A Second of Eternity (Yoonmin Fanfic)

by Mizzteek

Summary

*Fluffy, VERY smutty, hot, sweet, and funny! Each member has a unique character. Enjoy! Yoongi grew up poor, but made a life for himself as a smart drug-dealer. He's never been in love, and usually dates girls just for a quick release. Jimin is trying to get by working and dancing. The pair cross paths when Jimin stumbles into the middle of a deal between Yoongi, Hobi, and Jungkook. Yoongi finds Jimin to be beautiful and struggles with his own sexuality as he falls for the younger. What follows after is an unlikely story of lust, love, self-acceptance and sacrifice. Yoongi changed the moment he laid eyes on Jimin- but is it enough? And can Jimin, who has never had a family, find a forever home in Yoongi's arms?

Notes

I'm a MEGA ARMY, and I totally ship Yoonmin. I tried to stay true to character for all 7 members. This isn't an AU where everyone is happily gay. Yoongi is a bad ass, and he has to ease into it, but I think reading his struggle before he eventually gives up cus he can't resist that jibooty is a sweet part of the story. Once you Jim-in, can't jim-out!!! It's a good lead up before it gets dirty, but boy, when it gets dirty, it gets filthy, so please stay with me and I would adore your critical feedback so I can make this the best ever!! If you have BTS fics of your own, lemme know, so I can go show you some love!
I'm on Twitter at Mizzteek
Sugar, is it?

Chapter Notes

All feedback is welcome! Let me know if you have a story that I can leave feedback on!

Like a fallen angel...
You commit sweet sins to my soul
The sweetest pain I've ever known
You bruise with your lips
You burn with your kiss
Then leave me to smolder...
Alone.
-Park Ji Min

He landed with a hard pound against the polished wood floor of the studio in his final pose: both feet firmly planted and his knees widely parted, one hand against the floor and the other arm pointing upwards to the ceiling, his gaze following, as if waiting for lightning to strike at his command.

To anyone, anywhere, he would have appeared to be the picture of strength and grace. Nothing short of primal perfection....

But to 23 year old dancer, Park Ji Min, his final pose was simply... Terrible.

"Ugh". He released himself from his statuesque stance with a grunt of disgust. "I know that last jump wasn't high enough.." he muttered under his breath, as he walked over to his old camera perched on top of the tripod.

He reviewed the three minute dance video with tense stillness, waiting for the finale to see if he had reached the requisite height for his finish.

Nope.

Not even close.

He quickly cleaned the sweat off the floor and polished it in preparation for the next day's classes.

Sighing, he continued with assorted chores and duties: sweeping, dusting, arranging mats and dancing equipment. He laughed without humor at his situation of having to do even more work after a grueling three hours of non-stop dancing.

Yet, he was grateful.
He couldn't afford the specialized training offered by the prestigious Daegu Dance Institute- but he managed to convince the ever stingy owner, Bang Shi Hyuk, to allow him to practice alone after hours, in exchange for (free) back-breaking labor.

And as if tonight's cleaning adventures weren't fun enough, he had the additional task of picking up an order of ballet barres from the shipping docks this fine, freezing evening.

Mr. Hyuk was quick to boast about how he express ordered them from America- but instead of paying for DHL delivery, the cheapskate preferred Jimin driving the battered, old work van to retrieve them from half-way across town.

After triple checking the locked door of the studio, and kicking, cursing, then eventually begging the old van to crank up in the frigid nighttime air, Jimin was on his way to the docks to retrieve the shipment.

He arrived forty minutes later by sheer will power, since he could barely keep his eyes open on the road.

He checked his watch. 11:45pm.

"Please let me get out of here fast." Jimin pleaded to no one in particular, bringing the vehicle to a stop with a screech.

Looking around, he saw no one. Just large, ominous metal shipping containers and rows of dark warehouses.

The structures cast even larger and more ominous shadows.

The chilly air made him pull his thin jacket tighter.

He suddenly felt an inexplicable cold trail of fear start to move down his spine.

Inwardly cursing boss, Jimin silently walked around looking for signs of life.

He was considering taking a picture to prove he was there and simply leaving, when he saw a dingy yellow sign that read: **AFTER HOURS PICK-UP.**

The faded instructions directed him to the far end of the seemingly abandoned building.

Apparently (according to the sign) there was a holding area there where customers can grab cargo.

Cold air ruffling his fluffy blond hair, Jimin made it to the other side of the structure.

The silence was simply deafening. It seemed even crickets didn't chirp out here. He started softly singing one of the songs he listened to on the ride over just to hear something, anything other than quiet shadows.

"What the...?" Jimin's head did an exorcist swivel in the direction of a clanging noise.

"Calm down, Jiminnie. There's nothing out here. Stray cats, maybe..." He assured himself.

He was happy to find the cargo bay, finally. After entering the electronic code number from the invoice sheet, the lock sprung open.

Jimin surveyed about a dozen heavy looking boxes.
"I need the exercise." He muttered, jogging back to the van in order to drive it over to the loading bay.

Jimin was ten minutes into loading the boxes, singing all the while, when he heard it.

Every muscle he possessed tensed in immediate fight or flight response, as his tired, cold brain processed what he was hearing.

Voices.

Not one, but a few.

He could almost feel his ears perk up like satellites to gather the incoming sounds.

Suddenly, a million horrifying thoughts tumbled through his head.

*It's past midnight.*

*Nobody knows I'm here.*

*There are no surveillance cameras.*

*No security.*

*NOBODY at all.*

Jimin was unarmed, and despite his toned and muscular physique, he was NOT a fighter, he-

"Arrghh, get the fuck off me!" A rough, gravelly voice yelled from a few hundred feet away.

"Fuck you, where's the rest?" A higher pitched, but extremely scary voice retorted.

Jimin's thoughts were cut off by what sounded like a scuffle.

He distinctly heard someone spit in another's face.

Eyes wide with fear and dread, Jimin knew that move probably didn't mean everyone was going home as friends.

"Oh..!" Jimin whimpered softly, as he heard what was unmistakably a gun beingcocked.

Was that really what that was???

How the hell would he know, he's never been near a gun!

Jimin tried desperately to argue himself out of this horrifying conclusion.

"You're gonna spend the last three seconds of your life wishing you hadn't done that." High pitch said ominously.

Sweet God, it WAS a gun.

"Hey, man, come on, man, hey- this was s'posed to be a no heat transaction, man, what the fuck, man, please, man!!" The spitter appeared to be using his last three seconds begging.

"Enough, Hobi." Said the calmest, smoothest voice Jimin had ever heard.
Jimin looked around wildly, trying to see how he could simply scurry out of here with no one noticing, ballet barres be damned.

"Man, FUCK him, let me ghost this asshole, Suga hyung!" Hobi replied, angrily.

"Suga, SUGA!" The other man screeched, switching his focus to the smooth talking leader. "Let me fix it, hyung! I can fix this and find the rest. 24 hours- no, 12 hours! 12 hours is all I need, please, please!!"

Sugar?

Jimin wondered just what the hell kind of name was Sugar, as he considered the possibility of crawling into one of the metal shipping containers to hide amidst the pleadings.

A deafening crash ripped through the night and his terrified heart.

Jimin looked down in a mixture of horror and disbelief at the box of goddamn ballet barres that chose this precise moment to slip from the back of the van onto the ground.

Ordinarily, the fallen box would not have been loud enough to even scare off a bird, yet, in this dark and empty dock, it may as well have been a bomb that went off.

"Shit." Jimin swore in a barely audible squeak, deciding which way to run, and wondering how accurate Hobi's shooting skills were at night.

"Who's there? Show yourself!" Hobi called out into the cold darkness.

"Come on, guys, that could be COPS!" The younger, gravelly voice had switched from begging to logic at all of a sudden.

"Cops are the LEAST of your problems, Jungkook!" Hobi spat. "You'd be lucky to only get arrested tonight!!"

"Suga hyung is giving me 12 hours! Stop waving that thing in my face!" Jungkook screamed, fearfully.

This is it, Jimin decided.

I'm out of here.

In a split second move, he resigned to making a run for it while the thugs argued.

He mentally mapped the route out of the warehouse, as he simultaneously planned his resignation letter to Mr. Hyuk.

Stepping lightly and carefully, Jimin took a hesitant few steps backwards.

"Hello, there." A smooth voice fell on his ears like silk and shattered his getaway plan to pieces.

No...

Jimin yelped and turned, then found himself face to face with... Sugar, was it?

In a nanosecond he took in the slender man's frame in the dim glow of the flickering overhead lamps.

'Man's frame' was an overstatement.
He was a BOY, right around Jimin's age, probably.

Just a hair's breadth taller than Jimin's not so very tall stature, and from the ripped skinny jeans and thin windbreaker, he seemed to not have even half of Jimin's muscular bulk.

For a crazy minute, Jimin considered taking him on.

He actually kind of liked his chances.

Honestly, what is it about this guy that had a gun-wielding thug speaking to him so respectfully and another one begging for his life?

Jimin simply couldn't see it in his appearance.

"Going somewhere?" Suga asked, slowly.

Jimin's thoughts were scattered to the four winds by the gentle baritone. If not for the life-threatening circumstances he knew he was in, Suga could have been casually asking for another shot of espresso in his latte.

"U-uhm, look, please, Mr. uhm, Sugar, is it Sugar...?" Jimin stammered.

Suga simply stared at him, and when Jimin met his eyes, all his previous bravado disappeared.

This dude was SCARY. Lock your doors and hide your children type of scary.

He had fine, fair skin and boyish good looks, but his eyes were black and empty. It was the look of a man who could do anything and still sleep like a baby at night.

"I'm just a simple errand boy, Mr. Sugar. I was s-sent here by my boss to load a shipment, see, look, these are the b-boxes here. I was just loading and leaving, I know nothing, I've seen nothing..."

Jimin raised his hands in surrender, fighting back tears.

"Shipment of what?" Suga asked curiously, head cocked to the side, as if they were having the most pleasant of conversations.

Jimin prayed to unknown deities that the truth would set him free.

"Ballet barres- school dance equipment, is all, Mr. S-sugar." Jimin replied, quickly. He turned around to retrieve the shipping invoice for proof.

"Don't move." Suga hissed, dangerously.

Jimin froze.

Suga approached him with wary eyes. Sizing up the slightly shorter figure. He kicked at a few of the boxes, satisfied by the clang of metal bars within.

Then moving ever so slowly, he brushed past Jimin, within centimeters of his face, as he carefully leaned in to the back of the van to retrieve the shipping label himself.

Jimin's breath hitched in his throat, inhaling the musky, manly scent, holding it for as long as he could, before exhaling shakily in fear.

After peering at the document, Suga lazily handed it back to Jimin, who carefully stretched out his
"BOO!" Suga feigned a lunge at the terrified blonde boy, causing Jimin to yelp and bang his entire body against the van.

Laughing slightly, he threw the paper over at the hyperventilating Jimin.

Hobi showed up at that moment, lugging Jungkook by the collar.

Jimin was shocked at how genial and happy looking Hobi's face was. The gun in his hand was decidedly NOT happy looking.

Jungkook looked younger and stronger than all of them, but had a shifting and scared expression.

Hobi blinked at Jimin a few times.

"I TOLD you I heard someone singing, Suga hyung!" Hobi declared, pointing at Jimin.

Hobi turned to face Jimin fully, a maniacal grin across his face.

"State your business, pretty boy? Do you work here?" The redhead demanded.

Before Jimin could splutter a response, Suga intervened, laughing.

"Really, Hobi?" Suga asked, incredulously, jerking his thumb at Jimin. "You think Mariah Carey here, actually works on these docks?!"

"He could be working for ANYBODY-" Jungkook piped in, but was silenced by the barrel of Hobi's gun tapping his forehead.

"I say we ghost them both, Suga hyung. No mess. No witnesses." Hobi concluded, with an emphatic look at Jimin, as he said the last word.

The last drop of Jimin's composure dissolved at the prospect of being "ghosted". He gulped, with tears streaming down his face, and his whole body shaking violently.

"Put the fucking gun away, Hobi." Suga growled.

Jungkook looked at Suga like he was the Messiah.

Hobi looked at Suga like he was insane.

"Hyung-" Hobi started.

"NOW!!" Suga screamed.

Jimin had completely deteriorated into sobs at Suga's terrifying screaming voice. His short life was flashing before his eyes.

He couldn't believe that just a few hours ago he was complaining about cleaning the dance studio.

Hobi obeyed, falling silent.

"Jungkook, get the fuck out of my sight. You have 10 hours, and remember that I know where you, and everyone you love, lives." Suga continued.

The younger boy needed no other encouragement.
With one fluid movement, he bowed to Suga, promising not to let him down, and fled at the speed of actual light.

Hobi gasped at this surprising show of mercy; staring at his hyung as if he had no clue who he was.

"I guess I'll just give this princess a fucking foot rub, hyung?" Hobi asked, sarcastically.

Jimin was still breathing unevenly, eyes squeezed shut, daring to hope that he, too, might get mercy from the dangerous Suga.

"No. No foot rub, Hobi" Suga replied with icicles in his voice. "You'll load up the rest of these boxes into his truck, so he can get out of here."

If Hobi was surprised about letting Jungkook go, that was nothing compared to the pure shock on his face at his leader's latest directive.

Jimin was in full agreement with Hobi.

Completely shell shocked.

He opened his watery eyes, wide and staring at the two men.

With a sharp nod, Hobi started lifting the heavy boxes, slamming them forcefully into the truck's cargo hold.

Jimin moved to help him, somehow uncomfortable with how upsetting this was for Hobi. What if he tried to come after him later out of revenge?

With all the boxes loaded, Jimin thanked Hobi and received a cold glare in return.

He finally faced Suga. "Thank you, Mr. Sugar, sir, I.." Jimin started.

"Get out of here. Don't come back, ever." Suga warned.

Jimin took a page out of Jungkook's playbook, quickly bowing and clambering into the ancient van.

He offered a silent prayer that the thing would start.

Hobi did not look inclined to give him car help.

Thankfully, the old engine roared to life smoothly, and Jimin sighed with relief as he squealed out of the empty lot, half expecting bullets to blow through the back window any second.

But, no.

All was still and Jimin sped home, thanking his parent's spirits for watching over him tonight.
Yoongi drove in absolute silence heading out of the abandoned docks with Hobi riding shotgun.

He knew his longtime friend and crime partner was probably wondering why the hell he let Jungkook and the other pretty boy go scott free.

As if on cue, Hobi interrupted his thoughts.

"It's a bit late to start new year's resolutions of kindness, hyung." Hobi said with a mixture of mirth and disgust.

"Don't question me, Hobi. How many times have I bailed you out of trouble because of your hot headedness?" He retorted, coldly.

"Sorry, Yoongi hyung." Hobi muttered, respectfully using his real name.

"It's just that Jungkook always has less money than the drugs he supposedly sold. We were expecting much more money than he brought tonight and he always has bullshit excuses. He's cheating us, hyung!" Hobi rambled, heatedly.

"Then there's Jin hyung we have to answer to. Where do we come up with the extra money we owe him if Kook's sales are always short?" Hobi continued, now with a tinge of fear in his voice.

Yoongi tapped the wheel in silent nervousness.

Hobi was right.

But Yoongi was too preoccupied with the events of the last half hour to fully participate in this conversation.

"Hobi, Jungkook is just a boy. His father has money, and if necessary, he'll steal it to make up the difference." Yoongi reasoned, slowly. "He's also our best street runner. You can't just shoot our golden maknae goose."

Hobi was silent for a few moments digesting this obvious logic.

"Ok, hyung, what about that blond pussy boy? What could have been your motive for letting him walk? He saw our faces, heard our names, even saw our transaction spot?!" Hobi demanded, relentlessly.

Yoongi paused before answering this one.

Truthfully, he didn't really know himself.

Hobi was right again.

The boy's very presence was a threat to their entire livelihood. But he was just so... Innocent.

Yoongi remembered his wide, puppy brown eyes.

His trembling, bee stung lips. Soft hair... Smooth, sweet skin...

"Hyung..?" Hobi inquired, breaking him from his reverie.
"Did you see him, Hobi?" Yoongi snapped.

"He was a fucking harmless butterfly, and as for him going to the police, well, you effectively scared him out of that thought by waving your stupid gun all over the place, as usual. Jesus, I hope you shoot your own balls off with that thing one day!"

Yoongi tried to tell himself that he was only upset at Hobi's usual lack of self-restraint.

Or was he just upset that they had scared that beautiful boy to tears?

Wait- how can a boy even be beautiful?

Yoongi shifted uncomfortably in the seat of his dodge charger; not liking his unsettling thoughts.

"Besides..." Yoongi continued.

"While you two idiots were running your mouths, was it not I who quietly found the boy before he could run off?" He concluded with a hard look at Hobi.

Hobi looked out of his window, grateful that they had reached his apartment complex. He jumped out of the car, with a wave to his friend.

"So, what time do we check on Kook, hyung?" Hobi turned to ask before walking away.

But Yoongi was already speeding off.

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"Yoongi, did you get enough to eat?" A frail, sweet voice rang out through the small house.

Yoongi was at his desk, producer headphones on, trying to work on his latest beat.

But tonight, his attention was on something else, as he read over a small collection of papers in his hands for what seemed like the hundredth time.

Park Ji Min.

That was his name.

At least, that was the name signed at the end of his poems.

When Yoongi spooked the kid, making him jump 20 feet, the collection of papers fell out his pocket to the dark ground.

Yoongi noticed them after Jimin drove away like a bat out of hell last night.

He had peered at the poems in the bad dock lighting, but decided to take them home for a better read.

And now he couldn't put them down.

The poems were... Breathtaking.

Sad.
Haunting.

Beautiful.

*Like him.*

"Yoongi-ah!!!!" His grandmother called out again.

"Yes, Umma, I've eaten plenty!" Yoongi replied, stomach still bursting from the many meals she stuffed him with all day.

"Eh??" The old lady squawked. "Can't hear you!"

Sighing, Yoongi got up from the small chair at his small desk in his small room in his grandmother's tiny home.

He lovingly called her in the informal name of "mother".

Truthfully, she was the only mother he had ever known.

At 25, Yoongi had grown far past being babied, but after being kicked out of his parent's home at 13 for his constant run-ins with the law, fights, and drugs, his dear grandmother was the only one who had bothered to give him any affection.

Yoongi didn't want to be a bad son, dishonoring his parents. Especially since he was the only child.

He had just decided at an early age that he wanted more than the poor fisherman's life his parents had accepted for themselves.

From 11, he had started running the streets. Selling and dealing drugs, gang banging, fighting, you name it.

And yes, his parents may have kicked him out, but they couldn't deny he makes more money illegally in one month than they can make in a year selling stinking fish.

As a united stand against his life decisions, his parents refused to touch his "drug money" as they called it, not even accepting gifts on holidays from him.

So, Yoongi made sure to take care of his beloved grandmother, since his puritan parents couldn't afford to do so.

It also helped to have somewhere to go to think and work on his music, without anyone knowing where he is.

"Umma, I can't eat anything for another week." Yoongi whined, when he reached her bedroom.

He was pleased to see his grandma comfortable on the expensive bed he'd ordered from overseas, watching the gigantic television he had also bought for her.

"But you're so skinny, child." His umma replied, lovingly.

Yoongi wanted to point out that no amount of food was ever going to change that, but decided against it.

"How will you find a good wife, if they think you're not well cared for?" She continued, still eyeing her show on the enormous television.
Yoongi rolled his eyes, affectionately.

"Umma, no wife will be able to compare to your cooking. They've all lost already!" Yoongi replied, laughing.

He moved over to the bed and kissed her chastely on the cheek.

"I'm going now, Umma." He said quietly. "Do you need anything else?"

"My child, what more can I ask you for? You have paid for the house, the food, my medical bills." She stated, appreciatively.

"But, yes, I will ask for one more thing of you: please settle down, Yoongi-ah. Maybe find a nice girl? You have enough money to go into business. Start something good for yourself that will keep you safe and your family happy." She concluded, looking deep into his eyes.

Yoongi shifted uncomfortably. This conversation was not new.

"Umma, I just need enough to get to Seoul and release my first album." Yoongi explained for the hundred millionth time.

"I have great reviews on my music, but I don't want to sign under BigHit productions. The contracts are too long and they stifle my artistic ability. I can do this myself, Umma, just pray for me." Yoongi pleaded.

"I do everyday, Yoongi. Your parents do, too. You know that, right?" Umma replied, softly.

Yoongi ignored the last question, doggedly.

"I'll be back in a few days to check on you and eat some more." Yoongi said quickly, kissing her again and heading out into the night.

Hobi's words of warning about Park Ji Min being a threat to them still rang in his thoughts. Yoongi decided to pay the fluffy blond a visit, and ensure that he wasn't going to do something stupid to jeopardize their operations.

Besides, he had something that belonged to this Jimin.

He drove off in his charger convincing himself that he was only tying up a loose end and nothing more.
"So, tell me again.." Taehyung said with disbelief.

"Tae Tae, I don't know what else to say..." Jimin replied in a tired voice.

They were at Taehyung's house.

Actually, his mansion.

Tae and Jimin had shared a mutual love of dance since childhood. Tae was lucky enough to be able to afford the Daegu Dance Institute classes, and was kind enough to record his classes for Jimin to study the choreography at home.

They had spent the last hour working on the routine to "Lie" a popular ballad with strong vocals and instrumentals.

Secretly, even though he enjoyed the moves from the institute instructor, Jimin had many ideas of how to dance to this bold sound. He was eager to get to the studio tonight to create his own routine.

"Jimin-ssi, you literally escaped death!" Tae exclaimed with his huge eyes. "You can stay here with me for a few days. You can't go home tonight!" He finished with a decisive nod.

Jimin swiveled to look at his friend like he was nuts.

He didn't get home until nearly 2am last night/this morning.

Then, he had to be back at the studio at 6am to put the barres together. Mr. Hyuk only laughed at his story about the drug dealers, and actually asked him if the SHIPMENT was ok. Not to mention, he went straight to work at the Men's Suits Emporium, where he endured 6 hours of horrible, rich, snotty customers.

THEN, to his afternoon business class at the local college, then to the gym to work on his arms, before coming directly over to Tae's to practice.

Nothing was going to prevent Jimin from sleeping soundly in his bed tonight.

"Tae, they had every opportunity to blow my face off last night. This is just a reminder that I need to work extra hard on my dancing, and hopefully get a better job as an instructor soon, so I can stop running dangerous errands for Mr. Hyuk." Jimin said simply.

Tae looked worried.

"Hey- enough. Tell me about that new girl you were flirting with?" Jimin asked with a playful punch on Tae's arm.

"Playing hard to get, my friend, but I haven't found one yet who can resist the Tae factor." He said with an exaggerated wink.

"Careful with that Tae factor, I think I'm falling myself!" Jimin laughed hard.

"Like you could score an ass like mine!" Tae shot back, head thrown back in laughter.

Tae knew he was handsome. His eyes were dreamy, and always matched with a wistful far away.
look. His sandy hair fell perfectly around his wide eyes, and most people equated him to royalty.

Jimin liked his goofy, square smile most of all, though.

"Look, I'm leaving now, but trust me, I'll be fine." Jimin said, standing.

"Ah, Jimin-ssi, won't you stay for dinner?" Tae asked, serious once again.

"Not hungry." Jimin replied, heading for the door.

Tae had the worried look again, but thankfully he didn't press it further as Jimin hurried off.

Jimin was, in fact, starving. But he knew the hard workout from his dance practice at the studio would dissipate the feeling, once his adrenaline took over.

15 more pounds.

That's all he needed to shave off and he might just stand a chance as a real choreographer.

He entered the studio and checked his watch- 9pm.

Just enough time for a good couple of hours.

Soon, he was lost in the ocean of "Lie's" lyrics. No set choreography, just freestyle dancing.

He made sure his camera was set to record, so he could review the footage and use it to create a routine later.

"One, two, three, one two, three..." Jimin muttered to the beat of the rhythm. Arms flowing, legs leaping, and then-

There was a loud knocking at the steel door.

The sound made Jimin veer off balance in the middle of a complex pirouette, sending him crashing to the floor.

Was that really a knock? At this hour??

He gingerly picked himself up, rubbing the shoulder he'd landed on.

Impossible. Maybe it was next door...?

The sound came again, more intensely.

Jimin turned off the music.

"We're closed! Please come tomorrow during business hours!" Jimin yelled, convinced it was just a confused customer.

He was suddenly aware that he was visible through the back alley windows. Anyone could have been there. Watching him.

Waiting...
The knock came again. Loud. Urgent.

Jimin shook the paranoia out of his mind.

Thugs and killers don't just knock at the door. It's probably Tae making sure he's ok, or that he ate something.

He walked over and yanked open the door.

A strangled sound escaped his mouth as he found himself face to face with a thug and killer.

"Won't you invite me in?" Yoongi asked smoothly, head cocked to the side.

Jimin could barely breathe. His mouth just hung open, searching his mind for a way out.

The front entrance was locked. He would have to get the key and unlock the door before Sugar could get-

"I'm not gonna hurt you, kid" Yoongi said with a small laugh, as he gently moved past Jimin into the studio, fingers wiggling in the air in a mock show of peace.

The door swung shut, keeping the cold air out, though Jimin longed to be freezing in Siberia rather than here with a killer.

"S-sugar...? What do you- what can I- why are you- how did you find me here..?" Jimin finally stammered out a full sentence through trembling lips.

"I haven't said a thing to anyone, I s-swear-

"I'm Min Yoongi." Yoongi interrupted.

Jimin fell silent.

Did he just say his real name??

WHY??

"O-oh" Jimin muttered, bewildered.

"And you're Park Ji Min." He continued.

_Dear, God._

How? How did he know that?

What else does he know?

"How do you-" Jimin started to ask, but was cut off by Yoongi handing him a fistful of papers.

Jimin recognized the light blue sheets as his missing poetry.

He knew he had lost them, but in light of the last 24 hours, he didn't bother looking.

"These are yours." Yoongi said, simply.

Jimin took a moment to fully understand the situation.
Sugar- or Yoongi, rather, drove all the way here JUST to give Jimin his missing poetry?

Not to kill him?

He looked back at Yoongi, all black attire, as before. Black jeans, and boots. A slim fitting black button up shirt. Black jacket and beanie, and... shockingly mint colored hair.

He was well put together for a thug.

Still scary, though.

Probably extremely dangerous.

Terrifying...

And...

And...

So fucking hot.

Jimin realized with a slow understanding of the strange feeling in the pit of his stomach.

Yoongi was sexy from his crazy colored hair to his long, thin, strong hands...

And he smelled amazing, too.

Musk and heat and cinnamon...

Jimin looked down at his black compression shorts and oversized cotton tank top, breathing hard to calm his crazy thoughts.

"You're a dancer?" Yoongi asked, looking around like he was on another planet.

"You almost killed me yesterday." Jimin said coldly, finally finding his voice, and ignoring the question totally.

Sexy or not, THAT still happened.

"No. Hobi did. And if you remember correctly, I stopped him." Yoongi shot back, almost sounding hurt by the accusation.

"But you've killed people before." Jimin stated, trying to find a reason to not like this guy.

Yoongi stared at him lazily. Then just shrugged and laughed a little.

"You have, then." Jimin pressed.

"I wasn't gonna let him touch you." Yoongi replied with smoldering eyes, evading the question.

Jimin's heart raced, and damned if his cock didn't twitch just the tiniest bit at how sexy and possessive Yoongi sounded.

"So, you just came here to give me these back?" Jimin asked in shock, looking down at his poems.

Yoongi nodded, shifting uncomfortably, as if he was just realizing how silly that sounded.
"And to say to keep your mouth shut, and you won't get hurt." Yoongi added, back to his tough self.

But his cold eyes, softened just a bit, as he went on.

"And... to apologize." he continued with a huge sigh.

"For scaring you. You look like a good kid, you know, just trying to do your job. I'm not in the business of hurting, you know, innocent people..." Yoongi trailed off, thoroughly embarrassed with this confession.

"So, you just hurt bad people?" Jimin asked, with dripping sarcasm. "You're a vigilante now, like Spider-Man?"

Yoongi's eyes went cold again at the mocking tone.

"I'm not fucking Spider-Man, but you're a real dick, kid. I saved your life last night." He shot back.

"And tracked me down here at midnight to scare me to death instead?" Jimin asked, with wide eyes. "How did you find me, anyway?"

"Calm your luscious locks, ok?" Yoongi snapped, angrily. "You were driving a van with the name of this place plastered on the side, genius."

Jimin blinked, surprised with himself at missing that obvious fact.

He looked up to find Yoongi smiling at Jimin's moment of stupidity.

He liked Yoongi's smile. It made his eyes crescent shaped...

He liked his smile??

What the hell?

"It's late.." Yoongi reminded. Smile gone, replaced by his famous cold glare.

"Y-yeah, I really should... Lock up, and, get out of here..." Jimin stammered, grabbing his things, pulling on his sweats, and turning off the lights.

