushed through it.

Something warm and heavy threaded itself into his hair as he pulled himself off of Hoseok’s cock only to sink down once more, his tongue scraping the underside of his shaft, massaging into the sensitive bundle of nerves scattered over the skin. Hoseok moaned, thrusted gently upwards just as Yoongi pulled away once more.

The wet sound resounded in his ears, shooting fire straight to his own dick as he kissed at Hoseok’s tip, pre-cum coating his lips and clinging to his tongue.

“I almost-” Hoseok breathed and Yoongi merely smiled at him before pumping Hoseok’s dick once more.

“It’s okay, ‘Seokie. You can come,” Yoongi spoke gently, his finger running through Hoseok’s slit. Hoseok’s head lolled and his face creased as his hand tensed in Yoongi’s hair.

A noise ripped out of Hoseok’s throat, a noise that Yoongi could only describe as animal, both a mewl and a groan, as he came onto Yoongi’s hand. Yoongi’s dick throbbed, his jeans straining, as he watched Hoseok unwind, his cock twitching before beginning to soften.

Yoongi could have sat for hours upon on end, intently watching every change in Hoseok’s expression as he leant against the wall, struggling to catch his breath, but it wasn’t long before Hoseok stirred and tucked himself away, a smile beginning to splay across his face.

“I’m guessing you liked it?” Hoseok said, his voice rather hoarse from their previous exploits. He came to upon seeing Yoongi’s come-splattered hand and jumped up from the bench, grabbing his jeans from the floor and pulling out a crumpled-looking tissue. “Sorry about that, I-”

Yoongi took the tissue gratefully, wiping his hand just as Hoseok hauled him up with his clean hand. “You don’t have to say sorry every time you come, ‘Seok.”

“Oh, right,” Hoseok said awkwardly before letting out a chuckle. He looked at Yoongi shyly before clearing his throat. “So, uh… You liked it?”

“Where on earth did you get that idea?” Yoongi joked, rolling his eyes. Hoseok stared back at him, clearly not sure whether to take him seriously or not. “Of course I liked it,” he clarified. “The song
was a surprise, but a good one. And your dance was amazing. Coming-of-age, right? At least that’s what your dad was saying.”

Hoseok nodded, looking rather embarrassed. “Yeah. I, uh, yeah.” There was a small pause. Yoongi briefly wondered whether he and Hoseok should have talked before he pulled Hoseok’s pants down and sucked him off. “I’m glad you liked it.”

“Of course,” Yoongi replied instantly. “I’m proud of you.”

“Ah, well,” Hoseok’s red cheeks became crimson to match his ears. “Thank you.”

Yoongi observed him, his boxer-clad, blushing boyfriend who never failed to make his heart pound. He stepped forwards, pressing a kiss to Hoseok’s cheek. “Get changed. We should be getting back; everyone will wonder where we are.”

“I think they’ll know,” Hoseok whispered to him and then giggled almost childishly.

Yoongi crumpled his face as he headed to the door. He fist the tissue in his hand, planning to dump it into the nearest bin, and turned to Hoseok. “I hope not. I don’t want your parents to ask questions.”

He heard Hoseok laugh before he slipped out of the changing room. “Oh, don’t worry. I don’t think they will.”

Yoongi grinned to himself as he waited for Hoseok to finish changing. Once Hoseok emerged from the changing room, gym bag draped over his shoulder, he took hold of Yoongi’s hand and squeezed. “Shall we go? I’m sure it’s almost over now and I’m starving.”

“Let’s go,” Yoongi agreed, squeezing back whilst bumping Hoseok’s hip. “The tradition is to go to a noodle bar, right?”

“Yes. Do you want to pick?”

“Oh, no. It’s your celebration.”

“I guess so. Let’s go to the usual one then. Have you ever been? It’s close by!”

“I’ve never been to this area.”

“Oh? Well then, you’re in for a treat! You’re gonna love the udon they do, trust me.”

