"hey you have the prettiest doe eyes that hold in the universe in them and i kinda wanna see how they'd look with some gold eyeshadow on it" au

or

Jungkook is crushing on his coworker, that he's sure is an angel, because no one can look this good and beautiful wearing makeup.

Jimin thinks Jungkook has the prettiest eyes he's seen, and he wants to put sparkly eyeshadow on him to match the glow of his iris.

Taehyung is a little shit that likes to tease them.
this is totally a self indulgent fic because i love makeup aus and there arent many of them
also the jimin i imagine is jimin during bs&t era and he wore those amazing eyeshadows that were just!! thebomb.com
overall this is just sweet and cute and pining and a dump of fluff
and this is based off sephora but its not like super specific about how the store works or whatever but just to give u some ~vibes~

DO NOT REPOST (especially wattpad) or I WILL hunt you down

for translations: DM me on twitter (@parkesjimin)

See the end of the work for more notes
Jungkook is a scent guy. Okay, it does sound creepy and weird when you put it like that, he’ll admit. He actually works at this cosmetic store that sells about anything you can think of when it comes to beauty (some of the stuff he doesn’t even knows what it is himself. What on earth is an eyelash curler?) and while he might be uneducated about makeup, he is in charge of selling perfumes and lotions, anything that involves your relaxation while enjoying a good perfume.

It’s not always perfect, as expected when working on retail. Some days he goes home nauseous from all the perfumes he smelled while trying to help a customer that in the end decided to not buy anything. But on the bright side of having a sensitive nose, he gets to be surrounded by nice, fresh smelling things all the time. He’s a big fan of fresh, citrus scents. Anything too sweet is too overwhelming. Ah, except Jimin, of course.

Jimin is the makeup guy at his work and totally-not-his-crush. He’s beautiful, Jungkook’s pretty sure he is the only person that can pull off any makeup look. The silver strands falling over his eyes complements beautifully the smokey and sultry makeup he always wears, in darker shades, luring in anyone that would come near him. His cheeks are always glowing with some kind of sorcery Jungkook’s doesn’t know, because hell, who manages to be glowing brighter than a star on 10am on a Sunday. But God - his lips. Jungkook always has the excuse he’s spacing out when he’s actually imagining all the ways those lips could work. They’re plump (and probably hella soft) and Jimin just chooses to wear peachy glittery gloss almost every day and still, Jungkook gets a heart attack every time.

The silver haired always smells good, a vanilla scent mixed with rose that just possible can’t be store bought. They have been working together for two months now, since Jungkook started. They never exchanged much words beyond the business necessary, but Jimin always seemed to giggle at Jungkook’s clumsy antics - like slipping on the wet floor and falling on his butt, lip synching along to the music when no one is around or a little victory dance he does after finding the perfect perfume for a customer. Jungkook turns beet red after, but that’s okay, because his crush just paid attention to him. Sometimes this big, fat crush makes him feel so stupid and like a high schooler. He’s 20 but still he finds himself wondering if Jimin would like a guy like him (that only knows how to use concealer at the most) and if he’d ever would like to wear his clothes to sleep - with Jungkook’s perfume on it.

+ 

It’s too early to be properly thinking on a Monday. The mall just opened, a little past 9am, and Jungkook is almost dozing off while leaning on the counter, chin propped up in one of his hands, the other tapping on the smooth wood. Taehyung, the cashier, had called in sick so Jin - their manager - called Jungkook to replace him in the duty, occasionally having to help customers that would wander into his section. Taehyung was, without a doubt, one of the most beautiful men Jungkook has ever seen (after Jimin, of course). He is tall and tanned, his brown/honey colored hair falling over his eyes in soft waves, making his captivating smile stand out. He definitely should consider being the store’s ad model. His personality is great too, chaty and open, perfect for engaging with customers - everyone leaves the store smiling after speaking to him. Whereas Jungkook is more reserved and shy, but he still tries his best to be polite and friendly, even if he gets flustered.

Another thing Jungkook admires in Taehyung is his friendship with Jimin. Both have been working
together for much longer, obviously developing a bond over the time. They laugh together, talking a lot during shifts and Jungkook feels too awkward to jump in, but Taehyung always ends up saving him from being antisocial and loops him in the conversations, giving him a knowing look when he stares at Jimin too much, which Jungkook decides to shrug it off.

So there Jungkook is, bored out of his mind, because no person is sane to go to a shopping mall this early in the morning (and be happy about it). Unless, that person is Jimin. Who always has a sparkle in his eye, a smiling wanting to form of his face, a giggle wanting to escape those lips and a cheerful aura. Jimin, who walks up to the counter with two coffees in hand (those tiny, adorable pudgy fingers that are always covered in silver rings. Jungkook wants to kiss them one by one) and smiles at Jungkook.

“Hey, Jungkookie~” he says, shoving one of the coffees in Jungkook’s direction. “I got you this because Tae told me what happened, I hope this brightens your mood’

The nickname makes Jungkook’s insides burn and stir, and yeah, Jimin could give him a rock and Jungkook would still think it’s the best thing that ever happened to him.

He has a delayed reaction because, ok, his crush just thought about him and bought him something and oh my god I’ll need to interact without embarrassing myself and Taehyung is not here to save him holy shit.

So he straightens up and says “ah, thank you Jimin-ssi” while offering a little bow and grabs the coffee, the proximity of their fingers making him heat up more than the temperature of the coffee.

Jimin just giggles, the light of the store catching the sparkles that are deposited on his cheeks bones, giving him an angel like appearance. “Please, call me hyung” he waves his hand in a dismissive manner “uh, do you wanna have lunch together later? You never really go with us and today Tae’s not here so…” and fuck, Jimin looks cute like this, lips almost forming a pout and puppy eyes working its magic.

“Yes, I’d love that hyung” Jungkook ends up replying before he could filter his words so he ends up kicking himself mentally for sounding too eager and weird.

Jimin doesn’t comment anything, just looks at him with a cocked eyebrow for a second before giving him an amused smile. “Great! I’ll take to you later then. Gotta set up my station now” he says, touching Jungkook’s forearm quickly and grabbing his coffee, walking away, hips swaying for side to side. Did Jungkook mention Jimin’s ass too? Because oh boy that is a fine piece of art. And their black slacks just fit so perfectly that looks impossible that Jimin manages to fit it in every morning, but Jungkook’s pants tighten too for other reasons.

If Jungkook wasn’t awake before, now he’s pretty sure he won’t get to relax anytime soon.

They go out for lunch, strolling through the food court that now is considerably busy with screaming kids and teenagers that stop by after school. They settle for some Panda Express, because Jimin asked him if he wanted some and oh yeah he did want some. Some of those gorgeous, plush lips. Jimin takes his time eyeing the menu, chubby index finger tapping his cheek while in thought. They end up ordering the same thing, stir fry noodles but Jimin is much healthier than Jungkook, choosing
water opposed to his coke, claiming “he’s gotta keep his skin beautiful” and Jungkook just hums in agreement, eyeing him with love sick eyes.

The conversation flows well during lunch, for Jungkook’s standard at least. He only choked once and stuttered twice so that’s a feat! Jimin told him all about his family, tiny hands motioning in the air, told him about how he lives alone and has this cute little dog - and showed him lots of pictures and adorable videos (one showed sleepy Jimin trying to calm down the pup bouncing around, his voice sounded too raspy for Jungkook’s health). In return, Jungkook told him that he’s a chem major and ends up cramming a lot of study during the weekend, along with dance classes (just for fun, obviously) that his roommate, Hoseok, teaches. Jimin listens everything attentively, chubby cheeks full with food and eye wides, nodding his head along to signal he’s listening.

After a while, specially being able to stare at Jimin’s angelic for this long without being arrested as a creep, Jungkook decides to ask why or how did Jimin get into makeup. Sure, he’s seen many guys wearing makeup before, but not like this. Not with this skill and softness, with this sparkle on the skin and eyes decorated with eyeshadow, sometimes on the warm side and sometimes, a steel like color that makes Jungkook swoon. And it’s not over the top, no, with Jimin is never that. He carries the look with finesse and elegance, like the makeup just molds to his face and belongs there, ethereal.

Jimin drops his chopsticks, leaning back on his seat. “Well, I always enjoyed art and beauty. During high school my passion was arts, but that was something I had to leave behind me” he sighs “but in some way, makeup gave me chance to still carry it with me, as a form of self expression. Though, guys aren’t a big fan of it” the silver haired finishes, letting out a humorless chuckle.

“G-guys?” Jungkook asks and his mind is racing. Is it possible? He has a chance.. no way.

Jimin looks at him with an incredulous look, and this time he really giggles. “Come on Jungkook, do you think all of this” he motions to his face “would be for girls?”

And Jungkook is left dumbfounded, because his crush likes boys and he is a boy and he likes boys too and oh my god this is real. And he’s also terrified because before it was all hypothetical but this is very real and now he can (try) to do something about it.

“Unless..” Jimin starts to trail off “you got a problem with that?” quirking an eyebrow at him.

“No!” Jungkook almost shouts, because he is absolutely a-ok with all of this and he definitely doesn’t want Jimin thinking he has prejudice or even worse, a homophobe. “I think you look...beautiful, hyung” he says quickly, cheeks heating up and turn redder than any blush in the world. He scratches the nape of his neck with this hand and with the other gulsps down his soda to cover up his embarrassment.

Jimin beams at him, head thrown back as giggles fall past his lips. After his mini giggle-fit, he straightens up and distracted himself with the rings on his fingers, only to look up at Jungkook and say “I’m glad you think that, Jungkookie” and winks, he fucking winks, before standing up and walking away, calling back at Jungkook claiming that their lunch break is over.

God, Jungkook’s heavy footsteps trying to catch up to Jimin could not compare to the heavy thrum of his heart.
Jimin must have told Taehyung everything about their lunch (date, Jungkook wishes) because as soon as he’s stepping into the store, Tae wraps his long arm around Jungkook’s shoulder, giving him a little encouragement pat.

“Ah, so you’ve finally broken the spell Kook!” he says, grinning from ear to ear.

“What? I don’t know what you’re talking about” Jungkook shoots him a confused gaze, trying to break free but Taehyung tightens his grip.

Jin emerges from their storage room, holding a pile of boxes he’s barely managing to keep it from falling and asks with worry “what did Jungkook break?” because God, perfumes are expensive and cleaning shattered glass off the floor, even worse. He tries to close the door but it doesn't work, so he just settles them on the counter instead and leaves the door open.

“Jungkookie here finally stopped daydreaming about Jimin and talked to him, even better, they had lunch together, hyung”. Tae finally lets Jungkook go and walks over to the counter, helping unpack the boxes of stuff.

“I- no, I don’t daydream about Jimin, what the hell” Jungkook whispers-yell, because he didn’t manage to catch if Jimin was around, can you imagine how embarrassing it could be for him? Jimin wouldn't even look him in the eye anymore.

“Right, honestly anyone 10 miles away can feel that you have the hots for him, Kook” Seokjin pipes in, shooting Jungkook a judgemental stare. Jungkook opens his mouth to say protest, but Jin cuts him off. “And don’t try to lie to me - I spend a good damn time watching what happens in this store young man.”

“HYUNG!” Jungkook whines, wanting to rip his hair off in embarrassment.

“Yeah Seokjinnie-hyung, just like you have the hots for the tech guy that always comes over when ‘the computer magically breaks’” Taehyung retorts, using air quotations and doing his best mocking
face while trying to hold in a laugh.

“YAH TAEHYUNG!” Jin smacks him with an ad magazine that was lying on the counter. “Help me sort this out or you’ll be on floor duty today”. Jin turns so red, more than a tomato and Jungkook giggles at their bickering. Taehyung is right, amazingly every time that the computer tech guy - Namjoon - comes around, Jin is around too. He tries to look like a good boss (which he is), making them clean everything with a toothbrush if needed (which the trio rolls their eyes at), but actually he just stares at the guy doing the job, offering him drinks and completely oblivious of his surroundings.

Jimin comes in later that day and they barely have time to talk, which makes Jimin a little bit (very) sulky. The afternoon was busy with customers, that of course, he was glad to help but if he had to compare similar shades of nude lipstick again for the nth time that day - he’d go crazy. He just wants to lounge around a tiny tiny bit and admire his starry-eyed crush for a little, like he’s not totally interested in him. His mood only sours when he realizes Jungkook left early because of a stupid university test and this lady was asking him about highlighters (an important matter, seriously) and he couldn’t say goodbye.

Taehyung, noticing Jimin’s grumpy mood and pout after the store rush dies down, approaches him. He holds the smaller cheeks with both of hands, squeezing it until Jimin is nothing but a smush of fat.

“What’s up Jiminie, missing your lover boy?” he says the words with mockery, like he’s talking to a child.