He burned internally, feeling Yoongi's eyes on him as he made his last minute rounds. He knew he was supposed to clean, but he couldn't possibly care less right now.

Outside in the freezing air, the two looked at each other awkwardly.

"Uhm, thanks, Yoongi, for bringing my work back to me. It would have sucked to lose it all." Jimin said, softly.

Yoongi just nodded once, walking to his car.

Jimin looked at him leaving, admiring his slim frame, and the black glittering dodge charger, before sighing and starting the walk home.

He heard the engine revving, but didn't expect to hear it coming closer to him.

He turned and saw Yoongi driving alongside him.

"How far away from here do you live?" Yoongi asked, leaning way back in the driver seat, one long
hand draped over the wheel.

"Why...?" Jimin asked suspiciously, unable to hide his shivering.

"Come on, genius, get in." Yoongi said with a lazy smile.
Yoongi was a man of decisive action. He rarely questioned or second guessed himself, and for the last 10 or so years, he had enjoyed a consistent state of self-assurance.

He referred to this simply as: swag.

However, on this cold winter night, he was currently driving alongside an angelic looking boy, outside of a goddamn ballet studio, asking him to get in his car, and feeling nervous, NERVOUS, about his offer being rejected.

Nervousness is definitely NOT swag.

"But why do you want to know where I live...?" Jimin asked again, more suspicious than ever.

*Because you're so damn beautiful.*

Yoongi mentally slapped himself for the internal comment.

He must be tired. That's it.

He'd had a few late nights handling business, and he just needed some rest.

And pussy.

*I'm just tired and horny, that's all.*

So damn horny, that he was actually having gay thoughts about a BOY being beautiful.

Yoongi quickly estimated how long it had been since he'd fucked a hot girl.

A week ago, right? Or was it 2 weeks?

Maybe more??

Now that he was so close to producing his album, he'd become some kind of monk, worrying only about his debut and nothing else.

Either way, he needed to find a girl and get some ass. FAST.

TONIGHT.

All he needs to do is drop this kid at home.

No big deal.

It's just a bit of charity- helping the needy.

He quickly rearranged his face to his usual cold stare, and glared at the beautiful (NO, NOT BEAUTIFUL! GUYS AREN'T BEAUTIFUL!!) boy outside his window.

"First thing, kid, you're freezing, and like we established earlier, I'm not trying to kill you- though running over your smart ass is starting to appeal to me." Yoongi snapped.

Jimin stared back at him wide-eyed and mouth slightly open.
Oh, God, he really is gorgeous.

Yoongi kicked himself inwardly again for his crazy homo thoughts.

Gotta fuck a girl tonight. Gotta fuck a girl tonight. Gotta fuck a girl tonight.

"Ok.. Thank you." Jimin said sweetly.

Yoongi stared straight ahead through the windshield as if his entire life depended on it, moving only to auto unlock the door for Jimin to climb in.

"Wow!! Sweet ride!" Jimin exclaimed with the cutest fucking giggle, ever.

"Mess anything up, and I will actually kill you." Yoongi said with a cold smirk, internally writhing from Jimin's sweet smell of sweat and cotton, and was that honeysuckle?

They drove in silence, Jimin letting out adorable squeals whenever Yoongi revved the engine or sped up. Subconsciously, he drove hard and fast, wanting to impress Jimin. Wanting to hear his warm laughter. Needing to hear it, even.

Gotta fuck a girl tonight. Gotta fuck a girl tonight. Gotta fuck a girl to-

Suddenly, a terrible gurgling sound erupted from somewhere in Jimin's general vicinity, interrupting Yoongi's silent mantra, and nearly making him swerve off the road in shock.

"Was that your STOMACH, kid?" He demanded, eyes off the road, staring straight at Jimin.

The younger looked like he could die and go to hell that moment with embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, sorry...It's nothing." Jimin stammered, his happy glow gone.

The boy had fully turned in his seat looking away from Yoongi now.

"I'm ok. It's- I've just had a long day. I'll get food at home." Jimin mumbled.

Yoongi was silent.

He didn't even trust himself to say a word.

After three minutes that felt like centuries, Jimin spoke again.

"Uhhm.. Yoongi.. Where are we going? We missed the right turn to my neighborhood..." he said very slowly, turning to look at the driver.

"Yoongi..?" he repeated, sounding worried.

"Calm down, kid. Remember I'm not gonna hurt you, ok?" Yoongi said quietly, his eyes boring holes through the windshield.

"Ok.." Jimin whispered so innocently, so sweetly, that it was all Yoongi could do not to melt into a puddle of liquid nothingness right in his seat.

"We're here.." Yoongi announced, parking the car in what was clearly a very dark, very empty restaurant lot.

"Uhhh, it's 1am, Yoongi.. Everything is closed now." Jimin said, nervously scratching his neck.
"For those who don't know what's up, yea it's closed." Yoongi said mysteriously, as he got out of his car and walked over to open Jimin's door.

The pair walked against the cold wind to the back of the restaurant. Yoongi tapped a few short knocks on the door, then waited, and tapped a few more.

"We're closed for the night." A voice suddenly spoke up from behind the door.

"All I need is a pair of chopsticks." Yoongi replied, half smiling at Jimin's confused expression.

The door sprang open.

"Yo, whaddup Yoongs?!" A tall boyish looking man with an amazing blonde Mohawk emerged, clapping Yoongi on the shoulder.

"Hey, monnie. Let us in, man, I'm freezing my balls off out here." Yoongi replied, laughing.

"Sure, man, get the fuck in here. What do you need? Weed? Coke? Pussy? It's been a while for you, man, good to see you partying again!" Monnie greeted his friend enthusiastically, right up until he laid eyes on Jimin.

"Uhh...?" Monnie shot a questioning glance at Yoongi, while pointing at a bewildered Jimin.

"He's with me. Rap Monster, this is Jimin. Jimin, this is Namjoon, aka Rap Monster." Yoongi said flatly.

"Remember the name, man, cus imma bout to blow the fuck up!!!" Namjoon exclaimed, grabbing Jimin by the shoulders.

"H-h-h-hi.." Jimin stammered, as he was being shaken by the taller boy.

"Alright, man, we just need food tonight." Yoongi said tiredly, as he removed Namjoon's hands from Jimin's shoulders, momentarily losing his mind as his fingers grazed Jimin's smooth, supple skin and rippled muscle.

Gotta fuck a girl tonight. Gotta fuck a girl tonight. Gotta fuck a girl tonight.


"Yea, monnie, I'm sure.." Yoongi replied, moving past his friend and motioning Jimin to follow.

They went down three flights of stairs. Each level with dozens of stoned partiers, swaying to music, making out, throwing up- some all at the same time.

Yoongi stole a glance backwards, chuckling at Jimin's pale look of horror at the scene.

"Let me guess, you don't party much, huh?" Yoongi asked with a sardonic laugh.

He stopped suddenly at the last door- so suddenly that Jimin walked right into his back. Yoongi felt the boy's full physique line up perfectly with his own body, Jimin's warm breath on his neck.

Yoongi felt his dick actually twitch.

Oh, fuck... Oh, fuck, oh fuckity fuck.
"Walk much, man?" Yoonig growled angrily, as Jimin hurriedly stumbled backwards.

Jisoo, Yoongi said to himself decisively.

He'll call up Jisoo and fuck her brains out tonight.

That's all I need.

A quick release, and I'll be fine.

They entered a dimly lit room, with a few tables and booths. It was utterly empty.

An older noona was shuffling around, wiping off the empty tables.

"Annyeonghaseyo" Yoongi greeted the lady with a low bow. Jimin followed suit.

"Yoongi-ah! So long since you've come to see me! And so thin, you are! Quickly, sit, I'll fatten you up tonight!" The sweet lady said cheerfully, motioning to a comfy looking booth with candles.

"Oh, you brought a friend! He looks so tired! Come, come.. Sit!"

She fussed until they were comfortably seated before disappearing to the back.

Jimin sat across the small table looking around, before settling his eyes on Yoongi's face.

"There's no one else here?" he asked Yoongi.

"Didn't they all look pretty busy to you?" Yoongi retorted with a smirk.

Jimin nodded, blushing.

Mmmmmm, that blush.

"It's pretty in here." Jimin noted.

You're fucking pretty.

"Never noticed." Yoongi replied.

"What do you like to eat?" Jimin pressed on, cheerfully.

You, right about now.

"She doesn't take orders, just brings the food." Yoongi answered, nonchalantly.

"Are you ok, Yoongi?" Jimin threw him a curve ball with this one.

"Huh?" Yoongi shot back, with a crazed look on his face.

"You look troubled. Is everything ok?" Jimin asked with those lips and that fucking voice, that sweet voice of destruction.

"Yesterday, my friend nearly killed you, and you're asking ME if I'm ok?" Yoongi asked in shock.

"I guess.." Jimin laughed, nervously. "So, are you ok?" he repeated.

"Next question." Yoongi replied.
"Ok, where do you live?" Jimin asked, without missing a beat.

"Nowhere you'd want to go." Yoongi answered with a smile.

"How old are you?" Jimin continued.

"Why, is it past my bedtime?" Yoongi asked sarcastically.

"No, but you keep calling me kid, and I'm twenty-three." Jimin explained, with another smile.

*You're twenty fucking gorgeous, is what you are.*

"Twenty-five. So, that's Yoongi hyung to you." The elder replied, with an evil grin.

"Ok. What do you do for a living? *Hyung.*" Jimin asked, playfully.

"I survive. Are we done now, question mark?" Yoongi snapped.

Jimin looked away shyly.

Yoongi's heart throbbed.

At that moment, the noona saved the day with a full tray of food. She clucked and tutted and cooed around the table, as she laid out steak, noodles, cakes, rice, soups, and more.

Thankfully, the intoxicating tastes and smells ended the questionnaire. Yoongi watched intently as Jimin wolfed down a salad, then soup.

Yoongi knew he had been obsessing over Jimin's more feminine features, like those lips, and the baby hands, and puppy dog eyes...

But there was so much more than that.

Masculine features.

The tendons in his neck as he chewed, the strength rippling through his forearms and biceps as he lifted the food to his mouth.

Yoongi checked his phone, desperate for a response from Jisoo, whom he'd texted earlier for a hook up.

Nothing yet.

*Shit.*

Jimin slurped down a second soup.

"Won't you eat any meat? You vegan or whatever it's called?" Yoongi inquired from the younger.

"N-no, it's just, you know you shouldn't eat heavy foods late at night, hyung." Jimin mumbled with that shy look.

"You kidding me? You're twenty-three. You can eat whatever the fuck you want and still look amazing."

*Dammit!*
The words were out before he could stop them.

Jimin blushed again and looked at him with those soft, fucking eyes.

"Thank you, hyung. I just- I worry about my weight, you know, it's a dancer thing..." Jimin said quietly.

"Just try it, kid. It's good shit. Live a little." Yoongi prodded, remembering the angry growl of Jimin's stomach earlier.

"Ok, Yoongi hyung." Jimin conceded, with a smile, licking the soup traces from his plump, perfect lips.

Yoongi swallowed and averted his gaze from Jimin's... EVERYTHING.

Gotta fuck a girl tonight. Gotta fuck a girl tonight.

Yoongi texted Joy next. Then Seulgi. Then Kim.

Joy and Kim were out of town, and Seulgi was apparently still pissed that he'd fucked her sister.

He asked for her sister's number, but unsurprisingly, she told Yoongi to rot in hell.

FUCK.

Looks like it's just me and my hand tonight.

Unless...??

"Hey, keep eating, I'll be right back." Yoongi ordered, as he slid out of the booth seat.

Jimin nodded and attacked a lamb skewer.

Yoongi returned 20 minutes later to find Jimin fast asleep, snoring softly in his seat.

It was at that moment Yoongi realized Jimin was not of this world.

He had to be some sort of cosmic angel that lost his way to heaven and was somehow stuck on earth.

"Hey. Sleeping beauty?" Yoongi said mustering his most sarcastic voice and kicking Jimin's foot.

Jimin stirred so adorably, soft lashes fluttering. "Oh, hey hyung... Sorry, haha.."

"Yea, very funny. Now get up." Yoongi commanded, but he gave his hand to pull Jimin up, holding his breath as his dick jumped gleefully at the boy's touch.

Yoongi marched like a military commander back to the car, strapping himself in and not daring to speak, or even look at Jimin on the short ride to the younger's apartment.

Luckily, the kid was so groggy, he didn't notice Yoongi's desperate attempts to ignore him.

He stayed stock still in his seat, as Jimin climbed out, thanking him for the meal and the ride.

"Hey, Yoongi hyung.." Jimin said before closing the car door.

Yoongi graced him with a bored look, one eyebrow raised.
"This is for you. In case you liked any of my poems. I publish some online, too, but I, uh, I wrote this one when you stepped away tonight." Jimin finished shyly, handing the elder a folded sheet of paper.

Yoongi's eyebrow shot an inch higher.

"It's not romance or gross stuff, don't worry!" Jimin assured Yoongi's eyebrow.

"It's just I can't repay you for my meal, or you being nice, so maybe one day if I make it as an author you can sell it." Jimin laughed wryly at his joke.

"No need, but sure, whatever, kid." Yoongi replied, his face devoid of expression.

Jimin nodded with a final smile, and walked off into his tiny apartment complex.

Yoongi stared at the paper, like it might jump up and eat him whole.

His phone beeped with a text, breaking his fixation.

**RM:** Yoongs, you still up?

**YG:** Yea, what's up?

**RM:** I gotta girl for you like you asked... Hot as fuck, you owe me...

**YG:** Hell yes, I need her number like now

**RM:** Shit, don't you need her name too?

**YG:** not really, but if you insist

**RM:** You're a dog, man- hang on, it's coming over

Yoongi breathed a sigh of relief as he headed back to the restaurant, stowing the paper away in his pocket without a second glance.
"Welcome to the Men's Suits Emporium, where your style is our business!" Jimin sang cheerfully to a portly man entering the shop.

"It's my son's wedding next month." Portly stated gruffly, as if everyone already knew this. "I need something to wear that won't clash with everything else."

"Of course, sir, my name is Jimin, and I will be delighted to style you today. Now what colors are the grooms wearing?" Jimin asked.

"Grooms? You mean the bride and groom." The customer corrected, with a harassed look.

"Of course, sir. Pardon my mistake." Jimin said, dryly.

Tae was dissolving into laughter a few aisles away, waiting for Jimin's shift to end, so they could grab a coffee and catch up.

"Must be love on the brain..." Tae sang Rihanna's hit in his deep baritone voice, still laughing.

Jemin smacked him lightly, as they walked into the coffee shop.

"So, when's your thug wedding, Jimin ssi? Tae teased relentlessly.

Ever since they chatted and Jimin told him about the other night with Yoongi, Tae had been completely unable to let it go.

"I always said you could turn a straight man crooked in a heartbeat, Jimin. I might even suck you off right now." Tae continued, slapping the table in laughter.

Jemin clucked his tongue in annoyance and paid for their drinks.

"Tae, calm down. Yoongi is straight as an arrow, trust me. Not to mention, a criminal, and a murderer, most likely." Jimin mumbled between sips of his latte.

"Hmm. Sounds like your type to me." Tae said thoughtfully, biting into his muffin.

"Excuse me?" Jimin shot back in mock anger. "Is that how low my standard is to you? Wow. What a friend!" Jimin shot back in mock anger.

"No, I'm just saying opposites attract. You're cute, he's rough. You're soft, he's hard. Well, maybe you're both hard...." Tae teased on.

"I'm still a MAN, Tae. So enough with the fairy unicorn stuff. Let's not forget I can still knock your ass out." Jimin reminded his friend with a smirk.

"We were 16 when that fight happened, and I was NOT knocked out. I fell asleep, because your weak punches bored me." Tae said, defensively.

The friends laughed on that memory for a while.

"So..." Tae said, regaining his composure. "You really do like this Yoongi, don't you?"

_God, yes. His alpha male dominance just screams DADDY MATERIAL..._
"I just have to be sensible, Tae. The odds of him being gay/bi are low. I didn't get that vibe at all. I
know a closet gay when I see one. And he wasn't one. Oh, yea, and let's not forget: he kills people."
Jimin finished with an exasperated sigh.

"Does he also follow people to dance studios then take them out to dinner? Oh, no, that was just
you." Tae said with a devilish smile.

"He was just there warning me to keep my mouth shut." Jimin explained to his friend for the
hundredth time.

And for the hundredth time Tae said he wasn't buying it.

Jimin couldn't help but let himself wonder if Tae could be right. There was an energy in the air that
night that Jimin couldn't place his finger on.

Yoongi had acted like he was actually carved out of stone.

Not just motionless, but- almost- uncomfortable.

Jimin wondered with a small smile if he was the cause of that hot tension.

Maybe. Maybe not.

Most likely not.

Definitely not.

And even if he did make Yoongi hot and bothered? What are they supposed to do?

Date??

Rob banks together?

Do drug deals at the docks?

Jimin zoned back in to the conversation with Tae, just as he was yammering on about a new girl he
was seeing.

Jimin zoned back out, thinking about the poem he gave Yoongi at the end of the night.

He was so embarrassed about it now, he didn't even confide that part to Tae.

Yoongi didn't seem enthusiastic about it, but Jimin didn't think Yoongi could be enthusiastic even if
he won the lottery.

Still... He wondered...

Did he read it?

Did he like it?

Does he like me?

Do I like him????

It had been three days since their pseudo, but not quite date, already.
Jimin sighed, nibbling at the crumbs of Tae's leftover muffin.

If Yoongi had anything to say about that night, he would have tracked Jimin down and said it by now.

"Come on, Tae, let's go practice a bit." Jimin said suddenly, determined to push the bizarre events of the last few days out of his mind forever.

He'd probably never see Yoongi again, unless his mug shot is circulated on television.

The last thought actually made Jimin worry.

Was he safe?

Despite Yoongi's, questionable lifestyle, Jimin wished him well, and hoped he was happy.
Min Yoongi was having the worst 3 days of his life.

Worse than when he tried to fight a literal giant from a rival gang and got his nose broken in two different places.

Worse than when he went to jail for 6 months and people were shitting in the showers.

Worse than when he wrecked his beautiful car last year, and that had hurt.

No matter what trials and tribulations life brought Yoongi's way, and there were a lot of them, he could always figure it out using wits and of course, his swag.

But now, Yoongi found himself utterly confused and without a single bit of wit or swag in the world.

Presently, Yoongi was sitting on the floor of his genius lab in old boxers, picking at cold pizza. The lab was located in the loft of his 2 bedroom apartment, and it's where he came to record, mix, and re-master his best work. He usually worked all night producing music.

He hadn't touched his beloved equipment in three long days.

Yoongi picked himself off the floor with a grimace and shuffled downstairs to the living room, turning his phone on as he walked towards his ivory sectional sofa.

As soon as the phone booted, he was pegged with missed call and text notifications. He skimmed quickly to see if any were from his grandmother. Satisfied that she was ok, he moved to turn the phone off again, and that's when Rap Monster's texts popped up in rapid succession.

**RM: YOONGS WHAT THE FUCK MAN?**

**RM: man fuck u i know you can see my texts**

**RM: never, EVER again ask me for a girl, you are dead to me yo**

**RM: i was trying to make it with lisa's cousin, thanks for fucking that shit up**

He shut the phone down again.

Yep, better to just keep it off.

Yoongi couldn't help but think back to the events from three nights ago with burning shame in the pit of his stomach, making him feel sick.

Sicker than the cold, clammy pizza was making him.

He remembered picking up Lisa, full of excitement and anticipation. Monnie had assured him that she could get rid of whatever stress Yoongi was experiencing. As a bonus, she could also solve world hunger with her ass alone.

She had climbed into his car all smiles, wearing a huge fur coat that came to her knees, and glittery red heels.

During the ride to his place, she prattled on about nonsense and bullshit, and he was eager to get to
fucking and shutting her up.

Once in his apartment, he slumped on his expensive sofa and just watched her dance and grind for a while. He had a reputation for being completely silent and stone faced during sex.

In fact, the girls in the area called him motionless Min.

He didn't care.

Sex to him was just a way to release tension so he could get back to work. He didn't date, and they sure as hell weren't staying for breakfast.

Lisa got comfy fast, immediately losing her bear skin coat, revealing nothing underneath but a tiny red thong. She was fast and loose. Ordinarily, that would have gotten Yoongi right into the mood...

But all he could do was compare her to Jimin.

She was too soft looking... None of Jimin's hard, toned muscle. Even her expertly made-up face had nothing on the glow of Jimin's skin. Her lips, red and full, were less attractive than Jimin's plump pout. And her heavily lined cat eyes, usually a huge turn on for Yoongi, paled in comparison to Jimin's adorable eye smile.

Yoongi started to lose it.

How could he have a beautiful, NAKED woman, giving him a lap dance, and STILL be thinking of Park Ji Min for fuck's sake?

He drank a ton of vodka. He smoked all of Lisa's weed. He did everything to force his mind into a numb state, trying to concentrate all he had on the woman dancing in front of him. But when she leaned over and pushed her ample bosom into his face, it was all he could do not to throw up.

"What's wrong, daddy? You want me to do something else for you?" Lisa had moaned into his ear, shaking her breasts a little more, as if to say, HEY, remember these???

Yoongi shook his head at the memory, taking another bite of cold pizza.

"Tell me what you want..." Lisa had demanded seductively, reaching to pull down her thong.

"Get up. Put your coat on." Yoongi had told her stiffly, mildly disgusted by her use of "daddy".

Lisa had the look of a woman who had never been rejected before in her life.

First time for everything, bitch.

She huffed and puffed, as she pulled her coat on, and called a cab.

"Limp dick." she spat, when she finally walked out.

And now, Rap Monster was probably never gonna talk to him again. And he didn't give a fuck.

Jimin was all that was on his mind now.

As soon as the door closed behind Lisa, Yoongi fished out the small scrap of paper Jimin gave him; holding it close, before carefully unfolding it in his hands.

Drunk as fuck, and high off his ass, he could barely walk- but he could damn sure read every line of
Jimin's pretty handwriting:

For Yoongi hyung. :)  

_Eternity burns in the warmth of the sun_  

_We fight every battle, but the war isn't won_  

_Lies are the comfort we need when alone_  

_But where is the truth that will take us home?_  

_Eternity burns in the warmth of the sun_  

_Until Infinity is finished and done._  

- Park Ji Min.

And for the last three days, Yoongi has been unable to live his fucking life. He hadn't showered, worked on his music, stepped out of the house, or even turned on his phone.

What he _has_ been doing is ordering takeout, sleeping in the same boxers, watching old movies, and re-reading that goddamn poem every 15 minutes. Yoongi was no Shakespeare, but as a lyricist himself, he admired Jimin's use of rhyme and balance. His words were impactful, too, but what did they MEAN?

"Is he into me?" Yoongi thought out loud.

_Am I gay?_

The last question echoed and ricocheted through Yoongi's head. Women were never more than an object to him, but he had NEVER been attracted to a man before. He didn't even know one, solitary gay man.

_I'm not attracted to men._

_But I'm attracted to Park Ji Min._

Every alpha fiber in him wanted to hold Jimin, to touch him, protect him, to, to....

_To what? Fuck him??_

_Yes, but more than that..._

Yoongi returned to his lab and hopped on his computer. He brought up a popular porn site, and searched: female threesome.

He watched for a minute, as the three, busty beauties formed a daisy chain, licking and sucking each other's pussies, moaning softly.

Yoongi looked down at his dick. Nothing. He knew he was watching a hot scene, he just.. Didn't want to be a part of it.
Desperately, Yoongi searched all kinds of smut. Piss play, ass fucking, double penetration, every nasty thing he could think of.

Nothing.

Finally, with slow fingers of dread, Yoongi searched: male threesome.

A few moments later, three young, handsome men were wrapping toned arms and legs all around each other. Dicks were being sucked, assholes fingered, and... licked, apparently. Yoongi stared with the intensity of a puberty-stricken 13 year old. He even glanced over his shoulder a few times, as if his Umma might appear any second.

And while Yoongi was not interested in joining the fun on the screen, he found himself subconsciously learning how to please Jimin if he ever got the chance...

W_{ould Jimin like that...?} M_{e touching him there?}

His dick finally woke up.

W_{ould he let me taste him right there?}

His dick was giving little twinges of excitement.

D_{oes he moan like that?}

Yoongi was hard as a rock now.

I_{s Jimin even gay?}

The last thought struck him like a bolt of lightning. Yoongi just realized that Jimin being gay or bisexual was a total assumption. The dancing, the poetry, the shy giggles and sweet smile.... None of that really meant the kid was into guys.

O_{r into me.}

Yoongi stared at the ceiling, hands running through his hair. He had to know... But.. how?

Instinctively, without really planning it, he searched Jimin on Facebook.

Shit, no access to non-friends.

W_hat now?

He searched him on Google, and came to a G+ site page owned by the younger. Yoongi remembered the kid saying he publishes stuff online.

F_or the next 2 hours Yoongi was entranced, drinking in all of Jimin's poetry, thoughts, pictures... Reading the comments left by friends. Are any of them more than friends?

A_s he searched for clues to Jimin's relationship status, his PC suddenly pinged an alert.

J_{imin is now online.}

Yoongi reeled backwards in his chair, as if Jimin might tumble right out of the screen and demand to know why Yoongi was stalking him.
Ding! His computer alerted him again.

**Jimin just made a new post.**

Yoongi blinked several times, and then pressed "read post" so slowly and carefully, one would have thought he was handling a ticking time bomb.

*Beauty and pain live everywhere*

*In my heart, in his eyes*

*In the tears I have cried*

*In the palm of my hand*

*In the strands of his hair*

*The only thing worse than love unrequited*

*Is passion... Not yet admitted*

- Park Ji Min

Yoongi froze. Savoring and tasting each word. HIS eyes? HIS hair? So... Jimin is...? Or...?

Love unrequited? Passion not admitted?? He longed to be inside the pretty blonde's head and know who or what this might be about.

Yoongi's mouse was hovering over the poem again, when a question popped up.

**Chat with Jimin?**

Yoongi stared with buggy eyes. Checking his watch, he noted it was past midnight.

Should he say something? What would he say??

In spite of himself, he clicked the chat icon.

"Uhhmmm..." Yoongi thought out loud, hoping to conjure a sentence from thin air.

No. This makes no sense.

Yoongi shot out of the chair and ran downstairs to the kitchen, looking for more vodka.

Shit, all gone.

He checked for beer, at least. Not even one.

He looked around his barren, neglected kitchen, poking at a pile of trash on the marble island countertop.

Sighing, he trudged back upstairs to his computer. Some liquid courage would have been nice, but it looks like he's gonna have to do this sober.
It took a deep, steadying breath, before typing his first line.
"So where do you get your hair done, Jimin? It's so perfect...." Jackson asked, gently nudging Jimin's soft hand with his larger, manicured one.

Jumin smiled shyly at the compliment. "I take care of my hair myself at home, due to my tight schedule and budget." Jimin answered with a laugh.

"No matter how many salons I visit, I just can't get that flip Jimin has!" Tae joked with his square smile on full blast.

It was Tae's birthday and Jimin was happy enough to be a third wheel alongside him and his girlfriend of the month, Jihyo.

But his best friend had insisted that they double date, and of course, he had produced a date for Jimin. And of course, he was a pure bred socialite like Taehyung.

Jumin observed Jackson from across the table in the five star restaurant they were treating Taehyung out to. He had fine, soft features, golden eyes, and impressive height. His raven hair was expertly coifed (Jumin guessed that Jackson did NOT do his own hair) and he had enjoyed a great education, having studied the fine arts and philosophy.

He was also flamboyantly gay, and obviously very into Jimin already, judging from how many times he’d complimented him on everything from his tuxedo and jewelry, to the flip in his blonde hair.

"...and right at that moment, Jimin opened the door and the whole class saw me with my pants still down!" Tae finished a hilarious story that had the whole table banging their hands in laughter.

"Wow, Jimin, seriously...? Looks like there's a little devil hiding behind that angel face." Jackson said with a wink and another brush on the hand.

Huh?

Jumin had zoned out again.

"Yea, well, this story gets a little stranger every time it's told" Jimin laughed in response, subtly moving his hand away.

"Jimin, Jihyo wanted to see me dance, do you think you can get us into the studio sometime next week after hours?" Tae asked his friend, arm draped across Jihyo's shoulders.

"Of course, Tae Tae, anytime. And anything for the lovely Jihyo..." Jimin said with a nod to the pretty brunette.

Jihyo beamed back at Jimin. Jimin smiled back at her wishing he could have just one penny for every girl Taehyung has dated this year.

"Could I tag along, Jimin? You look like a fabulous dancer- your physique is amazing." Jackson piped in, hand straying towards him again.

Jimin smiled warmly to Tae's handsome friend and told him he'd love for him to come. Maybe Tae was right. Jimin had experienced one or two bad relationships over the past year, and it might be time for him to branch out again.
But he couldn't seem to get the mysterious Yoongi off his mind. Even in the glam and glittery restaurant, with great food and company—his heart still yearned for that late night dinner in the dingy after hours club Yoongi took him to the other day.