“Always, ‘Seok.”

local camboy looking for work

Kim Taehyung: I am so proud of you, Seok!!!!!!! We all are!!! 😍

Jeon Jeongguk: I’m more proud

Kim Taehyung: Impossible

Kim Seokjin: I’M SO GLAD YOU DID WELL, SEOKIE!!!

Kim Seokjin: I’m sorry I couldn’t be there :( 
Kim Seokjin: I know you were amazing!

Kim Namjoon: He was.

Jung Hoseok: guys.... Youre all making me blush >_<

Park Jimin: also im proud of our local celeb tae who had 5 ppl notice him from the ad!!!!

Kim Taehyung: please nooo -_- 

Park Jimin: fiiiiineeeee :3

Park Jimin: so mad at u seokie when did u get that good??????? LUVED IT!!!

Park Jimin: nd so did yoonie by the looks of it ;;;;;;;)))))))))

Min Yoongi: You did amazing Seok

Min Yoongi: Yes, of course I liked it

Park Jimin: shut up yoongs u were in the back ages, we all know what u 2 were doing

Kim Taehyung: can we please not?

Jeon Jeongguk: As much as I’d love to hear about Yoon giving seok a bl*wj*b, can we move on?

Kim Seokjin: YOON DID WHAT

Kim Namjoon: Yeah. That’s a thing that happened apparently. Jimin asked Seok as soon as they sat down after the performance and neither denied it.

Min Yoongi: I did

Park Jimin: yeh but ure a liar yoonie we all know what u guys did ;;;;;PPP

Jung Hoseok: I’m never inviting you guys to anything ever again

Min Yoongi: :( 

Jung Hoseok: besides yoonie ofc

Min Yoongi: :)

Kim Seokjin: I'M SORRY, MY PURE INNOCENT YONIE DID WHAT?

Park Jimin: get a room!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Kim Taehyung: Please do get a room :( 

Park Jimin: oooohhh says u tae

Kim Taehyung: ?

Kim Namjoon: I think Jin is malfunctioning.

Park Jimin: have u and @Jeon_Jeongguk snogged yet
Jung Hoseok: jiminie on Monday im gonna kill you

Park Jimin: why??? :( its just a question!!!

Min Yoongi: not an appropriate one

Min Yoongi: can we please go back to appreciating Seok?

Park Jimin: u can appreciate him all you want whenever

Park Jimin: omfg when are u guys going to that dinner thing

Park Jimin: @Kim_Taehyung @Jeon_Jeongguk why u quiet

Kim Namjoon: Stop being a busybody, Jimin.

Kim Seokjin: Joonie, I love you, but please never use that word again.

Kim Seokjin: @Min_Yoongi, I can’t get over you. You’re growing up so fast :’)

Kim Namjoon: ‘Busybody’ has suddenly become my favourite word.

Kim Taehyung: SEOKIE YOU’RE AN AMAZING DANCER!!! See?? I’m appreciating him like we should all be doing!!

Park Jimin: no funnnnn :((

Min Yoongi: I’m going to go to bed now guys

Min Yoongi: see you all on Monday

Jung Hoseok: @Park_Jimin stop interfering!!! And the dinner is next Saturday!!

Jung Hoseok: goodnight baby <3 sleep well

Kim Seokjin: You’re all boring. Joonie, call me with the details please x

Kim Namjoon: Happy to be your busybody.

Park Jimin: fiuine!!! Goodnight!! <33333333333

Kim Taehyung: are you going to bed Gukkie?

Jeon Jeongguk: I might play a game before bed? You?

Kim Taehyung: Have fun!! But don’t go to bed too late!!

Kim Taehyung: I have to do a facemask -_-

Jeon Jeongguk: I suppose since you asked nicely

Jeon Jeongguk: ohhh hahahah cute

Kim Taehyung: facemasks??

Jeon Jeongguk: no
Jeon Jeongguk: well yeah but I was talking about you

Kim Taehyung: oh

Jeon Jeongguk: do you want to go out tomorrow? Just the two of us?