Jimin rolls his eyes at that before swatting Taehyung’s hands away. “Okay, first, hands off the piece of art, thank you very much” he pats his face as if it would make everything remain intact, “second, he’s not my lover boy”.

Taehyung just laughs at him. “Yet my dear! I’m pretty sure he’s into you…” the other says, shooting Jimin an amused smile that the silver-haired just wants to punch off that face.

“Taehyung. What makes you say that?” Jimin crosses his arms, giving Taehyung his ‘I-am-doubting-you’ look because it would not be the first time that his friend would pull off things like that.

“Well” Taehyung picks up a product of the shelf and starts playing with it, “I might have invited him for drinks with Yoongi on Saturday. He said no, but then I mentioned you were going and he suddenly said yes faster than a lightning bolt”. He cracks open a little jar and a mini glitter explosion happens on his hands.

“Am I going, though?” Jimin cocks his head to the side, clicking his tongue.

“Oh, yeah, now you are!” the taller offers him a bright, excited smile.

Jimin laughs at Taehyung’s attempt at cleaning the mess off. “I guess I am then, that’s...good to know Taehyungie. Thank you” he says while grabbing a makeup wipe and helping his messy friend.
“Hey, you should totally buy a new perfume to use on Saturday. We know he’s kinda cray cray about scents so that your chance of seducing him!”

Jimin discards the wipe on the trash can and fixes his hair with his hands. “Will you help me choose it then?” he turns to his friend.

Taehyung just grins at him, puffing out his chest. “Of course! And let me tell you Jiminnie, there’s this amazing aphrodisiac perfume that REALLY works, I tried and Yoongi and I just couldn’t stop—” his sentence is cut off by Jimin smacking him in the chest, in a fit of giggles.

“GOD! Taehyung! I just- I really don’t wanna know how that phrase ends. Just help me, you idiot!”

To say Jimin was excited was an understatement. For starters, his crush is probably interested in him too. Second, he can finally show off his assets in proper clothing instead of those ugly uniforms that do him no justice (except his ass, that he knows very much Jungkook ogles at it). He takes a nice bath while listening to some R&B music, shaving everything below beard level because *you never know*. He hops off the bath, drying himself off and slaters on some lotion like he does every day, his favorite having a faint vanilla scent.

On the way to his room he steps on a chew toy and trips, seeing his life flash before his eyes. Two years later and he’s still not used to his dog leaving toys everywhere (and his fault too, he likes to spoil him too much with new toys). He applies a sheet mask while he picks out his outfit - texting Taehyung about thousand times for help. Settling for black jeans and a flowy, long sleeve black silk shirt that exposes a bit of his chest, he feels satisfied when he looks at himself in the mirror. He shoots Taehyung a quick #ootd pic after removing the mask and receives back a selfie of Tae and Yoongi with thumbs up in approval. *God, his friends are so cute together, he thinks while smiling at his phone.*

He sits down on his vanity, yes, vanity to tackle his hair, deciding that he should go out with his parted to the side, exposing his forehead. He rarely does that but he knows Taehyung will probably make a remark about it - it’s the hair he goes out with when he’s down for business. For makeup, of course, he spends a good hour on it, sculpting his face to perfection with creams and powders. His foundation is flawless, his eyebrows are perfectly filled in, his eyes lined with silver and black eyeshadow with a tinge of glitter in the inner corners and his highlighter, as he would say, popping. The final touch is a red balm, making his lips very inviting.

Once done, he gets up and checks if everything is perfect, including his silver rings, he applies some of that perfume he bought with Taehyung’s help - and no, none of that aphrodisiac shit. He settled for a sweet, yet refreshing scent. He takes two or three selfies just to post after because he looks good and leaves the house, of course having to say goodbye to his dog. He only hopes that Jungkook thinks he looks this good too.
Jimin is already finishing his first long drink and Jungkook has yet to walk through the door. Even Yoongi - Yoongi for God’s sake - teased him about his eyes not leaving the bar’s entrance for one second.

“Hey Jimin, you know that’s not gonna make Jungkook come faster, right?” the pink haired speaks, taking a sip of his beer.

Jimin groans. “God, Taehyung told you everything isn’t it, your boyfriend is an evil one” he shoots Taehyung a nasty side-eye.

“I am not, Jiminnie. If anything, I’m helping you here.” Tae laughs in response, resting his head against Yoongi’s shoulder. “You look good, he won’t be able to resist your charms. If you don’t jump in his lap first, that is” both laugh and Jimin wants to a hole to swallow him up, because his friends are all lovey-dovey and he needs to be here third wheeling in hopes that something happens between Jungkook and him tonight.

He’s seriously thinking about bailing out of there when Jungkook walks in, in all his damn glory. His black hair is parted in the middle, showing off his beautiful eyebrows and making his sculpted-by-gods jawline pop. He’s wearing ripped jeans and Jimin is about to faint, the muscles moving against the tight fabric. But the best thing, definitely, is Jungkook wearing a plain white t-shirt that shows off those amazing arms. Jimin wants Jungkook to pick him up and throw him over his shoulder and just get out of here to do more interesting things. And he looks chic, expensive, with his watch on one wrist and a silver chain bracelet in the other. It’s simple, but he looks like a million bucks. Jimin chokes on his drink. Taehyung laughs at him.

Jungkook approaches the table, sitting down next to Jimin and they all exchange their greetings, but the silver-haired is pleased to see Jungkook’s gaze study him, from head to toe, zeroing on his exposed collarbones. That gives him a little confidence boost. Taehyung looks at him with a shit eating grin. He rolls his eyes in response.

Taehyung introduces Yoongi, “so Jungkookie, this is Yoongi, my dearest boyfriend that I love very much,” he says and squeezes Yoongi’s cheeks, the older letting him because he’s totally whipped and anyone can see that.

“Nice to meet you, kid” he nods.

“Ah, my roommate Hoseok-hyung is always using your songs in our dance classes! You’re talented, hyung” Jungkook says, eyes lighting up at the mention of dance. Jimin just stares at him with heart eyes, admiring his strong profile and the way his eyes crinkle when he smiles wide, bunny teeth peeking out.

He looks to Taehyung and sees the other staring back at him, a smug smile on his face and he knows by the look in the other’s eyes that he will say something to embarrass him and he silently pleads to dear God Taehyung please don’t do this to me in front of my crush but too late, Taehyung decides to ignore him.

“Hey Kook, don’t you think Jimin looks nice? He only wears his hair like his when he’s trying to impress someone” the brunette trails off, turning to look at Jungkook.
Jungkook sputters, looking back and forth between Jimin and Taehyung, taken aback by the sudden questions. Jimin turns beet red and kicks Taehyung under the table, making the other yelp in pain. Yoongi just watches everything with an amused grin and before things get more embarrassing thanks to Taehyung, Jimin stands up saying he’s going to the restroom quickly, not even looking back.

Once Jimin is gone, Jungkook turns to Taehyung, a disapproving look on his face. “God, Taehyung, why did you do that?!” he groans, his forehead hitting the table with a thud.

“TaeTae is here to help Kook, you two have been pining for each for two months now and this needs to be over”, the older pats the black haired in the head, as it if were to soothe his distress.

Jungkook lifts his head, wide-eyed. It’s funny how he can be reduced to a whiny baby because of Jimin. “But what would Jimin want to do with me, hyung?!”

Before Taehyung can answer, Yoongi speaks up. “Listen, I’ve been here for less than one hour and can feel the way you two wanna jump at each other’s throat. He was almost drooling while looking at you, Jungkook”. Taehyung hums in agreement and places a kiss on Yoongi’s cheek, making the elder blush.

Jungkook’s doesn’t get to respond because Jimin is back, settling down next to Jungkook and offering all of them his most perfect, award-deserving smile, accompanied by a mischievous glint in his eyes. “So you guys ready for some soju shots?”

The music is thrumming in Jimin’s ears, the pub now with people standing and dancing in the cramped spaces between tables and laughing while holding a drink in hand. He’s had maybe 5 shots now, he’s not really counting anymore, because there are too many bottles on the table already. Everyone’s equally happy - or drunk - at the table, their cheeks rosy from laughing so much.

He can feel Jungkook’s thigh touching his (when did they get so close?) and he caught the younger staring at his lips at least a handful of times. He doesn’t blame him, because first, he knows he looks appealing and second, their amazing friends decided to have a makeout session right in front of them. With hands tangling in hair and giggles between kisses and all that shit, which does make Jimin upset because it could (should, actually) be Jungkook and him.

So, maybe in an act of boldness, or maybe because he’s just really fucking tired of seeing his friend’s tongues down each other’s throat, he turns to Jungkook, who’s sipping the rest of whatever nasty drink they had ordered before.

“Jungkooookie” he calls out, batting his eyelashes and ditching the glass he was holding in his hands.

“Yeah, hyung?” the taller turns towards him, leaning in so the conversation can be heard over the music. God, he looks so good right now. Pink lips, hair already undone. Jimin is controlling every ounce of him to not jump him right there.

“I bought a new perfume today, I want your opinion on it” he says, cocking his head to the side and
offering his neck so Jungkook can come closer. He could offer his wrist, sure, but where’s the fun in
that?

He knows how to play his features and Jungkook narrows his eyes, flickering from Jimin’s face to
his exposed throat. He doesn’t miss the way Jungkook’s gaze turns dark, the younger licking his
bottom lip meanwhile. They’re already so close and Jungkook’s face leans closer to his, for a
moment he thinks they might kiss, but the black haired only smirks at him after glancing to his lips
and moves on to his neck.

While Jimin thought he had the upper hand here, he’s clearly wrong. Because a drunk Jungkook is a
daring Jungkook, inhibitions gone. The air is heavy between them and Jimin’s heart is beating too
fast because he can feel the other’s hot breath ghosting over his skin, almost like in a teasing way.
Jungkook doesn’t stop there, he nuzzles the skin with his nose and whatever words Jimin was about
to say die in this throat automatically.

“Hmm, I like it hyung” he mumbles, it’s kinda muffled because of the music but oh Jimin is very
aware of everything that’s happening right now. Jungkook’s hand move to hold Jimin by his nape,
scratching the blunt nails over the hair lightly and Jimin shivers. If Jungkook wants to play that way,
fine, Jimin will gladly go there too.

“So you approve the scent I picked out? I’ll tell you a secret Kook-ah, it was just for you” he
whispers, finger dancing up and down Jungkook’s exposed arm, gripping the firm bicep and feeling
the muscles twitch underneath his fingers. Jungkook makes a noise that one could consider a mewl
and Jimin feels satisfied with the effect he has over the younger.

The grip on Jimin’s neck tighten and Jungkook brushes his lips over the vein on his skin and Jimin’s
breath hitches, the softness of the lips caressing gently. Jungkook places an experimental peck there,
pausing a second to measure Jimin’s reaction, and continues when the only answer he gets is Jimin’s
nails digging into his skin. He goes on, placing open mouthed kisses on the exposed skin, trailing up
slowly. Fuck, Jimin’s glad he’s sitting down because his knees are weak right now.

Jungkook’s teeth graze a spot right on the underside of his jaw, not hard enough to leave any marks,
but enough to make him shiver from head to toe. The black hair hums in appreciation. He is panting
now, God, he just wants to kiss Jungkook. His free hand grabs Jungkook’s hair, toying with the
strands and intertwining them on his fingers.

“J-jungkook” he pleads, because he’s about to lose it any second.

“Yeah, hyung?” the other replies, continuing with his kisses and ministrations, getting too close to
Jimin’s mouth now for him to keep his sanity.

He is about to yank Jungkook’s head from his neck and just kiss him silly, kiss him like he has been
wanting and waiting for that for the past two months now, but the moment is gone when a waiter
comes with extra drinks and places on the table, making loud noises. Jimin rolls his eyes - because
that damn waiter was ogling Jungkook the whole night, of course, they just had to be interrupted
now. Jungkook separates from him quickly, turning his attention to the waiter.

The guy speaks with a chirpy, bubbly voice, and he’s way too close to Jungkook for his liking. He
digs his nails into Jungkook’s thigh and watches Jungkook look at him quickly with a surprised look
on his face. Jungkook looks like a sin right now, hair mussed up and lips shining with spit, his broad
chest heaving up and down quickly and hmm, his pants look a bit tighter as well.

He doesn’t wait for the guy to go away, he just grabs one drink from the table and with the other
hand he grabs Jungkook’s, dragging him out of the table. “Let’s dance, Kookie!” he exclaims, not
even caring to look back at the waitress. He hears Jungkook mumble a thank you and scramble after
him, holding his hand tightly. Their hands just fit together well, even if the touch is light and not
proper intertwined-fingers hand holding.

They go after their friends that were long gone and are now busting crazy, dorky dance moves in the
corner of the room. Jimin’s heart clenches at the sight of their happiness. Being together for over a
year now, they’re his favorite couple for life. After Jungkook and him in his mind, of course.