He could clearly see Yoongi's crescent eyes, crinkling with his dry humor. His porcelain skin, and soft lips that were always in a thin pink line across his face.

I'm not supposed to be thinking about him anymore.

Jimin had work, school and an audition with a choreography group coming up. He needed to focus. He picked at his seaweed salad, as he mapped out his future, carefully avoiding all meat and fatty foods on the lavishly laid table.

He was still working out overtime to burn off the calories from all the junk he ate that night with Yoongi.

With Yoongi...

Jimin forced his thoughts out of his mind and after taking a few pics with the birthday boy, excused himself from dinner, claiming he had work early the next morning.

Back at his apartment, Jimin showered and folded some laundry, his mind wandering back to Yoongi again. Yoongi didn't seem like the type to entertain relationships or feelings period, with males OR females.

Maybe he's asexual.

Or maybe he's just an asshole.

Jimin thought the latter seemed more plausible. Is there such a thing as people who are too big of assholes to admit they have feelings?

While he pondered this with a sad smile, the lines of a poem formed in Jimin's mind. He quickly jotted them down and read it over twice. It was actually one of his better pieces.

"I had better upload this one before I lose it." he thought out loud.

He powered up his laptop and logged on. After reading and replying to a few messages, he uploaded his poem.

"Mission accomplished." Jimin muttered as he padded to the kitchen to take his diet pill before bed. Ding!

His laptop chimed with an instant message notification.

Jimin didn't have many friends. And NONE who would be contacting him at this time via instant messenger. Tae would have just texted him. Besides, he's still out partying...

He walked back to the laptop, deciding to give whoever this was one minute of his time before going to sleep. He had a long day ahead of him tomorrow.

Suga Swag sent you a message invite. Accept or Deny?

Jimin placed his green tea diet pill on his desk, mouth hanging open in shock.
Suga? Swag??

Jimin wrung his hands together nervously, staring at the simple invite as if it might self-destruct if it went unanswered.

Well, he had given Yoongi a poem, hadn't he? And he did mention that he publishes some of his writing on the web, didn't he? So, is it really such a surprise that Yoongi had looked him up online?

*Yes, fuck yes, it is.*

*Oh, God, has he read all my stuff? What would he think of them?*

Jimin desperately went through his mental catalogue of every poem he had ever posted online, trying to see which ones would have been embarrassing for Yoongi to read.

Shit. He never actually expected the hardened criminal to look up his poetry site.

*But you hoped he would. And he did.*

Jimin was certain he'd been standing in front of the laptop for hours during his mental breakdown. But it had only been 3 minutes.

Still, it was now or never. The words on the screen seemed to glow and grow huge, impatiently waiting for a response.

Jimin hit **Accept.**

**SS: ur up late sleeping beauty**

Jimin could actually HEAR the sneer behind those words, but he still felt the blush rise to his face.

**JM: Hi, Yoongi. Yea, lol. I like to get work done when it's late and quiet**

Jimin was pleased with his balanced reply.

**SS: hi. yes, me too.**

*Do I even want to know what kind of "work" Yoongi does late at night?*

He decided to ask anyway.

**JM: cool, so what are you working on hyung?**

**SS: not so fast, kid... it's my turn to ask the questions tonight.**

**JM: haha, ok shoot ^_^**

**SS: too soon for gun references, don't you think?**

Jimin was surprised to hear himself laughing at that one.

**SS: #1. did you have a good time the other night?**

**SS: not the night my friend almost shot you**
SS: the night we went out to eat :)  
JM: you're really terrible, lol  
JM: but yea, sure I did. thanks for that...  
JM: did you...?  
SS: still my turn  
JM: ok... haha. strict rules, here...  
SS: so what do you do?  
JM: survive :)  

Jimin couldn't help but smile at what Yoongi's facial expression must be like right now. His eyes would probably be narrowed into those cute half moon shapes...  

SS: very funny  

SS: don't forget I know where you live, kid. don't make me come get you.... :)  

Electric arousal surged through Jimin's entire nervous system at Yoongi's threat. 24 hours ago that same sentence would have made him piss himself in fear.  

But not now...  

Not tonight....  

SS: still there sleeping beauty?  
JM: yea, hyung. haha, you just scared me so badly. :D :D  
JM: I work at a men's suit store...uhhmm... I dance, and I also take some college classes  
SS: and write poetry...  
JM: that's just a hobby  
SS: you're good, though. what kind of dance?  
JM: thanks, hyung. contemporary/classical dance. ever seen it before?  
SS: nope, lol. never met a real live ballerina before.  
JM: sooo, it's not ballet... and if it was, i'd be a BALLERINO  
SS: haha, understood. so where are you from? do you have family here?  
JM: Busan, originally... I have one or two good friends.  
SS: right. and that's it? what about your parents?  
JM: dead
SS: ah, i'm sorry..

JM: don't be.

SS: I didn't see you as a loner.... like, you're really personable and stuff. you just.. don't look like a guy who'd be single.

Fire. Jimin was on fire now, his cheeks burned so hard.

*Could Yoongi actually be interested?*

Ok, ok... Keep calm Park Ji Min...

JM: lol, I guess I could say the same about you. Of course, minus the personable part, haha..

SS: I never said I was single.

*And just like that, I've fucked up everything...*

SS: But, yea, I am, lol.

Jimin exhaled loudly.

SS: And I can be personable. In the right company, at the right time and place...

SS: I'm not all bad, you know, Jimin. And I haven't met anyone that's all good.

JM: sorry hyung, I don't mean to sound judgmental... You seem pretty cool, when you aren't scaring the shit out of me. :)

SS: ok, I deserved that one.

SS: would it be ok if I asked you out...to make it up to you?

Jimin's heart had already been racing since the beginning of this chat, but he was certain he was one beat away from heart failure now.

JM: you did make it up to me, hyung, lol... Really, I'm not dwelling on the incident. We all walk different paths in life. Mine haven't all been straight and narrow.

SS: very philosophical of you, lol, but is that a yes or a no?

SS: also, you were terrified in Namjoon's restaurant that night, and you could barely stay awake

*No argument, there.*

SS: let me take you somewhere nice... show you a good time.

Jimin sat up straight. Was this a date? He wrestled with his desire to know Yoongi more. But he couldn't deny just how bad of an idea this was.

SS: lol, you're quiet... if you don't want to, I'll understand. I know that some things about me might make you uncomfortable...
JM: No. I want to.. I'd like to.

SS: are you sure? I promise I won't shoot you if you say no. :) 

JM: I'm sure, hyung. And... I'm glad you asked. When were you thinking?

SS: Saturday sound good? You seem so busy on weekdays. I want you to have fun, you know, and relax..

Jimin glowed, feeling weightless from Yoongi's keen observations and consideration.

JM: I can't wait. :) 

SS: alright sleeping beauty, get some rest. I see your cell number in your profile. do you mind if I save it?

No, Daddy, I don't mind at all.

JM: of course not. have a good night, and thanks for reaching out to me tonight..

SS: night

Suga Swag is Offline.

And just like that he was gone.

Jimin stared at the screen for a while, before selecting the option to archive the chat so he could obsess over it later.

He didn't even remember his diet pill, before falling into a deep comfortable sleep.
"The Cho brothers met their quota for the month. And... Mark, David, Jinyoung, Youngjae.. They all came through, as well. I cut them their share and divided the rest between us. Do you want the cash now, or should I deposit it to your account for you, hyung?" Hobi was sitting on Yoongi’s sofa talking business early Saturday evening.

"Mhm, ok." Yoongi replied, distractedly, as he carefully dressed himself for tonight.

It had been two days since his chat with Jimin, and finally Saturday had arrived. Yoongi had prepared himself for 48 hours of torture playing the waiting game, but he was pleasantly surprised to have been able to get back to life as usual.

It was like the roaring beast in his gut that growled for Jimin was temporarily put to rest, knowing that they would be hanging out soon.

*And Jimin said he couldn't wait.*

Yoongi was still horribly confused about his feelings, his sexuality, his future, and pretty much his entire life, but for now, all that mattered was that Park Ji Min couldn't fucking wait to see him.

He had texted the younger yesterday, so Jimin would have his number and also to confirm that they were still on for tonight. Yoongi checked his phone for the millionth time, making sure Jimin didn't pull out at the last minute.

And each time he checked his messages, he couldn't help re-reading their cute text exchange:

**YG: hey, it's me, Yoongi.**

**JM: Hi hyung.. glad you texted me finally. :)**

**YG: sorry, I've been busy. are we still good for tomorrow?**

**JM: of course. how are you? how was your day?**

**YG: i'm alive... and you?**

**JM: surviving. :P**

Yoongi was shocked that anybody would ask him how his day is going. But Jimin didn't stop there. The pair had ended up texting for hours. Jimin talked about his challenges with his classes and choreography, and Yoongi had confided that he was a bit worried about a lingering cough his grandmother had.

Most of his friends didn't even know about his Umma, and here was a boy he's known for 5 days, giving him advice on what type of cough drops to buy for her.
There was just something about Park Ji Min.

"Shit, hyung, should I just leave?" Hobi interrupted his thoughts, clearly irritated.

"Huh..?" Yoongi replied with a confused look, as he blow-dried and styled his freshly dyed hair. He seriously had not been listening to his friend at all.

"I was saying that Jungkook still isn't meeting quota. He's short for the third week in a row, and it's not a demand problem, because everyone else is meeting their quota just fine. You gave him leeway the other day and he abused it. It's time he sees the consequences of that, am I right?" Hobi finished, with an exasperated sigh.

Yoongi understood his friend's concerns. He just didn't have it in him to care. A year, or even a month ago, he would have been the first to suggest kicking Jungkook's ass. But things have since changed. He's closer than ever to completing his first album, and he has nearly enough money to get to Seoul to make his debut. For the last 5 years he'd been saving and investing in his dream, and now that it was so close, his dealing days were coming to an end.

*And I'd like to keep Jimin in the picture.*

Nope. No. His lack of interest in his dealing woes has NOTHING to do with Jimin. Sure, he hated the half-scared, half-disapproving tone Jimin had regarding his work- but the kid didn't understand the business, and Yoongi didn't care.

Yoongi had always had zero patience for people who weren't paying his bills. And Park Ji Min was no exception.

Right?

"Hyung????" Hobi repeated.

Shit.

"Look, Hobi-yah, this is an illegal business we're running. And that means we're working with criminals. So, you can't really expect honesty and integrity from all of them." Yoongi said, with an air of finality.

"But, hyung!-

"But nothing, Hobi. We'll just ask Jungkook if this is really what he wants to do. It's a big decision and he's still young. It might not be the right path for him." Yoongi replied, flatly, as he inserted his earrings and chose a simple thin gold necklace.

He looked back to see his friend of over a decade pale with shock.

"Hyung.. are you seriously suggesting we give Kook career advice right now?" Hobi asked quietly, as if Yoongi needed to see a therapist immediately.

"I'm suggesting that maybe we cut our losses, Hobi."

"But just the other day you called him our golden maknae goose!" Hobi retorted, incredulously.

"Well, maybe I was wrong, Hobi-yah."

Apparently Yoongi actually admitting to being wrong about anything was the last straw for Hobi.
"What's gotten into you, Yoongi?" Hobi asked in a serious voice, all traces of his normally happy face long gone.

Yoongi just gave him one of his famous cold stares.

"I mean it, hyung." Hobi had walked over to face Yoongi who was now deep in thought over choosing a fragrance for tonight.

"You shut yourself up in here for 3 days. No calls. No texts. You don't care about the business. You're dressing up, but you don't have a show tonight. What's going on? Is it a girl?" Hobi pressed on.

"Careful, Hobi." Yoongi warned.

"No, fuck that, hyung. Tell me what's up. I'm your best friend and business partner, for fuck's sake. You're not seeing anyone, and according to Rap Monster, your last date wasn't exactly a success. So what the fuck is up?" Hobi demanded.

Yoongi was looking at his finished appearance in the mirror. Not bad. The subtle play of red with his black ensemble went well with his new hair style. He was just missing one thing.

"Give me your hat, Hobi."

"What?? Hyung, I asked-"

"And I'm asking for your hat, are you gonna give it to me or not?" Yoongi demanded.

Hobi took off his hat and handed it over, never breaking eye contact with his friend.

Yoongi put it on with a satisfactory nod at his finished look.

"I don't know what's going on with you, Yoongi, but I hope to fuck you know what you're doing." Hobi said, before turning on his heel and storming out of the apartment.

Yoongi wanted to say something, but no words came. Besides, what could he say?

*Hey, Hobi remember that crybaby from the docks? The singing one, yea him! I'm falling for him. Oh, yea, I might be gay.*

A text came in from Jimin. Yoongi's stomach clenched, expecting the worst.

**JM: hyung, did you want me to meet you somewhere?**

Sigh. Sweet relief.

**YG: I know where you live, remember? Sit tight, I'm coming for you.**

**JM: alright :)**

Was that a blush emoji? Shit, adorable.

*******************************************************************

An hour later, Yoongi was at Jimin's door.

"Hyung! You could have just texted me to meet you outside." Jimin threw the door open, his eyes
"Your hair- wow, black? It's amazing on you, Yoongi..." Jimin gushed as soon as he saw it.

Yoongi was elated at how excited Jimin was to see him. And that he approved of his natural color.

"Well I'm here now. Are you gonna leave me out here to freeze?" Yoongi asked with his signature lifted eyebrow.

Jimin shuffled aside for Yoongi to come in. The younger smelled like clean cotton and exotic oils.

God, it's gonna be a long night.

Yoongi had wondered if seeing Jimin in person would change the obsession he's had with the boy for the last week. As if maybe actually seeing that he is another MAN would finally reset his mind to how it used to be. But one whiff of Park Ji Min's sexy scent and Yoongi knew that nothing would ever be like it used to be.

"Have a seat, hyung, or just wait right there, I won't be a minute...." Jimin's voice trailed off, as he scurried deeper into the apartment to finish up.

Yoongi looked around. The apartment was small, but enough. A one bedroom, probably. He liked the colors. Nothing brash or loud, but really well coordinated. Navy blues, grays, warm oranges.

Yoongi was eyeing a dance trophy when Jimin reappeared.

"All set!" he declared, happily.

Yoongi turned to nod, and had to catch himself from choking on thin air.

Jimin was so goddamn beautiful.

He had avoided looking at him directly when he first arrived, sensing that the younger wanted to finish up. Yoongi was always punctual for everything, a must in the drug business, and he knew that he usually arrives too early for social gatherings.

But taking him in now, was, just...

Too much. Too much to handle.

His hair was impossibly soft, so soft, and just fell in perfect waves. His puppy dog eyes were lined in black, with a light tint of shadow on his lids. Yoongi was used to dating women with a pound of make-up on, but this was so superbly done, so subtle.

Jimin's lips were always lush from the moment Yoongi saw them trembling in fear that first night. But the kid had somehow outdone himself today. Yoongi wondered how it might be to just gently, gently kiss those perfect, juicy lips. They had the thinnest clear sheen with just a tint of color, something in the strawberry family...

Dragging his eyes lower, Yoongi admired the clothing coordination. A cozy looking sweater in black and white, and stone washed jeans, tightly fitting... Simple blue Vans completed the look.

The black choker and matching earring was the limit. Is this kid even real?

"Are you ready, hyung..?" Jimin asked with a shy smile on those pretty plump lips, and he actually reached out and touched Yoongi’s hand.
Help me, sweet Jesus.

Dry mouthed, and tongue-tied, Yoongi nodded as he stiffly exited the building.

Despite his entire world being rocked, the pair fell into easy conversation on the ride. He had expected Jimin to be shy and quiet, but he wasn't, and Yoongi loved it. He was outspoken and spunky, and funny, and not afraid to speak his mind.

It was different with the women Yoongi had dated. He was used to having to coax them out of their shell while they giggled and played innocent.

Jimin was so authentic.

They were in the middle of discussing their favorite soccer team's stats (sports talk, another plus) when Jimin suddenly rubbed a scar on Yoongi's forearm.

"Shit!" Yoongi breathed, almost hitting the car in front of him.

Jimin gave him a horrified look full of apology.

"It's fine, kid, just.. Careful with sneaking up on me, my reflexes are overactive." Yoongi replied, flatly.

Actually, I nearly creamed my pants.

"What happened?" Jimin asked quietly, looking at the long scar.

"Accident." Yoongi replied shortly.

"Car?" Jimin inquired.

Try machete.

"Nope, not car. And we're here." Yoongi said with a smile, happy to end this line of questioning.

He came around and opened Jimin's door for him.

"Ah, hyung, it isn't open?" Jimin asked looking around at the empty parking lot, and dark building.

"Haven't you learned to stop asking me that? " Yoongi replied, eyes twinkling.

Yoongi walked up to the front door, sucking in oxygen for dear life when Jimin reached out and held his arm bridal style.

Before he could even knock, the double doors were opened by a waiter in a smart 3 piece suit.

"Welcome, Master Min and Master Park." the waiter greeted with a low bow.

"Please come this way, we've been expecting you."

They walked down an opulent hallway lit with lantern light, then rode an elevator to the top floor of the building. Finally, they were shown to a small, intimate table in a circular room where the walls and ceilings were all glass.

The table was set with water, wine, cheeses, bread, and fruit. There were also red and white rose petals scattered along the entire table surface.
Yoongi groaned inwardly. He had asked the owners to make it a special presentation, but they may have gone too far. Rose petals? Really?

Jimin's warm touch on his arm had turned into a vice grip. The kid was looking at the three story drop and breathing rather hard.

"Come on.. I've got you." Yoongi murmured, taking Jimin's hand and leading him to the table. Jimin baby stepped the whole way as Yoongi led him to his seat, a firm hand on his waist.

"Don't let go yet, and stop laughing!" Jimin shrieked, as he took his seat.

"I'm not going anywhere... Sit down, it's ok." Yoongi said, unable to hide his smile. He knelt down by the chair, one hand on Jimin's back, the other holding his hands on the table, as Jimin tried to relax.

"So, are we having a boy or a girl?" Yoongi joked, referring to Jimin's labor like breathing. Jimin finally laughed, relaxing a bit.

"We can also go to McDonald's, if that's more comfortable for you?" Yoongi continued, with a wide grin.

"Hyung! Stop it.. I love it. I love this.." Jimin squeezed his hand and nodded that he was finally ok, so Yoongi went to his own seat across the table, just a bit reluctantly.

No sooner had Yoongi sat down when rows of golden lights illuminated the ceiling like hundreds of tiny stars, and the circular room started to revolve slowly.

Yoongi looked at Jimin expecting the kid to freak out again, but instead the younger had a look of pure awe, watching the breathtaking view of the city as they slowly turned.

"So pretty..." Jimin gushed, as he traced a rose petal in his delicate finger tips, giving Yoongi a shy smile that warmed his hyung from heart to dick.

Yoongi suddenly wasn't upset over the petals anymore.
Jimin had never wasted his time wondering what it would be like to have a charmed life of privilege— but sitting at this small but beautifully decorated table, three stories high, with a revolving view of the city lights, Jimin, for the first time ever, felt pampered.

*Now, if I could just not puke all over the cheese plate, this could be a perfect night.*

Despite his air-borne dance moves and daring acrobatics, Jimin was never a fan of heights. He clutched the table tightly, fully expecting the spinning room to roll right off the building and tumble to the freezing ground below.

"Jimin-ah, please try and relax. I'm sorry, I so wanted you to enjoy this." Yoongi said with a hint of anguish in his voice.

*Suck it up, Park Ji Min. SUCK IT UP.*

He practiced his breathing exercises that he used to steady his nerves before dance recitals and competitions. It took a few minutes, but he was finally starting to chill out.

Part of his nervousness was due to how Yoongi was staring at him as if he was the most precious thing on earth. Jimin had loved their easy conversations and how Yoongi's guard slips sometimes, revealing his warm, fuzzy side. But Jimin couldn't completely set aside how they first met, and the activities Yoongi must be up to when he isn't planning amazing rooftop dates.

"Can I do anything at all to make you happy right now?" Yoongi continued, the soft candle's glow illuminating his pale, perfect skin and aristocratic features.

With his ensemble of a classy red button up shirt, black blazer, dark jeans rolled at the ankles and patent leather boots, Yoongi didn't have to do a damn thing else to make Jimin happy.

"Hyung, I don't know if I have ever been this happy or excited- please, it's perfect. I can't even put into words how amazing this is. Nobody, ever, has done anything like this for me." Jimin stated emphatically.

Yoongi nodded once, satisfied. "And you're stomach...?"

*Horrible.*

"Perfectly fine. It was just nerves, but I'm good now." Jimin replied with sincerity. He wasn't going to let nervousness mess up this night.

"Ok." Yoongi said, with another militant nod. He clapped his hands once, and the waiter magically reappeared.

"We'll eat now, thank you." Yoongi declared.

"Very good, Sir." the waiter replied before bowing and walking out again.

Jemin watched Yoongi pour them water and wine deftly with his long, strong fingers.

He popped some cheese and fruit in his mouth, his eyes lingering on Yoongi's lips, perhaps a bit too long.
"What's on your mind, Park Ji Min?" Yoongi asked with a slight smile.

_Oh, if only you knew._

"Where is everyone, hyung? There's no other diners here." Jimin asked, shaking off his ungodly thoughts.

"Oh, so we're playing 20 questions again?" Yoongi answered with a smirk.

Jimin smiled, easing his death grip on the table.

"They're not here. That's all that matters right now." Yoongi replied, passing Jimin more cheese.

"How did you manage to do that?"

"I'm persuasive."

"Really hyung!" Jimin whined offering his best pout.

"I was owed a favor by the owners, Jimin-ah. I promise you I didn't have to hurt anyone." Yoongi said with a wide smile.

Jimin wished he could believe that.

Just then, an older lady entered with two waitresses behind her.

"Yoongi!! Oh, and who is this? The special someone!! Ah, I'm so happy to see you. Business has been back to usual thanks to you, Yoongi-ssi." and the lady proceeded to kiss Yoongi on both cheeks.

"Girls! Lay the table." She snapped, all business.

Jimin held back a smile at Yoongi's embarrassment over being kissed grandma style. He also didn't miss that she referred to him as a "special someone".

"So, how did you help the business hyung?" Jimin inquired, when the ladies had left. Admittedly, it didn't appear that Yoongi had bullied anyone into emptying this restaurant for the night.

"No. No more questions for now." Yoongi said, wagging one beautiful finger back and forth.

"Here- try this.." Yoongi leaned over with a succulent piece of fish perched on his chopsticks pointing at Jimin's face.

_Oh, fuck, he's feeding me._

Jimin hoped he looked sexier than he felt, as he moved closer and carefully retrieved the fish with his mouth.

"Mhm. That's really good." Jimin nodded as he chewed.

"Yea? Try this one next..." Yoongi continued.

After a few minutes, Jimin started to think he was eating more from Yoongi's plate than Yoongi was.

"Hyung, I'm not a baby!" Jimin protested

"I know. But I want you to eat, and not just the soup and salad."
"Ah, Yoongi- I like fatty foods, I just have to be serious with my diet." Jimin replied, exasperated at how many people he has to explain this concept to.

"Maybe. But not when you're with me."

Jimin raised an eyebrow at how commanding that sounded.

"It's just that- Jimin you're perfect. It's crazy that you diet." Yoongi rushed on to say.

Jimin had received this same pep talk from Tae for years. But he went all warm and gooey inside when Yoongi called him perfect.

"Thank you, Yoongi.. I'll try, ok? Whenever I'm with you." Jimin agreed, not really meaning it. He just didn't want to ruin this night.

"Good.. Now try this.."

Jimin obediently bent forward, but somehow miscalculated, knocking the shrimp off the chopsticks. Yoongi caught it so fast, Jimin barely saw his hand move.

"Reflexes, remember?" Yoongi said smiling at Jimin's wide eyes.

"Here.." Yoongi lifted his hand to Jimin's lips, the shrimp pinched between his thumb and forefinger.

Jimin took a deep breath and held it as he gently bit part of the large shrimp right from Yoongi's hand. His lips completely covered the tips of Yoongi's two fingers, and for a split second of eternity, the pair stared at each other frozen in that position.

Move, Park Ji Min!

Finally, Jimin slowly pulled back with a deliciously wet kissing sound as Yoongi's fingers were freed from his mouth.

Jimin exhaled shakily, as Yoongi ate the last bit, placing his mouth exactly where Jimin's had been.

"Mmm. That's nice." Yoongi nodded his approval.

Jimin nodded in silent agreement, trying hard to not think about Yoongi literally tasting him off his fingers at that moment.

Apart from these fleeting moments of hotness, here and there, the rest of the meal progressed in that comfortable space Jimin had grown to enjoy with Yoongi. He learned about the elder's childhood in the fishing community, and how listening to American rap music as he baited lines inspired him to pursue music.

Jimin, half wanting to just touch Yoongi and half wanting to pay him back for the shrimp episode, cleaned a bit of whipped cream from his hyung's chin after dessert, licking it off his own finger and smiling.

Yoongi shifted in his seat, opening his legs a bit wider underneath the small table.

Jimin wondered if he was making Yoongi hard.

No, not wondered. Hoped.
Prayed, actually.

Once the plates were cleared away, the two sat in satisfied silence.

"That was amazing, Yoongi hyung.." Jimin said quietly, breaking the silence.

"Mhm...." Yoongi replied with his usual nod.

"Is it late..?" Jimin asked, only because he was shy and had nothing else to say.

"Almost 10. Do you have somewhere to be tomorrow?"

"No- I just.. No. Not at all." Jimin answered looking slightly to the left of Yoongi's head.

"Um, ok, good, great. Then maybe we can go downstairs?"

"Down...stairs?" Jimin asked, confused.

Yoongi didn't answer, but instead stood up and held out his hand.

Jimin looked at it, wondering where Yoongi was going, and if he should be following him there.

"How many times do I have to tell you I'm not gonna kill you?" Yoongi asked gruffly, but with a short laugh.

Jimin decided he liked Yoongi enough to follow him, consequences be damned.

They rode the elevator down two levels and exited into a huge game room.

"Oh my GOD, hyung!" Jimin squealed, eyes lighting up at the full arcade.

"You play?" Yoongi asked

"No... I WIN." Jimin teased back.

"Come on then, prove it!" Yoongi shot back, leading him to a boxing game first.

An hour later, they had gone through a few of their favorites, when Jimin spied a racing game he had played since childhood.

"Ah, hyung, I'll DESTROY you at this." Jimin yelled at the elder

"Yea, ok, Jimin-ah, I was destroying that game when you were born" Yoongi laughed with a cocked eyebrow.

"Let's go then, daddy." Jimin said before realizing it.

*Shit.*

Jimin cringed at his joke gone wrong.

Yoongi just laughed slightly, shaking his head.

"Ok, let daddy show you how it's done."

After three rounds, and a few glasses of wine, they had tied with no clear winner.
"Ok.. Tie breaker game. Winner gets a prize, loser gets a punishment." Yoongi said sipping more wine.

"You're on!" Jimin giggled back.

Jimin figured they should choose the prize and punishment before the game, but he was feeling so light and happy after the wine, he didn't care. This was the most fun he'd had since him and Tae were school boys.

It was a tense game, but Jimin managed to win the race by a hair.

"WOOOHHH! Take that, daddy!" Jimin laughed, racing around the room just to rub it in.

"Respect your elders, Jimin." Yoongi said with mock sternness.

"Whatever, loser! What's the punishment?"

"You won, you choose." Yoongi replied diplomatically.

Jimin thought hard. Considering how languid and chilled Yoongi was, he thought breakdancing would be hilarious to watch.

"Shit, Jimin-ah, you don't take it easy at all!" Yoongi complained when he heard his fate.

They laughed as they moved out of the game room to a large lounge, filled with overstuffed couches and fluffy floor pillows.

"Cue the music!" Jimin ordered, still laughing.

Yoongi played a song from his phone, and Jimin was shocked to recognize Yoongi's voice rapping.

"That's you, hyung??" Jimin asked, his voice full of awe.

"Mhm. Cypher, part 4 is the name. And that voice right there, is Namjoon- Rap Monster." Yoongi had a strangely shy look on his face.

Jimin wanted him to know his music was wonderful. He was wonderful.

"Hyung... You're amazing..." Jimin gushed, as he started to freestyle dance to the music, showing off his rhythm and coordination.

"No.. you are, Jimin." Yoongi said, watching him move.

I love it when he looks at me like that.

"Ok, hyung, the floor is yours." Jimin said, stepping back and giving Yoongi room to serve his punishment. Also, he was burning to a crisp under Yoongi's gaze.

"Watch and learn child, this is going to be epic." Yoongi hyped as he got ready to dance.

Jimin exploded into fits of laughter when Yoongi literally SAT ON THE FLOOR and scooched around in a circle on his butt.

"Hyung.. you...can't be serious..." Jimin fought to get the words out between giggles.