Kim Taehyung: sure!!

Park Jimin: can u quit flirting ur blowing up my phone >:(

Jeon Jeongguk: turn off your sound and you wouldn’t have a problem

Park Jimin: its on sight on Monday

Kim Taehyung: @Jeon_Jeongguk private?

Jeon Jeongguk: @Kim_Taehyung see you there :)

Even though Hoseok had told him on several occasions what would be acceptable wear in the fancy restaurant, Yoongi still fretted about it the night before. His mother walked in on him pillaging through his drawers, putting aside wrinkled shirts he hadn’t worn since his first year of senior school along with various polo shirts and sports tops, convinced he had nothing good to wear and would show Hoseok up.

He hadn’t even noticed her presence for the first few moments where she looked in at him through the open door. He jumped when he heard her sigh, putting the wash-basket down to sort through the pile of clothes he had accumulated next to him. “What are you doing, Yoonie? I just put your clean wash away this morning.”

“Sorry,” he mumbled self-consciously, glaring at the bottom of his empty drawer. “I’m deciding what to wear tomorrow.”

“For the dinner?” she asked, refolding his shirts in bulk. “I thought you said you had it covered.”

“Well, I thought I did,” he said as he collapsed back onto his bed, his hands covering his face.

“It’s smart-casual, right? So no need for a formal tux?” she asked, and he groaned his confirmation. She laughed and swatted at his legs before throwing something onto his chest. “So wear a white shirt with a tie. Remember those red trousers I bought for you for last year’s dinner dance? They’ll look nicer than your school trousers. Go and find them for me.”

Yoongi placed the white shirt she had thrown at him back onto the bed and returned to his search through the wardrobe. His mum had left just as he had found them crumpled at the back of his wardrobe, the faint smell of vodka still clinging to them. He hoped his mum wouldn’t suss out that he had gone to a dodgy under-18’s club that Jimin had dragged him, Jungkook and Namjoon to instead of the school formal.

She returned with a dark red tie, clearly belonging to his dad, and placed it on top of the white shirt. “There,” she said, pleased with her handiwork, but her smile fell as soon as she saw the crumpled trousers in Yoongi’s hand. “You’ve given me no time to sort this out for you, Yoonie. Give them to me. I’ll wash and iron them tomorrow; they’ll be ready in the evening.”

Yoongi complied and pushed his blistering excitement and nervousness away as he retired to bed.

The next morning he awoke far too early, checked his phone and found that Hoseok was awake too
and texted him in a sleepy haze. The day dragged by, yet when it was time to leave for Hoseok’s house Yoongi felt as if everything had happened much too fast. He dressed in the clothes his mum had fixed for him and felt stiff and awkward on the car-ride over, his heart beating too fast.

He didn’t know why he was so nervous; he had been on dates with Hoseok before. But this was different, he supposed, this was a grown-up, serious date in a fancy restaurant. It was the foreign adultness about it that both intrigued and scared him, as if it would allow him a glimpse into the future where an adult Hoseok and an adult Yoongi met up after a tough day at work to relax with some fine dining, before going back to their apartment and-

“Tell Hoseok I said hello,” his mum said, popping the bubble of his fantasy. “I’ve really got to dash to pick Seungie up, but I hope you both have a wonderful time! And tell me what the food is like!” she called to him as he climbed out of the car.

She drove away before he could ring the doorbell, which he was glad for at he was sure her presence would only further add to his embarrassment and overall take away the whole ‘adult’ feel of the date.

Hoseok’s mother smiled upon opening the door and seeing him. “Hi, Yoongi! Oh, don’t you look handsome?”

Yoongi blushed, fidgeted as he was let inside. “Hobi will be down in a minute – do you mind if we get a picture?”

“Um, no, that’s fine,” Yoongi said despite his resentment towards having his picture taken when his face was flushed.

“I hope you boys have a good time,” she continued, her smile wide as she fiddled with her phone. “Hobi! Yoongi’s here!”