Yoongi and Taehyung welcome them excitedly and shouting song lyrics over the loud music
playing, both of them being very drunk right now too, but they don’t really care. Jimin starts dancing
too, taking a sip of his drink to try to forget how he and Jungkook almost kissed, and letting the rest
of the night be a blur itself.

A weight jumping all over Jimin’s bed wakes the silver haired up, making him groan loudly. He tries
to crack one of his eyes open - shit, it’s too bright here - and spots his dog making a fuss all of his
bed. “Chocolate, stop, please” he tries to control his dog, probably wanting to take a walk. Yes - his
dog is named chocolate because he loves chocolate and the fur is brown just like it. It’s cute.

The dog listens and settles next to Jimin, curling himself into a little ball. Jimin’s head is pounding,
why did he let himself drink that much? He’s regretting all of his decisions right now. He grabs his
phone on the nightstand, the screen showing it’s 2pm and there are about 10 messages and 2 calls
from Taehyung, which he can feel it’s either going to be something embarrassing or stupid. Or both.
He decided to ignore the calls, because he has respect for a shift faced man and will let him sleep and
checks the messages first.

Taehyung [03:38]

jimiiiiiiiiinie

jimin

you guys just have nO CONTROL

shit

me and yongi almost took you home so u could finish ur business

dear lord why didnt i do this before

also are u ok?????? u were pretty hammered while going home

let me know if u need anything!!!!!!!!!!
Shit. A video? What the fuck.

He opens the file and expects something ridiculous, like him dancing wildly, but not him and Jungkook. Like that. Almost kissing. He doesn’t know whether to kill Taehyung for filming them or actually thanking him because now he has proof that was real and not something made up from his mind. How Jungkook felt under his touch, the way Jungkook caressed him… he has come to a conclusion he’s fucked. Yep. He needs to kiss Jungkook or he’ll go insane. He tosses his phone aside and doesn’t bother with leaving his friend on read.

Jumping (or more, almost crawling) out of bed, he goes to the bathroom, stopping by the mirror in the sink. His hair is a mess and he kinda managed to remove his makeup last night (better than sleeping with it on) but he smells, he’s not gonna lie. So he takes a nice warm bath to shake the zombie feeling out of him and treats his face with some special creams cost about an arm and a leg to buy (not forgetting to brush his teeth too).

He goes for his most comfy clothes, sweatpants and a light blue hoodie, along with fluffy socks (his feet gets cold easily, okay?!). He doesn’t do much to his hair so it dried naturally and it’s all fluffy and his cheeks are pink from the hot shower. Chocolate trails after him quietly, feeling that his owner is not in the mood for playing today.

His stomach feels too sick so he just prepares some green tea (also helps the bloating from all the alcohol last night) and is about to sit on the couch and watch Netflix all day long when a knock on the door interrupts his thoughts. Right, Taehyung must have found out he’s awake and now came here to tease him even further.

Quickly he reaches for the door, opening and ready to give Taehyung a lecture. But instead, he’s taken aback by the fluffy hair, big nosed, doe-eyed person looking back at him.

“Taehyung, I swear to God if yo-Jungkook?”

“Hi, hyung” Jungkook bows quickly, offering a shy smile, but a smile that made Jimin heart flutter and butterflies to appear in his stomach.

**Chapter End Notes**

please leave me a comment <3 they really make my day! tell me where u think this is going :o
“Hi, hyung”

Jimin blinks at Jungkook, stunned by his appearance. It takes him a good minute to get his brain working again, to the point where Jungkook is starting to look slightly uncomfortable and regretting the decision of coming to his house.

He tries to tame his hair fluffy hair with one hand, the other tugging on the hem of his sweater. “What are you doing here?”, he asks. Suddenly he feels self-conscious and exposed, but in Jungkook’s eyes, he looks domestic, his face swollen and undone hair, cheeks pink and flaws bare (not that Jimin has any, but it’s nice to have a proof that he’s actually real and not an angel).

“Ah, Taehyung hyung was worried if you got home well and sent me to check up on you, because he’s busy with Yoongi” Jungkook replies, making a disgusted face when referring to the way Taehyung is busy. Which is like, only half true. He actually pleaded Tae for Jimin’s address, he just had to see him again after last night. Taehyung is always busy with Yoongi and he’s worried about Jimin, sure, so he traded Jimin’s address for a raincheck on a favor from Jungkook.

He looks down at the container in his hand and Jimin follows his motion, noticing how good his hands actually look. “And I brought the best soup for hangovers!” he shoves the container at Jimin’s direction and the other takes the container with a smile on his face, handling it with care.

“Thank you, Kook-ah. That’s sweet of you, I appreciate it” he simply says because his heart is softer than any melted butter right now. The boy in front of him is the sweetest and Jimin wants to be hungover every day it that causes Jungkook to show up on his doorstep then. “I guess you could say I went a little overboard” he chuckles but stops as soon as he remembers the implications of that, of yesterday, of them.

Jungkook awkwardly coughs and laughs, “Ha-ha me too I guess you’re well then I’ll get going bye
Jiminie-hyung” he blurts out the phrase, already moving to get going. Jimin feels a bit desperate, he’s not going to let Jungkook slip through his fingers again. He grabs Jungkook’s wrist, stopping him and begs. “Please, stay for a while”.

So Jungkook does.

Jimin’s apartment is extremely well curated, in Jungkook’s opinion. It’s a bit messy (he’s glad for that because his apartment is terrible) but there are decorations everywhere, little things that just scream Jimin at your face. It’s super bright as well, white walls and beige and grey furniture. But the best thing is probably the dog, Chocolate. Chocolate is an absolute sweetheart and is stretched on his lap, enjoying some belly rubs that Jungkook just can’t deny (who does that?). He can’t help but giggle like a child, he has always wanted his own dog but his apartment doesn’t allow more than one pet, which is a bummer, but at least he has Mickey (Hoseok’s dog) to play with.

He watches Jimin return from the kitchen with a dumb smile on his face because he looks so tiny, and cuddly while wearing that giant sweater it makes him wanna scream. And God, his bare face. His cheeks look flushed, the skin soft and overall gives him an...angelic appearance. Domestic. Waking up next to fluffy Jimin is on Jungkook’s “top 5 things he wants to do with Jimin” list, after kiss, of course.

Jimin settles down next to him on the couch, cute little finger wrapped around a bowl of soup. The soup is actually Hoseok’s recipe - he has dealt with drunk Jungkook many times, so every time the younger claims he’s going out for drinks, Hoseok makes sure to prepare some. Jungkook is grateful that Hoseok is an angel in his life too.

He looks to Jimin with curious eyes, while the silver-haired eats the first spoonful of soup. Jimin hums in approval, turning with Jungkook with wide eyes.

“Oh my god this is so good!” he speaks as he eats more of the soup.

Jungkook offers him a smug smile. “Right? I call this Hobi-hyung’s magic soup for hangovers. It’s the only thing that manages to get me feeling well”.

Jimin grabs another spoonful but instead of eating, offers it to Jungkook, who looks at him with questioning eyes.

“Aish, I wanna share some with you, it’s not fair I get to eat and you not” he shoves the spoon closer to Jungkook, careful to not spill hot soup all over them.

He politely declines, after all, he did bring this to Jimin and he has plenty of soup at home, but Jimin is not having that. He pouts, jutting out his bottom lip and whines, making Jungkook’s heart clench because it’s so damn cute.
“Fine” Jimin huffs “if you’re not eating, I won’t eat too” and places the bowl on his lap.

It’s obvious Jungkook is whipped and with just a bat of eyelashes, Jungkook would go and fetch the moon if Jimin asked him too. So he gives in.

“Okay, okay, I’ll have some hyung”

Jimin’s face brightens in an instant, eyes forming the most beautiful curves. Jungkook goes for the spoon but Jimin swats his hands away, feeding Jungkook instead. It feels oddly intimate and tender, but Jungkook likes it. He likes the way Jimin is focusing on his face - on his lips wrapping around the spoon. He pulls off licking his lips, letting out a satisfied hum. Looking at Jimin, he notices the older looks even redder now.

They finish up eating quickly, Jimin struggling against Jungkook because he wouldn’t make the older stop laughing and he almost spilled soup all over his couch twice. Chocolate got annoyed with their bickering and jumped down to the floor, leaving them be.

“Can we watch a movie?” Jimin asks, while stretched out on the couch, patting his belly full of warm food. Jungkook agrees, a movie sounds nice. He feels warm and fuzzy next to Jimin, comfortable, he really doesn’t feel like moving any time soon.

He watches as the movie stars on the screen and he turns to Jimin with an incredulous look. “Toy Story 3? Really?”

“What?” Jimin's giggles, half embarrassed “It’s my favorite movie, that’s all” he mumbles while averting his gaze and Jungkook wants to reach over, grab his cheeks and just coo at him.

Without thinking, he reaches out to touch Jimin’s tiny hand resting on the couch. “Don’t worry hyung, Iron Man is my favorite movie” he offers a consolating look. Jimin laughs, and Jungkook makes it a goal to be the reason behind his smile every day.

He doesn’t know how did the two get closer on the couch, but a little bit after the middle of the movie, he feels Jimin’s dead weight leaning into his shoulder. He looks over and sees a pouty Jimin sleeping, legs tucked into his chest in the most adorable way. It’s such a precious pose that Jungkook wants to take a picture of it, but as an afterthought, he deems that too creepy. He lets Jimin nuzzle into him and from this proximity he can smell Jimin’s shampoo, a fruity scent. Jungkook believes that everyone has their own scent and Jimin’s makes him think of vanilla ice cream, sunny days and a lazy afternoon in bed while reading a book. Just perfect.

After debating with himself for a little bit, he decides to leave, because life goes on and he still has a 10-page essay to write. Jimin’s still fast asleep and he doesn’t want to fuck that up, so he moves in slow motion, supporting Jimin’s head with his hands while sliding off the couch, laying Jimin down gently. The older stirs and curls up in a ball, little fists resting next to his head. Jungkook squeals because he looks so tiny and the perfect little spoon.

He looks around the room, scanning for something to cover Jimin with. He finds none, so he decides to take off his coat and cover Jimin with it instead. He places it gently over him, kneeling down on the floor next to the couch. Running his fingers delicately over Jimin’s hair, he places a kiss on his forehead, whispering “sleep well, Jiminie-hyung”. Jimin lets out a sigh, his bottom lip slightly pouting. Jungkook admires his features, his lashes, the button nose, the perfect skin and the droopy cheeks squishing his pout and he’s fucking whipped. He decides to snap a quick pic just for safekeeping (because he is wearing his coat! Well, not really wearing but it’s something) and leaves, softly closing the door. He steps outside, takes a deep breath and prays that his heart doesn’t explode from the adoration he feels.
“Hey Hobi-hyung” Jungkook greets, finally entering their apartment after the walk from Jimin’s place. He wasn’t very lucky, a light rain started to fall and he did get soaked a bit, no matter how fast he tried to run.

Hoseok’s focused eyes leave the TV to meet his and he quickly gives Jungkook a once over. “Aish, what happened to your coat, Kook?” he shakes his head in disapproval. “Do I have to be your mom and make sure you don’t lose your things now too?” he laughs.

Jungkook moves over to the couch, unlocking his phone and shoving it in his hyung’s face. It’s the picture of Jimin curled up on the couch, with his coat. “No, look!” he shakes the phone for emphasis. “Isn’t he so cute hyung? God you should see the way he was curled up. He’s so tiny!” the younger is half whining and half-exclaiming by now, his free hand moving in the air trying to signal something.

The orange haired swats Jungkook’s hand away, rolling his eyes, “Gross, you’re such a creep Jungkook. Taking photos of him while sleeping AND in his own house”. He averts his gaze back to the TV.

Jungkook clicks his tongue, storing his phone away. He decides to go take a hot shower soon and avoid getting a cold, but not before teasing Hoseok once again. “You’re just jealous you got nobody to love, hyung!” he speaks as he moves towards the bathroom.

“YOU BRAT!” he hears Hoseok exclaim and feels a pillow hitting the wall next to where he was just standing. He has to stifle his laugh and replies back, “you know it’s true! But you still have me, hyung!” before turning on the shower.

The next time they see each other is when Jimin walks into the store, cutely clutching Jungkook’s coat in his arms. Jungkook, looking as handsome as ever, is leaning on the counter and talking to Taehyung about something. It’s cute how his eyes are blown wide, nose wrinkling while talking excitedly, Jimin smiles to himself. He heads towards them, the two stopping the conversation to greet him. Taehyung offers his normal, loud and affectionate hi, while Jungkook gives him a shy nod and smile.