"You never said the breakdancing had to be good." Yoongi replied with a shrug.
"Besides, this carpet is six inches thick, it's impossible to slide on it." he concluded with that gorgeous lazy smile.

Jimin did a quick, expert level breakdance just to prove to his hyung that it CAN be done on carpet, before dissolving into more giggles on the floor next to Yoongi.

"Your turn, Jiminnie..." Yoongi said quietly when their laughter had abated.

Jimin had been having so much fun, he forgot that he had a prize to claim. Everything was so perfectly.... PERFECT. He couldn't think of one thing that could make it better.

Except kissing Yoongi...
Everything was quiet now. Their loud, raucous laughter from just a few minutes earlier had vanished- replaced by tense silence.

Jimin didn't know how he could ask Yoongi for a kiss, and didn't know if Yoongi could even grant it. It was clear that they had an attraction, but it also seemed that this type of closeness was new to Yoongi- with men OR women.

He Just didn't want to put him on the spot and ruin everything.

"Ok. How about 20 questions? Without you stopping me or telling me to shut up." Jimin suggested. He figured this was safer and he really did have a lot to ask.

Yoongi looked back at him carefully.

Was that disappointment in his eyes?

"Ok, Jimin-ah. A deal's a deal." Yoongi nodded in agreement, still looking slightly downcast.

"So what do you want to know? How many banks I've robbed? My dead body count? How many puppies I drown each year?" Yoongi's voice took on a hard edge, settling back into his usual character.

Jimin looked away, running his hand through his hair nervously. He really only had one burning question, not 20. And he wasn't sure how to ask it.

"No, hyung..." He said, hesitantly.

"Then what?" Yoongi's voice was deep and soft again.

*Shit.*

The awkward levels were rising rapidly.

"Jimin...?"

Jimin glanced at him, before shyly turning away.

"Ask me anything you want Jiminie... Don't be shy..." He coaxed.

Jimin exhaled loudly, then turned to face Yoongi again.

"Ok... Have you ever...? Ever kissed a boy- a man... A guy?" Jimin finally stammered.

Yoongi looked momentarily struck, but quickly regained composure.
"No.." He breathed looking directly into Jimin's eyes.

Jimin nodded and looked away. It was just what he thought. Yoongi probably wasn't gay or even bi.

Jimin had met lots of guys who just wanted to test the waters, but never dive in. It didn't surprise him that Yoongi fell into this category. So why did it hurt so much....?

But when Yoongi reached out and held Jimin's hand in his, softly stroking his thumb along Jimin’s palm, Jimin wondered if maybe, just maybe, Yoongi would prove him wrong.

Maybe he's not as bad as he appeared.

Maybe he's man enough to admit that he likes guys.

*Or likes me...*

Jimin looked at the elder with burning, searching eyes.

He heard Tae's voice in his head telling him that he has to take a chance, put himself out there more.

And sure, his friend had been referring to dating Jackson, but, what if maybe Jimin should take a chance with Yoongi?

The fact that Yoongi was here at all, stroking his hand after this amazing date, seemed like a strong enough reason to at least try.

*Yoongi clearly is.*

Jimin swallowed.

"Umm, Ok... Next question, then. Would you kiss me...? Like, only if you want to... Or, do you..? Do you want to?" Jimin asked, wincing at how terribly that came out.

Yoongi looked at him for a long moment, still rubbing his hand.

"Where...?" Yoongi asked in a rugged whisper.

"Where...?" Jimin's breath hitched in his throat.

*Everywhere, hyung.*

"Uh.. What..?" He replied in a tiny voice, simply pretending that he didn't understand the question.

"Where on your body do you want me to kiss you, Jimin?" Yoongi calmly asked, still rubbing the younger's palm.

Jimin had to force his brain to reboot. Yoongi, who exuded nothing but straightness, and had very likely killed people, was prepared to kiss Jimin anywhere on his fucking body.

He blinked a few times.

"Uhm... I-I guess, wherever you want to..?" Jimin whispered scarcely enough to hear.

Yoongi nodded slowly at him.

Jimin expected Yoongi to move closer, but instead he backed up a few feet, until he was resting his back against one of the big sofas.
"Come here..." The elder beckoned, a large palm opened in invitation.

_Oh, God._

_This is happening._

With a deep breath, Jimin closed the few feet of space between them, sliding along the rich, plush carpet, as Yoongi waited for him patiently.

Once there, Yoongi reached for Jimin with both hands, pulling the younger gingerly onto his lap, so that Jimin was straddling him on the floor.

Finally, the elder rested his hands on Jimin's thighs, before sliding them and around him.

Meanwhile, Jimin had gone into a full mental meltdown.

His heart was pounding in his ears, as he desperately tried to analyze just how in the hell they'd gone from unlikely strangers to Jimin's thighs hugging tightly around Yoongi's slim waist.

The man wasn't even gay, for God's sake; he'd never even kissed a guy before.

But it didn't appear that way at all.

Yoongi was completely in control.

"Are you comfortable?" He asked looking into Jimin's eyes, as if he could read his mind for the answer.

Jimin couldn't speak anymore. He just kind of squeaked and nodded jerkily.

He'd never been interested in the macho types.

They'd always seemed to make a mockery of homosexuality by trying to be as masculine as possible.

But Yoongi had just changed his mind in an instant.

The slow meticulousness with which the elder directed Jimin to sit on top of him was beyond sexy.

He loved the gentle dominance.

And he wanted more.

Jimin inhaled sharply as Yoongi drew him close with a firm hand on his lower back. They were nose to nose now, with the younger sitting slightly higher on Yoongi's lap, biting his lower lip and looking down at his hyung.

"Close your eyes, Jimin."

There it was again.

The soft commands.

Jimin's eyes fluttered shut, in time with the quickening of his pulse.

All his senses seemed heightened to Yoongi's presence. His smell was intoxicating. The feel of him was mesmerizing.
Jimin's breath came in small moans, as Yoongi buried his face in his neck and literally inhaled Jimin, breathing in the younger's scent before exhaling shakily.

Nobody- no one had ever done that to him.

No one.

"Yoongi...?" Jimin asked nervously. He suddenly needed to be sure that Yoongi liked this; wanted this.

It was his first time, after all.

Yoongi looked up at him and Jimin couldn't believe the torture in his face.

He looked absolutely destroyed with a lust and a hunger that Jimin had never seen before.

Nobody's ever looked at me like that.

Emboldened by the need in Yoongi's eyes, Jimin put a soft hand in his hyung's jet black hair, wanting him to know the feeling was mutual.

Yoongi closed his eyes greedily at the touch for a few seconds, then lifted one of their many glasses of wine and took a slow drink, before placing it against Jimin's lips, feeding him yet again tonight.

Before Jimin could finish the swig, Yoongi's mouth was on his, warm and wet.

Their tongues danced slowly as they tasted each other together with the tangy liquid.

He clutched Yoongi's head desperately, moaning quietly, as Yoongi retreated a few inches to just lick and suck Jimin's full lips.

Jimin couldn't remember ever being kissed like this.

He stayed still for Yoongi, letting his hyung play in his mouth as he grew harder in the elder's lap.

He wanted to touch him there... Wanted to see if Yoongi was getting hard, too.

He was still slightly afraid this might be too much for Yoongi on the first go, but when the elder moved down his neck to gently suck at his adam's apple, Jimin lost his last bit of resolve and let his hands run wild over Yoongi's taught body.

"Mmmm... So fucking sweet..." Yoongi murmured between moist kisses. Jimin dipped his tongue teasingly into Yoongi's waiting mouth, giggling when Yoongi caught it in his teeth and tugged on it lightly.

It was at this moment that Jimin realized they were going to have sex. This had gone beyond the stage of exploratory kisses and touching.

This was happening.

No man had ever excited Jimin in this way. And while he never moved this quickly even with ACTUAL GAY GUYS, he found that he'd never been more ready; more willing to give himself to someone.

Make the move Jimin!
Jimin made the move.

He ran his hands over Yoongi's chest, then slowly started to unfasten each button, fumbling with slight nervousness.

Yoongi kissed him quickly, then caught the younger's hands in a tight grip.

Jimin froze in fear, wondering for one terrible moment if he had gone too far.

But in an unbelievable turn of events, Yoongi moved Jimin's hand away and pulled off both of his shirts in one swift movement, tossing them lightly aside, before helping Jimin out of his sweater and undershirt.

Jimin was nearly numb with shock at the fact that they were now both half naked.

But that didn't stop him from running his fingertips over Yoongi's taught nipples.

"Fuck, Jimin..." Yoongi breathed, giving his first moan of the evening.

Spurred by his sexy sounds, Jimin licked his fingers and rubbed Yoongi's nipples again, pinching and pulling them lightly.

"Yes, hyung...?" Jimin whispered back sexily, as he flicked, teased, and pulled at the pink, hardened buds.

With a groan, Yoongi held Jimin's waist, pushing him back just enough to get his tongue on Jimin's chest.

Jimin leaned back on his hands, exposing himself as Yoongi nibbled and sucked on each puckered nipple.

"Oh... Yoongi.." Jimin moaned as he watched the beautiful scene unfolding.

Jimin couldn't figure out what it was about this inexperienced, non-gay man that made every touch and taste feel better than anything he'd ever had before.

"Good..?" Yoongi asked gently, his mouth around one puckered nipple, while his long finger traced the other.

Jimin declined to answer, instead placing a hand between them, rubbing his hard cock first, before grabbing Yoongi's impressive bulge.

Jimin was so horny at this point, he actually didn't know which hard-on he wanted to touch most.

Yoongi moaned with surprise, head snapping up at the touch and Jimin realized that this was the first time another man has ever grabbed the elder's junk.

He quickly snapped his hand back, as if he was caught stealing from the proverbial cookie jar.

"No..." Yoongi said in strangled voice, grabbing Jimin's hand and kissing it, then pulling it back down to his strained jeans.

Jimin could take a hint.

Especially hints like this one.
Looking up at Yoongi every few seconds to make sure it was ok, he gingerly unbuttoned and unzipped the elder's jeans, before getting up on his knees to take his own off.

But Yoongi was faster.

In a heartbeat he was on his knees also, pulling Jimin close. He pressed hot, open-mouthed kisses on his shoulders and neck, as he carefully pulled Jimin's jeans down to his mid-thighs, exposing his black boxer briefs.

Jemin returned the favor, moving in a frenzy and stripping Yoongi down to his blue boxers.

For a moment, they just stared at each other in their underwear, and Jimin wondered if this was the end of the line for the night.

Yoongi's sharp, crescent eyes trailed up Jimin's body, ending on his face, and Jimin could tell from his expression that this night was not at all over.

The elder moved to him slowly and started rubbing his hands up and down the younger's thighs, while Jimin momentarily lost his mind over how wide and strong Yoongi's grip was.

"Hyunnnggg..." Jimin groaned, his hand around Yoongi's neck.

"Hyunnngg... " Jimin moaned louder when Yoongi reached down and touched him though his boxers.

"I wanna see you..." Yoongi muttered, tugging Jimin's boxers down.

Jemin closed his eyes as he felt his hard-on spring free from it's fabric hold.

This was the moment of truth.

Could Yoongi handle this?

But Yoongi was miles ahead of him, already pulling his own boxers off, then moving back to Jimin for a deep, slow kiss.

The kiss turned hot and fervent, both of them moaning when their throbbing members touched and bounced against each other.

Jemin decided that he should lead from here. Yoongi was in very unfamiliar territory, and Jimin wanted him to feel good.

Besides, he had the experience.

*Here we go, Hyung...*

Jemin pushed Yoongi back against the couch and clambered on top him. They were essentially in exactly the same position they started in- except, of course, that they were now naked.

Yoongi looked like he was lost in a dream, eyes wide, breathing hard and heavily. He was staring at their rock hard erections, resting between their bodies.

"Touch me hyung.. Like this..." Jimin whispered, looking into Yoongi's eyes, as he lightly rubbed the head of Yoongi's bigger, flushed cock.

"Shit... Jimin...." Yoongi hissed, as he followed suit, rubbing Jimin back.
They kissed and whimpered as they stroked and rubbed each other.

Jimin started slowly grinding on his hyung, quickening the pace, along with his strokes.

Now he was fully jerking Yoongi off as the elder bucked and moaned.

"Hyung, I have to... We need... Lube..." Jimin stammered between hot, wet kisses.

He didn't want to chafe his hyung or himself.

Looking around, he didn't see anything that might work.

Unless...?

Carefully, he climbed off Yoongi and crouched down low, his face just a few inches from Yoongi's throbbing cock.

And Jesus, it was a sight to behold.

Thick, long... The word **strong** came to mind. Yoongi was a master of disguise, hiding this huge dick on his otherwise tiny frame.

Jimin swallowed hungrily and glanced back up at the elder.

Yoongi had braced himself against the sofa, arms grabbing onto the cushions as if they were the only things holding him to this world.

He looked absolutely terrified.

Almost humorously so.

"Hyung.. Just- just let me ok...?" Jimin asked gently, looking at him for approval or even acknowledgment of the words he was saying.

But Yoongi was deathly quiet. He had lost his voice completely, and looked like his sanity was close behind.

*Silence is consent, I guess.*

Besides, Jimin had never wanted to stuff a cock in his mouth so badly in his life.

"I'll go slow..." Jimin promised, placing a soft kiss on the wet tip of Yoongi's manhood.

The elder jolted violently, so Jimin stopped, gave him a moment, then started again.

He kissed along Yoongi's impressive length, before slowly enveloping him in his warm mouth, sucking slowly up and down.

He could hear Yoongi panting hard, and looked up to see him staring back at Jimin with adoration.

"Is it good, hyung..? Jimin asked between sloppy sucks.

Deep, throaty cries was all Yoongi could respond at the moment.

Jimin lifted his head from Yoongi's lap with a final sexy slurp, making sure the length was well lubricated, before straddling Yoongi again.
Yoongi pulled him in for a deep kiss, his large hand around Jimin's dick now, jerking him gently.

"Yes, hyung..." Jimin whimpered. "OHHH... It's so good- you..." He gulped with difficulty before continuing. "You just need to get it wet... Spit on it, hyung..."

If not for the sheer hotness of the situation, Jimin would have laughed at Yoongi's horrified expression.

"Jiminie...? Why? I can- I'll suck you, too... You think I wouldn't?" Yoongi croaked, finally finding his voice.

"No, hyung, there's no time!" Jimin urged "Do it while yours is still wet!"

Yoongi didn't look convinced, but moved his mouth so it hovered over Jimin's hard cock.

"I want you to Yoongi... I want it..." Jimin pleaded.

Yoongi licked his lips, and slowly released saliva so it fell directly on Jimin's pre-cum sucked head.

"Oh, FUCK, Yoongi...." Jimin wailed, grabbing Yoongi's big cock and rubbing it with long strokes.

Yoongi groaned and spluttered as he took hold Jimin's now well lubed length and stroked him off to the same rhythm.

The pair bucked and grinded their hips together, as they simultaneously brought each other closer and closer to climax.

Jimin's eyes were torn between watching Yoongi's face contorted in pleasure, and the sight of their two cocks moving together, sandwiched between their stomachs.

Yet, he couldn't resist leaning over to lick and suck on Yoongi's studded ear lobe.

"Jimin.. I-I'm.." Yoongi gasped, tightening his squeeze as he stroked him harder.

"Wait for me, hyung... I'm close, too..." Jimin panted.

Their bodies were bucking violently now, and Jimin's head was spinning with ecstasy. Yoongi's free hand squeezing on his ass was the limit, and Jimin came hard with a high pitched cry.

"Oh, GOD, Jimin..!" Yoongi yelled, set off by Jimin's screaming.

Jimin used his own warm secretions as extra lubricant to rub Yoongi faster, pushing him over the edge.

Yoongi climaxed with desperate yelps, biting into Jimin's shoulder.

The product of their lust was everywhere.

Lathered on their hands, their cocks, their stomachs and thighs. They sat there panting, foreheads touching as they looked down at the mess.

Jimin had never seen so much of it in one place at one time.

Yoongi was being eerily quiet.

"Hyung...?"
"J-just.. Give me a minute, Jimin..." Yoongi replied through gritted teeth.

Jimin massaged Yoongi's neck, letting the elder work through what must have been a very difficult thing to process.

They hadn't exactly had sex, but it was damn close.

*And it was beautiful.*

*More beautiful than anything I've ever experienced.*

He wanted to kiss Yoongi again, be close to him, comfort him. But Yoongi looked shattered, and Jimin thought it best to give him some space.

"Uhm... I'll just-" Jimin muttered as he climbed off the elder and scampered off to find a bathroom.

He found the towels and decided to concentrate on how to use the fancy heating machine to warm them up, rather than worrying that he might never see Yoongi again.

"Hey... Hyung?" Jimin called out, looking around for Yoongi with a warm cloth in hand for him.

But Yoongi wasn't on the floor anymore.

For a split second Jimin wondered if Yoongi had simply left him there.

"Hyung?"

"I'm good." Yoongi replied flatly from somewhere near the bar.

*Then why do you sound like shit?*

Jimin inched his way to the elder, uneasily.

"You sure, hyung?"

Yoongi was fully cleaned and dressed, as he took a stiff drink, then another from the variety of bottles.

He didn't answer Jimin's question or even pretend to have heard it.

"Uhhmm..." Jimin started helplessly. He had no clue what to say or do.

Yoongi was on his third glass of scotch now.

"Do you want me to drive?" Jimin asked weakly, watching how much Yoongi was drinking.

"Nope. No one touches my baby but me." Yoongi replied, flippantly. "You ready to go?"

Jimin blinked and nodded slowly, ice cold understanding flooding over him.

Yoongi was just testing the waters, after all.

"Yea, Yoongi, I am." Jimin answered with a sad smile.
Drug Dealers and Dancers

Chapter Notes

Jackson character is not based on GOT7 Jackson- I just stole his name. :)

Despite his risqué lifestyle choices, Yoongi genuinely appreciated being alive and hoped to prolong his life for as long as possible. But tonight, Yoongi was driving as if he had a death wish; speeding and weaving through traffic, as if the rules of the road didn't apply to him. He even ran a couple of red lights.

_I need to slow down before I get arrested or killed._

Yoongi chanced a split second glance at his passenger. Jimin was as still as stone in his seat, and hadn't said a word since they got in the car. He was gripping his belt a little tighter than usual, and seemed determined not to reveal that he was probably petrified of Yoongi's reckless driving.

Yoongi didn't care. He rationalized that the younger most likely hated him now. He knew he had hurt the boy with the way he casually and coldly ended the date after their sexual encounter. What Jimin didn't and could never know was that Yoongi was, once again, in a state of complete and utter confusion.

He didn't know if he was gay or straight anymore. But of one thing he was absolutely, unequivocally sure: he was crazy for Park Ji Min.

And that was something Yoongi had never felt for anyone, ever before.

But the revelation only saddled him with more uncertainty.

He didn't how to handle or approach this.

He didn't know how to properly date, touch, or even make love to Jimin.

He had felt like a child being coached and coaxed by the younger the whole time they were naked together.

How was he supposed to be good to him? To please him? To be a...

_A what? Boyfriend?_

This was not the swag life Yoongi was used to.

He was accustomed to always knowing exactly what to do. Uncertainty made him uncomfortable. And whenever he gets uneasy about anything, he usually disappears.

But Yoongi could still taste Jimin on his tongue; feel the ghost of his so soft, yet so hard body in his arms.

He didn't want to disappear.

He didn't want to do that at all.
What does it matter now?

I've already ruined everything.

As Yoongi approached Jimin's small apartment complex, he steeled himself to say a few words to the kid.

He decided that he would thank Jimin for his company, and tell him that he had a wonderful night, then he'll apologize for the awkward ending, and ask for some time to process a few things internally.

That seemed fair enough for now, and Yoongi started to feel better about the whole situation.

He parked and shut off the car, turning to the younger to speak.

But Jimin had already opened the door, before the car could even come to a full stop.

"Thanks for tonight, Yoongi." Jimin said flatly, one leg already outside on the pavement.

"You're welcome Jim-" Yoongi started, surprised at how fast Jimin wanted to get away from him.

"And I don't blame you for being an asshole, either." Jimin continued, completely cutting Yoongi off mid-sentence.

Yoongi's mouth snapped shut at this shocking turn of events. Nobody EVER cut him off or called him names.

But Jimin continued his speech in a low, sad voice with one hand on the open car door, and his eyes fixated on the dashboard.

"It doesn't matter if you're a drug dealer or a dancer, it takes a real man to accept that they like other men."

He took a shaky breath, and ran a hand through his beautiful blonde hair, before he went on again.

"I've met plenty of guys like you, Min Yoongi. Macho types on the outside, but scared on the inside. Afraid to be your true self. And I know that what we did tonight was... It was a lot. Especially for your first real experience. But that doesn't mean that I'm just a guinea pig to test your sexuality on and toss away at the end of the night, as if I'm not a human being like you." Jimin paused, painfully. "So, go ahead and run away, but the sad part is- when you finally realize that you can't run from who you are, and you make the decision to grow up and accept yourself, to love yourself? I would have been long gone by then."

Jimin's voice trembled slightly on his last words, but Yoongi couldn't tell what his facial expression looked like, as the kid abruptly got out of the car, slammed the door, and walked briskly to his building.

Yoongi watched Jimin leave and tried to understand the sick feeling in his chest.

He should be furious.

He should be livid over the way Jimin just spoke to him.

The kid had literally insulted his manhood, for fuck's sake!

But all he felt was emptiness and sorrow.

He replayed Jimin's statement in his head. It had hurt. It had really cut him deeply.

But, why?

Yoongi lived in a world where he feared bullets and brass knuckles.

Why the hell would a few words sting like this?

*Because they're all true.*

An unfamiliar heat started to build behind Yoongi's eyes, prompting him to snap open his visor mirror.

He inspected his reflection, as if it was the first time he'd ever seen it.

*Am I about to fucking cry?? No way...*

Yoongi quickly started the car and put it in gear.

He made sure he was several blocks away before he let the first tears fall down his face.

"Five, six, seven, eight!"

The head choreographer yelled out time as Jimin danced to the number he had only just learned yesterday.

He danced as if his life depended on it, and in many ways, it did.

Jimin unleashed the beast on the floor that evening, letting out all the pent up frustration, pain, and lust that had been killing him for the past few days in an amazing display of raw talent.

As he took a running leap for the final jump, he let himself smile as he soared, knowing that he had made the needed height, and then some.

He landed like a cat, on all fours, straightened himself up, and bowed amidst the gasps and scattered applause from the other candidates and choreographers.

Jimin exited the stage feeling the best he had since his date with Yoongi gone horribly wrong.

He had fully expected to bomb his rehearsal interview today for a choreographer position with a premier dance company.

After all, to dance well, one usually had to be rested, hydrated, healthy and happy.

And Jimin was definitely NONE of those things.

He hadn't slept well in days, and his broken heart and bruised ego caused him to eat even less than he normally did.

Yet, somehow, he managed to pull off his rehearsal without a hitch by channeling all of that negativity into pure, perfect movement.

Jimin started to understand why tortured souls made the best art, or depressed people sang the best
Pain was really a great motivator.

Despite how down he's been, he was glad to be getting back into the groove of work, and making progress with his dancing goals. This would undoubtedly help him get over Yoongi.

Yoongi...

Jimin was stuck somewhere between anger and agony. He couldn't believe Yoongi would treat him so badly, literally seconds after they had shared such a special moment.

He let his mind wander back to that night, and the more he thought of it, the more he knew that it wasn't just lust.

There was something more there... In the way they had looked at each other, touched each other.

Yoongi hadn't been rough or rushed. He was slow and intentional. He was sweet, and patient, and passionate, and...

An insensitive asshole.

Jimin continued to volley back and forth between hating Yoongi and wishing the older would just release his fear and jump into Jimin's waiting arms.

"Jiminnie, WOW. I knew you were good, but, DAMN! You are incredible!" An unfamiliar voice drawled as it approached him.

Jimin turned around in surprise, only to find Jackson sauntering his way, like a cat who spotted a canary.

What the hell is he doing here?

"Jackson hyung! What's up!? I'm surprised to see you here!" Jimin said, not even attempting to hide his shock.

Jackson looked good as always. Tall and fit and suave.

Jimin admired his broad shoulders, and expensive cologne. But he might as well have been a smelly old hag for all Jimin cared.

He had nothing on Yoongi's animal magnetism, and even if he never met Yoongi, Jackson just... Wasn't his type.

"I came to take you out to celebrate, Jiminnie." Jackson's voice was mellow and soothing, and full of confidence.

Jimin wanted to slap the shit out of him.

"For what, hyung?" Jimin inquired with raised eyebrows, as he brought out his phone to text Tae and ask how the fuck Jackson knew about his rehearsal.

"Your success, of course!" Jackson responded, almost crooning the words. "No one can resist your obvious talent...and your beauty. You're going to get that job for sure. So let's celebrate."

"Oh, and Tae told me about this." Jackson added in a silky purr. "He wanted to be here, but, as you
know, he's a bit under the weather. He felt bad about you not having support tonight and he mentioned that you might be... Going through a tough time right now...?"

Taehyung.

That little chicken shit bastard.

Jimin put the phone away, making a mental note to kill his friend later.

"Uhh.. Well... You know, just life... Life happens..." Jimin muttered, as he gathered his belongings.

Jackson moved closer, weaving through the other dancers to corner Jimin as he pulled on sweats and packed his duffel bag.

"I know life happens, Jimin. Why don't you let me get you dinner and see what happens, then?" Jackson inquired in a low, sultry voice.

Jimin was overcome by his attractive scent, but put off by how hard Jackson was trying.

Yoongi's approach was so much more effortless and natural.

_Yea, just like he effortlessly used me and dumped me._

Pining gave way to anger once again, as Jimin felt shame and rejection burning behind his eyes.

He wanted to get Yoongi off his mind once and for all. Maybe Jackson was a good way to do that.

Jimin plastered on his most dazzling smile as he turned to Jackson again.

"Ok, hyung. That's actually really nice of you. I'm not a big eater, but maybe we can get a drink or something light?"

"Anything you want to do is perfect with me, Jiminnie. You just say the word and it's yours." Jackson said, beaming back at Jimin's sudden mood swing.

"Cool- hey, can I get 10 minutes to hit the showers? I just danced, and all...?" Jimin asked with an apologetic shrug.

Jackson's face lit up at the mention of a shower.

"Here? No, no, that won't do at all. Come to my penthouse. You'll love it." Jackson argued smoothly, as if he had this whole thing planned in advance. "I'm on the rooftop floor.... We can have some food, watch the city lights. And you're welcome to use my shower."

Jimin never wanted to sit on a rooftop again, even if it didn't revolve.

Not only was it terrifying, it reminded him too much of the night he's supposed to be forgetting about.

"I'm kinda afraid of heights, hyung."

Jackson looked a little taken aback. He had clearly never struck out with the rooftop line before.

"No problem, Jiminnie. I have a game room AND a theatre room... It'll be fun and you can rest. Anything you want."
Jimin was quite tired of hearing Jackson brag about everything he has, but he couldn't think of a better way to get over Yoongi.

He had always been a bit insecure about himself, but he'd hit a new low after recent events, and was eating less and working out even more these days.

Somehow, seeing someone like Jackson, who could probably have anyone he wanted, chasing after him so openly and shamelessly, was giving Jimin the confidence boost he needed after being shunned by Yoongi.

Secretly, Jimin almost wished Yoongi could see him and Jackson now. Maybe he would have thought twice about treating him like trash.

"Hey there...? Are you ready?"

Jimin snapped out of his thoughts when he saw Jackson's well-manicured hand waving back and forth in front of his face

"Yea, hyung. Will you follow me home so I can drop off my car?"

Jackson shrugged with a laugh, as if Jimin worrying about his little car was the funniest thing he'd seen all day.

"No need, Jiminie. Leave it here, and I'll have someone get it for you later. I'm your prince charming tonight, so come ride in my chariot."

Jimin smiled at how stupid that line was, pausing for one second to decide if he trusted Jackson with his car.

He decided that he didn't really care, and even if something happened, Jackson was more than capable of replacing his old Honda, anyway.

"Ok, prince charming, let's go."
Yoongi was washing dishes listlessly, half-listening to his grandmother chatting about how expensive tomatoes have gotten.

Earlier that day, he had finalized details on his album launch. He had so much material, but managed to whittle it down to the best dozen songs, or so. This was everything he had hoped, dreamed, prayed, and worked for.

But he just couldn't get excited over it.

He was still haunted over his fallout with Jimin, and though he tried to convince himself it was just stress and frazzled nerves, he knew better.

He missed him. Missed him so damn much. He wanted to hold the fucking kid... Love him.

But how could he ever admit to Jimin what he couldn't even admit to himself?

The kid was right.

Yoongi wasn't half the man he thought himself to be.

"....some new insect in the country eating the crops. Must have been brought over by the imports from China!!" Yooongi's Umma screeched, as she theorized what was causing the price of tomatoes to be so goddamn high.