“I know!” Hoseok called back from upstairs, sounding annoyed. Yoongi fought back a smile at how childish he sounded. “I’m coming!”

Hoseok’s mother rolled her eyes fondly. “That boy,” she said quietly, “he goes on about the dinner the whole day but when it comes to it, he panics at the last minute.”

Yoongi chuckled awkwardly, refraining from mentioning how he had been stressing about it yesterday. There was the slam of a door opening from upstairs followed by the rumble of someone marching down the stairs. Hoseok appeared, jumping down the last step, spotting Yoongi and thus blossoming a smile.

“Hey, Yoongs,” Hoseok greeted cheerily, juxtaposing the surly manner he had answered his mother with. He groaned when sighting his mum with her phone. “Are we really doing pictures? It’s embarrassing.”

“You’re going to want pictures to look back at later, Hobi,” his mother said coolly. “Now put your shoes on and stand next to Yoongi.”

Hoseok grumbled, but Yoongi spotted his ears stained red and smiled to himself. Hoseok tied his laces of a formal pair of shoes that he had never seen him wear before, and suddenly he felt very shoddy in his school shoes, no matter how much his mother had buffed and polished them.

“Stop looking so miserable!” his mother scolded, but her smile told Yoongi that there was something more.

“How did you want a picture?” Yoongi asked him, which caused Hoseok to withdraw into himself.
He shrugged. “I don’t mind.” He picked at his tie and then the sleeve of his grey blazer. “I looked ridiculous though, so you’ll be the only one who looks good.”

Yoongi blushed and nudged his boyfriend. “You’re crazy. You look better than me, really professional.”

“Hobi, I hope you’re not still complaining about the blazer you wanted me to buy specially again,” Hoseok’s mother interrupted, pulling up her phone once more. It was clear by Hoseok’s indignant splutter that she meant to poke fun at him. Yoongi laughed, some of the tension he felt easing up.

“Fine! Just take the picture already or we’ll be late,” Hoseok retorted, his tan skin reddening. Yoongi laughed once more, slipping his hand into Hoseok’s who squeezed back almost instinctively.

Hoseok’s mother chuckled, tapping at the phone screen a few times before pocketing her phone. “Done. I’ll send them to you later, Hobi. You boys can get in the car, let me get my things.”

Hoseok led Yoongi out of the door and to the car parked outside. “How are you feeling?” Hoseok asked, playing with the sleeve of his blazer. “Hungry?”

Yoongi took Hoseok’s hand away from his sleeve and squeezed once more. “Yeah. And nervous. I can tell you are, too,” he chuckled.

“I’m not nervous!” Hoseok protested, but one look at his flushed cheeks was enough for Yoongi to dismiss him. “I’m just… Doesn’t this feel a bit different? We’ve never done something like this before.” Hoseok seemed embarrassed, mumbling and averting his eyes.

Yoongi clasped his hand tighter and willed Hoseok to meet his gaze. “I feel the same,” he said with as much conviction as he could muster just as Hoseok’s mother exited the front door and closed it behind her, car keys jangling in her hand.

“Hop in, boys,” she said, unlocking the car doors, and they did so.

Their conversation consisted mostly of homework and school projects as Hoseok’s mother started talking about a science project that Dawon was trying to rope Hoseok into helping her. Yoongi had only just about recovered from a laughing fit brought on by Hoseok’s story of how he and Taehyung had tried to make a volcano at Taehyung’s house, only to go a little overboard and almost flooding his bathroom with makeshift lava, when they pulled up a little way off from the restaurant.

Hoseok’s mother bid them goodbye, her eyes twinkling merrily as she regarded them with an approving look before driving away. Hoseok took the initiative and guided Yoongi across the street and towards the restaurant, their hands intertwined. He talked less than in the car, and Yoongi knew at once that Hoseok had been putting up a confident front for his mother, but now it was just the two of them, Hoseok had relaxed. His stomach warmed pleasantly.