“Here, Jungkook-ah” he offers the coat back to Jungkook, ignoring the raised-eyebrow look Taehyung gives him. “Thank you, you are too sweet” he squeezes Jungkook’s forearm with one hand and Jungkook’s eyes seem to double up in size. From the corner of his eye, he can see Taehyung trying not to laugh. He tries his best not to roll his eyes at that.
Jungkook scratches his nape with one hand (a nervous habit, Jimin picked up on that from admiring him too much) and takes the coat in hands. He flashes Jimin his bunniest smile (fuck, Jimin feels his heart tug at that) and nods. “No problem hyung, the important thing is that you’re rested now” he squeezes the coat closer to him. Jimin hopes he can smell the perfume he might or might not have sprayed on the coat, just to give back to Jungkook with his scent. Okay, it does sound a little bit extreme and crazy but since Jungkook liked his perfume so much last time, he wants to tease him back with it.

As soon as Jungkook leaves to the backroom to store the coat away, Taehyung turns to him and he looks like he might explode soon if he doesn’t say everything he needs to say. Jimin tries to stop him.

“Don’t ev-”

“What the fuck was that, hmm, Jiminnie?”

“That was nothing, Tae” Jimin scoffs.

“What do you mean nothing? You had his coat! Did you guys finish what you started at the club?” The taller wiggles his eyebrows at Jimin, crossing his arms.

“God, no- I fell asleep on the couch”

“Oh, well-” Taehyung looks disappointed “what a bummer, but I can get you some things to give you energy through activities, if you know what I mean” aaand normal Taehyung behavior is back.

“Jesus, Taehyung! We’re not having this kind of conversation in the middle of the store” Jimin whispers-yell, storming off to his station.

Taehyung is left behind, laughing so hard he has to double over and rest his forehead on the counter. It turns out knowing the truth makes teasing them both a thousand times funnier.

The rest of the day goes smoothly with Jin dropping by at the end of their shift and making them do restock work. It makes everyone groans, it’s definitely not the most exciting part about working on retail, to be quite honest. Taehyung is left with organizing their backroom and cleaning the counter, while Jungkook and Jimin take care of their areas and Jin supervises the rest.

Jungkook quickly finishes his part, knowing where everything is from the back of his hand. He sees Jimin struggling with having too many products to organize - there are so many types and they’re all so tiny, why - so in an act of bravery (or maybe trying to be Jimin’s superhero) he makes his way towards him, ready to help.

He crouches down next to Jimin and starts grabbing some products from the box (he has no idea what they are) and Jimin gives him a weird look.

“What are you doing, Kook-ah?” he asks, a hint of amusement in his voice. The nickname makes
Jungkook’s heart flutter.

“I’m helping you, hyung”

Jimin looks a bit taken aback by the gesture, but soon the look in his eyes melt into something fond. “Thank you” he whispers back and both get shy at the proximity, at how gentle is the action between them. Both fall into silence and get to work diligently, Jimin being an ace and knowing exactly where everything should go, while Jungkook is only matching the product in hand to a similar box on the shelves.

He quickly finds out that there’s a whole rainbow and spectrum colors and types of things - his personal favorite is definitely the crazy, shocking colors of eyeshadow. So he is a bit slow, because his curiosity is making him take his time and figure out how the hell did they manage to get such a beautiful, red lipstick shade inside a tube. He probably looks like a 5-year-old now, inspecting the object really close and twirling the tube in his hand.

Jimin stopped restocking to watch him, with the biggest grin on his face. It’s cute, the way Jungkook’s mouth hangs open and his eyes get even bigger and he looks completely, utterly soft. He wants to try that shade on himself, see if Jungkook looks at him the way he’s looking at the tube of lipstick. So he walks over, snatching the lipstick from Jungkook’s hand and the other looks like his bubble was burst.

“That’s really such a pretty shade, Kook! I’m going to try it on, I’ve been dying to get this” he explains, walking towards the mirror on the wall. Of course, it’s a brand new lipstick so he will end up buying it because he’s using it, he has been wanting this shade for a quite a while but Jungkook is just the push he really needs.

He untwists the cap, puckering his lips slightly and starts applying the color, making sure the edges are right and crisp. Jungkook watches in awe, the color taking over Jimin’s plump lips, staining them with the representation of sinfulness. Red is his favorite color - but now, he might have found a favorite place for his favorite color. On Jimin’s lips.

Jimin turns to him a proud smirk on his face, taking steps until he’s toe to toe with Jungkook. The younger can’t do anything else but gape at him, taking in the beauty that is in front of him. Jimin looks into his eyes, tilting his head up (the size difference, too cute for Jungkook to handle) and asks him, a mischievous glint flashing behind his eyes.

“Doesn’t it look good, Kook-ah?”

It looks fucking amazing, that’s what he feels like saying. You look like a God because your beauty is not real he has the urge to scream. They’re close and he can see how perfect his skin look, how easy it would be to lean in and finally taste him like he deserves. And how hard he is staring and craving Jimin’s lips.

The other runs his tongue along the seam of his own lips, still waiting for an answer. And Jungkook wants to die. On impulse, his right hand comes in touch with Jimin’s face, so gently cupping his cheeks. His thumb softly erases the little smudge on lipstick Jimin got on the corner of his lips and the movement is so slow, so gentle that the world almost stops.

“You had a little bit of lipstick there” he explains when he sees Jimin’s alarmed face, because they were not supposed to touch like this, Jimin was not supposed to want envelope his thumb with his mouth or neither he was supposed to want Jungkook to hold him like this a little bit more, a little bit closer.
Jungkook’s gaze flickers from his lips to his eyes.

“You look...pretty, hyung”

Jimin wants to grab him by his shirt and kiss him right there, the store be damned. They look into each other’s eyes and it’s intense, they should break apart, but it’s a magnet that keeps pulling both of them in.

That is, until Jin screams from the background “yah, keep the PDA to a minimum!” and shatters their little moment.

Both scramble quickly, Jungkook removing his hand and making a beeline to the bathroom with his head ducked down (he just needs to cool down after that) and Jimin quietly goes back to restocking. They don’t speak anymore until it’s time to close down and say bye. Taehyung stays on the sideline analyzing their awkwardness and Jimin can feel that he will have at least some questions from him to answer later.

At night, Jungkook needs to take two showers before sleeping, one after getting home and one after thinking about Jimin too much, especially how those red lips would feel marking him up and wrapped around his cock.

Chapter End Notes

please leave me a comment :o
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

jimin makes a move

Chapter Notes

this is a little bit shorter but super, super sweet <3
also not proofread yet, i'll come back later to do so!

Taehyung, Jimin, and Jungkook are currently pretending they are so not spying Jin. There’s something wrong with their system, again. So Namjoon comes in, ready to save them all from the doom of not knowing shit about technology. Namjoon is a nice guy - he’s tall and polite, always offering them the sweetest, embarrassed smile. Sometimes his fashion choices are rather questionable, but their own store uniform is not that much better either.

If Namjoon is around, Jin is around and that’s a given fact. Namjoon is good at what the does, he really is; but just as good as he is with his work, he’s equally clumsy. One time he managed to hit a bottle of perfume on the shelf and the whole thing fell and shattered, Jungkook almost screamed and mourned that bottle of expensive goodness for hours, but Jin let it slide with a fond smile on his face and a dismissive wave of the hand.

The trio of maknaes, out of respect, pretend that they did not notice how Jin looked at himself at every mirror around the store every five minutes, to see if he was looking just right. He even wore his nice jeans and his black dress shirt - which the youngers have only seen him wear in extremely crucial and important occasions. Jin even asked Jimin to fix him up with a little bit of concealer and such, with the excuse of ‘trying out the new products he ordered for the store’. Jimin gave him a knowing look that the other ignored, but happily complied nonetheless.

Taehyung was exiled from the counter, so he kept pacing around Jimin’s area. Jungkook stayed close to his, but often their eyes would meet in quick, shy glances. The three watched as Namjoon entered the store, politely greeting everyone. They watched how Jin jumped a little, but soon led him to the problematic computer. Namjoon asking the basic questions - when did the problem start, that kind of stuff - and how his eyes kept firmly on Jin’s. Or sometimes Jin would gently touch his forearm while they laugh over something funny.

It doesn’t take long for the job to be done, so Jin leads Namjoon to the door. Before he goes, Namjoon stops and starts to fish something out of his pocket. He grasps a scribbled, little bit crumpled paper, and hands it over to Jin.

“Uh-” he tries to smooth out the paper, but it’s already too wrinkled. “Just call me when it happens again. This is my phone, no need to call the company. It’ll be quicker”. A blush starts to take over his cheeks and his dimples appear even more in his embarrassed face.
The maknaes share a surprised look.

Jin seems frozen, stunned in place, but graciously takes the paper from the other’s hand. He looks at the number scribbled and back at Namjoon, who is looking a little bit uncomfortable with the extra three pair of eyes looking at their exchange. Jin smiles so warmly, even more so, before ensuring Namjoon that he definitely will and thanks him for today again.

When he turns back, paper still in hand, he comes across three faces that are either ready to burst out laughing or tease him. He doesn’t even give him the chance to do so, already warning the trio. “If any of you say a word, you’re on bathroom duty today”

The three remain silent, staring at each other. With that, Jin grabs his things and leaves, smiling at himself and the paper. As soon as he steps out the door, he can hear the giggles bursting from the inside of the store and he can’t help but roll his eyes at that.

+ 

It became a thing for Jimin and Jungkook have lunch together, because most of the times Taehyung would mysteriously disappear to do something else. The weather was hot and stuffy outside, meaning that there were kids and teenagers running all over the mall with ice cream in hand, trying to escape the scorching sun.

The sight made both crave ice cream, completing their junk food fest (they had hamburgers for lunch, Jungkook almost died at how cute Jimin’s tiny hands were holding the wrapping). Jimin tugged on his arm, dragging him to the nearest McDonald’s stand. He memorized Jimin’s order - an M&M’s McFlurry with vanilla ice cream - for future good boyfriend reference. He wanted to pay for Jimin, but that would feel a bit awkward considering this is not a date at all. So he quietly orders his ice cream cone, thinking that one day he might be able to do so.

They decide to take a little stroll while eating, they had a few minutes to spare until the break was over. Jungkook whips his head to where he hears Jimin gasp and finds the silver-haired almost touching his nose this store’s glass. He scoots closer, curious to see what’s marveling Jimin too. Looking at the display, there’s an array of accessories, from rings to necklaces and bracelets. The older sees a fan of wearing those, hands never adorned with less than 5 rings.

It is really pretty, Jungkook thinks, but his eyes are now focused on Jimin’s profile instead.

“Look, isn’t that one so pretty?” Jimin says, tiny finger pointed to a necklace. It’s a simple silver chain, with a pendant of the moon that is made out of Opal. Jungkook thinks it would contrast beautifully against Jimin’s pale skin. He hums in agreement.

Jimin deflates when he sees the price tag, muttering something about some things being way too overpriced and starts walking away. Jungkook makes sure to memorize the store’s name while he goes after Jimin.
The movement through the mall is dying down, people slowly making their way back home after a
day of shopping. It was fairly busy - one of those days that Jungkook just gets dizzy from all the
scents he has to spray. He really can’t wait to get home and dive his face into his fresh, just washed
linen and just breathe the cleanliness again. Even Taehyung, who’s mostly cool and composed, looks
like he just wants to face plant on the floor.

Slowly they’re getting everything clean and ready, thankful for the fact that the weeks is ending
soon. It’s quiet work, no one has the energy anymore to do anything else than that. Tae is done with
his tasks quickly and looks so done and asks Jungkook if he could close the store that night so he can
escape a few minutes early to go to Yoongi’s. Taehyung is a great friend (when he’s not teasing him)
and he deserves that. He hasn’t been able to hang out with Yoongi, making him walk around like a
dim star. Jungkook says yes, he sees the tiredness in Taehyung’s eyes and the pleading in his voice.
Taehyung gives the best tired smile that he can, before slipping away and throwing a bye over his
shoulder to Jimin as well.

Jungkook is focused discarding some used scent sample papers when he hears a squeal coming from
where Jimin is. He looks over and the smaller is twisting his hand in the air, watching some gold
stuff twinkle beneath the harsh lights. Jungkook can see how much he enjoys this, the makeup,
because his eyes are shining as much as the stuff on his hands. As if Jimin senses he’s being
watched, he stops what he’s doing and puts on his sweetest smile.

“Kook-ah~~, come here” he sings.

He obeys, dropping everything to come closer to the older. Jimin extends his hands, so he’s able to
see what is on it. Jungkook wants to take his hand into his and intertwine their fingers, but he
doesn’t.

“Look, this came in today, isn’t it sooo pretty?” Jimin almost groans.

“It looks nice hyung, even though I don’t know what it for” he replies, giving Jimin an apologetic
look.

Jimin hums. “Ah, this is eyeshadow! Can I pretty pretty please try out on you?” he starts pouting,
putting his bottom lip. “I really wanna see how it looks on the eyes and I already have my
makeup on so I don’t wanna ruin my work”.