"Mhm... It must be that, Umma." He replied, lazily as he dried the last dish.

A sharp knock on the door saved Yoongi from debating the cost of onions next. He quickly bowed out of the kitchen and went to see who it was.

There were only two people that knew Yoongi spent time at his grandma's house. And if Hobi was out of town, then this must be....

"Ah, Namjoon hyung. What's up, man?" Yoongi said in quiet wonder.

He and Rap Monster hadn't buried the hatchet on the girl trouble Yoongi had the other week.

Namjoon gave him a scathing look, as he pushed past him into the house. Ever the gentlemen, he went to the kitchen to greet Yoongi’s grandmother, before heading to the living room and sitting on the couch.

"I heard you're close to your album release." His tall friend said without a hint of joy in his voice.

"Yeah, it's coming along. A week, maybe two at the most, and it should be dropping." Yoongi answered honestly.
With all the production and feature help Namjoon gave him, he definitely deserved to know the full details.

"Good. Do I get a demo? I wanna hear how our Cypher tracks sound in the lineup." Namjoon asked looking at his hands.

"Sure, hyung. Of course."

Yoongi sat on the chair across from Namjoon. He could tell the older was tense. He decided it was best to address the elephant in the room.

"Look, rapmonnie... I'm sorry about the episode with... Wait- what was her name again?"

Namjoon looked up and laughed. Yoongi was slightly relieved to hear it.

"You're still a slut, Min Yoongi."

Yoongi gave a gummy grin at the diss.

"What's going on with you, man?" Namjoon asked, turning serious again.

"Hobi says you've been off the deep end. Thinks it might be a girl? Do you need some help bro?"

Yoongi thought that his partying, usually drunk, street rapper friend was probably not the best place to go for relationship advice. But he didn't have any other options.

"How do you... I dunno... Apologize to someone for hurting their feelings? Like... Badly?" Yoongi asked carefully, making sure to keep his question gender free.

Namjoon crossed his long legs, considering the question for a while. If he was shocked that his commitment-phobic friend was caught up in love woes, he made sure not to show it.

"Well, how bad is it?" he asked, finally.

Yoongi just stared at him.

"Like, ok. Is she just not talking to you? Or not giving you sex? Like, how bad are you in trouble?"

Namjoon explained.

"Uhh.. Let's just say, I got a door slammed in my face, and there was no indication that we would ever talk again." Yoongi replied, again steering away from gender specifics.

Namjoon nodded with all the seriousness of a doctor listening to a patient's long list of symptoms.

"Ok, so it's pretty bad. Well, first you want to try and make contact. Girls might slam the door, but they hate for you to ignore them. You gotta crawl back on your hands and knees. They love that shit." Namjoon said with a knowledgeable wave of his hand.

"Then you have to get your fucking wallet out. Jewelry, purses, diamonds and pearls. And like 12 dozen roses." Namjoon continued, ignoring the lost and confused look on his friend's face.

"Hyung.." Yoongi started cautiously.

He didn't think Jimin would appreciate a purse.
"What if this person isn't into all that shit? Like... Not into girly stuff?"

"What girl isn't into girly stuff?" Namjoon retorted, as if Yoongi was the biggest idiot on the planet.

Yoongi was starting to think this conversation was a really bad idea.

"Ok. Imagine that... she... isn't, like, materialistic? Of course, she still loves romance and cuddling and stuff like that, but just, well, can't be bought...?"

*That came out so bad, I should just tell him I'm gay right now.*

But to Yoongi's total surprise, Namjoon didn't ask him if he was gay or crazy or both.

"I know exactly what you mean, bro. I know that type." Namjoon said in a serious whisper that almost made Yoongi laugh out loud.

"Not materialistic. Yep, those are the hardest. I had one like that once."

"Yea? So what did you do, hyung?" Yoongi asked, hopefully.

Namjoon made an exaggerated sigh.

“I had to do what no man ever wants to do: swallow my pride. It fucking sucks admitting that you’re a piece of shit, but when you do- man, it’s a wrap, she’ll be on her knees calling you daddy.”

Yoongi didn’t like the misty eyed look on Namjoon's face when he got to the part about a girl being on her knees.

“So... swallow my pride?” Yoongi asked, snapping Namjoon out of his daddy daydream.

That was something he literally had NEVER done before.

But, in fairness, he'd also never touched another guy's dick, either.

Times were definitely changing.

“Yea. Girls like that are tough. Can’t be bought. And they need to hear you say exactly what you don’t wanna fucking say.” Namjoon finished with an emphatic nod.

Despite his friend’s unique way of explaining things, Yoongi thought it actually made sense.

Jimin wasn’t quite as stupid as Namjoon’s girlfriends, thank fuck for that.

In fact, most girls weren't as shallow and narrow minded as his best friend's dating pool of choice, but it seemed his theory was solid.

Maybe if Yoongi could just figure out how to humble himself and admit that he’s freaking out over everything, Jimin would take him back?

*Take me back as what???*

“So, what’s the deal with Jungkookie? I hear he’s in the hole to Jin hyung for a lot of money. Isn’t he your runner?” Namjoon asked, interrupting his broodings.

Yoongi couldn't care less about Jungkook, Jin, or the drug business anymore. He was ready to go into full time music production. Everything was about to be perfect. Well, almost perfect.
Yoongi had a sudden flash of Jimin's smile, his smell... His body. He felt a familiar twitch in his nether region once he began thinking of Jimin's hard stomach and thick thighs...

"That could get ugly for you, Yoongi. Have you thought about just bailing the kid out?"

Namjoon continued in a concerned voice, slashing his fantasy to shreds.

He was right, of course.

Jungkook was under Yoongi's team of street dealers.

If the kid owed Jin hyung money, then that meant Yoongi owed Jin hyung money.

Yoongi had bailed Jungkook out financially before, but now with the album launch imminent, he didn't have funds to spare for the kid any longer.

Secretly, Yoongi was hoping to just get out of town before things got too bad.

"You can't run from this, Yoongi. Don't try..." Namjoon warned, as if he could read Yoongi's mind.

Yoongi shifted uncomfortably.

"Nah, man, I'm not. I'll figure it out somehow. I always do." Yoongi reassured his friend.

"Alright. Well, Hobi says the kid is organizing a hit. Something big that will cover his debts. I would check into that if I were you."

A "hit" was street talk for a robbery. Yoongi didn't think Jungkook was stupid OR brave enough to try something like that.

"He can't go through with that shit. He's just talking trash on the street, monnie."

"All I'm saying Yoongi, is that you should look into it."

"Ok, sure, hyung." Yoongi replied.

They settled into more comfortable discussions about the album, and Yoongi played the demo for his friend.

Later, when Namjoon had left, Yoongi decided to take a crack at contacting Jimin via text.

9:43pm YG: Hey kid.

9:58pm YG: Nothing, huh? Not scared of me anymore, I see.

Yoongi was tempted to stop bothering him, but remembered Namjoon saying that girls don't want to be ignored.

He prayed for this to be true for guys, too.

10:22pm YG: Ok. I admit that I deserve your silence. But can I see you? To talk?

10:42pm YG: Jimin? Are you ok??
10:43pm JM: I'm fine, Yoongi. There is nothing to talk about.

10:44pm YG: There you are. I know I've hurt you. Can I explain?

10:49pm YG: Jimin?

10:52pm YG: 5 mins. That's all I'm asking for.

10:55pm JM: I'm sorry, but I don't have 5 minutes for you.

10:56 JM: Thanks for the beautiful dinner and for not killing me the night that we met, but we shouldn't talk anymore. Bye Yoongi.

Yoongi stared down at his phone, as if it was somehow the device's fault that Jimin didn't want to speak with him.

He had never once in his life apologized to anyone for anything. Strangely, he'd felt that his first attempt at selflessness would be rewarded with success. He didn't expect to fall flat on his face and feel even worse than before.

So this is what rejection felt like.

He didn't like it.
Jackson Jiggle

Jimin shivered as an icicle ran up and down his arm, forming goosebumps in its wake.

Actually, it wasn’t an icicle. It was Jackson’s freezing cold finger attempting to arouse Jimin by stroking his skin.

They had barely made it through the doorway of Jackson’s condo before the rich brat literally tried to rip Jimin's clothes off.

Jimin had tried to stall by saying he was dirty and needed a shower, but that had been a huge mistake, as Jackson had attempted to drench Jimin with water from the sink in his massive, gourmet kitchen.

He quickly changed tactics, saying that he was hungry and asked if maybe Jackson could make him something, to which the older laughed uncontrollably and called down to the concierge to bring food.

So, here they were, seated on the huge oriental sofa (imported from Morocco, Jackson was quick to say) and Jimin was staring at a huge plate of chocolate covered strawberries, wondering how the hell Jackson thought this was an appropriate dinner.

“Aren’t you hungry, baby...?” Jackson crooned in a slurred voice.

Jimin had also just found out about Jackson’s drinking habit, too. In less than an hour, the man had nearly polished off a full bottle of vodka.

“I am. I just wish I had some real food.” Jimin replied with a hard edge to his voice.

But drunk Jackson either didn’t notice or didn’t care.

“You just gotta try it, baby. You might like it….” Jackson countered, trying to feed Jimin one of the sweets.

But his balance was totally off, and he dropped it on the floor.

Jimin watched in amusement as Jackson cursed the fruit and crawled across the room to retrieve it, despite there being two dozen more on the marble table in front of them.

The guy was a living billboard against alcoholism.

Jimin took this moment of freedom to look over his texts for the hundredth time, sighing heavily at his current situation.

The guy he was crazy about was texting him, begging for just a few moments to talk, and Jimin was rejecting him, so he could sit on a Moroccan couch in a wet shirt with a drunk douchebag.

“Found you, you fucker!” Jackson yelped triumphantly, holding the strawberry in his hand.

Jimin tossed another one a few feet further away.

“Can you get that hyung?” He asked sweetly, his head cocked to the side.

Jackson looked momentarily startled, before a look of fuzzy understanding came over his face.
“Oh, you like my ass don’t you, Jiminie? That Jackson jiggle? You just wanna see me crawling around for you before you pound me, huh?” Jackson asked with a knowing smirk.

And just when Jimin thought it couldn’t get any worse, it appeared that Jackson was a bottom.

Even if Jimin DID like the guy, he usually wasn’t the one doing the “pounding”.

Jackson had just lost what tiny bit of usefulness he had.

Great.

Jimin wondered if Yoongi had gotten so uncomfortable because of a similar misunderstanding.

What if he thought Jimin wanted to penetrate him that night? That was certain to make any straight guy freak out.

Maybe Jimin should have given him the chance to explain himself?

No.

He shook his head vigorously, forcing kindhearted Jimin out of his head.

Kindhearted Jimin always let people explain themselves back into his pants just so they could hurt him again.

Yoongi wasn’t even gay.

He was attracted to Jimin, sure, but as soon as he realized that he climaxed with another man, it was game over. He was obviously disgusted at Jimin and himself.

So what if he’s sorry? It didn’t mean that two days or two months from now, he wouldn’t wake up after sex with Jimin and suddenly call it quits.

It was better this way.

Better not to get in too deep, just to get thrown out in the cold whenever Yoongi decided to have a straight moment.

“Ahh, shit!!” Jimin nearly jumped a foot in the air when ice cold hands gripped his neck.

He hadn’t even noticed Jackson crawling around the back of the sofa.

“Got you…” He drawled, breath heavy with alcohol, as he started licking Jimin’s ear.

Why the fuck are his hands so cold?

Is he dead??

“Come on, let’s go to my room… My sheets are Vera Wang.” Jackson suggested in a drunk whisper.

“I’m not tired yet.” Jimin replied in a bored voice.

Then there was nothing.

“Jackson?”

Jimin turned around to see the man on the floor, slumped against the back of the sofa.
Did he seriously just fall asleep?

That has got to be some kind of medical condition.

Jimin walked over and nudged him with his foot. Jackson groaned and rolled over.

Satisfied that he was alive, Jimin called a cab and went home as fast as he could.

“I just want to hear you say that you know I meant well!”

Tae was vehemently defending himself in Jimin’s kitchen the following night.

“He sprayed me with his sink hose, Taehyung. I don’t care that you meant well. Not after last night.”

Jimin said, not budging an inch, as he opened a soda and slid it over to his friend.

“At my birthday dinner, Jackson asked if he could watch you dance and you said yes!” Tae replied incredulously.

“That was for a practice at the studio. NOT my choreographer interview.” Jimin spat back.

“And he’s an alcoholic, Tae, you should have seen him!”

“Yoongi nearly killed you driving drunk the other night. So, how many times is it that he’s almost killed you now?”

“What does Yoongi have to do with this?” Jimin asked in a dangerously low voice, his eyes flashing.

Tae dropped it a notch, seeing Jimin’s mood change.

“I’m just saying, Jiminie. You’re nuts for Yoongi. A gang banging, drug dealer who isn’t even gay. Jackson’s a drunk, fine, but at least he plays for your team!”

Jimin was angry at how reasonable Tae’s argument was.

But he had never felt anything like what he felt for Yoongi. And somehow he knew there was good in there somewhere. That restaurant owner had said Yoongi helped them.

Wait, why am I defending Yoongi right now?

“Well, I’m just saying Tae. He’s not my type in any way. Please don’t send him near me again.”

“Done.” Tae replied, sounding relieved that the fight was over.

“His hands were ice cold, too.”

“Huh?” Tae replied with a confused look.

“His hands. They were cold as shit.” Jimin repeated with a giggle.

“Ah, gross. Hey can I have another soda?”

Jimin tossed his friend another can, contemplating the comment Tae made about him being nuts for Yoongi.

“He texted me. Just so you know… Yoongi did. I shot him down. I’m not as nuts for him as you
“Hang on, I know I have a gold medal around here somewhere.” Tae replied, pretending to look for something in his pockets.

“Asshole!” Jimin said laughing, snatching the soda back.

The friends tried and failed to cook dinner, and ended up ordering takeout.

Tae prattled on about yet another girlfriend, and Jimin let his mind wander back to his one fabulous night with Yoongi. As always, lust and longing turned to anger resentment, and Jimin was furious again.

Tae was snoring softly on the couch, when he abruptly woke up, marched to the bedroom and went to sleep in Jimin’s bed.

Jimin chuckled at his friend’s weirdness and brought a blanket to the couch where he supposed he’d be sleeping that night. Unable to drift off, he decided to get online and post a poem that had been on the edge of his mind for the last couple of hours.

If pain really did create great art, then Jimin figured he’d be a celebrated poet in no time thanks to Yoongi.
Red Roses: Part I

Flesh turns to bone
Bone turns to dust
The sweet scent of lust
Now sour from mistrust
The curdling of love
To disgust
-Park Ji Min

Yoongi was back at his apartment, seated in his genius lab. He should have been going over his album again for technical flaws. He should have been working on pricing a venue for his launch party.

He should have been doing a lot of things.

But all he could do was read and re-read Jimin’s last poem, posted only moments before.

The curdling of love to disgust.

So Park Ji Min hated him. Was disgusted by him.

Yoongi thought for a long moment, as he weighed and balanced his next move. As usual, he considered all options and outcomes, searching for the best one. The rational, sensible man he had always been told him to log off and never look at Jimin’s poems again.

But the beast in his belly that roared and now pined for the younger wasn’t having any of that sensible shit. There was just no way he could leave this boy alone. Not like this.

Yoongi flexed his fingers in preparation to send Jimin an instant message.

SugaSwag: Is that poem about me, then?

Several minutes passed by, and Yoongi had almost given up on a response when Jimin replied.

Jimin: I was writing long before we met, and I’ll be writing long after.

Yoongi calmly absorbed the sting of Jimin’s acidic words. Never in his existence had someone spoken to him this way. But he didn’t feel like punching something. He just felt like crying.

SugaSwag: You don’t seem the type to carry such hatred forever. Can we talk about it?

Jimin: You don’t know what type I am. But you made it clear I’m not your type.

Fucking hell. The kid was tougher than he looked.
**SugaSwag:** So there is no way I can make this right?

**Jimin:** Look, hyung. I don’t hate you, ok? I couldn’t… even if I wanted to. I just know that this isn’t your thing. I think we both know that. We’re also… Not totally compatible. I don’t understand what it is you do but I have feeling I wouldn’t be comfortable with it, anyway. So why make this complicated? That’s all I’m saying. Goodbye, Yoongi.

**Jimin has logged out**

Yoongi blinked at the screen. He needed a drink. Several, actually. He hated that he didn’t know how to tell Jimin that he was wrong, because everything the kid was saying made sense. This definitely was NOT Yoongi’s thing. But what if he wanted to make it his thing?

What if this is what Yoongi had been looking for all along? The reason why he could never really commit to a relationship, or be excited during sex with women? Now that his album was just about ready, Yoongi was losing the big motivation that got him up every morning for the past five years.

He was feeling empty. Alone.

The thought that he needed a companion never crossed his mind. Until now.

Until Jimin…

But what if Jimin was right? What if this was a passing phase or something? Could he lead Jimin down a road with him only to leave him behind in the dust one day?

Do people switch back and forth from gay to straight?

Yoongi examined his growing feelings and decided that it was impossible for him to not want Jimin, no matter what.

Drowning in his depair, and unable to sleep, Yoongi did what he does best: made a decision.

**********************************************************************************************************************************************************************

“Isn’t there something that has yellow in it? My bridal train is wearing yellow!” A rude and impatient bride-to-be bellowed in Jimin’s face, simultaneously showing him a picture of her bridesmaid dresses.

They were hideous, and Jimin had to quickly arrange his face from disgust to mild interest.

It was an unseasonably warm day, and the thermostat was stuck on a permanent heat setting, making Jimin tired, hot, irritable, and not in the mood for bridezillas. This time of day was generally slow, and she was really messing up Jimin’s solitary time.

“Ma’am, we can have a suit imported with the canary yellow trimmings, but that would take 4-6 weeks to make it to the store, since it’s a custom order.” Jimin replied in what he hoped was his most leveled and professional tone.

He really just wanted to tell her to go to hell and take her ugly yellow gowns with her.

“But my wedding is in TEN days! Lee- DO SOMETHING!!” she screamed, turning to a cowering man that Jimin assumed was the unlucky groom.

“Is there nothing that can be done at all, sir…uhh…? Didn’t catch your name..?” Lee asked in a
barely audible whisper, with a look of pure apology on his face.

“It’s Jimin.” Jimin replied, feeling sorry for the poor man.

“And no, Sir. I wish there was some other way, but usually, bridal and groom outfits are selected months in advance of the big day.” He continued, with a glare at Lee’s fiancé. “Ten days is simply not enough time for a custom order.”

Lee had to literally drag his bride kicking and screaming out of the front door, while she demanded to speak to anyone who would grant her impossible request.

Jimin sighed with relief when the door closed behind them, but his sigh quickly became a groan when the door immediately opened again.

“Ok, look, I’ll have the store owner contact you personally-“

Jimin froze mid-sentence, staring down the entrance way at none other than Min Yoongi.

Yoongi took a few hesitant steps forward, then looked around a few times, confirming the store was empty.

He moved closer to the front where Jimin was still rooted to the spot with shock.

“Hey kid…” Yoongi said in a defeated tone.

*Ok, Jimin. Keep your wits.*

He shouldn’t be here, just tell him to leave. It’s that simple.

“H-hi..” he stuttered back, completely disobeying his own orders.

Yoongi moved closer and assaulted Jimin’s fragile senses with his warm, musky scent.

He was dressed in unusually light colors.

A lightweight gray shirt over simple, straight legged khakis, paired perfectly with tan lounge shoes. The outfit was topped off with a matching gray beanie. He looked and smelled effortlessly good, as usual.

Jimin’s eyes roved over and stopped on a bouquet of exquisite red roses that Yoongi was clutching in his right hand.

No…

Yoongi wasn’t going to just saunter in here and buy his way back with pretty flowers.

“What the hell are you doing here? Is it a must for you to follow me to *all* of my workplaces?” Jimin asked coldly, finding his courage finally.

The elder looked momentarily stunned, then seemed to gather himself with some difficulty.

“Jimin…” Yoongi said, stepping even closer.

“NO, Yoongi!” Jimin spat back, purposefully dropping honorifics.

“Why are you doing this?” He wailed, his voice breaking at the last word, as he forced back tears.
"You got what you want, why can’t you leave me alone now? I can’t do this, it h-hurts!"

It did hurt.

He liked Yoongi, God knows why, but he really LIKED him.

The guy was questionable in many ways, but he was the only person apart from Tae who seemed to give a shit about him at all. He treated him special, then he took it all back in that one, fateful moment and now he was here to make it worse.

“Jimin… Look at me…”

It wasn’t what Yoongi said, but how he said it that made Jimin look up to meet the elder’s eyes.

Yoongi sounded like a wounded animal; like half a man, devastated and torn, and from his eyes it appeared he hadn’t slept in days.

“I know I hurt you. I know I confused you. I KNOW I messed everything up, ok? But please, for one second, put yourself in my shoes.” Yoongi pleaded, his head cocked to the side looking for any sign of hope from the younger.

But Jimin was outraged.

“Your shoes…? YOUR shoes?? You USED me.” Jimin retorted, feeling his anger and shame rising like bile in his throat.

How dare Yoongi try to be the victim?

How DARE he??

“No, Jimin-ah, I SWEAR I didn’t use you. But you… YOU have DESTROYED me.”

Yoongi's voice was shaky and weak and sounded totally foreign coming out of his mouth.

“Two weeks ago, I woke up every morning knowing exactly who I am, and then I met you and now I don’t know SHIT anymore.” Yoongi pressed on.

“My whole fucking world is upside down. I don’t know… I don’t know if I’m gay, bi, straight… I just know YOU. You’re everything in my mind and you were right, I wasn’t man enough to admit that I’m scared ok? I don’t know how to do this. How to…even…what we did… that night, I don’t... Fuck. I don’t even fucking know if these flowers are appropriate!” Yoongi trailed off helplessly, looking around as if hoping someone would just kill him and put him out of this misery.

Jimin blinked at the roses.

“You don't know if they're appropriate... because I’m a guy?” He asked Yoongi quietly.

The elder shrugged, miserably.

“No- well, yes… Yes! I should have just told you to, I guess, help or, guide me, or whatever. But I- I couldn’t. I felt weak. I still want to be a MAN, for fuck’s sake.” Yoongi said breathlessly.

“Hello?? I’m a MAN, too, Yoongi!” Jimin spat back, offended that Yoongi felt their romance made him less of a man.

This was exactly the shallow thinking that Jimin hated people for.
Yoongi stared brokenly at Jimin, before closing the distance and taking his hand before the younger could back away or even flinch.

“You don’t understand. What I meant is that… I want to be YOUR man. How do I do that, Jimin?” He finished quietly.

Jimin tried to ignore the electricity pulsing from the point where Yoongi’s hand was touching his.

He let Yoongi’s words sink in.

This was NOT a drill.

Yoongi wanted a relationship with him.

“Only you can answer that, hyung.” Jimin replied quietly.

Yoongi stared blankly at him.

Jimin felt faint at Yoongi’s confession of wanting to be with him, but forced himself to speak.

“What two people have- whether it’s men or women- it’s…it’s unique and special to them, Yoongi. There aren’t any rules. There’s no handbook saying who plays what role. You could be a man to me, and I would let you. I would have loved that.”

Jimin sighed as he regarded Yoongi’s confused face.

“Hyung… I KNOW society teaches us only about the relationships between men and women. But that’s where people like us can create our own rules. And….and just do what feels right, makes us happy. If you had given me… Given US a chance, you would have seen that I like you just as you are. It doesn’t have to be weird cus we’re both guys. And you would have also known that I would always accept flowers from you- it’s not that big of a deal.” Jimin finished with a sad smile, eyeing the bouquet.

Both men’s heads snapped towards the door, when they heard a flurry of voices. But it was just a group of kids passing by. Jimin said a silent prayer of thanks for slow weekday afternoons.

“Will you accept these from me now, then?” Yoongi asked, squeezing Jimin’s hand and holding up the flowers.

Jimin took them in both hands, reluctantly. He had to admit, it was really cute that Yoongi thought to get him apology roses, but he still had reservations.

“And me, Jimin? Will you have me, too?” Yoongi questioned again apprehensively, as if scared to hear the answer.

_God, yes, hyung… Take me…_

_No! Be smart, Jimin!_

“Hyung…. Listen… I don’t think-“

“Don’t tell me no, Jimin-ah. I need you…” Yoongi pleaded without a trace of shame, and Jimin felt like he was drowning in the black pools of his eyes.

The elder was seriously taking an axe to Jimin’s thin wall of resolve at this point. But he still had to try to reason with his head and not his heart alone.
Jimin didn’t want this to end badly. He knew it would kill him.

“Yoongi- I don’t want us, either of us to get hurt-“

But the elder cut him off.

“Give me a chance, Jimin. Let me show you. I promise I won't fuck it up.”

Jimin was overwhelmed by it all. The heat, the flowers, Yoongi’s sexy presence, and the prospect of belonging to Yoongi in that way. It was all adding to the pent up desire and frustration that Jimin had been using to boost his dancing.

But dancing wasn’t enough.

He wanted Yoongi.

Now.

_Please God, don’t let me regret this later._

Jimin didn’t answer his hyung, but instead walked slowly backwards, away from the front of the store, until his back touched the wall. He placed the roses carefully down, and held his hands out to Yoongi.
In Yoongi’s line of business, he could never be caught off guard.

So, when he made the difficult decision of visiting Jimin at work, he had expected rejection, prayed for forgiveness, and was ready for either.

What he was NOT ready for was a smoldering, smoking hot Jimin backed up ever so sexily against the wall, beckoning him to come hither.

He had put his entire heart on the line and practically begged the kid to take him back. But it was all to show Jimin how special he was, and Yoongi didn’t think that fucking him in the back of a humid suit store was very special. He also didn’t want Jimin thinking that was the only thing that brought him here today.

“Jimin… Is this… The best place for this right now…?” Yoongi asked slowly, looking around the store in emphasis.

Jimin ignored the question completely, staring at Yoongi like a lost puppy. A very horny, lost puppy.

“Have you missed me, hyung? I’ve missed you.” Jimin whispered back at him, with his small sweet hands still outstretched.

Oh, fuck. FUCK.

Yoongi stepped forward, drinking in Jimin’s visual. The boy was a permanent hallelujah, dressed in a deep red, silk blouse, top two buttons undone. His milky neck had a red velvet choker with a small gem that matched the one in his ear. The material slid over his hard chest like liquid, tucked into perfectly fitting white linen pants. The way his thighs moved within them was a crime against humanity.

“Of course I’ve missed you…” Yoongi croaked back, dragging his eyes from Jimin’s legs to his full, quivering lips.

“Then show me. Like you said you would.” Jimin pleaded with soft brown eyes, licking those plump, sweet lips.

Yoongi’s hard-on was immediate. It literally just appeared, full and ready in a way it never has before.

But Yoongi was a calculating man, and by all his calculations this was a bad idea. They could get caught. Shit, maybe even arrested. He didn’t care about himself, but he cared about Jimin. So he gave it one last shot.

“Jimin… I can’t explain the ways that I want you, ok? But, why here? Finish your shift and I’ll come and get you. We’ll go anywhere. Do anything you want. I don’t want trouble for you, Jimin-ah.”
Yoongi said, more to convince himself now than anything else.

Jimin’s beautiful face fell in time with his cute hands. The disappointed look crushed Yoongi’s soul.

“So… You don’t...” Jimin said sadly, looking away from Yoongi’s face.

_Fuck it._

Between Jimin’s sexiness and sadness, Yoongi simply couldn’t take it anymore.

Yoongi sighed deeply, letting desire overtake him.

“Lock the doors.” He commanded quietly, going into full on swag mode.

Jimin’s head snapped back at him in surprise.

“Now, Jimin. And turn the closed sign on.”

As the younger moved obediently towards the entrance, Yoongi skillfully scanned the store for other entry and exit points. He quickly found a back door and locked that, too.

Jimin returned, and from the look of the bulge in his sinful linen pants, it seemed he liked it when Yoongi took control.

_There’s plenty more where that came from, baby._

“Come here, sweetness…” he beckoned to his blonde lover, with open arms.

Jimin made a pained sound in his throat as he came into Yoongi’s embrace, repeating his name in needy whimpers as Yoongi covered his mouth and neck in kisses.

“I’m here now, baby. I’m here…” Yoongi cooed between gentle, moist kisses, his hands possessively on the younger’s waist. Jimin smelled so fucking good, tasted so fucking good. He couldn’t understand how he’d been living without him for 25 long years.

Yoongi deftly led them to the dressing room area in the back, leaning Jimin against a marble table covered in ties and other accessories.

“Oh, hyung…” Jimin cried out, when Yoongi bit and pulled on his choker, licking and sucking the sweet skin around and underneath it.

Yoongi hiked Jimin up onto the table, sliding off anything and everything to make it comfortable for the younger. He stood himself between Jimin’s legs and lifted his face for more kisses.