The interior of the restaurant wasn’t marble arches and golden chandeliers as Yoongi had pictured, instead it was plush carpeting and attentive waiting staff. They were escorted to their table as soon as Hoseok gave his name and Yoongi flashed the reservation sheet he had folded in his trouser pocket.

Hoseok grinned at him from across the table, which was draped in an elegant white sheet, organised on it two wine glasses, hemmed napkins and stainless steel cutlery instead of chopsticks. Yoongi thought he heard Hoseok comment on how posh it all seemed just as their waitress returned with two leather-bound menus, reciting the specials as if she had been memorising them since birth.

Yoongi nodded along, slightly overwhelmed, but he could spot out of the corner of his eye that Hoseok was the same as him, only his expression of self-assuredness was more convincing. The
waitress seemed to catch on, glancing between them with a pink-lipped smile.

“Is this a special evening tonight, gentlemen?” she inquired, raising a perfectly-shaped brow knowingly.

Yoongi flushed and stared down at his lap, resenting his shyness, just as Hoseok cleared his throat. “Um, yeah, kind of,” he laughed sheepishly. “This is his Christmas present. I wanted it to be special.”

That was it. Yoongi would never be able to make eye-contact with Hoseok again. He felt every inch of his body blush and he squirmed silently as the waitress made a noise of understanding.

“I understand. Don’t you worry about a thing. You’re in capable hands.” Yoongi glanced at her long enough to catch her wink. “I’ll give you some time to look through our menu, if you need anything, sirs, please don’t hesitate to ask.”

She bowed and departed, leaving Yoongi pretending to scan the menu whilst Hoseok tried to gain his attention. “Hey, Yoon. It’s really nice here, right?”

“Yeah, it is,” he agreed, focussing hard on the squiggly font instead of the boy in front of him.

“… Are you nervous?” Hoseok asked, his voice quiet but filled to the brim with fond amusement.

Yoongi shot him a glare over the top of his menu. “No.” Hoseok smiled back at him, raising an eyebrow as if to say: oh, yeah? “I’m just… hungry. Let’s order.”

“Wait! I haven’t even looked yet,” Hoseok laughed, kicking at Yoongi’s shin under the table. Yoongi kicked back in a challenge, meeting Hoseok’s gaze and silently daring him to initiate a game of footsie. Hoseok stared back, his brow knitting together, until a crack appeared in his serious façade and he burst out in laughter.

A laugh was hooked out of Yoongi’s mouth, but he tried to muffle it before the posh-looking customers glared at them. “You’re an idiot,” he said gruffly for Hoseok to laugh again before settling down and begin reading through his options.

Once they had decided what they wanted to eat and drink (steak and orange soda) they ordered with their waitress who collected their menus and wine glasses, leaving them once more to chat amongst themselves.

“So,” Hoseok started after their drinks had arrived. Yoongi looked up at him through sipping at his straw. Hoseok seemed slightly tense. “How’s work? You took today off, right?”

Yoongi nodded, stirring the ice-cubes around his glass. “Yeah, so I have to work double tomorrow. It’s mostly alright; I don’t have to make the really hard orders yet since I’m still coming to grips with everything. But serving is alright as long as the customer is nice.”

Hoseok made a face. “Some people can be such dickheads.”

Yoongi laughed. “Tell me about it. Some of the best baristas make the simplest of drinks and people aren’t happy with the sugar amount and demand a refund.” He rolled his eyes, wanting to think about anything else than work now he was with Hoseok. “Anyway, how do you feel now that the competition is over?”

Hoseok contemplated before leaning forward. “Actually, that’s something I wanted to talk to you about. You know, we didn’t really talk much about it privately besides…” he trailed off, cheeks
colouring. Yoongi knew at once as to what he was referring to and felt his ears burn.

“Oh,” he said, wishing he could say something more eloquent, more confident, “yeah.”