Jungkook gulps.

First, he has never worn eyeshadow besides his tragic year at attempting being punk and a lot of
ruined black eyeliners later, and his current skills only allow him to go as far as BB cream. Second,
Jimin could melt him into a puddle from those puppy eyes he’s giving him and it drives him crazy.
He says yes anyway.

Jimin flashes a warm smile and goes to select the materials he needs while Jungkook sits on a stool,
with his legs spread. He watches as Jimin picks out everything, handling each product with care. The
silver-haired comes back to him, setting everything out on a little table next to them. His heart does a
thousand flips inside in chest in anticipation and he wasn’t expecting the way Jimin slots himself in
between his legs, looking at him with such adoration.
“You have such a pretty skin, Jungkook-ah, it’s not even fair” he notes, brushing a thumb over the smooth skin of Jungkook’s red cheek. It feels intimate, the way Jimin’s eyes are intense and focused on him so up close. Jungkook tries to look away, but he just can’t. He manages to blush even more, mumbling a ‘thanks’.

“Okay, do you mind if I powder your face a little bit first?”

“Of course not, hyung”

Jimin nods. He grabs a fluffy face brush and a jar of loose powder, twisting the lid open. He dips his brush in carefully and give it a little tap to the edge of the jar to get rid on any excess. With one hand one Jungkook’s chin, he lifts his chin so his head is leaning back. Then he softly starts powdering the face, with featherlight movements.

It feels much softer on his skin than he expected, like little butterflies kisses all over his face. Jimin’s engrossed face is really beautiful to watch, the way his brows furrow and unfurrow when he gets something to be just right. He’s actually a little jealous of Jimin’s clients now, getting their makeup done and having the pleasure to look at his beautiful face for a long time.

Once done, Jimin steps back to grab the eyeshadow and other brushes. He ends up tripping over his own feet (he does that a lot, it’s amazing) when coming back and almost toppling over Jungkook, who ends up catching him by his hips. He steadies him with his hands and Jimin uses Jungkook’s shoulder for some stability. They make eye contact and Jimin blushes, ducking his head down and whispering an embarrassed ‘sorry’. Jungkook assures him that it’s okay.

Jimin gets so work again, asking Jungkook to close his eyes (he’s a bit reluctant, he doesn’t want to miss a second of that beauty) and just relax. He doesn’t comment on how Jungkook is still holding his hips so tightly, or how their legs are brushing. He doesn’t show a reaction when Jungkook starts making circles patterns on his skin with his thumbs.

They just stay like that, in silence, with the mall’s fading music in the background. Jungkook enjoying the gentleness of Jimin’s touch and Jimin enjoying the warmth of Jungkook’s closeness.

While doing the younger’s makeup, Jimin thinks about a lot of things. On how Jungkook is indescribably dashing, how his heart is so kind and his face makes him look like a baby but at the same time he is just as intense as a tidal wave. How his heart yearns for him and he can’t hold in any longer. How Taehyung looks so happy with Yoongi and he wants that too.

Jimin sets everything down and exclaims done, making Jungkook open his eyes. And when he does, God, is like a royal prince is staring right back at him. Jimin believes in makeup bringing out the best features in someone’s face, and he is right. Jungkook’s eyes - those deep, shiny orbs - look beautiful and soft with eyeshadow on and his gaze is so fond that Jimin might cry. He steps out so Jungkook can get up and see himself in the mirror (what he really wants is to keep Jungkook’s hands on his body the whole night).

“So..do you like it?” he asks, eyeing Jungkook’s reaction of himself.

“Wow” the younger exclaims, getting closer to the mirror. “I look..beautiful even if I make an ugly face like this” he says, making a derp face to himself that has Jimin laughing so hard he almost falls (again).

“Well, I’m good at what I do” Jimin winks at Jungkook. “Also, you look pretty all the time, Kook-ah”. 
Jimin is not going to hold himself back anymore now. Jungkook looks like he’s about to reply something, but there’s an announcement through the speakers that the mall is closing down soon. So they both just scramble to manage to wrap up quickly.

They’re both standing outside the closed store, ready to say goodbye. Or at least, that’s what they should be doing anyway. It’s a bit awkward, they just have to say bye and go separate ways but they can’t. Both look like they wanna say something, like they need to do something so this tension dissipates. Jimin wants to rip his hair out in frustration.

“I’ll see you Monday then, have a good weekend hyung” Jungkook says, a little deflated, while brushing the hair on the back of his head.

Jungkook looks so beautiful under the low lights that when he starts to walk away, Jimin chooses to throw his fucks out of the window and grabs his arm to stop him. He comes closer and tiptoes until he reaches eye level and leans forward, gives Jungkook a peck on the very corner of his mouth. It’s lightning quick - he doesn’t want to fuck it up - but it makes a turmoil of feelings inside his stomach.

In two seconds it’s over and he back away, saying “bye, Jungkookie” with the biggest smile on his face. Jungkook is frozen in place, eyes (still with the makeup on) twice the normal size staring back at him. Jimin leaves then, not being able to face his reaction. His bravery died down and he’s now too shy to do anything else (only scream because Jungkook’s lips are really soft and he really really wants to give him a proper kiss).

After a few minutes walking his curiosity gets the best of him and he glances back quickly and sees Jungkook still there, fingers touching where they just had kissed. Jimin smiles so hard at all the way back home that his cheeks start to hurt.

Jungkook, on the other hand, starts to do a victory dance on the spot, almost screaming to the world that his beautiful crush just kissed him. He feels like a little kid, blushing and touching his lips repeatedly, but the kiss was perfectly sweet and the twinkle in Jimin’s eyes, like nothing he’s ever seen before. And ah, his lips, those lips that just he has dreamed about every night since the day they’ve met.

This gives Jungkook just the confidence boost he needs, so he fishes out his phone from his pocket, calling the contact with the name “little shit”.

“What do you need, Kook?” a deep, sleepy voice asks.

“Hyung, I need your help. I’m going to ask Jiminie-hyung out”.

“ Took you long enough, Jesus” Taehyung almost screams and Jungkook can hear Yoongi’s giggles in the background.

Jungkook wants to roll his eyes at that, but nothing, not even a storm while walking home could ruin his mood. Jimin wanted to kiss him - and he wants nothing but to do that for the rest of eternity too.
we're getting there! i might add an extra chapter (6 in total) because i decided to add more stuff before the smut sooo keep an eye out for that ;}
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

jungkook is brave enough to ask jimin out. jimin is bold too, but in another aspect. ;)

Chapter Notes

don’t kill me but full smut will be in the next chapter

but don't worry, you'll still get some pretty good action on this chapter ;)

this chapter was powered by hope world honestly i cannot stop listening to it

See the end of the chapter for more notes

God must really be laughing at Jimin’s face right now. His day started by waking up late and consequently arriving late at work (which earned him the pleasure of having to close down the store on his own), he had to deal with a rude lady that was scowling at him the whole time for being a man with makeup on (seriously?!), his lunch order came messed up but the worst of it all was the fact that Jungkook was on sick leave for the day, which added extra bitterness to his mood.

They hadn’t spoken to each other since their half kiss, so in part, Jimin is worried that Jungkook is doing this to avoid him and the other part wants to run to Jungkook’s house and just baby him until he is all well. His mind kept drifting to that bunny smile during the whole day but now he just wants to go home, wipe his makeup off and just take a nice, relaxing bath. With one last sigh, Jimin puts on his coat and turns off all the lights, heading off to the door with the key in hand. Locking everything up, he turns around, already dreaming of his bed, but ends up startled when he bumps into a very healthy, beautiful Jungkook who’s holding flowers in his hand.

“Hey, hyung”

“Jungkook? What are you doing here, aren’t you sick?” Jimin snuggles closer to him, voice laced with worry.

“Well, not really” Jimin looks at him with confusion written all over his face and the younger scrambles to explain.

“I got these for you, and please, just listen to me because I don’t really know when will I ever have the guts to do this again”, Jimin accepts the flowers gently in awe, because they are truly beautiful. It’s a bouquet of Fairy roses, a pretty soft shade of pink painting the petals, enveloped by golden paper and pink ribbon. Breathtaking. He can’t help but smell them a little bit.

He nods, giving the younger the go ahead. Jungkook exhales, wiping his sweaty hands on the back of his jeans.

“Jiminnie-hyung, there’s no other way to put it other than I like you. You’re beautiful, more than the
most complicated constellation in the sky, that most of the time I don’t even know how to behave in front of you without looking like an idiot. But I like you, your kindness, your determination, I even like Chocolate too-”, he chuckles in nervousness, “and I like how you make me feel. And how much I want to get to know you, so. Will you go out with me?”

He finishes with a big breath, clamping his mouth shut and intertwining his finger in front of him, nervousness taking over him as he awaits the response. Jimin blinks, as he tries to process everything that just happened. He can only watch with fond eyes the boy in front of him, chewing the inside of his sick in nervousness, as his heart grows bigger and bigger at the sight. Even under these crappy, harsh lights, Jungkook beams. Even when all he wants is to go home and relax, the one thing on his mind right now is the boy in front of him. Of course he’d get him the prettiest flowers, the most delicate ones, of course he’d already know how to melt his heart in one look. There’s no other answer in mind.

“No” he replies, moving until they’re chest to chest.

He looks up to Jungkook through his bangs and he can see the peek of a bunny smile coming through and he carefully places one hand on the younger’s shoulder for support and tiptoes until he reaches higher, placing a gentle kiss on his cheek. “A thousand times yes” he giggles, pulling back.

A wave of relief washes over Jungkook, making him smile until his eyes are all wrinkled and you can pretty much see all the teeth in his mouth. He cups Jimin’s cheek with one hand, looking into his eyes.

“Can I walk you home?”

Jimin is breathless by being this close to him. “Please”.

The whole way home they giggle to themselves like little kids, fingers shily and loosely linked as they brush against each other, both too scared of proper holding hands being too much, too soon right now. While walking, Jimin’s wishes for a bath and bed slowly are replaced by wanting to have the younger closer, closer, until their heartbeats are in sync.

After exchanging numbers (finally), they settle for going out to the carnival fair that is in town that week. Neither have a car so they would just meet there, by the entrance, though Jungkook said he’d borrow Hoseok’s car Jimin asked him to. The silver-haired, now in front of his closet, faces The Classic Dilemma: what should he wear. He doesn’t wanna overdo it but at the same time look like he put in an effort. He gives it some thought, toying with the ideas and running his hands over his clothes on the hangers until he pulls out a perfect, black knit sweater. Comfy, cozy and pretty. He pairs it with jeans and dress shoes, making him look casual-but-pretty-for-you. He doesn’t bother doing much to his face, only a BB cream and a smidge of eyeshadow on the corner of his eyes, also leaving his hair to rest on his forehead naturally.

Tonight, he isn’t Makeup Artist Jimin, he isn’t Worker Jimin, he’s just him and just for Jungkook.
When Jimin lays his eyes on Jungkook, he panics for a second because this is real, this is not their flirting anymore, this is a real date and pretty much make it or break it. But with every stride, his heart thumps harder inside his chest, eyes melting at the smile he’s welcomed with. Jungkook looks dashing - ripped jeans, plaid shirt with a jeans jacket on top.

Totally, utterly boyfriend material, Jimin thinks.

It’s not half as awkward as Jimin think it would be, they fall into easy, comfortable conversation in two minutes. They go around on all the rides they can - Jungkook swore he wouldn’t get dizzy in the Viking Ship ride, only ending up to have Jimin to carry him to sit down after exiting. Jungkook fights Jimin so he could pay for cotton candy, giving in to the big pout Jimin gives him with a huff and ‘fine, as long as I can pick the color’. Jimin giggles and shove a piece of it in his mouth, making Jungkook turn as pink as the cotton candy in his tongue.

The smaller gasps as they walk by a booth, tugging on Jungkook’s sleeve as he points to the cutest kitty plushie.

“T’ll win it for you, hyung” Jungkook says with such confidence, puffing out his chest that makes Jimin laugh.

“I know you will, Kook-ah. Here, a kiss for good luck” the older says as he gets on his tiptoes to peck Jungkook’s cheek.

The other nods, making his way to the vendor and buying god knows how many tickets. It’s a basic shooting game, just hit the ducks that roll around the panel. It’s not as easy and it looks, Jungkook is probably on his second or third trial now, beginning to look a little mad at the game. He’s so focused on winning, brows furrowed, that he doesn’t even notice Jimin filming him from the sidelines, giggling quietly to himself. When he finally wins, he busts a crazy little dance, looking around to find his cute date. When their eyes meet, the smile of both of them just grows bigger.