He loved how Jimin held him while they moaned into each other’s mouths. He nipped and nibbled at Jimin’s full lips, and shuddered when the younger traced his mouth with the tip of his tongue. He took a moment to play their tongues together, before finally breaking for oxygen.

“Please, hyung…” Jimin moaned into his ear, while trying to pull off his shirt.

There wasn’t time for both of them to get fully naked and do all the things Yoongi had researched and fantasized about. So, he made the decision to make this all about Jimin.

He gently pushed Jimin’s hands away from his chest, and instead unbuttoned the blonde boy’s blouse, letting the fabric glide off his toned arms and sculpted stomach.
“Jesus, Jimin-ah…” He breathed, taking in the view of Jimin’s godlike body.

“Take yours off, too.” Jimin said with a deep blush, reaching for him again. Yoongi could tell the kid was not totally comfortable with being the only one undressed.

“Sshhh… Just let me touch you, beautiful.” Yoongi replied, earning a deeper blush from Jimin.

Yoongi ran his hands over Jimin’s taut, tanned chest, resting on his nipples to flick and tease them.

“Mmmm…. Yoongi…” Jimin moaned, approvingly.

Holding him close, Yoongi leaned down to suck each puckered nipple, before gently biting them. He pulled back a bit, sticking his tongue out and just barely grazing each nub with the very tip of his wet muscle, one after the other.

Jimin was unravelling, making the sexiest mewls and pushing his taut nipples further into the warmth of Yoongi’s mouth. Yoongi straightened out again, and simply stood there rubbing them gently with both hands, as Jimin writhed and squirmed and moaned.

One hand still on his chest, Yoongi moved the other to the boner straining through Jimin’s pants.

Jimin bucked hard against the wall with a small yelp, placing his own hand over Yoongi’s, so they were stroking him together.

Yoongi beckoned Jimin close with one finger, kissing him slowly, before sinking to his knees, and unsnapping the buttons on the linen pants.

Jimin lifted himself a few inches to assist in sliding them off, as Yoongi marveled at the boy’s thighs.

All that stood between him and the miracle of Jimin’s naked body was a pair of tight, white boxer briefs.

Yoongi made quick work of sliding them off, as Jimin gasped in embarrassment.

“Stop that, sweetness… I want you.” Yoongi admonished, kissing his beautiful thighs.

Yoongi’s lips were on Jimin’s balls now, kissing gently.

There was no hesitation to it.

No fear of being face to face, or rather, face to mouth with his first cock.

He simply just wanted all of Jimin in his mouth as soon as possible.

“Gawwwwd, hyung…” Jimin breathed back, eyes wide as they stared down at him.

“Good, baby…?” Yoongi crooned questioningly, as he captured and suckled his sack in his mouth. And he meant it.

He was so worried about under-performing for Jimin.

A worry he’d never had in his life before now.

“Y-yes, hyung, yes…” Jimin panted, his hands in Yoongi’s hair.

Thank you, God.
Jimin leaned back with a deep moan, spreading his legs instinctively. Yoongi eyed Jimin’s pink and puckered entrance. It looked absolutely delicious.

Pulling Jimin slightly off the edge of the table, he snaked his tongue into that secret spot, licking with shameless abandon.

Holy shit.

The kid tasted like sin.

Warm and intoxicating.

“Fuck, Yoongi! Oh my god…” Jimin spread his legs some more, opening his sweet, soft ass wider, giving Yoongi’s tongue better access.

“You taste… You taste good…” Yoongi stuttered as he slathered Jimin’s tight hole with his tongue, flicking the sensitive skin slowly, then fast.

He had tasted women before, but not really willingly. On rare occasions, a girl could convince him to lick her if he was drunk enough not to care.

But at this moment Yoongi wanted nothing more than to explore deeper into Jimin's silky heat, hear the sloppy wet sounds as he ate him.

He wanted to taste it later, still lingering on his tongue.

His cock was painfully hard, and jerked in his pants everytime Jimin moaned his name.

With a sudden awareness of time, Yoongi removed his face from its new home of Jimin’s ass, and hooked the younger’s legs over his shoulders, almost paralyzed with lust when he felt those thighs around him.

“Yoongi…?” Jimin asked breathlessly.

“Sshhh.”

Yoongi needed full concentration now. This was his first time trying something like this.

He searched Jimin’s face for a reaction, as he rubbed a fingertip on the boy’s soaked hole. But Jimin’s head was thrown back, and he was breathing in hitched sobs.

Ok...

Don’t think... don't ask...

Just stick it in his ass...

Yoongi pressed his middle finger, oh so slowly, inside Jimin, and was immediately shocked by the tightness and suction.

Jimin was clutching the table now, staring down at Yoongi with half-closed eyes. His thick lips were open and trembling, and he was starting to move downwards on Yoongi’s hand.

“More Yoongi!” the younger cried desperately.

Holyyyyy shit...
“Ok, baby, ok…” Yoongi replied softly, as he carefully pulled his middle finger back, and added his forefinger before gently sliding inside again.

“Oh fuck, Jimin-ah…” He whispered, awestruck at the sight of Jimin’s asshole wrapped around his fingers.

“Please…hyung…do it…to me…” Jimin panted as he literally started to fuck Yoongi’s hand.

Yoongi didn’t need any more prodding.

With the younger’s legs firmly around his shoulders, Yoongi started to pace his fingers deep inside Jimin, while moving his mouth back to suck on the sensitive skin of his sack once again.

“Ohhh… Yoongiiiiii!!” Jimin shrieked.

But Yoongi wasn’t done with him quite yet.

He looped his free arm around Jimin’s thigh to grasp his flushed, hard cock, pulling it towards his mouth and sucking the pretty pink head, while still fingering him deeply.

“FUCK, hyung!” Jimin gasped, grabbing his hair so hard, Yoongi thought it would rip out of his scalp.

After a few long sucks to make sure it was lubricated, Yoongi settled back onto his knees, with one hand inside Jimin, and the other wrapped around the boy’s dick.

Yoongi concentrated on stroking and fingering Jimin at a consistent pace.

Jimin was gasping and squealing like a wild animal, bearing down and bucking hard on Yoongi’s fingers, his balls slapping gently against Yoongi’s tongue, where he licked and sucked on them whenever they got close.

“Y-yoongiii… I..Hyung, I…” Jimin was sweating and babbling, ecstasy etched all over his face.

“Mmmhhmmmmm Jimin….” He moaned, almost ready to climax himself, just from Jimin’s sounds.

After a few more heated seconds of being simultaneously jerked off, fingered, and licked, Jimin came all over himself calling Yoongi’s name for dear life, while shaking and struggling for air.

_Fuck, that actually worked._

Yoongi had never felt so happy or proud in all his years.

He held his position, though his knees were killing him, and waited patiently for Jimin to return to earth before gently untangling himself from all parts of the boy’s body.

He felt 100 years old as he stood up and rubbed his sore knees, painfully aware of his neglected hard-on.

But Jimin looked worse, by far. The boy’s hair was soaked and matted, and he could barely open his eyes, let alone walk.

“How about a jog?” Yoongi asked, jokingly.

“Shut up, hyung…” Jimin groaned back, looking at Yoongi with what looked like nervousness.
Shit. He must be scared I’ll run again.

He moved determinedly to Jimin and rubbed his thighs soothingly, while gazing into his eyes.

He needed Jimin to know he wasn’t going anywhere.

“Are you ok, beautiful?” He asked gently.

“If you are…” Jimin whispered back.

Yoongi answered him with a long, slow kiss, followed by small pecks all over his face, until Jimin giggled with that sweet smile.

“Let me get something to clean you up.”

Yoongi returned and lovingly cleaned Jimin between kisses, touching him like he was a rare diamond, and even helped him back into his clothes.

He just couldn’t believe Jimin was all his.

“So are you gonna sell me a suit, Jimin-ah?”

“I hate you, hyung.” Jimin replied, flashing a grin.

They spent the next hour talking and kissing in the back. Jimin felt so right in his lap, as they laughed at his funny customer stories, until the evening rush came in and Jimin had to re-open the store.

Jimin had class early the next morning, so he reluctantly declined Yoongi’s dinner invitation before he left.

“Fuck your class, you’re just missing one.” Yoongi whined, pulling Jimin close.

“Stop it, hyung! Exams are soon, I’ll see you tomorrow.” The younger replied, laughing.

“Where does your professor live? I’m gonna kill him tonight to free up your schedule.”

“HYUNG!”

“Joking, joking. I’ll just break his legs.”

“Min Yoongi!!” Jimin yelled again, looking harassed.

“Fine, Jimin-ah. Fuck.”

Yoongi was loving messing with Jimin.

He was loving Jimin period.

“Kiss me, Hyung. I’ll miss you.” Jimin said adorably.

Yoongi obliged gladly, realizing that no amount of time will ever be enough time with Jimin.

“Hyung…?” Jimin called out, as Yoongi was walking to his car.

“Hmmm?”

“Um… Can you..? Would you text me tonight, before you go to bed? Just so I know you’re ok?” He
finished quickly, looking embarrassed for asking.

Ordinarily, this would have made Yoongi laugh, but right now he felt like a king, knowing that an angel like Jimin cared for him.

“Of course, I will, baby.”
“I think she might be the one, chim chim, but- and I know this is going to sound stupid- sometimes I don’t know if she loves me or… you know… my little tae tae.”

“Little tae tae??” Jimin muttered, totally confused. Taehyung had been speaking for a while, and it was obvious that Jimin had missed something important, while daydreaming about Yoongi.

“Yea, between tae tae and this house, and my parent’s money, I wonder if girls really like me for me, you know?” Tae continued, looking sad and dejected.

“Tae, what the hell are you talking about, and who is tae tae?”

“Ah, Jimin-ssi, you NEVER listen to me!” Tae whined, throwing a pillow at him.

They were lounging in Tae’s huge theatre room after Jimin had finished classes that afternoon. They had watched some terrible movie, or maybe it was good?

Jimin hadn’t paid enough attention to care. He wasn’t seeing Yoongi until later that evening, and he was too jumpy with anticipation to stay at home.

He couldn’t get his mind off all the things Yoongi had done to him yesterday.

“I do listen to you…” Jimin argued, dreamily.

“What’d I just say?” Tae countered, angrily.

“Hmm? Oh, you were talking about another Tae you met, right?”

“Tae Tae’s my dick, Jimin. See? Not listening.” Tae replied, accusingly.

“Maybe I don’t WANT to listen to your dick stories!” Jimin huffed.

Taehyung just stared at him with that famous blank expression.

“Ok.” He said simply, picking up the popcorn and turning back to the projector screen.

“Tae, I’m sorry… I’m on edge. Of course you can talk to me about tae tae. You know I love you.” Jimin said in a sing-song voice, feeling bad for his outburst.

“Nope.”

“C’mon, Tae…”

“Nope. And you can’t talk about having sex with Suga yesterday, either.”

“TAE! We haven’t had… sex.” Jimin faltered, not wanting to be totally dishonest.

How the hell did Tae know that, anyway? All he’d told his friend was that Yoongi had stopped by the store.

“Mhmm. Well, it’s obvious you did something. You haven’t mentioned a word about him yet, and you look like you’ve been reliving an orgasm since you got here.” Tae finished matter-of-factly, tossing popcorn in his mouth.
“Fine, I won’t talk about it!”

Jimin was exasperated with his friend’s weird intuition.

“Oki-dokie.”

They sat in determined silence for a full three minutes, munching away.

Jimin broke first.

“I’m sooooooorrrrryyyy, Tae! Ok, we DID do something, and I really wanna talk about it, so can you PUHLEASE forgive me?”

“Nope.”

Jimin got on his knees, hands clasped together in mock misery in front of Tae on the couch.

“What do I have to do?”

“Apologize.” Tae replied, tossing another popcorn perfectly into his mouth.

“I AM!!”

“Not to me. Apologize to tae tae.”

Of course Taehyung would make him apologize to his penis.

Jimin sighed and crouched lower, and Tae made a big show of opening his legs, as he lazily ate more popcorn.

“If you want me to blow you, you should really just ask, Tae.” Jimin teased.

“Like you’d be so lucky. Now get on with it.” Tae quipped, with his big box smile.

Jimin made another exaggerated sigh.

“I’m sorry, tae tae.”

“For??”

“For ignoring your greatness. I know you are a legend amongst women everywhere, and deserve my undivided attention.”

Tae lowered his head, making it appear that he was listening to the silent voice in his sweat pants.

“He says you are forgiven, but don’t let it happen again.”

“Well, my little chim chim says fuck you.” Jimin said laughingly, evading Tae’s leg trying to kick him as he stood up.

“So?” Tae asked, after their giggles had subsided.

“Tell me your Suga story that’s more important than everything I was confiding in you earlier?” Tae continued, putting his chin on his hand in exaggerated interest.

“Oh, you mean your trials and tribulations of being too rich and too beautiful?” Jimin countered.
“So, you WERE listening!”

“I don’t know where to start, Tae. He’s amazing.” Jimin replied, suddenly feeling weightless from the very mention of Yoongi.

He took a few minutes to recount every sweet moment of their encounter to his best friend, sparing no details.

“Flowers and some good foreplay. You hear that tae tae? That’s how you win them over.” Tae said, looking down at his pants again.

“It was more than that, Tae!”

“Jimin. I get it. You’re lonely. Horny. And here comes Suga, all swagged up and sweeps you off your feet. Fine. Enjoy it. But you have to know this is dangerous. Not just because he’s, well, DANGEROUS, but does he seem the type to go all the way for a long, lasting relationship? You could get really hurt, chim.”

Jemin contemplated this advice. How could goofy Tae be so smart sometimes?

“Tae, I know you’re making sense. But you’ve also told me to take chances. I have more to learn about Yoongi, and if I really don’t like what I find out, I can just leave. Right…?”

“Are you asking me or yourself?” Tae replied, wisely.

“Ok. Just… Hear me out on this one, Tae, cus I know it sounds corny, but, what if I can be the one to change him?” Jimin said this in a hushed whisper, as if his voice would carry all the way to Yoongi if he spoke too loudly.

Taehyung sat back against his seat and sighed.

“I wasn’t expecting it to be THAT corny, Jimin-ssi…”

“Is it really that impossible, Tae? Think about it. I’m his first guy, aren’t I? I’ve already changed him in some ways!”

“Some changes are easier to make than others, Jimin. You’re a smart, sweet, great looking guy. You could get ANYONE to turn for you. Don’t think it will be so easy for Yoongi to stop, I dunno, selling body parts, or whatever it is he does.”

Jemin didn’t have an immediate response to that, and was glad that it was time for him to leave and get ready for Yoongi to pick him up.

“Alright, Tae. I gotta go now, ok?” Jimin said, standing up and walking out of the huge room.

“Wait, chim!”

“What?? I understand everything you said, and I’ll be careful I promise.”

Tae gave him a confused look.

“Not that. You didn’t say goodbye to tae tae.” He said, pointing at his groin with a grin.

Jemin gave his friend a disgusted look, as he hurried out the door.
Two hours later, Jimin had showered, changed and was ready for his date with Yoongi. He hoped Yoongi would like his deep blue, oversized sweater and light, stonewashed jeans. He accessorized with a black choker, and smoky eyes.

He knew Yoongi liked those...

He was nervous, but so excited to be spending time with him under their new status- not like the tense, awkward times they’d hung out before.

Or that one really awkward time where he almost got shot.

Jemin was smiling at how much had changed from that day, when Yoongi knocked at the door, interrupting his reverie.

“Hyung!” Jimin exclaimed, brandishing his best smile.

Yoongi was back to black, but Jimin didn’t care. He looked amazing in his pitch, button down shirt, and skinny black slacks.

His small frame was almost lost in a knee length black overcoat, but it looked so classy and sexy on him.

“Hi, beautiful.” Yoongi crooned in that baritone voice that drove Jimin wild.

But he didn’t feel beautiful. He felt underdressed.

“Hyung… should I change?”

Yoongi gave him a crazed look.

“You look fucking perfect, Jimin. What the hell is wrong with you?”

“You look so polished, where are we going?” Jimin quipped, looking down at his jeans in emphasis.

Yoongi suddenly pulled Jimin outside the door, and into his arms, for a deep kiss and Jimin momentarily forgot his own name, moaning lightly into Yoongi’s warm mouth.

“Nowhere where you won’t look ridiculously sexy.” Yoongi replied, pulling him further out of the apartment, so they could leave.

They chatted lightly as Yoongi drove. Jimin basked in the glow of his attention, as the elder pegged him with questions about his school and dancing.

“Don’t you get exhausted, baby?” Yoongi inquired, after Jimin explained how his complicated schedule worked.

His heart jumped every time Yoongi called him that, and now the elder’s hand was on his leg, tracing small circles on his knee.

Jemin was staring at it, remembering where that same hand had been not so very long ago.

“Jimin..?”

“What..? Oh, yea, I do, hyung, but… After a while, the body gets used to it. These days, if I don’t dance or workout, I actually feel strange.”
The elder hummed.

“How can I, when you’re rubbing me like that?”

“W-when I can, hyung. When I have time.” Jimin replied stiffly.

“We’ll have to make time, then.” Yoongi stated simply, turning his eyes from the road to look directly into Jimin’s soul.

Jimin gulped, and was eternally grateful when Yoongi busied himself with parking the car.

They walked into an outdoor seating area, and were shown to a nice booth that had its own overhead heater.

Jimin noted that there were other patrons, and was happy that Yoongi hadn’t gone through the trouble of shutting down another restaurant.

He was also pleased that the heater kept them really warm in the frigid nighttime air. Yoongi even had to remove his coat.

The elder slid next to Jimin and immediately wrapped an arm around his waist, asking if he was comfortable, and seeing if he would prefer to sit inside.

How could this man be a hardened criminal?

It just didn’t seem possible...

A perky waitress came to get their initial orders, catching the pair in the middle of a lingering kiss.

“Oh! Uhhh- hi! Can I- can... I start you off with a drink!?” She sputtered.

Yoongi slowly disconnected from Jimin’s mouth with a lewd, sucking sound, pausing to give the younger a few soft pecks before even acknowledging the waitress with a lazy stare.

“Well? What do you have, then?” Yoongi asked, dismissively.

“Hyung!” Jimin whispered in shock. The poor girl was only doing her job, after all.

“We’ll start with water, please, and thank you.” Jimin rushed to say.

He wanted to add ‘sorry’ but Yoongi was kissing his neck and he couldn’t think anymore.

The waitress backed off with wide eyes to get their water.

“Hyung, what is WRONG with you??” Jimin asked giggling.

“You’re what’s wrong with me, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi whispered into his neck, wrapping both arms around Jimin’s waist from behind.

"God, I can’t take much more of this.

“You were just getting on me about the right time and place yesterday!” Jimin said, incredulously.

“So? Neither of us work here. And you’re so fucking gorgeous, baby…” Yoongi purred into the back of his neck, his soft lips nipping at the chain of Jimin’s choker.
Jimin’s head was spinning from the elder’s constant shower of affection.

The fact that Yoongi was unabashedly cuddling and complimenting him in a public place that wasn’t even a designated gay hangout, made Jimin swell with pride and importance.

The harried waitress caught them for the third time in the middle of a deep kiss, where Jimin had all but climbed into Yoongi’s lap.

“I-I have your appetizers and drinks h-here. I’ll just drop this and give you…some…privacy.” She placed the food and beverages with a look of terror, clearly not wanting to catch Yoongi in a bad mood again.

“You’ve been great tonight. Thank you so much.” Jimin thanked her kindly, making a mental note to leave her a large tip.

Yoongi simply glared and moved towards the food.

“Maybe we should talk a little, hyung?” Jimin suggested with a smile.

Not that he had any problem with Yoongi’s PDA at all.

“I swear I can carry a great conversation with you, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi smiled wryly, as he started eating.

“Yea? Prove it, then.” Jimin chided, picking up a sushi roll.

“Ok… What do you wanna be when you grow up?” Yoongi asked smugly, as if nobody could beat his conversational skills.

Jimin couldn’t help leaning close and rubbing one hand along the elder’s thigh before answering.

“Yours…” He whispered, biting his lip and loving the way Yoongi’s whole body tensed up at his touch.

“Come here.” Yoongi ordered softly, tugging Jimin close for another make out session.

Fifteen minutes later, they managed to disengage long enough to finish dinner. They fell into easy conversation, and Jimin learned a lot about Yoongi’s childhood troubles growing up poor and wanting more for himself and his family.

Jimin opened up to him about the hardship of being an orphan who was never permanently adopted. Growing up between distant relatives and state run orphanages had left a painful void for a family bond.

He marveled at how Yoongi was the only person, apart from Tae, that he could confess this to.

Despite their long and varied discussion, they never got around to talking about Yoongi’s “profession”.

Jimin had guessed that it was drugs or drug related, but he felt if this was going to get any more serious, he deserved to know the full details of what Yoongi was really into.

Did he use drugs? Sell them? Make them?

Jimin was so happy with their night, however, that he couldn’t bring himself to ask.
He simply wasn’t ready for this dream to end.

“Here’s your check! Thank you, come again!” The waitress rushed in one hurried breath, as the pair were finishing dessert.

And of course, she just had to come when Jimin was sexily licking whipped cream off Yoongi’s bottom lip.

“I’m gonna have her fired.” Yoongi quipped, shaking his head, as he pulled out his wallet.

“Hyung, let me get this one.” Jimin interjected.

He glanced at the bill, and though he could have eaten for a month with that money, he couldn’t keep letting Yoongi pay for everything.

But Yoongi just swatted his hand away, like a nagging fly.

“No.”

“Hyung, come on.” Jimin protested, with a laugh. “This would be the third time. I’m not a gold digger.”

“No, Jimin-ah. And that’s final.”

A small chill settled over their warm glow.

“Why is it final? Because you said so?” Jimin countered, still smiling, even though he was a getting a bit frustrated at Yoongi’s bossiness.

Jimin was his own man, not one of Yoongi’s henchmen.

“I said I would take care of you, didn’t I?” Yoongi explained, calmly.

“That’s not the type of care I need, hyung.” He replied carefully, not wanting this to escalate.

Yoongi turned to face him, and Jimin was interested in hearing what he had to say, when the waitress popped up out of thin air.

“Sh-should I come back….?” She asked with wide, nervous eyes.

“Actually, for the first time tonight, you have perfect timing.” Yoongi replied coldly, tossing several large bills on the table. "Keep the change."

Jimin decided there was no point making the innocent girl’s night any more uncomfortable.

He stood up briskly and walked ahead of Yoongi to the car.

The first half of the ride was completely silent, and Jimin stared out of the passenger window wondering if he and Yoongi would ever be able to make it through one date successfully.

He also wondered if Yoongi’s bossy personality was something he had to worry about.

*He’s a drug dealer. A thug. What did you expect?*

He jumped slightly when he felt Yoongi’s hand find his in the dark car, interlocking their fingers and squeezing.
“I think I forgot to tell you that I’m a fucking asshole.” Yoongi admitted, flatly.

Jimin puffed out a small laugh, but said nothing. He honestly didn’t know how to reply to that statement.

“Jimin, I royally fucked up on our first date- and the best night I’ve ever had in my life. And now I’m just trying to make shit perfect, so I don’t blow it again. You’re worth me buying a thousand of those dinners, Jimin-ah. More than that.” Yoongi concluded.

Jimin’s heart and worries melted at the elder’s words, so much that he felt his eyes burn with relieved tears.

“Hyung… It’s perfect when we’re just together. I don’t care where, and you don’t have to empty restaurants or spend the equivalent of my rent on one meal.” He wiped his eyes, quickly. "I’m not totally sure where we’re going with this, but I know that’s not what I’m looking for. Being with you is worth more than fancy dinners to me, too.”

Yoongi had parked at Jimin’s complex now, and was listening quietly, stroking Jimin’s hand with his thumb.

“Ok. Next time, I promise we’ll dumpster dive for dinner and eat with hobos in an alley somewhere.” Yoongi promised, solemnly.

Jimin snatched his hand from Yoongi’s with an exasperated sigh, but the elder pulled him back, laughing hard.

And just like that, they were kissing again.

“I’m sorry, beautiful, ok?” Yoongi whispered between soft kisses.

Jimin replied by holding Yoongi’s face and deepening their kiss.

After a few minutes, they stopped to breathe, and Yoongi turned back to face the wheel.

“I have a few things to take care of tonight, sweetness. Can I see you tomorrow?”

Jimin’s heart fell into his stomach.

He wasn’t sure why he was expecting Yoongi to come up to his apartment, but he had spent extra time cleaning it earlier, in hopes that he would.

“Ohhh, yea, of course, hyung.” Jimin nodded, trying to smile.

“Are you ok?”

“Yea-yes! Of course! Is everything... ok with you? Like… with what… you’re gonna take care of?” Jimin asked slowly.

“I’m always ok, Jimin-ah.”

“Right… Yea.” Jimin nodded again and opened the car door in a rush to get home, feeling slutty for wishing Yoongi was coming upstairs, but at the same time, crushed that he wasn’t.

“Thanks so much for tonight, hyung. Again.” Jimin said, as he made to walk away.

“Sure, Jimin. It’s my pleasure.” Yoongi replied, with a slightly confused expression.
Jimin waved with false cheer, as he scrambled into his unusually clean apartment, without looking back.

Once safely inside, he crumpled onto the sofa burying his head in his hands.

How could he be so STUPID!?!?

Here he was, thinking that a drug dealer would frolic upstairs with him to cuddle and watch a movie, only to be disappointed when said drug dealer rushed off to probably go do some drug deals.

Jimin exhaled shakily.

He had felt so special all night long with Yoongi’s non-stop attention. It was a hard blow to be reminded at the last minute that the elder had another life that Jimin knows nothing about.

He picked up his phone to call Taehyung, but decided against it. He wasn’t ready to hear an ‘I told you so’ from him or his little tae tae.

Jimin was dozing off on the couch instead, when he heard a loud knock.

He shook his head and shuffled to the door, checking his watch.

Peering through the spy hole, his stomach twisted with nervous excitement when he saw Yoongi standing outside.

What was he doing here, just 15 minutes after they’d parted?

“Hyung?! W-what- why? Did you forget something?” Jimin spluttered, when he yanked open the door.

Yoongi’s eyes were piercing through Jimin, like an x-ray.

“Can I come in?”

Jimin nodded numbly, stepping aside.

“What’s up, hyung?” He repeated, closing the door again.

Yoongi came closer to him, placing an arm around his waist, making Jimin’s breath hitch and his eyes widen.

“You didn’t look happy when I left, Jimin-ah. It was all over your face.”

Jimin’s heart hammered against his chest.

Oh, God. Yoongi could tell I was disappointed.

Embarrassment quickly turned to giddy joy, as Jimin realized that Yoongi cared enough to notice and come back.

“Hyung, you didn’t have to come back here- oh my God!” Jimin said with a casual laugh, hoping Yoongi couldn’t tell his heart was soaring.

Yoongi shrugged.

“I didn’t want to leave. And I thought from your face and body language, that you wanted me to
stay, too, so I canceled what I had to do and came back for you.” Yoongi stated simply.

_Holy shit. He chose me over his other plans._

Jimin wanted desperately to save face and act like it didn’t make a difference if Yoongi returned or not, but standing so close to him now, he couldn’t carry the charade any further.

Especially after Yoongi had come back to be with him.

“You're right, hyung. I didn’t want you to go.” Jimin admitted quietly, unable to look at Yoongi directly.

The elder held his hand gently, bringing it up to his lips for a soft peck.

“Well, I’m here now, baby. Why don’t show me your place?” He murmured.

“It’ll take about six seconds.” Jimin answered with a tiny laugh, feeling positively faint.

“I have five, so don’t waste my time.” Yoongi replied with a smile.

After showing Yoongi around, and the elder noting how nice and clean it was, much to Jimin’s satisfaction, they settled on the couch with an action movie on TV.

The lights were out, and Jimin was nestled into Yoongi in a way that felt so right, he couldn’t describe it in words.

Yoongi gently pulled Jimin’s chin upwards for a slow, sweet kiss.

“You’ve dozed off a few times, Jimin-ah. Is it impossible for you to eat without immediately falling asleep?”

Jimin laughed lazily at the jab.

“It only happens when you stuff me full of fatty foods, hyung. I don’t eat like that usually.”

Truth be told, it was Yoongi’s warm, strong hands rubbing and massaging Jimin’s arms, back and neck that was lulling him to sleep, as he laid up against the elder’s chest.

But he wasn’t ready to admit that quite yet.

The hour, or so, they had spent watching TV was perfect and comfortable. And even though Yoongi’s hands had roamed and roved all over him, with occasional kisses thrown in, there was no awkward, sexual tension.

Just two lovers happy to be together.

Jimin thought this is what home must feel like.

“Either way, it’s bedtime for you. C’mon.” Yoongi commanded, gently lifting Jimin and helping him up.

Jimin followed Yoongi into the small bedroom, like a child, even though it was his apartment.

“What the hell do you wear to sleep?” Yoongi demanded gruffly, rifling through some of Jimin’s clothes, and holding up a pair of dance leggings.
Jimin actually slept naked, but thought better of divulging that information.