Hoseok cleared his throat again, a smile tugging at his lips. “Yeah. So, I wanted to talk to you about it. Like, why I chose the song and what the dance was about.” Yoongi stayed quiet, the only sound being made besides his quickening breathing made from the other patrons in the restaurant.

“The dance was about you. About us, really. That’s why I had to use your song, or just sample a bit of it, because your song was about the same thing, right? I wanted to dance to something I was familiar with, so…” he shrugged sheepishly. “After changing my mind so many times, because I knew I wanted to do coming-of-age, but I didn’t know how far to push it. At first, I was gonna do the whole thing provocative, but after you gave me the song, I thought about it some more, and I realised I wanted my coming-of-age to be more mature than just I’m-legal-now.

“I wanted for the whole thing to be uncertain at first, scary even, I guess, because of the how we started, me not knowing if you liked me, and then what happened at the club, and then with Tae and ‘Guk. But I also wanted it to be softer? Sweeter, like elegant. Because I think that’s where we are now. It’s a lot easier than it was at the start, and I wanted your song to be more prominent during that part.”

Yoongi, who had been listening intently whilst twisting his sleeve around his thumb, sat with a fast-beating heart and hot cheeks. The passion on Hoseok’s face was evident, along with the speed of his words. “Ah,” was all he had to offer in response, unable to get across his awe.

Hoseok laughed at his response, nudging him under the table again. “But I still wanted the sexy element, which I thought you would appreciate.” Yoongi did not choke on his own spit as Hoseok shot him a knowing wink from across the table, and he definitely did not sip at his drink to cool himself down. “I really liked the ending. Did you?”

“Oh, yeah. I liked all of it,” Yoongi replied earnestly.

Hoseok gazed back at him, his eyes twinkling as if there were a whole galaxy locked away inside of them. Yoongi wouldn’t be surprised if there was. Hoseok truly was filled to the brim with mystery and wonder, and Yoongi wanted to spend his lifetime, and the next, unlocking each secret, entangling him bit by bit into Hoseok’s world.

“I was saying that I would always be searching for you, even though I would be wrapped up in my own life, a part of me will always need you. No matter where we go, or how far apart, I’ll always be waiting to see you again.”

The flow of Hoseok’s words were interrupted by their waitress approaching with two wonderful smelling dishes. Yoongi barely heard her talk or ask if they needed anything else. He was too busy staring at Hoseok, the boy that he wanted to live his life for, to give everything he could possibly offer.

Hoseok had communicated their entire story through his body, and it was only now that Yoongi truly understood those actions. Sometimes, he was a fool, and he only truly grasped things once they were spelled out to him – which Hoseok had just done. Hoseok had dedicated part of himself to Yoongi in hopes that they would never lose contact, never lose the spark they had lit between them. Yoongi longed for Hoseok to know that he wanted the same.

“Yoon? Do you want anything else?” Hoseok asked him, looking surprised that Yoongi had zoned out.
“Oh. No, thank you,” he addressed the waitress, and she smiled, bowed and excused herself, wishing them a pleasant meal. He turned towards Hoseok, nudging his shin lightly underneath the table before picking up his fork. “I’ve already got everything I need right here.”

Hoseok’s beam was infectious, Yoongi found himself grinning into his herb-sprinkled mashed potato. “I’m glad,” Hoseok returned, his voice soft, sentimental.

He gazed back at Yoongi as if nothing existed between them, no table heaped with food, as if the plush carpeting had rolled itself back and the chatter of the other patrons had ceased. He looked at Yoongi as if it were the two of them, like Yoongi was the only thing he needed.

Yoongi willed the moment to last forever, that the feeling would only intensify and continue to stoke the flames burning in his gut.

But, as moments do, it slipped by, falling through his fingers.

Chapter End Notes

oohhh wow was this really a whole chapter full of fluffy things???? still,,, enjoy it while it lasts :P

i hope you guys enjoyed!!! let me know what you thought in the comments! im desperate for validation! thank you all so much for your feedback last time, it really makes my day to know what you guys think <333

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!