At some point after that, they don’t notice when, their hands clasped together, fingers intertwined and Jungkook’s thumb slowly caressing Jimin’s palm. The younger leads him to the Ferris Wheel, Jimin feeling all warm inside from the proximity. They wait in line a little bit and Jimin doesn’t feel one ounce of shame in leaning into Jungkook and cuddling him. Jungkook coos at him because he looks adorable while holding a plush toy, he wanted to feel embarrassed, but all it did was heat up his cheeks.

They manage to snag a booth just the two of them, sliding into seat until their thighs touch. Their city landscape is nothing amazing to look at, but Jimin can appreciate the twinkling lights from above, blinking in several different colors. He can see people below enjoying the fair, couples, families, a group of friends taking pictures.

Once they are almost halfway up, Jungkook nudges him, wanting attention. He turns to him, eyes dropping to the small, golden box the younger carries in his hands.

“Ah, hyung, I got you this” Jungkook barely manages to say, voice dripping with nervousness. Before Jimin can get alarmed, he explains, trying to light up the mood. “And it’s not a ring or anything, don’t worry. Just...open it?”

Jimin takes the box into his hands, looking at Jungkook, who’s looking back at him with eagerness, one last time before opening it. As soon as the lid is lifted, he emits a gasp, wide eyes darting to look at Jungkook.

“Oh my God, how did you know?” he asks, as he lifts the necklace with his tiny fingers, bringing it
closer to his face so he can better inspect the shiny, sparkly moon pendant.

Jungkook looks extremely pleased with the response. “You looked so happy when you saw this, that I just had to give it to you”. Taking the chain from him and clasping it around Jimin’s neck, he hums in approval. “Perfect”. It looked even better than he had imagined, the necklace framing Jimin’s beauty just right.

“It’s so beautiful”, the older whispers, looking at Jungkook. Jimin doesn’t know anymore if he’s talking about the necklace or the chocolate swirls in the other’s eyes.

Jungkook shuffles closer, cupping Jimin’s cheek. He leans in, rubbing his nose against Jimin’s and the older feels his heart do a flip inside his rib cage. “It is, but not as beautiful as you”, he whispers a breath away from Jimin’s lips, giving the other some time to pull back if he wanted.

He doesn’t, so Jungkook presses their lips together in a sweet, simple kiss, his bottom lip slotted between Jimin’s soft, plush ones. It’s chaste and innocent, lasting only a few seconds before they break apart.

A smile starts tugging at the corner of Jungkook’s lips, Jimin looks back at him stunned, because among all these lights, he’s the one shining brightly. He chases Jungkook’s lips again with his own, already addicted to the feeling, the touch awakening a need inside of him.

Their lips move in sync just as their heartbeats at that moment, Jimin places a hand on Jungkook’s neck, fingers feeling the bit of soft hair there. He parts his lips so their tongues can meet and Jungkook tastes like the cotton candy they had before, Jungkook tastes like everything he was craving for, Jungkook tastes like a promise. Their tongues move slowly, passionately even, confirming that this is everything they needed.

He sighs into the kiss, especially when Jungkook tugs him closer by placing a hand on his waist, long fingers dancing over his sweater and pressing into all the right places, making him want to melt into the younger. His brain is clear of all thoughts, only focusing on the softness he senses. They kiss for long, with some pecks in between. Even with the cold, autumn wind hitting his face as they’re up in the air now, Jimin only feels warmth.

When Hoseok arrives at their apartment, he’s expecting to take a nice, hot shower to help relax his sore muscles from all the dance teaching, maybe heat up that ramen leftover since the last time he ate was hours ago. His vision of paradise is shattered when he walks through the door, toeing his shoes off, stopping on his tracks when he finds Jungkook face planting on the carpet, face buried in a pillow and Mickey lying on top of his back.

“Jungkookie, you alright?” he calls, moving to the kitchen to serve himself a glass of water.

A grunt comes from the living room, muffled by the pillow. Jungkook rolls around, revealing his face. “Hyung” he cries out, exasperated. “Is Jimin even real? I’m in love”.
Hoseok chuckles at his baby antics, shuffling closer to the younger. He’s still wearing the clothes from the date, minus the shoes that are now forgotten by the door. “I take that as the date went well, then?” he speaks as he raises an eyebrow at him.

“Well? It was perfect, hyung!”, Jungkook sits up, Mickey jumping off his back and curling up by his side instead. His brows are furrowed, wide and dreamy eyes. “He’s so pretty, God, he smells so good” he groans.

Jungkook pouts and Hoseok’s heart softens at the sight. “I like him so much, hyung. I wanna kiss him all day”.

The older kneels down next to him, placing a hand on his shoulder. “Hey, bring him here or by the studio okay? I wanna meet the cutie that snatched my big baby’s heart”, he pinches Jungkook’s cheek for emphasis.

Jungkook nods, he really wants both of them to meet one day, Hoseok is his big brother and he could never repay what he does for him. “I will, I know you’ll love him, hyung. Actually, you’ll be the best man at our wedding”.

The red-haired laughs, ruffling Jungkook’s hair before standing up. “Hey, how do you feel about some take out?”

“You’re buying, hyung”

“Brat”.

When Jimin and Jungkook tell Taehyung about them officially dating, surprisingly, he doesn’t make any dirty comments or crack any jokes, he simply hugs them both and tells them how happy he is. Taehyung would push limits and tease them very often, but deep down all he wanted was to see his friends happy. And he sees that now in the twinkle in Jimin’s eyes when he looks at Jungkook, who’s equally love-struck as the other.

He only demands that they finally have a double date, an official one. They decide to get together on Yoongi’s apartment, which is the biggest of the four of them, for drinks and games. Taehyung gets so excited that he calls Yoongi right away to tell the news, which the older replies “I’m not surprised”.

Then Saturday rolls around and they’re ready for their first gay hangout, as Taehyung calls. Jimin is in the kitchen with Yoongi and him, sitting on the counter while watching them make some drinks and snacks. He already started with light drinking, just a beer for now. He won’t say no to his beloved alcohol, not when he’s waiting for Jungkook to arrive.

“So Jiminie, when are you going to show Jungkook your kinky side?” Taehyung speaks up and Jimin chokes on his beer.
“God, Tae, I’m not like that” he groans.

“I beg to differ my beloved Jimin, Taetae here told me all your adventures from college” Yoongi butts in, a smirk forming on his lips as Taehyung starts laughing next to him.

Jimin jumps off the counter, making his way to a giggling Taehyung, hitting him on the shoulder. “Yah, Kim Taehyung, you’re trying to die? I can believe you told him that!”

Taehyung tries to defend himself from the tiny, madman in front of him until Yoongi throws Tae under the bus.

“Hey, don’t worry, I know you take it after Taehyung. Man, you wouldn’t believe what this one is into. One time he asked me if he could—“ Taehyung scrambles to cover his mouth with his hands, eyes begging for confidentiality.

Jimin laughs at them, moving to sit down on the very inviting couch in the living room.

Jungkook arrives later, knocking on the door and trying to tame his damp hair. He had spent the whole day helping Hoseok with dance classes, running home to take a shower and come before it was too late. Taehyung opens the door, drink in hand, yelling and excited ‘Jungkook’ and pulling him into a hug. He walks in and nods to Yoongi as hi, earning a ‘sup in response from the older.

Jimin is on the couch, legs propped up, cheeks red and flushed from the alcohol he’s had so far. Jungkook observes him for a moment, heart growing fond at the sight. Jimin takes a second to see him, too engrossed in the conversation with Yoongi, until he turns with surprised eyes, crying out a ‘Jungkookie I’ve missed you’ and making grabby hands for Jungkook to come closer. He moves to the couch, leaning down to nuzzle Jimin’s hair, taking in the scent mix of strawberries and beer.

“Hi hyung” he says, placing a kiss on top of Jimin’s head and settling down next to him. Jimin moves to sit sideways on top of his lap, little legs sprawled on the couch and head resting on Jungkook’s shoulder. The younger is surprised at the action for a second, but then remember they’re boyfriends now, so he can be this close to him all he wants, so he circles Jimin’s waist with his arms and pulls him even closer.

“Here, Kookie, drink” Jimin says offering a freshly poured soju shot, and watches with expectant eyes as the younger downs the drink quickly, the liquid sliding down his throat easily. He nods in satisfaction once Jungkook is done, pecking him in the lips quickly, tasting the still lingering soju on the other’s lips. Jungkook blushes, but Jimin remains unbothered. Drunk Jimin is a shameless Jimin.

“I was just telling Jimin here about how I saw Jin the other day with a tall guy at the mall – they looked pretty cozy together” Yoongi tell him, taking a sip of his beer.

“I’m betting it’s Namjoon, honestly” speaks up Taehyung, leaning his head on Yoongi’s shoulder, taking his boyfriend’s hand into his.

Jungkook thinks so too, Jin has been weirdly giggly and on his phone a lot, barely paying attention to them when he comes around. “Hmm, maybe we should hijack his phone one day to see if they’ve been texting each other. Last time I tried to look over his phone, he almost smacked me” he adds, nuzzling Jimin’s neck. The silver-haired just laughs at the idea, nodding enthusiastically.
After some shots, some empty beer bottles, a few now-empty snack bowls they are desperately trying to beat each other in a card came, playing in pairs, Jimin and Jungkook against Yoongi and Taehyung. Jimin is a terrible player and they keep losing track of their scores, but he’s not worried about that, he has other problems in hand. Like Jimin still on his lap but keeps bouncing and moving around and Jungkook is getting a little hard. It’s embarrassing, he doesn’t want to come off as a fucking creep to his boyfriend but Jimin is oblivious to the whole thing, only holding on tighter when the younger tries to move him.

In a particularly excited bounce, Jimin slots himself on top of Jungkook’s growing erection and the younger panics, trying to move around because Jimin definitely noticed it and he doesn’t wanna get scolded, or worse, break up within a month of getting together. The older turns to him and he offers a thigh-lipped smile pleading ‘I’m sorry’, but the expression on Jimin’s face slowly morphs into an almost smirk.

“Kook-ah, I think I’m going to be sick, can you come with me to the bathroom?” he speaks up, his face doesn’t have a trace of discomfort but his eyes sparkle with an enticing glint.

They scramble towards the bathroom down the hall, Jimin dragging him along so fast while holding his hand that Jungkook needs to be careful to not trip over his own feet. The older shoves Jungkook through the door, closing it behind him with a soft click. Before Jungkook can even ask if he’s okay and what he needs, Jimin surges forwards and grabs him by the shirt, kissing him hard, insistent lips moving against his. The younger places his hand on Jimin’s hip, gently pushing him back to break the kiss.

“W-wait”

“What, Jungkookie?” Jimin asks, trailing a hand down his arm with teasing fingers.

“Weren’t you feeling sick, hyung?”

Jimin smirks, taking steps until he’s able to whisper in Jungkook’s ear, plump lips brushing against the flesh. “You think I wouldn’t notice your little problem? How much you love my ass?”, his hand starts descending from the arm, caressing the other’s stomach. “I want you, Kook-ah” he finished lightly biting Jungkook’s earlobe and the younger shudders, a soft ‘fuck’ falling past his lips.

“Now-”, the older says while turning Jungkook around, pressing him against the door. “Let me suck you off hmm? You would like that, wouldn’t you?” he palms the other’s crotch and Jungkook bites his lips at the feeling, nodding and saying an enthusiastic “Y-yeah”.

The older kisses him again with eagerness, holding Jungkook’s chin so he can open up and taste the mix of soju and beer together in their tongues. Jimin strokes him over the fabric of the jeans, ignoring his own growing erection. He’s amused by the way Jungkook is trying to not rut against his hand, at how quickly affected he gets. “Be a good boy and keep it quiet, okay? I don’t think you want the others to hear you moaning my name, babe” he whispers against the younger’s lips, taking his bottom lip in between his teeth one last time before letting it go and dropping to his knees.

Jungkook is nodding and complying with everything that’s being said, he can barely think, because Jimin, his Jimin, is about to give him the fucking blowjob of his life. Jimin nips the skin on his hip bone as his fingers undo the zipper on his pants, pulling down the pants once done. He smirks at him from where he is on the floor once he sees the strain against the tight, white boxers. Jimin presses his flattened tongue over the bulge, not teasing too much because they don’t have that much time and Jungkook’s head already spins with pleasure.
Tiny fingers undress him of his underwear, his cock springing out and standing full and flushed, tiny beads of pre-come coming out of his slit in anticipation. The silver-haired salivates at the sight, a whine coming out of his throat. “Fuck, Kookie. I can’t wait to feel you inside me, have you fuck me all night long”. Jungkook’s heart jumps just at the thought (one he had many times) of Jimin spread just for him, his hole taking him so well, the wetness and tightness making him fill him up to the brim.