“I have some stuff in the bathroom, hyung, don’t worry.” Jimin said laughing, yanking his compression tights out of the elder’s hand.

After changing quickly into a clean shirt and boxers, Jimin brushed his teeth before returning.

Yoongi was standing fully dressed and waiting, as if he was a jail warden making sure the inmates were in bed.

“Ok, dad, I’m going to sleep.” Jimin teased, climbing under the covers with a yawn.

Yoongi relaxed and perched on the edge of the bed.

“Do you want me to stay, baby?” He inquired quietly, rubbing Jimin’s back.

Yes, forever.

“Would you…?” Jimin asked softly, stifling another yawn. Yoongi’s massages were like sleeping pills.

Without further ado, Yoongi stood up and removed his shirt and belt, before sliding next to Jimin and pulling him close.

“Mhmm…” Jimin groaned sleepily, as he clung to Yoongi.

Yoongi’s fingertips were massaging Jimin’s scalp gently now, and Jimin could feel tingles racing up and down his body.

“Goodnight, beautiful…” Yoongi murmured.

Jimin slept off peacefully, knowing that his reality was better than any dream.
“Wow. That pussy must be bionic, hyung. I mean, it must have some SERIOUS bells and whistles to it.”

Hobi was pacing back and forth in Yoongi’s apartment, stopping every few seconds to stare at him incredulously.

Yoongi settled back against his expansive couch, silent and unmoving. He could still feel the ghost of Jimin’s body imprinted against his chest. Still smell that exotic oil he uses. Still hear his quiet breathing as he slept in his arms.

Jimin was a fitful sleeper, clutching, clinging, and reaching for Yoongi every few minutes. Yoongi was proud to have been able to ease the boy by gently rubbing and massaging him. He felt like he should be there now with Jimin, making sure he’s resting well. Not here, watching Hobi burn a hole in his carpet from pacing.

Hobi had texted Yoongi during dinner, telling him that he’d caught Jungkook red-handed trying to steal product from Yoongi’s apartment. Ordinarily, that would have sent him flying no matter where he was. But, he refused to leave Jimin in the middle of dinner, opting instead to just head back after dropping Jimin at home.

It seemed like a good plan, until he saw the way Jimin’s expressive eyes had looked when he realized Yoongi was ending the night early. Yoongi couldn’t bear to leave him. Hobi had control of the Jungkook situation, so he spent a few more hours with Jimin and slipped out when the younger had fallen into a deep, comfortable sleep.

“Tell me again how Kook got in here.” Yoongi asked, deciding to ignore the bionic pussy statement.

Hobi’s face fell at this question.

“He got me drunk. And… Stole your spare key off my keyring.” Hobi finished, lamely.

“So, you’re blaming me for not being here to handle a situation that YOU caused?” Yoongi pressed, coldly.

“No!” Hobi shifted a little, nervously. "Well..Yes. Ok, a little... But more importantly, I’m blaming you for fucking off all the time and not keeping your eye on the business anymore! I’ve been complaining about Kook for weeks, but since that night at the docks, you’ve changed!”

The redhead looked upset and confused by the end of his rant.

Yoongi sighed, and rubbed his eyes. It was 3 am and he was exhausted.

“Hobi-yah. I can admit that we’re both wrong here. I’m sorry for being out of pocket lately, and I appreciate you catching Kook before we sustained losses.”

“SEE? This is what I’m talking about, hyung!” Hobi shrieked, accusingly. "You should be coming up with a plan to solve the Jungkook problem. We should be racing to his place this second! But you haven’t even asked what I did with him?!"

“Is he ok?” Yoongi questioned.
“WHO ARE YOU RIGHT NOW!???” Hobi screamed in response.

Yoongi sat up and sighed again. Hobi was his longest, closest friend. Practically a brother. Yoongi knew he couldn’t keep hiding and playing secretive with him any longer.

“I’ve met someone, Hobi.” He admitted to his friend.

“No SHIT, Yoongi. Who is it, and why is she so different from every other chick you’ve fucked?”

“Hobi… I-I..” Yoongi’s voice broke, as he choked on his words.

He buried his face in his hands, chest heaving. The room was suddenly too small, and there wasn’t enough air.

Hobi inched closer and squatted in front of his friend, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“What the fuck, hyung? What’s up with you??”

Yoongi muttered something into his hands that sounded like “uhbruvim”.

“What? Hyung, I can’t understand you!?” Hobi said, leaning closer to his friend.

“I love him, Hobi! I fucking LOVE HIM! HIM!”  Yoongi wailed, letting the weight of his secret lift from his shoulders finally.

Hobi shot up like a rocket, still staring down at his dearest friend.

The redhead could never keep still when he was stressed, and started to pace the room again. Sometimes sitting for a second, then getting up and walking round again.

“Hobi-yah, please stop.” Yoongi begged in a ragged voice.

“Min Yoongi! MIN FUCKING YOONGI! Since when?? I’ve know you all my fucking life! You’ve banged all the hottest girls!?” Hobi asked in a mystified whisper.

Yoongi had to take several deep breaths, before speaking. He wanted to run away. Run back to Jimin and just be safe and happy with him.

“Since I saw him, Hobi. Everything changed when I saw him. And now, I just… I want to be done with all this and get to Seoul, and just pursue my music. I know that was always my plan, but now it’s DESPERATE. And- I- I want him to come with me, Hobi. He makes me see myself as I could be, as I SHOULD be. My heart and my mind… They’re not in this anymore. Jungkook, Jin hyung, all of it. I don’t want it. I just want him.”

Hobi had stopped mid-pace, hands on his hips to listen to Yoongi’s story.

“Everything changed when you saw WHO, hyung?” Hobi shrieked.

Yoongi dragged his eyes up to meet his friend’s.

“The night you say I changed. That’s when I saw him. You saw him, too.” Yoongi answered quietly.

Hobi stared back at Yoongi in pure confusion for all of two seconds, before comprehension flooded his face.
He staggered backwards to sit in an armchair, but miscalculated and landed on the floor. He didn’t even bother to get up, and just stayed there staring at Yoongi with his mouth hanging open.

“Mariah Carey?” He whispered, his eyes wide as saucers.

Yoongi smiled wryly at the memory.

“Yea. The pretty boy. With the blonde hair in the old truck that we scared the shit out of.” Yoongi confirmed, nodding his head slowly.

“But- but.. I…” Hobi couldn’t articulate at the moment, so instead he made his hand in the shape of a gun.

“Yup. You waived your gun all in his face. It didn’t help me get the first date, I can tell you that much.”

Yoongi got up and fixed himself a stiff drink, making a double for his friend. They sat in the living room drinking, as Yoongi poured his heart out, recounting how he went to Jimin’s dance school to return the poetry, knowing fully well that he was already hooked on the boy.

“Limp dick.” Hobi said in quiet wonder, as he knocked back more scotch.

“What?”

“Limp dick. Now I know why Lisa was going around calling you that. Because you’d already met Mariah by then.” Hobi explained.

“His name is Jimin, Hobi. And I’m glad I didn’t fuck that slut.”

“Wow…” Was all Hobi could say, as he continued to stare at Yoongi.

“Yea. It’s been a wild ride.” Yoongi echoed his agreement.

“So, what now, hyung? Where do we go from here?”

Yoongi exhaled loudly, buzzing with excitement from finally confiding in his best friend.

“Out of here, Hobi. We move this last shipment, and that’s all I need. I’ve already made plans to sell this spot, and I have a place lined up in Seoul. Fuck Big Hit Productions. Swag Nation will crush them in months. Rapmon and I have some serious heat to throw down, and there others from the underground who we’re working with. Supreme Boi, Slow Rabbit…”

Yoongi stood up, gesticulating wildly with his hands.

"Even some singers, too, so we can vary our sound. In six months, we can move into releasing videos when we have enough money from song sales. You have the eye for visual production and the dance skills to lead choreography. In a year, Hobi-yah, we won’t even fucking remember running the streets in Daegu!”

Hobi was nodding in mute understanding.

“Hyung- the boy, Jimin? How do you know he’s not just on your dick because you might be the next big producer?” Hobi asked, reasonably.

Yoongi’s heart swelled with love for Jimin. The boy had made it clear earlier that night that he didn’t want anything from him. Yoongi wanted to give him the world, anyway.
“That’s just it, Hobi. He doesn’t even know. The business, the music, Seoul, none of it. He just- for some reason- takes me as I am.”

Hobi’s face said he wasn’t buying the romance story.

“Takes you as you are? Hyung, how do you explain your condo, your car, your money? The boy can’t think you’re a fucking high school teacher?”

Yoongi wrung his hands, not quite meeting Hobi’s questioning gaze.

“Oh, FUCK, Min Yoongi. MIN YOOONGI! He doesn’t know what we do? Are you CRAZY?”

“Calm down, Hobi, I don’t want to scare him. I’ll open up to him when the time is right.”

Truth be told, Yoongi had been putting this off purposefully. Jimin was the only person apart from his grandmother that didn’t regard him with permanent disapproval.

He wasn’t ready to lose Jimin’s favor.

“Who cares about him? What about US!? He IS a risk, after all, hyung! He could go straight to the police if you tell him!” Hobi sprung up and began pacing again, stopping to look out of the window, as if the cops were already there.

“What if he works for a rival group? Or is an undercover cop? They recruit them young these days, hyung!!” Hobi continued in a shrill voice, walking all over the room.

“Hobi, I’ll just say this: if Jimin is really undercover for the cops or a gang, then for all that we’ve done together, he must take his job VERY seriously.”

Hobi once again stopped mid-stride at these words.

“Oh, FOR FUCK’S SAKE, hyung!” Hobi whined with a grimace.

Yoongi half smiled at his friend’s expression, but he was only being honest.

After a few more strong drinks, Hobi seemed to have calmed down and they were able to discuss specifics about their upcoming plans.

They decided that to liquidate their existing stock, it was best to sell it in bulk a couple towns over, where demand was high. It would save time over having street boys sell to individuals, and would give Yoongi the cash he needed to execute the last phase of his launch.

“What about Jin hyung? We can’t just walk away from Kook’s shortage.” Hobi reminded.

Yoongi had been doing some thinking on that.

“Once we move this final shipment, I’ll have enough to pay Jin off for Kook’s debts. I’m cutting the kid loose as of right now. He needs to go do something better with his life.”

“Does Kook know that you’re leaving? That he won’t be working for you anymore?” Hobi asked with raised eyebrows, as if he already knew the answer.

“No. But he will.”

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Yoongi spent the next couple of days working with Hobi to get their product transported to the right sell zone. It was risky business, and they could only move during the nighttime hours.

He missed Jimin so much it hurt, and the sweet messages and pics Jimin sent him consistently were seriously killing him.

JM: Is everything ok hyung?

Jimin seemed to get nervous when he hadn’t heard from Yoongi for a few hours. Yoongi wasn’t sure if it was from missing him or worrying about his street life, but he didn’t care.

He just loved the attention from the kid.

YG: No.

JM: What’s up? Why? Are you safe? Where are you?

Yoongi smiled as a call from Jimin came in. He cut it without answering, not wanting to talk with Hobi in earshot.

YG: Hey- I’m fine, kid. I only said I wasn’t cus I haven’t seen you for 2 days

JM: OMG Yoongi! I was so worried!!

What the hell does he see in me?

YG: i’m always good, Jimin. ALWAYS

JM: ok, hyung. Don’t get upset :/

YG: I’m not upset, baby, I just fucking miss you. don’t you listen?

JM: how much?

YG: ?

JM: how much do you miss me?

YG: Seriously?? A fuckton, ok?

JM: that’s not a real measurement :P

YG: let me show you how real it is

JM: lol, are you talking sexy now hyung?

YG: wtf do you expect after sending me pics all goddamn day?

JM: so you liked them?

YG: fuck’s sake, Jimin. YES.

JM: I wish you were touching me right now…

Oh God, yes…
YG: where angel?

JM: inside me hyung… with your tongue, like before…

Yoongi shot a glance over at Hobi, before pounding out a reply.

YG: I’ll do it for you all night...

JM: mmm yoongi…. I’m hard…

YG: you want my mouth on you sweetheart?

JM: yes hyung, I love it when you suck me and eat me

God help me.

YG: I fucking love it too, baby. You know I do...

JM: hyung…?

YG: what is it, beautiful?

JM: I want to taste you too, like that... Would you let me?

Jesus.

YG: fuck baby, yes, of course.

YG: angel, I have to run. be patient for me, I’ll pick you up tonight ok?

JM: hurry hyung <3 <3

Yoongi put his phone away with a dreamy smile and a raging boner. He couldn’t believe how cute, yet hot, Jimin could be at the same damn time.

He had been mildly aware of Hobi moving and shifting things in the background from their rented truck to the small storage room they were currently stock piling. He turned to find his friend staring at him with accusing eyes.

“What the fuck are you doing, hyung?” Hobi demanded, hands on his hips, like an angry mother.

“Nothing- are we done yet?” He replied, lazily, shifting so Hobi didn’t see the bulge in his jeans.

“WE aren’t done, because I’ve been doing all the work, while you’ve been sighing into your phone.”

“I’m not sighing into anything, Hobi-yah.”

“Bullshit, you look like you’re about to fuck a hole through the screen!”

The pair suddenly erupted into laughter at Hobi’s jab. Yoongi was doubled over, holding his sides, and Hobi actually fell to the floor in tears.

“Go home, hyung.” Hobi said weakly, after his laughter subsided.
“No, we’ll finish together, Hobi.”

“No, we’re not doing anything together, cus you won’t get off your ass, and besides, we need to monitor the sale here. Get me a hotel room in a nice area with a bar nearby, and I’ll stay and handle business. Go see Mariah.”

Yoongi had to admit, Hobi was making sense. They had a huge amount of money invested in this shipment. Someone had to stay and make sure nothing happened to it. He also didn’t need to be told twice to go to Jimin, especially after their heated text exchange.

He peeled off a few large bills and handed them to his best friend.

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“Thank you, Hobi.”

“Fuck off, hyung.”

“I mean it, Hobi-yah. For this, and for everything...” Yoongi swallowed thickly, as Hobi clapped him on the shoulder and squeezed.

“Hyung, we’re blood. You could become a drag queen and I wouldn’t give a shit. Now stop being lame and get out of here.”

“I’d be hot as fuck, though!” Yoongi shouted, as he drove away.
Jimin was waiting for Yoongi at the dance studio.

He’d worked hard practicing for the last two hours, but was just too distracted to get it right. More than anything, he was anxious to be with Yoongi again. He was falling for him in dangerous ways, and he was even avoiding Tae as of late, so he wouldn’t have to keep hearing his best friend’s warnings.

He felt bad for blowing Tae off, but he reasoned that Tae had made many, many bad girlfriend choices of his own and Jimin had never stood in his way.

Of course, those girls weren’t hardened criminals.

But that was beside the point.

Jimin was just about to call it quits and hit the shower to prepare for their date, when his phone chimed with an incoming text message.

**YG:** I’m outside

Jimin’s heart froze. Yoongi was over an hour early! He hadn’t showered, or even changed out of his sweaty dance gear. His hair was a mess and he had no makeup or jewelry on.

He quickly hammered out a response, hoping the elder would say this was a joke.

**JM:** hyung- it’s only 7, I thought we were meeting at 830??????

But instead of a response, he heard a familiar heavy knock at the door.

**Oh, no.**

Jimin looked around hopelessly, before giving up and reluctantly opening the door.

“Why the fuck are you pouting?” Yoongi said in greeting, as he came inside, his arms immediately encircling Jimin’s waist.

“Why are you so early? I’m not even nearly ready!” Jimin whined, moving out of Yoongi’s grasp and covering his face.

Yoongi was openly staring at his body, and Jimin was suddenly hyper-aware of his skin-tight black dance shorts and oversized tank top.

“You look fine to me.” Yoongi murmured huskily.

Jimin huffed with an air of finality, trying to ignore Yoongi’s sexy stare.
“I mean it, hyung. I can’t go anywhere like this, so you’re gonna have to wait for me to get ready.”

“Jimin-ah, one thing about me is I’m never late. I’m either early or right on fucking time. Also, I wanted to see you dance, and I figured if I asked, you’d be shy and shut me down. So, here I am. Dance for me.”

Jimin could only stare. It was hard to argue because the elder was precisely right. Jimin would never have agreed to a solo performance for Yoongi. But still, he hated how Yoongi had just ambushed him, looking spectacular in a stylish black sweater perfectly paired with gray jeans, black boots, and matching dark beanie. While he was here all sweaty and looking like shit.

“Do I seem like the kind of guy that goes around calling everybody beautiful?” Yoongi asked in an exasperated voice, seemingly reading Jimin’s thoughts.

“Yet, I tell you every fucking day. You’re gorgeous. You don’t need make-up, you don’t need to lose weight. So for the love of God, can I see you dance, please?” Yoongi finished with his arms raised up in exaggeration.

Jimin sighed. He could barely get his routine right with Yoongi on his mind, and now the man was standing right there telling Jimin he was gorgeous.

How was he supposed to dance, when he just wanted to cry into Yoongi’s chest and confess his love to him?

_Suck it up, Park Ji Min! You’re a performer!_ 

“Sit over there, hyung.” Jimin gestured towards the guest bleachers.

He turned down the lights in the room, as Yoongi sat down.

“It’s supposed to be performed in low lighting.” He explained, while turning on the spotlight machine and readying the music.

Jimin took his position in the middle of the floor, one arm thrown dramatically across his face. He wasn’t finished perfecting the choreo to “Lie”, so he decided to go with an old faithful routine that he could do in his sleep.

It was set to a classical song, and he hoped Yoongi would like that.

Jimin danced, as if the president and all his officials were watching. He was so desperate to impress Yoongi, and was pleased with nailing the few jumps, and one major aerial flip. He ended beautifully, back in his starting position, and held the pose for several seconds just for the effect.

He straightened up and bowed before turning the lights back on.

Yoongi’s face was deadpan and for a few terrifying seconds Jimin wondered if he’d been too hasty in assuming he did a good job.

Yoongi was a rapper and a drug dealer. Chances are he didn’t even appreciate contemporary dance or classical music at all.

“What are you doing here?” Yoongi asked finally in a faint voice.

“What?” Jimin asked with a nervous laugh.
“You’re too good for this shitty town, Jimin. Too good for this shitty little studio. Too good for me. What are you doing here?” Yoongi repeated in a faraway voice, as if he was talking to himself.

“I’m glad you liked the dance that much, hyung.” Jimin said with a small laugh, trying to lighten up the mood.

Yoongi stood up and gazed longingly at him, as if Jimin was something he wanted so badly, but could never have.

“I’m serious, Jimin-ah. You work diligently all day, then take classes at the local college. You dance like an angel. You ARE an angel. You practice all night, when others sleep. You never complain. You never cut corners or look for an easy way out. What the fuck do you see in me?”

“Hyung- I- I don’t know what you mean…” Jimin said quietly, suddenly very uncomfortable.

He knew he loved Yoongi, but he also knew it wasn’t smart that he did. And the truth was, he often asked himself the same questions Yoongi was asking.

“Yes, you do.” Yoongi replied, nodding his head for emphasis.

Jimin could see the situation was spiraling fast. Much of what the elder was saying made sense, but despite everything, Jimin had never once thought himself better than Yoongi.

“Hyung… I’m not better than anyone else. I’m an orphan that was never adopted. Too old for the families that wanted a fresh new baby, but too young for the couples who didn’t have time to raise a young child. I was unwanted. So where the hell would I get off thinking that I’m too good for anybody, when I was never good enough for anybody myself?” Jimin asked in a wavering, shaky voice.

This seemed to quell Yoongi’s ramblings for the moment, but the elder still looked pensive and uneasy.

"I can’t think of why anyone wouldn’t want you, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi’s voice was deep and warm as he said it.

"I can. I’m disgusting right now.” Jimin replied with a laugh, holding his arm up and pushing a sweaty pit into Yoongi’s face.

The elder pushed him away lightly, but then immediately drew him back in for a kiss.

“You’re never disgusting. Ever. That’s what I’m trying to tell you, idiot. You’re always beautiful.”

They kissed for a long moment, deeply and lovingly, before slowly separating.

“Except for when you were young. You obviously must have been really ugly then.” Yoongi joked suddenly, shaking with laughter.

Jimin punched Yoongi, and the pair ended up laughing and mock wrestling for a while, before Jimin finally went for a quick shower and change.

Yoongi told him not to bother getting fancy with make-up or jewelry, because they were going somewhere low key.

Jimin was honestly grateful for not having to go the extra mile. He was tired and just ready to relax. They held hands in the car and Yoongi played his demo album on the ride. Jimin loved every song,
and was actually dancing along to an amazing track called “Mic Drop” when he noticed that Yoongi had stopped driving.

“You really like that one, huh?” He asked, rubbing Jimin’s leg.

“It’s unbelievable, hyung. You’re so talented.” Jimin gushed, and he meant it. He placed his hand over Yoongi’s and rubbed it gently.

“I’m not the only one on the track, but I did the arrangement. I’m glad you like it, baby.”

“I like all of them, hyung, but that one is fire. I swear!”

“I’ll burn you a demo, just don’t let anyone else hear it, ok?”

Jimin nodded, noticing that they were at a really nice high rise condominium complex.

“Where are we?”

“My place. I just need to grab something quickly.”

“I want to see it, hyung!”

“Fuck, Jimin, I’m just jumping in for a second.”

Jimin leaned over and kissed Yoongi softly, sucking gently on his bottom lip.

“Please…?” He whispered.

Yoongi inhaled sharply, leaning back in for more.

“Alright, dammit. Five minutes.”

Yoongi led Jimin by the hand through the fancy building, smiling as the younger gasped at the art, the indoor water fountain, the crown molding, and basically every last detail.

He recalled how Yoongi had complimented his own tiny apartment. Jimin had never guessed in a million years that Yoongi lived in such comparative splendor.

“Jimin, it’s just a lion.” Yoongi said, laughing when Jimin was fan boying over his door knocker.

“No, hyung, that’s a griffin! They have wings.” He replied, lifting the large brass ornament to take a better look.

Jimin was more subdued inside the apartment, but was in quiet shock from the chic style and décor.

As Yoongi busied himself putting some things in a bag in the kitchen, Jimin wandered into the bedrooms, where the largest was obviously Yoongi’s.

Things were orderly, and in nice, neutral shades. The furnishings were obviously imported and quite expensive.

Jimin felt a pang of disappointment when he realized that drug money was how Yoongi had paid for all of this.

“Jimin-ah, let’s go!”

Jimin was in the loft, after finding a small set of stairs. He had heard Yoongi calling out, but was too
engrossed to reply.

“Jimin, I said five minutes. Come on… What are you doing anyway?”

“What is this place?” Jimin asked, locating his voice finally.

“My lab. I call it my genius lab.” The elder smirked. “It’s where I make my music, mostly.”

Jimin was amazed by the mammoth sized computer screens and high-tech equipment. But that wasn’t what had captivated his attention.

“You have my poetry, hyung?” He asked faintly.

On the expansive desk were at least a dozen of Jimin’s poems, neatly arranged.

Yoongi was reading his work, and even printing them.

Jimin couldn’t believe it.


“I’m flattered, Yoongi.” Jimin said genuinely.

“You should be.” Yoongi quipped with a gummy grin. "It’s a huge compliment coming from a genius like me. Now come on, or we’ll be late.”

Jimin floated back into the car in a dreamlike state.

He didn’t share his poetry with anyone, not even Tae.

To see that Yoongi appreciated it so much was unbelievable.

“What are you looking at, Jimin-ah?”

Jimin realized too late that he had been staring adoringly at Yoongi from the passenger seat.

I love you.

“Nothing, hyung.”

“You sure…?” Yoongi asked, rubbing a hand along Jimin’s jaw line.

Do you love me, too?

“Mmhhm.”

“Good. We’re here.”

They had arrived at a place that was definitely not a restaurant. It was actually a very small house. Yoongi was quiet for a long moment before speaking in a solemn voice.

“Jimin-ah, this is my grandma’s house. I… I wanted to bring you here. She means the world to me, and I think you’d love her.”

Jimin was stunned. Yoongi was introducing him to family? And his grandmother at that?

Jimin didn’t have much experience with family, but he didn’t think an old fashioned Korean
grandmother would be approving or understanding of their relationship.

“Ah… hyung… does she know…?” Jimin started and trailed off, not really knowing how to ask his question.

“She’s the only person, besides you, that doesn’t judge me. I don’t think she’s going to start tonight.” Yoongi replied, quietly.

Jimin decided that whatever fate rested inside that house, he was just happy to be with Yoongi.

“Ok, hyung. I’m happy to be here. With you.”

“Yea, baby? Me too. Come on.”

After a reassuring kiss, the pair entered the house with Yoongi’s key.

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“...I thought I would have to die and rot in this house, before you came back to see me, Yoongi!” A tiny woman said in a shrill voice, hobbling towards the door to greet them.

“Umma, you know I’m never far away.” Yoongi replied bowing, then kissing his grandmother.

Jimin waited in the shadow of the doorway, unsure of what to say or do. He noted that Yoongi called his grandmother “mother” and figured that they were very close.

“Umma, this is Jimin. He’s special to me.” Yoongi said easily, gesturing to Jimin to come forward.

Jimin inched closer, completely petrified.

“Annyeonghaseyo.” He practically whispered to the older woman, while bowing low.

“Come here, child.” She said clearly.

Jimin moved forward, feeling sick. He relaxed slightly when she pinched his cheeks, and even giggled when she pulled his nose a little.

“You’re a beautiful boy!” She exclaimed, with a satisfied nod, before shuffling off to the kitchen.

“Come! We make food!”

Jimin gave Yoongi a shocked look, and he just grinned back with an “I told you so” face, as they obediently followed her to the kitchen.

Jimin found out that Yoongi had been grabbing zucchini and peppers from his kitchen that his grandma needed to make gochujang stew.

The woman may have been physically frail, but was sharp as a tack mentally, and decided that it was time for the boys to learn how to cook.

She sat on a high, comfortable chair like a queen, and ordered the pair back and forth in the kitchen, guiding them on how to chop vegetables, fry meat, and measure spices.

Jumin thought they looked like an episode from those cooking challenge shows, as they scurried around making sure they didn’t mess anything up too badly.
Despite the stress of cooking, Jimin was having the time of his life in the warm kitchen full of laughter all around.

“Umma, isn’t it one of your grandmotherly duties to cook food for us?” Yoongi whined, as he struggled to dissolve chili paste in boiling water.

“Hyung, no! Umma said to add the clam juice first!” Jimin yelled from across the kitchen where he was draining the freshly cooked rice.

“Very good, Jimin! And THIS is my grandmotherly duty, Yoongi. To make sure you boys can cook and care for each other properly when I am gone.” She said wisely, smiling from her chair.

“Thank you, Umma.” Yoongi replied coughing over the chili fumes.

Jimin was glad the kitchen was so hot, as it masked his burning blush at the mere idea of ever having a home with Yoongi. As a lifetime loner, Jimin had never imagined having a home with anyone before.

But tonight was changing that.

“Thank you, Umma…” Jimin said under his breath.

An intense half hour later, the meal was ready.

Yoongi’s grandmother ordered them to clean the kitchen before eating, or else it would never get done. Jimin thought he might die when she caught them stealing a kiss over the dishes, but all she did was a throw a dish towel and yell at them to concentrate.

Dinner was fun and full of conversation. Yoongi told his Umma all about Jimin’s dancing and even named the classical pianist Jimin performed to earlier that night.

She was genuinely interested, and when she asked him do a little pirouette for her, Jimin gladly obliged. They discussed everything from Yoongi’s music to the cost of vegetables- the latter seemed to be a sore point for the elderly lady.

After dinner, they moved to the living room where Jimin noted all the same types of nice furniture that he’d seen at Yoongi’s apartment. He obviously must be taking care of his grandmother.

For the millionth time, Jimin wondered how such a good person could be a criminal.

There was a movie on the huge, mounted TV and Jimin was enjoying it, cuddled up close to Yoongi, full, happy, and laughing with his Umma at all the funny parts.

“Your food was not bad. We will work on it more. For now? Bed! And where will you sleep?” She declared, heaving herself from the armchair and staring at them expectantly.

“I’ll be on the couch, Umma.” Yoongi answered, quickly.

“No way, hyung! I’ll take the couch of course!”

“Shut up, Jimin-ah. You’ll roll right off and break your face.” Yoongi spat back.

Jimin opened his mouth to continue the argument, when Yoongi’s grandmother wagged a warning finger at him.

“No, no, no, Jimin. Yoongi is your oppa. When he wants to protect you, you do not fight him.
Understand?” She said sternly.

Jimin nodded in shocked silence.

“I cannot hear you, Park Ji Min?”

“Yes, Umma.” Jimin answered hastily, not quite believing that he was getting scolded by Yoongi’s grandmother.

Yoongi smiled triumphantly at Jimin.