Jimin wraps his fingers around the shaft and Jungkook’s head falls back with a thud at the door and he closes his eyes, because fuck, the skin on skin contact feels too good. He pumps the length a few times, thumb collecting the precome and spreading it, until he calls Jungkook with a voice dripping with honey. “Jungkook-ah...look at me”, he demands, as if he’s not about to do something so sinful as sucking cock in your friend’s bathroom. Jungkook forces his eyes open and meets Jimin’s gaze, full of lust and hunger. Jimin parts his lips, tongue rolling out of his mouth to lick the tip slightly before sucking it, making Jungkook’s knees buckle at the feeling and sight of his head disappearing inside his boyfriend’s mouth.

They keep their gaze locked as Jimin takes him even further, licking a stripe from the base up and swirling the tongue on the underside of the head, using one hand to pump him and cover what he wasn’t able to with his mouth. He manages a good rhythm, bobbing his head up and down and flicking the wrist, the other hand he uses to cup Jungkook’s balls gently, one finger caressing the perineum. Jungkook is biting his lip so hard that it almost draws blood, deciding to let him do it at his pace, but Jimin hums in approval, the vibrations hitting his cock deliciously.

Jungkook tries his best to muffle his moans and grunts, but Jimin’s tongue working on his cock feels like something out of a dream, the heat around his cock, the slurping sounds, the dribble of spit down Jimin’s chin, how Jimin is using his free hand to alleviate some of the pressure of his erection. He pulls back to breathe some air and Jimin licks his lips, smirking at him. “You taste so good, baby” he says as he keeps pumping him. The sight is so erotic that Jungkook almost cums, his boyfriend wrecked and his lips red and shiny.

The older takes him into his mouth again, giving the tip some kitten licks and tracing the veins with his tongue. “F-fuck, hyung, don’t tease me” he pleads, and Jimin only chuckles before taking him in deep, sucking around the length like it’s the most delicious thing he’s ever tasted. Jungkook feels himself close, so close, the heat pooling in his stomach. “I’m gonna cum-fuck” he manages to say while trying to guide Jimin to pull out, but the older just hums, relaxing his throat until Jungkook’s head brushes against his throat.

That alone makes Jungkook come down his boyfriend’s throat, his orgasm taking over his limbs and making his knees wobble, almost causing him to lose his balance. Jimin milks him as much as he can without making Jungkook wince with sensitivity, pulling back and opening his mouth and sticking his tongue out, showing the younger his cum that he’s about to swallow. Jungkook moans at the lewd, dirty sight, loving this erotic side of Jimin. He quickly dresses himself back, helping Jimin to get on his feet, pulling him close to him deeply kiss him.

He can taste him on his tongue but that’s okay, he just wants to make Jimin feel good too, considering the bulge pressing against his thigh, but as soon as he tries to touch him, he pulls back, shaking his head.

“Babe, we’ve spent too long here already. Just go and ask them if they have an aspirin for me or something, make something up. I’ll be right out”. Jimin kisses Jungkook one last time, before opening the door for him to leave.
Jungkook whispers ‘okay’ against his lips, even if he’s not a hundred percent happy with the fact that he can’t please Jimin back now. He steps out, body still buzzing from the rush and pleasure and one thing he’s sure now. Park Jimin will be the death of him.

Chapter End Notes

i made a twitter @meatykook! let's be friends over there!

and like, the scene of jungkook w the dog on his back? it’s totally me n my dog except im crying over BTS
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

He kisses Jimin’s head, smelling the vanilla once again, but this time, Jimin smells just like home.

Chapter Notes

she's here! (the smut is she)
(also, if there are too many mistakes i’m sorry. it's 3am rn)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Ouch, hyung. Are you trying to poke my eye out?” Jungkook complains at the eyeliner pencil roughly lining his eyes, making him almost shed tears from the irritation.

Hoseok sighs, dropping his hand. “Hush, I’m not like your makeup artist lover boy, so this is what you have to deal with for wanting to impress him and not being able to do shit. Just a little bit more, you big baby”. He finishes lining the eyes with a black liner that Hoseok had around (but never really used) and Jungkook keeps blinking nonstop, almost messing up the job.

They decided to go clubbing tonight and Jungkook wants to look more appealing, like a man. Hoseok laughed at him when he said that but decided to help him anyway. It would also be the first time he’s introducing Hobi to his boyfriend (when will he get over the fact that they’re really together now?) and other friends.

“Done!” the older smiles, dimples forming on his cheeks. “Now you look so good that he’ll want to suck you off right away. Just this time actually go home for that, bathroom stalls from clubs are nasty.”

“Hyung! That was one time, okay? God, why do I tell you everything?” he sulks, getting up to check himself out in the mirror. His hair is a bit curled and he picked out a black, button up shirt with short sleeves. Paired with black, tight jeans and low boots, he looks like a catch, he admits to himself.

“Because, my dear Jungkookie, I’m your best friend”. Hoseok moves around him, grabbing his wallet and keys from the counter. “Now, let’s go party!” he exclaims as he lightly smacks Jungkook’s ass on the way out.
Jungkook takes a sip from his water as he watches Jimin and Hoseok from the bar, fondness growing in his heart seeing both hit it off so well, so quickly. There’s some kind of EDM song playing in the background and both are engrossed in a dance battle, which ends up being more giggles and mockery than anything else. Jimin definitely dances above average, considering he doesn’t take classes and Hoseok is a pro at silliness.

If Jungkook thought he looks good tonight, Jimin is absolutely taking his breath away.

His boyfriend takes some rest as the song ends, trying to regain his breath. Jungkook watches as he wipes a drop of sweat running down his neck, stopping it before it reaches the godly, deep neckline of his shirt. His thighs flex under the big rips in his jeans, exposing the tan skin. The necklace around his neck twinkles beautifully under the lights, contrasting perfectly with the white fabric of his shirt. Jimin notices the stare and looks back at him, smiling warmly at him before making his way to bar.

“Not drinking anything tonight, baby?” he speaks, slotting himself in between Jungkook’s legs.

“Nah, there’s a cutie out of the dance floor that I wanna keep my eyes on. Maybe he’ll even come home with me”. Jungkook answers as he wraps his arms around Jimin’s middle, pulling him closer.

“Really?” Jimin cocks his head to the side, eyes screaming amusement. He places his hands on Jungkook’s shoulder, lighting brushing the fabric of the shirt. “What makes you so confident to say that?”

“Hmm” Jungkook hums, pretending to ponder and leans closer, a breath away from Jimin’s mouth. He gently bites the other’s lower lip, teeth sinking into the softness, pulling it a little before releasing it. “I just have a feeling he will, that’s all”.

Jungkook worries for a second that he made the wrong move, but the way Jimin’s eyes shine with a dark playfulness and how he drags him to the dance floor, hands linked together, sound like a promise for the night.

Somewhere along the party they lose themselves from their friends but they don’t care to look for them, they’re probably fine. Yoongi wouldn’t let Taehyung do anything wild tonight and Hoseok got along with them pretty well, the last time Jungkook saw a glimpse of them, the trio was scandalously lip-syncing to a song.

Jimin makes him chase after him throughout the night, like cat and mouse. He’d come and pull Jungkook by the shirt, pressing a sweet and tempting kiss to his mouth, only to pull away giggling and start walking to a new dance floor. He’d dance for Jungkook, making the most use of that beautiful face, his highlighter reflecting all the colors of the LEDs. Jungkook would watch him from afar, gaze dripping with lust, a smirk plastered on his face. Jimin likes the chase, to feel wanted, to provoke him until the last second, feeling the buzz and thrill underneath his skin.

When the songs turn into a slow and sexy beat, Jungkook walks over and back hugs him, wrapping his arms around Jimin’s stomach and nuzzling his neck, pressing a little kiss there.

“Got you, hyung”. He can smell the ambery wood perfume on his boyfriend skin, even after hours of dancing.
Jimin sighs, placing his hands over Jungkook’s arms, holding him tight. “Just dance with me, Kookie”, he asks, leaning his head back and closing his eyes, letting the music take over him.

They sway together like that, Jimin being held close and his back against his boyfriend’s sturdy chest. Jungkook uses his hands to guide their hips together, their body rolls matching the mood of the song. Reaching back, Jimin slots his hand on the other’s hair, finger tangling in the slightly damp locks. Jungkook trails kisses from his neck up to behind his ear and the older presses against him, ass snug on top of his crotch. He takes advantage of his dancer abilities to grind in eight-figure movements, making Jimin gasp at the rising temperature between them, making him feel hot all over.

He grinds back for a while, loving the intimacy of the moment, of being in sync together and no words being spoken between them. But he misses his boyfriend’s mouth too much, kissing him until he’s out of breath, until he wants nothing but do that all day. Jimin turns around and presses Jungkook against the nearest wall, holding his lean waist and kissing him hard, hungrily, like his life depends on it.

After they started dating, Jungkook quickly found out that Jimin enjoyed having his ass fondled while they made out, when the older would guide his hands to the place he wanted it to be. Now, it’s automatic the way his hands slide from Jimin’s lower back to his butt, longs fingers being able to cover a good portion of the cheeks, squeezing it well. The other sighs in content and Jungkook takes the opportunity to slide his tongue into his boyfriend’s mouth, tasting the mint bubblegum he chewed earlier.

The scene is a little obscene for a public space, his hand on Jimin’s ass, Jimin grabbing him by the nape of his neck and messing up his hair, slotting a thigh between his Jungkook’s legs, but at this point, everyone at the party is too shitfaced to care.

Their tongues slide together in a messy, wet kiss but just so good that has Jimin tightening the grip on his hair, tugging the strands like it was possible for them to be any closer. Jungkook sucks on Jimin’s bottom lip and he responds by dragging his thighs a little higher, their arousal heavy between them.

They break the kiss with no air left in his lungs, Jungkook can see the flush on his face even under the ugly greens lights. Jimin wipes the smeared lipstick off Jungkook’s face, at least to the best of his ability, since the reddish shade seems to stick to the skin.

He pecks Jungkook once more, murmuring between kisses. “Do you want to come over?” he asks, to which Jungkook just answers by nodding and pulling him closer by the ass, making Jimin giggle.

Jungkook shoots Hoseok a text in the Uber letting him know that he won’t be back, and the older replies with a string of winking emojis that Jungkook almosts wants to roll his eyes at, but Jimin’s hand is insistently kneading his left thigh, fingers playing with the seam close to his inner thigh.

The ten-minute car ride is almost a torture, being apart gave both a little time to cool down their heat but there’s something electric between them, the anticipation and buzz of what’s to come. Neither drank tonight, their intentions are clear but their minds fogged with love and lust.

Jimin lives on the second floor of a building without elevator, so as soon as he unlocks the main door, Jungkook scoops him off the ground, carrying him bridal style. Jimin squeals in his hold, wrapping his arms around his neck, unable to contain the smile on his face.
“Hmm my boyfriend is so strong. I love it” he says squeezing Jungkook’s biceps, fingers dipping under the sleeve of his shirt.

The younger smiles at him, whispering an “only for you” before pecking his nose quickly and walking up the stairs. The scene is so lovely and soft that it almost feels like they can forget about the real reason why they’re here now, about the lust behind each other’s actions.

Hopping off, Jimin unlocks the door in a second (thank God for a passcode lock) and leads them down the hallway, tiny fingers tangled with Jungkook’s long ones. They quickly walk past Chocolate’s bed in the living room - and thankfully he was passed out and was not going to ruin this moment.

Jimin presses a hand against the Jungkook’s chest, pushing him until his legs touch the bed and fall with a thud over the soft sheets. He has been to Jimin’s room before, but not like this, so he lays there, licking his lips expectantly, as he watches him move around the darkness, quietly closing the door and turning his string of fairy lights on before straddling him.

Jimin’s thighs are being caressed softly over the jeans and he supports himself with his hands on either side of Jungkook’s head, leaning to look into his boyfriend’s brown, doe eyes. The fairy lights cast a thousand colors on his face, the twinkle reflecting of the shine of Jungkook’s eyes. This has been always how Jimin has seen him, with a spark, a universe inside those beautiful irises. It’s overwhelming how beautiful and his Jungkook is, splayed out like this for him, looking back at him like he is the one holding an entire constellation in his eyes.

So he kisses him until their lips are swollen and slick with saliva, until they’re hard and Jungkook’s hands find their way under his jeans and underwear, cupping his ass and pulling him forward, grinding their erections together. Both moan, ready for so much more, wanting much more. Jimin breaks off the kiss to remove his shirt and toss it aside and starts working on undoing Jungkook’s shirt buttons, placing kisses on each patch of skin that was being revealed.

“Shit, I really have the hottest boyfriend ever” he declares, raking his nails over Jungkook’s abs, feeling the muscles flutter under his touch.

The younger smirks at the praise, ready to reply but Jimin lowers himself and flicks out his tongue over his nipples, making him gasp in surprise. He works in circle motions, alternating the pressure of his tongue, his free hand rolling the other nub between his fingers. Jungkook squirms in stimulation and he can feel Jimin’s satisfied smile against his skin, he would love to smack off him if it didn’t feel so good.

He continues mouthing down his torso and Jungkook’s fingers are already carding through the silver strands, gently pushing them back. Jimin stops short of the waistband of his jeans, licking a stripe of the skin just there that has Jungkook already feeling on cloud nine. His boyfriend straightens up and speaks with an assertive, piercing tone of voice and he palms Jungkook’s through the jeans.

“Now baby, I’ll be right back and I want you to undress yourself for me, hmm?”

He answers a “yeah” with a nod, at this point he’d nod at anything Jimin is telling him, no matter what. Jimin coos at him and he thinks he hears a faint “good boy” accompanied by a chuckle, but he’s too gone to care. He hears water running in the bathroom and starts shedding his clothes, debating for a second if he should part with his boxers or not. The straining from his erection is too much and there’s already a wet spot in the front of his underwear just from foreplay, so he tosses them aside. He spreads his legs on the bed and starts stroking himself lazily, only to alleviate some pressure, wanting to keep all of his pleasure for Jimin.
Stepping out of the bathroom feeling cleaned and fresh, whatever words Jimin was going to say dies on his throat as soon as he sees Jungkook like that, muscles flexing as he works on himself. He groans, removing his boxers before climbing back to bed. Instead of straddling Jungkook, he settles down next to him, reaching for the nightstand to grab lube and condoms, tossing them in the mattress.

Rolling to lay on his stomach, Jimin shoots Jungkook a teasing look, narrowing his eyes and lightly wiggling his ass.

“I’ll tell you a secret, Kook-ah” he whispers, acting coy as he pours some lube on his fingers. Jungkook watches him intensely, rubbing the palm of his hand on the wet tip of his cock.

“I touched myself earlier-ah,” he moans as he reaches behind himself, inserting one finger into his hole. He pumps it a few times, before adding the second one. “Just like this, fucking myself on my fingers and imagining it was you”.

“Fuck, Jimin” the younger growls, moving to hover over him, Jimin looking over his shoulder as Jungkook gently removes his wrist to stop his ministrations. He spreads Jimin’s ass, the stretched hole making his mouth water. Lowering himself, he slots his dick in between his boyfriend’s cheeks, gently rocking his hips back and forth.

“You want my cock that bad, huh?”

Jimin’s breath hitches as the tip teasingly rubs over his entrance, hot and heavy. He’s already intoxicated with the friction, mind hazy and a light sweat forming over the expanse of his skin. He shakes his head, licking his lips. “No, I want you. Fuck me, Jungkook” he pleads, looking into his boyfriend’s eyes.

If Jungkook weren’t so turned on, he’d probably stop everything just to cuddle Jimin right now. It’s amazing the ability that his boyfriend has, of being so lewd and explicit and at the same time, saying these soft and lovely things that makes his heart swell. He’s almost lying on top of Jimin so he kisses his cheek and then his shoulder blade, a silent answer to his request.

After rolling down a condom and drizzling some extra lube on his cock, he starts to press in, slowly stretching the rim. He goes slow enough for both of them feel every ridge and fiber of their bodies being pressed together, until he’s buried to the base. Jimin exhales a breathy, pleasure moan and Jungkook can’t help but whisper a ‘baby’ as his cock is engulfed by the heat. He admires Jimin’s back as the other adjusts, from the way there is a cute mole over his right shoulder blade at how muscular he really is, his small waist contrasting beautifully, all perfectly fitted for his petite frame.

He starts to move when Jimin asks him to, gently pulling out and pressing in slowly. It’s not about being quick and hard, this is not that one night stand fuck. He wants to remember and treat Jimin right, giving him his all. When bottomed out, he presses in even more, making Jimin mewl and gasp, tiny fingers grasping the sheets underneath him. The slide is good and torturous even, the sweet friction on Jimin’s cock with every thrust making his mind feel dizzy.

But this is not enough, it’s too distant for Jungkook, he needs to hold Jimin in his arms and kiss his face, maybe even tell him that he loves him, feel his heartbeat in sync with his. He tells Jimin to turn over, pulling him into his arms. They’re both in sitting position now, Jimin facing him and on his lap, arms thrown around his neck. He chases his boyfriend’s mouth again, nails digging into Jimin’s thighs as he penetrates him. Jimin chokes a moan, this angle making Jungkook’s cock hit his prostate, sparking pleasure within him.

“Fuck, Jungkook, fuck me just like this baby” he pants against Jungkook’s lips, tightening his arms
around his neck, wanting to be even closer. Jungkook speeds up the pace, his strong arms holding
Jimin’s waist for support and thrusting up against him, the sound of skin slapping filling the room.
Jimin decides to mark his neck, nipping the soft skin and then lavishing the bruise with his tongue,
soothing the red spot.

“Feel so good, you can’t be real” he stutters as Jimin presses against him, trying to meet him
halfway with bouncing movements. Jimin chuckles a little, this type of commentary being so
Jungkook, even in the middle of sex. He tangles a hand in Jungkook’s hair, pulling him close and
kissing him with a lot of tongue and saliva, but he likes it wet. Jimin feels full in the most delicious
way, the pleasure spreading through his veins, his boyfriend’s cock making him moan so loud that he
might get neighbor’s complaints tomorrow.

He pleads, “make me come just like this, Kook-ah”, as he rests his forehead against Jungkook’s,
needing his release as fire pool low in his abdomen. And of course, Jungkook would give him
anything he asks to, the stars, the moon.

Sneaking a hand between their bodies, he jerks Jimin off in pace with his hip thrusts, making him go
limp in his arms. He thumbs the slit and squeezes a bit harder as Jimin stutters, blabbering and
chanting his name until he spills all over Jungkook’s hand, toes curling and nails digging into
Jungkook’s shoulder. He keeps going as he milks Jimin dry, his own thighs now shaking from the
force he applied. Jimin clenches his ass, the tightness driving Jungkook over the edge and making
him come inside of the condom, moaning his boyfriend’s name as the post-orgasm bliss consumes
him.

The heat and lust between them dissipates and leaves them with a soft, hazy moonstruck warmth
in the air, as Jungkook pecks Jimin’s lips and gently lays his down on the bed. “God, that was so
good”, Jimin blurts as he’s trying to wipe some sweat drops from his forehead, ignoring the cum
that’s sticking all over his stomach. Jungkook chuckles, nodding in agreement. “It was amazing,
baby. I’m going to get something to clean you up”, he speaks as he heads to the bathroom to pick up
up a wet towel and toss the condom in the trash.

Jimin wants to whine about it because he wants cuddles, but he knows he’ll deeply regret if he sleeps
without cleaning it up. He blushes as Jungkook wipes him down, being careful so he’s not too harsh
on the skin. Jungkook picks up his boxers and finds Jimin’s too, the latter taking it and dressing.
Once they’re - mildly - clean and dressed up, both dive under the sheets, Jimin clings to Jungkook
like a koala, throwing a leg over his hip, burying his nose in Jungkook’s neck.

After some minutes of cuddling and quietness, Jungkook speaks up as he draws patterns on Jimin’s
back.

“I really, really like you hyung. Like, a lot” he chokes out, turning to meet Jimin’s gaze.

Jimin coos at him, pecking his lips once. “Is this just your post-sex mind talking?” he laughs, trying
to diverge from the seriousness of the subject.

Jungkook rolls his eyes, groaning. “No, idiot, I’m here trying to be all cute and sappy and this is
what I get” he pouts, huffing.

Laughing at him, Jimin cups his cheek with one hand, forcing him to look him in the eyes. “Kook, I
like you so much too. So so so so so much” Jimin reassures him, murmuring to him between little
kisses. “I’m so happy you’re my boyfriend”.

Jungkook draws Jimin closer, wrapping his arms around him. Jimin fits perfectly under his chin, like
he was always made to be there. “Yeah, me too” he replies, drifting off to sleep with the scent of
Jimin’s vanilla shampoo in the air.

There’s the sound of pots and pans clinking in the kitchen, a faint song playing from afar and some singing (and barking) coming from out the door. Jungkook rolls to the side, blinking his eyes slowly as he tries to focus on the clock on the nightstand, marking around 11 am. Jimin is not next to him anymore - probably being the one making all those sounds - and he makes it a mission to find him again and just hold him close all day long.

Jungkook’s glad he didn’t drink the night before, so he just goes to the bathroom to wash up and freshen his breath a bit (no way he’s kissing Jimin without brushing his teeth first). He heads towards the kitchen, boxers on and all, not bothering to put his dirty clothes from the night before one. The sight in front of his eyes makes him want to quietly go back, get his phone and film this so he can have it for all eternity. Jimin is twirling around the kitchen, hips swaying to the sound of the radio while cooking, wearing a big shirt of Jungkook’s - that mysteriously disappeared from his wardrobe - stopping right at the middle of his thighs.

Chocolate runs to him as soon as he spots him and Jungkook offers him some tummy scratches, before Jimin gets his attention with a “good morning, baby!”. Jungkook walks towards him, kissing him chastely before Jimin turns around to continue cooking.

“Hmm, what are you making for us? Looks delicious” he asks, peeking over Jimin’s shoulder as he back hugs him.

“Ah, just some pancakes, a good comfort food after a night of partying” Jimin speaks with a proud tone in his voice, like he holds all the secrets of what to do after a night out.

Jungkook hums in agreement, closing his eyes and swaying together with him a little bit as the song plays on the radio. He kisses Jimin’s head, smelling the vanilla once again, but this time, Jimin smells just like home.

Chapter End Notes

okay first thank you for all the comments, kudos and subscriptions. this got a lot more than i expected and it made me so happy!

thank you to all my friends that heard me whine and cry over this fic a lot. i love you.

if you can, leave me some feedback, i’m curious to know which was your fave chapter or moment!

and now, if you’re looking for an amazing chaptered and long fic to read, please give some love to my girl haromame, she’s amazing and i’m in love w her writing.
“Babe, can you come here for a second?” Jungkook calls out, stopping in front of the full body mirror inside Jimin’s room. A towel is wrapped around his hips, his skin feeling hot and tender from the shower he just took, some drops of water slipping from his hair and falling on his shoulders.

Jimin barges into the room, towel drying his hair as they try to get ready for work. “What is it—oh”. He bursts into a fit of laughter as soon as he lays his eyes on Jungkook, body curling forward. Dropping the towel on the bed, he walks up to Jungkook, who seems very unimpressed.

“Yeah, hyung, how am I going to explain this?” he motions to his torso and neck, all covered in hickeys and bruises, even some scratches on his back. There’s a big, red mark right on the side of his neck and some smaller marks forming a path down his torso, stopping right at his hip bone. Seriously, someone could think that he suffered an animal attack.

“Oh please” Jimin rolls his eyes, hugging him in attempt to erase the frown from his boyfriend’s expression. Eventually, Jungkook relents, wrapping his arms around Jimin too. “If only someone didn’t go so hard when they saw me wearing red lipstick”, he boops Jungkook’s big nose, causing him to make a face that makes Jimin giggle even more.

“Can’t help it, you’re too beautiful” he grins at Jimin, pulling him closer. Jimin smacks his chest playfully, but he leans down to steal a quick kiss from him. “But, seriously, help me cover this up with makeup otherwise Jin-hyung will fire me if I show up like this”.

“Hmm”, Jimin ponders as he narrows his eyes at Jungkook, “I don’t know, maybe I want you to walk around marked up like this so everyone knows that you’re mine”.

Jungkook turns red at that, Jimin never was one to show his territorial side and these little bursts of boldness always manage to catch him unprepared. Jimin notices him gaping and winks, letting go to move to his other room. “Just kidding Kook, I’ll go get my kit”.

He sits on the bed as Jimin is slotted between his legs, working some of the makeup on the only skin parts that will show (a turtleneck was out of option, too hot outside). He can’t help but squeeze
Jimin’s thighs meanwhile, a distraction he tells himself, or observe his boyfriend’s beautiful concentration face.

“Hey, don’t forget about our triple date with Yoongi and Tae, Jin and Namjoon tonight okay?” Jimin tells him, now applying some weird green stuff out of a tube. “Are you going right after your uni class?”

Jungkook hums, remembering that he’s still a damned uni student that has to actually go to classes. “Yeah, I’ll leave earlier. I can’t believe that Jin and Namjoon finally got together, they are so cute. Is this how Taehyung felt when we started dating?”

Jimin laughs at his question, dropping the makeup on the bed, holding his chin with one hand and kissing him deeply. “Probably, but we’re way cuter, babe”.

End Notes

leave a comment if you liked (or kudos, or subscribe!)

twitter
curiouscat

Works inspired by this one
Stardust In Your Eyes by meatykook (fanart) by harmonicscreaming (orphan_account)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!