“And YOU, Min Yoongi!” She said, turning on her grandson and effectively wiping the smug smile from his face.

“If you want to show love to Jimin, then you show it LOVINGLY. Do not do kind things unkindly! It ruins the deed!”

Jimin was blown away by her wisdom and sensibility. She knew them both so well.

“Yes, Umma.” Yoongi said quietly, before turning to face Jimin.

“Jimin-ah, your comfort is important to me. Please take my bed and rest well tonight.” Yoongi said, apologetically.

Jimin realized that he was supposed to reply when he saw his grandmother staring at him.

“Um… Thank you, hyung, for taking care of me. I will rest well.” Jimin answered stiffly, then gave a relieved sigh, when Yoongi’s grandmother nodded and left for her room.

The pair dissolved into giggles like mischievous children when she was out of earshot.

Ten minutes later, Jimin had washed up and was settled into Yoongi’s bed, sleepy and content. He’d truly had the best night ever with Yoongi- and not at some fancy, expensive restaurant, but at home with his Umma, feeling like he belonged there.

He was dozing off happily, when he heard something move next to him.

Disoriented and scared, Jimin jerked awake, only to feel a warm finger pressed against his mouth.

“Sshhh, baby. It’s me…” Yoongi whispered into his ear, kissing him softly on the neck.

Jimin relaxed and melted into the elder with a soft moan. He had secretly wished Yoongi would do something just like this. He loved how the elder always knew when to come back to him.

He came for him after their falling out, and he had come back to Jimin’s apartment after their last date, even though he had somewhere else to be.

And now he was here, in bed with him.

He always showed up at the perfect time.

Yoongi slid under the covers onto his back, pulling Jimin on top of him. He straddled Yoongi’s hips, rubbing his bare chest and leaned down to play his tongue into Yoongi’s wet, warm mouth.

“Jimin, I need you…” Yoongi murmured, rubbing his hands all over Jimin’s body which was clad in only his black boxer briefs.
“How much, hyung…” Jimin breathed back, licking Yoongi’s ears and loving his position on top.

Yoongi stuttered an unintelligible reply when Jimin started to grind his hardness on Yoongi’s in a slow, sexy motion.

“A…ah…a fuckton, Jimin…”

Jemin smiled shyly remembering their text exchange from earlier that day.

Yoongi’s mouth was trailing hot, wet kisses all over his neck, resting on his mouth and sucking his lips one by one.

“Mmm, hyung…” Jimin moaned quietly into Yoongi’s kisses.

They quickly shed their boxers, and returned to their positions, Yoongi underneath, holding Jimin firmly by the hips.

“Fuuuuuck, baby…” Yoongi groaned, as their unsheathed cocks rubbed and grinded together under Jimin’s direction.

Jemin was whimpering softly, eyes closed and lost in the feeling of Yoongi’s huge hard on, big and strong against his, and the feathery touch of the elder’s soft pubic hair tickling his sensitive skin.

“You still want my mouth on you, beautiful…?” Yoongi whispered, rubbing Jimin’s nipples.

He breathed a shaky “yes” in response, leaning down to kiss him again, as Yoongi’s hands moved to squeeze and rub on his ass.

Yoongi panted into Jimin’s mouth, while he continued to press and knead his flushed cheeks.

“God… You’re so soft right here, baby.”

“I love when you touch me like that, hyung…” Jimin whimpered back to him, loving the sinful massage the elder was giving him.

“Mmmm. You were driving me wild today with your texts…” Yoongi admitted, looking directly into Jimin’s eyes.

Jemin laughed blushingly, then moaned, as Yoongi started stroking one long finger up and down the crevice between his cheeks.

“You started it, hyung.” Jimin whispered in a daze. Yoongi was sucking his earlobe now, and running his thumb inside Jimin’s ass and along his entrance.

“No, I didn’t, but I’m about to finish it.” Yoongi said sexily, as he shifted Jimin off him, and climbed out of the bed.

Jemin sat there, holding his hard on, and wondering where Yoongi went.

But he was back thirty seconds later, with a thick quilt that he laid on the floor before gently closing and locking the door.

“The bed squeaks.” He said simply, when Jimin gave him a questioning look.

Jemin helped him throw a few more blankets and pillows on the floor space, and quickly climbed back on top of Yoongi as soon as they sat down.
“Hyung…” Jimin pleaded, grasping his own hardness and kissing Yoongi fervently. He needed Yoongi’s attention right now.

“I can’t wait anymore.”

Yoongi groaned and pushed Jimin back roughly against the floor, trailing kisses down his chest, and stopping to bite his nipples, before reaching his aching dick, licking the whole length slowly.

“Is it good for you, sweetness…?” Yoongi inquired, as he sucked and licked on Jimin’s leaking slit.

Jimin was thrashing. He wanted to scream, but was mindful of keeping quiet.

“Yoongi…hyung..!” he shrieked in a tight whisper, rocking his hips slowly in and out of Yoongi’s warm mouth.

Yoongi was moaning around Jimin’s length, sending vibrations straight through his body. He realized he was going to come any second if he kept fucking Yoongi’s face like this.

With more willpower than he ever knew he possessed, Jimin pulled himself away and sat up on his knees.

“What’s wrong?” Yoongi asked with concern, wiping his mouth.

Jimin was panting and struggling to come down from his near climax. He shook his head, indicating that nothing was wrong.

“Lie back, hyung. Please.”

Yoongi obeyed, still eyeing Jimin carefully. It melted Jimin to know Yoongi cared so much about his pleasure.

He wanted to return the favor.

Slowly, so slowly, Jimin mounted Yoongi’s slim, taut frame. But instead of facing him, he faced away, so his ass was practically in Yoongi’s face, and his cock was resting on the elder’s chest.

Jimin’s breath hitched, when Yoongi pulled him back even further, so he could lay small kisses all over his cheeks.

“How is your ass so perfect, Jimin-ah?” Yoongi praised, while covering his backside with his lips.

Jinin wanted badly to lean over and take Yoongi’s thick cock into his mouth, but he was paralyzed when Yoongi spread him open, blowing warm air onto his tight, sensitive entrance.

“Yooongiii…” Jimin sighed as the elder’s tongue probed and penetrated him, wet and strong. Yoongi’s strong hands pulled Jimin back even further, so that he was sitting almost upright on the older boy’s face.

Jimin mewled, and instinctively started to pump his body up and down, riding Yoongi’s tongue deep into himself.

Yoongi was moaning from deep within Jimin’s ass, and the sound of it mixed with the steady rhythm of his cock bouncing off Yoongi’s chest was pushing him dangerously close to the edge again.

Finally, Jimin leaned over and caught Yoongi’s impressive length with his lips, sucking him tightly, and licking the pre-cum from the soaked slit.
“Jimin-ah, fuck…” Yoongi panted, dislodging his tongue to lick and suck on Jimin’s tightened sack.

Jimin followed Yoongi’s lead, moving to lick the soft skin of Yoongi’s balls slowly and sweetly. For a moment, the dark room was alive with muffled moans as they suckled each other’s most secret places.

Jimin was overcome with lust, and wanted to taste Yoongi even more; licking his way down to the sensitive strip of skin between his balls and his untouched hole.

“Oh my God, baby…” Yoongi breathed in awe, when the younger stopped to nip and lick at this tender area.

“Is it good, hyung…?” He whispered, as he rubbed a wet finger gently over Yoongi’s puckered entrance.

“Goddammit, Jimin…” Yoongi groaned.

Jimin had spread Yoongi’s legs, so his opening was fully exposed.

It was so tight.

He expected Yoongi to stop him; to flip him over and tell him ‘no more’, but the elder was rigid and tense underneath him, panting heavily and waiting.

Spurred on by lust and Yoongi’s silence, Jimin dipped his head and covered Yoongi’s hole with kitten licks and kisses.

He tasted fresh and wild and so good.

Jimin had actually never eaten another guy out, and had never been in a 69 position before, either. He knew this was a first for the elder, too.

The newness of it all just turned him on even more.

He wanted to be Yoongi’s first and last.

He delved his tongue inside, just pushing the tip in first. Yoongi gasped, and his hips bucked hard, but he didn’t breathe a word of protest.

Jimin waited a moment, then darted his tongue in and out, when he suddenly felt Yoongi spread him open and begin working his tongue deep inside of his own wet hole.

“Hyung…!” Jimin nearly screamed, delirious from pleasure. He quickly caught himself, and pushed his tongue into Yoongi slowly and gently, eliciting a deep, satisfied moan from the elder.

Moving as one, they whimpered and panted as they tasted each other with deep, desperate motions; in and out, sometimes quickly, and at other moments, achingly slow, so that thin lines of saliva would trail from their mouths and dribble onto their skin.

Each man’s tight ring of muscle was contracting and widening, pink and pulsing, as they were explored by the other’s probing, hungry tongue.

“Yoongi, please…” Yoongi was alternating a finger with his tongue inside Jimin now, and the younger could hardly keep his eyes from rolling back with ecstasy.

Determined to bring his hyung the same pleasure, he grazed his teeth against Yoongi’s tight, rippled
skin, rubbing and tapping it with his small, soft fingers.

He flickered his tongue around the rim and delved inside, wiggling and writhing inside the elder’s slick wet walls of fluttering muscle.

Yoongi’s whole lower body was lifting off the floor as pleasure shocked through him like bolts of lightning.

Jimin held him tight and didn’t stop his ministrations, his tongue working furiously inside, outside, and all around Yoongi’s drenched entrance.

Yoongi’s hand had reached around to pump Jimin’s cock in time to his tongue plunging deep within the younger’s clenching hole, and Jimin suddenly felt fire in his belly.

Before he could even pull his tongue out to warn Yoongi of his impending orgasm, he came all over the elder’s chest in thick spurts, with a muffled cry.

Jimin rolled off Yoongi, shaking and sweating. He had never come like that in his life. So fast, yet so hard, and so MUCH.

He swallowed, trying to calm the dizzy feeling in his head.

“You’re ok, Jimin-ah… Just relax, sweetheart.” Yoongi whispered soothingly, rubbing Jimin’s legs, even though he looked wrecked himself.

Yoongi left for a few minutes, likely to wash himself off, and returned with a warm towel and change of clothes.

Jimin was on his knees waiting, when Yoongi walked in.

He wasn’t going to leave the elder without reaching his own climax, and since Jimin had come already, sex would be too uncomfortable.

Yoongi closed the door behind him slowly, looking curiously at Jimin kneeling on the floor.

“Are you ok, baby?”

Without answering, Jimin crawled forward and pinned Yoongi against the wall, ripping off the towel Yoongi had used to cover himself.

“Ah- Jimin-?”

Jimin pulled Yoongi into his mouth and sucked him deeply, licking his head softly and placing wet kisses all over his length. He was pleased that Yoongi went hard almost instantly.

“Ohhhh, those fucking lips, baby…” Yoongi groaned, staring down, as Jimin was rubbing his cock across his swollen, red mouth.

Jimin pulled Yoongi’s hand down and made him grab his own shaft, beckoning him to pump himself into the younger’s mouth.

Yoongi didn’t need to be asked twice.

He tugged Jimin’s hair, pulling his head back gently and started jacking off onto his tongue, with a deep, animalistic sound.
“Hyung, I want to swallow you…” Jimin whined, licking and kissing Yoongi’s flushed head, as the elder stroked himself faster and faster.

Yoongi’s breath was labored and his whole body was lightly bouncing off the wall, as he pumped himself with increasing force.

“Jimin… You’re so gorgeous for me, baby… My perfect baby…”

“Feed me, Yoongi…” Jimin moaned back, feeling sexy and beautiful for his hyung.

“Open your mouth, sweetness… wider… that’s it…” Yoongi was a man possessed, barely breathing, his face flushed with exertion.

Jimin’s mouth was wide open, eyes closed, and waiting when Yoongi went stock still for two seconds, his legs buckling underneath him as he came hot and heavy onto Jimin’s mouth and face.

“Oh my g- oh FUCK! Jimin-ah!” Yoongi cried out in a strangled whisper.

Jimin put on a show for him, lapping every drop from Yoongi’s dick and fingers, before finally licking his own lips and chin.

“Mmmm…” Jimin moaned appreciatively, soft eyes staring lovingly at Yoongi, as he licked his lips again.

Yoongi’s eyes were glued to the younger, while he slid to the floor, unable to hold himself up any longer. He exhaled and laid heavily on the rumpled blankets, not even caring enough to get on the bed.

He pulled Jimin close, so he was resting with his head against Yoongi’s chest.

This was the moment.

He should tell Yoongi he loves him right now.

*Just say it, Jimin.*

Yoongi’s hands were lightly scratching Jimin’s scalp and neck, sending those familiar tingles up and down his spine.

He thought he heard himself tell Yoongi he was in love with him, and he wanted to be with him forever.

But he may have already been dreaming.
The next morning was chaotic.

Yoongi was accustomed to rolling out of bed whenever he wanted, and doing, well, basically whatever he wanted.

So he was understandably disoriented when he was awakened with a wooden cooking spoon rapping him on the head before daylight had officially arrived.

“MIN YOONGI!!” his grandmother screeched from above him.

Yoongi opened one eye and wondered why the tiny woman appeared six feet tall.

Oh. Because he was sleeping on the floor.

With Jimin.

Shit.

“No respect for my house! You must be MARRIED before such shenanigans, Min Yoongi!”

Jimin had scrambled from his position in Yoongi’s arms, blushing furiously, as he covered himself with a pillow.

“Umma, we are so sorry-“

Jimin tried to apologize, but was cut off immediately.

“No, no, my darling, Jimin, it’s not your fault. You were only following your oppa. HE was the bad influence. Go wash up and get ready to eat. I made a special kimchi for you.”

Yoongi’s grandmother gave Jimin a kind smile before leaving the room- but not without throwing her grandson a dirty look.

Yoongi’s mouth was hanging open. Damn Park Jimin and his adorable face. He had totally won over his Umma in less than 12 hours flat.

“I guess I’ll just stay here and rot in hell, then.” Yoongi said sarcastically, still seated on the floor.

Jimin’s angelic features were twisted in a devilish grin, as he left for the bathroom.

“Yea, you probably should. I don’t need any more of your bad influence, oppa.”

Twenty minutes later, Yoongi sat dejectedly at the table watching his umma practically spoon feeding Jimin her special fucking kimchi. He was more than ready to leave at the end of the meal.
“I’ll be back in a few days to check on you, Umma. Hopefully, by then you would have forgiven me.” Yoongi said dryly, as he gave her a goodbye kiss.

She swatted him away, and immediately turned to Jimin, rubbing his cheeks with motherly affection.

“If he gives you any trouble, you just call me right away!”

Yoongi watched in amused wonder as his 73 year old grandmother wrote her number down for a beaming Jimin.

“May I call you to just say hello?” Jimin asked in an angelic voice all puppy eyed and smiling.

“Of course, my love! It will be a welcome change!” She said the last part acidly, with another scathing look at Yoongi.

“Then you will be hearing from me often.” Jimin replied, hugging her.

Yoongi rolled his eyes and opened the door.

“Can we go, Jimin-ah, or should I just leave you love birds alone?”

Still, he couldn’t help smiling all the way home.

Yoongi had a few busy days following his visit to his grandmother’s house. He was steadily making arrangements to pack up his place and move to Seoul. His debut album was finished. All that was left was to pick a launch date.

No.

All that was left now was to see if Jimin would stay with him after he moved. But he wasn’t ready to broach that topic yet, so he was ignoring it for the time being.

Hobi checked in every so often, usually drunk, to update Yoongi on how much fun he was having while out of town. The important part was that the shipment was moving as planned.

Jimin had also been quite busy, apparently. Between dancing, working, and school, he had only been able to catch him for a quick bite here, and a coffee there, and he was seriously going into Jimin withdrawal. He pulled out his phone and looked at all the adorable selcas that the younger sent him daily, before deciding to text him.

YG: I fucking miss your face

JM: I’m having a great day, thanks for asking hyung!

JM: and I miss your face too :) 

JM: and other parts of you :P

YG: shit, where are you right now?

JM: at work, hyung, lol

YG: ditch it
JM: no! we’ve talked about this
YG: fuck off
JM: you’re hurting my feelings
YG: can I come make it up to you baby?
JM: stop being a bad influence, or I’ll call your umma :P

The pair joked and flirted for a while longer, before Jimin had to return to business. The younger was finally getting some free time the following evening, and Yoongi couldn’t wait to have his smile, his laughter, and yes, that body, all to himself for the whole fucking weekend.

A few hours later, Yoongi was napping on the couch when his phone buzzed. He ignored it, and was turning over to go back to sleep, when he decided to check the caller, in case his Umma needed him, or Jimin had suddenly become available that night.

Hoping for the latter, Yoongi looked at the phone and clicked his tongue in disappointment when he saw it was only Hobi. He was definitely going to ignore it now. The shipment had been fully moved and paid for earlier that afternoon. The money was already in the bank. There couldn’t be anything of importance that Hobi had to tell him, and Hobi was more than capable of handling himself if there was trouble.

Besides, he was over 2 hours away. There was nothing Yoongi could do for him, anyway.

Yet, Hobi called incessantly, as Yoongi was determinedly trying to fall back asleep. After what must have been the 10th ring, a text message chimed in.

Yoongi dragged himself from the couch to read it, and froze when he saw the words.

HB: HYUNG ANSWER THE FONE
HB: WHERE DOES JIMIN WORK??????

What the fuck would Hobi want or need to know that for?

Yoongi called back quickly, and it barely rang once before Hobi answered breathlessly.

Fuck, hyung, what the fuck? I’ve called a million times!

What is it Hobi? Why are you asking where Jimin works?

Ok, look, Don’t freak out, ok? Cus I’m not 100% sure, but remember when I said Kook is planning to do something really stupid?

Yeah…? So? What’s that got to do wi-

Ok, check this out. I’m drinking with some guys, and one of them says that Kook asked him to help with a hit on a wealthy business owner’s store. He declined, but he knows the robbery is tonight. It’s supposed to be happening now.

Yoogi’s heart started to race.
So dude is like, yea, maybe you know the place, it’s a fancy suit store. And I sa-

Which one, Hobi? Which suit store?

That’s what I’m trying to TELL YOU, hyung. The guy didn’t know the name of the suit store, but he DID know that the owner has two businesses. Get this hyung- the other business is the Daegu Dance place where your boyfriend practices. What are the odds, right? Maybe the kid got the job at the suit store cus he already knew the owner. And if that’s the case then-

Yoongi cut the call before Hobi could finish his sentence. His stomach was twisted in a painful knot of terror as he grabbed his keys and literally sprinted down five flights of stairs to his car, ignoring the elevator completely.

As he ran, he tried calling Jimin several times, pleading internally for the boy to answer. But all he got was voicemail.

Yoongi had never taken part in a robbery, but he knew that people who did were all dangerous. Kook was young, stupid, and desperate. One wrong move, and someone could end up seriously hurt.

Or worse…

SHIT!

As he sped through traffic at breakneck speeds, with zero regard for motorists, pedestrians, lights, or laws, Yoongi placed a phone call that he never thought he’d make in his life.

This is the Daegu Police, please state your emergency.

I’m calling to report a robbery in progress! It’s at the Men’s Suits Emporium. I don’t know the exact address, but it’s located on the corner of-

What’s your name sir?

Yoongi. Min Yoongi! It’s on the corner of 7th and Independence Street. Please, you need to send officers right n-

Is that where you are, Mr. Min?

What???

Are you in the store?

No! No, but you need-

Then how do you know it’s being robbed?

I-I just DO okay! There’s someone in there, and maybe customers too!

Where are you located?

I’m on my fucking way there, and you should be too!

Please calm down, Mr. Min. Did someone contact you from inside the store?
Holy fucking shit, lady! Are there officers on the way right now?

Who contacted you, Sir?

Nobody! Not from in there, I was- I was tipped off ok? Are you there yet?

Tipped off by who, sir? Do you know the criminal or criminals planning to rob the store?

THEY’RE NOT PLANNING! THEY’RE DOING IT RIGHT NOW!

Sir, we had a patrol unit in that area 10 minutes ago, and they saw no signs of suspicious activity.

SO? That was 10 fucking minutes ago! What about right now?

We get a lot of prank calls, so I just need to be sure-

FUCK THIS!!

Yoongi threw his phone down, and screeched his car to a halt in front of the store. He had to admit, it didn’t look like there was anything suspicious going on. It was late, and the streets were deserted, but there was still a light on inside. Probably Jimin emptying out the register.

Perfect time for a robbery.

Yoongi headed for the door, then decided to go in his trunk and pull out a crowbar he kept for emergencies. He entered the store quietly, with the metal weapon in one hand behind his back.

“Yoongi??” Jimin asked with confusion etched all over his beautiful face.

The younger was dressed in his regular work ensemble of a silk blouse and linen slacks. He was clearing things behind the counter, and looked his normal gorgeous self, except for a scared expression.

Yoongi heaved a sigh of relief, breathing easily for the first time since talking to Hobi.

“I-I… Are you ok?” The elder stammered out, suddenly aware that he was armed and dangerous and had just showed up unannounced in the middle of the fucking night.

“Who the hell are you?” A nasally voice drawled from a few feet to the right of Yoongi.

He swiveled and regarded the owner of the annoying voice.

He was tall. A good few inches taller than him. He was also really good looking in an obnoxious way. His hair was slicked back and he was dressed in a flamboyantly expensive gray suit, complete with a pink silk scarf and matching pocket handkerchief.

Yoongi wondered if he was a customer, but why would he be shopping in this shit hole? His suit looked better than everything in the goddamned store.

“Friend of yours, Jimin?” The tall guy asked in a maddeningly condescending tone.

Just who the fuck was the dick? And why was here? Alone?

And on a first name basis with Jimin?
Yoongi shook his head to clear away the questions. He had only been in the store for 20 seconds, but that was far too long at this point.

“Jimin-ah. Leave everything and come with me right now.” Yoongi said, hurriedly.

Jimin’s head snapped back in bewilderment.

“Hyung… What’s going on? We weren’t supposed to see till tomorrow night?”

*So you can hang with this fuck-off tonight?*

*Later, Yoongi. Focus now.*

“There’s danger. I just- please, Jimin come with me. I’ll explain later.” Yoongi kept his voice even and serious.

“Woah. Woah. Woah.”

Nasal voice decided to join the conversation, with a hand pressed daintily to his chest, and a smirk on his fine features.

“So… Ok. I’m Jackson. Hello, to you, too. And by the way, why are you here telling Jimin what to do? What’s this ‘danger’ you’re talking about? The only dangerous thing I see is you.”

Yoongi turned and looked him dead in the eyes.

“I’m not talking to you, jackass.”

Jackson looked shocked at the insult.

“It’s Jack-SON.”

“It’s whatever the fuck I say it is. Now, Jimin-ah, let’s go!” Yoongi repeated, losing his calm composure.

“Hyung!”

Both Jackson and Yoongi turned to Jimin at once, not knowing which hyung he was addressing.

Jimin looked mortified at the whole situation, as he came out from behind the counter.

“Yoongi hyung, I’m almost done. Give me 5 minutes, then we can go and talk, ok?” Jimin spoke with quiet reason, and damn if his voice wasn’t soothing Yoongi at the moment.

But they didn’t have 5 minutes.

Yoongi walked straight to Jimin and took his hand.

“Baby, listen to me: we have to go NOW.”

Jackson intervened, by taking Jimin’s hand away.

“Baby!? Um, no. He’s not going anywhere with you.”

Yoongi put his crowbar against Jackson’s scarf covered throat, causing him to yelp in fear.

“Back up.”
Jackson scurried back about 50 feet.

“Hyung! Stop! What the hell has gotten INTO you? Ok, let me lock up and I’ll go with you!”

Jimin’s face was twisted in fear and confusion.

“No time.”

Yoongi was pulling Jimin forcibly to the door now.

But when he opened it, Jungkook was staring back at him flanked by two huge cronies.

Jungkook blinked in surprise for a few seconds, before slowly walking inside with his sidekicks.

“Suga? What the fuck?”

Yoongi quickly arranged his face into his usual bored scowl.

“Excuse us, Kook. We were just leaving.”

Jungkook looked at Jimin holding onto Yoongi’s arm, his eyes widening as he recalled where he had seen him before.

“You look familiar!” He said smiling down at Jimin with false cheerfulness.

“I SAID we were just leaving, Kook.”

“Really? Why the weapon, hyung? Were you expecting some kind of trouble tonight?” Jungkook continued in a fake cheerful voice, as his goons locked the door behind them and drew the shades.

Yoongi slowly moved Jimin to stand behind him.

“Listen, Kook. I know that you're in trouble with Jin hyung. I know that you are scared. I know that’s why you’re doing stupid shit like trying to rob my apartment and now this store. I get it, ok? I will help you. You’re not cut out for what you’re trying to do. And this isn't the way to do it.”

Jungkook raised one eyebrow.

“Wow, your new boyfriend’s made you soft, Suga. And it’s easy for you to give advice when you’re about to leave this all behind, and jet off to Seoul to be a big time rapper. What about guys like me who don’t have grand aspirations?”

Yoongi decided to keep him talking, as he quickly assessed the situation they were in.

“Guys like you? Are you fucking kidding me, kook? Your father is loaded. You’ve had nothing but privilege all your pitiful, short life. You don’t know what it means to have NOTHING. You’re just another confused kid rebelling against their parents, and I don’t have time for your bull shit, so let us pass before you regret it.”

Jimin squeezed Yoongi’s arm in fear, but Yoongi wasn’t backing down. He had trained Jungkook for years and knew that his confidence was a cover.

Sure, he was bigger and muscular, but he was still a scared kid at heart.

Already, he could see Jungkook’s fierce gaze wavering, but he seemed to collect himself, as he pulled out a gun from behind his back and pointed it right at Yoongi’s face.
“Hobi’s not the only one with a gun, so you might wanna watch your mouth. Now tell your bitch to go open the safe and bring me everything in it.” Jungkook demanded in a slightly shaky voice.

Yoongi flinched at Jungkook’s insult to Jimin, but he had gotten what he needed. He knew if he talked enough shit, guns would be drawn. But only Jungkook had pulled one out, which meant there was only one gun in the room, and not three.

“This is my last request, Jungkook. Move aside and let us pass.” Yoongi was talking through gritted teeth, putting on a show of bravery, as his brain worked overtime to size up his chances against the three men.

They had numbers on their side, yes, but he was smarter and more experienced.

And only Jungkook was armed.

“You’re being really fucking bold for a man without a gun! Tell him to go open the safe now! I know there’s one in here!” Jungkook was yelling now, his calm exterior totally gone.

“You can take Jackson.” Yoongi said loudly.

Suddenly, a pitiful crying sound came from deeper in the store. Jimin, Jungkook, and his two buddies all snapped their heads towards the noise.

“OH MY GAWWWT, WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE??” Jackson shrieked.

“Please, please, please don’t HURT ME!! I can pay you. Ask Jimin! I’m wealthy, please! Just don’t HURT ME!” Jackson’s suave and perfect face, was stained with tears, his heavy eye make-up streaking down his cheeks in wet, black lines.

Jungkook stared at Jackson with surprise and disgust.

“Who the fu-?”

This is exactly what Yoongi was hoping for.

Using Jungkook’s moment of distraction, Yoongi swung his crowbar hard, connecting with the younger’s head.

Jungkook crumpled like a house of cards.

“Jimin, leave from the back!” Yoongi ordered, as he ran for the first thug.

The guy was huge and stocky, and was trying to pull out a knife, but Yoongi still had the element of surprise on his side. He tackled him from the legs, toppling the man over before he could swing the blade.

Yoongi deftly rolled forward and sprung back on his feet like a cat. Holding the crowbar in both hands high over his head, he swung down hard onto the guy’s face, just as he was trying to lunge for Yoongi.

There was a sickening crack before he crashed back to the ground, knocking over several clothing racks.

Yoongi heard something clicking across the hardwood floors.

“My teeff! You mufferfuckkerrrr!” The guy cried in anguish, blood pouring from his mouth and
broken nose. He abandoned the fight to search for his missing two front teeth, while cursing and crying.

“Hyung, let’s go!” Jimin screamed holding a hand out to him.

Jackson was just screaming at no one and nothing in particular.

What the hell were they still doing here!??

Jimin’s distraction let the second thug catch him off guard, and he punched Yoongi from behind with a massive fist.

“Yoongiii!!! Are you ok??!!”

Yoongi heard Jimin screaming, but it sounded fuzzy through the ringing in his ears.

Luckily, since the hit came from the back, it wasn’t as hard as it could have been. He knew he couldn’t let the guy take a second swing from a better angle.

Those huge fists would knock him out cold.

He summoned all his wits, and turned to face the fucker directly.

“You need a trip to the dentist, too?” Yoongi said thickly, still shaking off the aching in his head.

They circled each other in silence, sizing each other up.

“Why don’t you put your toy down and fight like a man?” The muscular guy said with a sneer.

Fine, then.

Yoongi carefully laid his weapon on the ground. He looked back up at Jungkook’s associate, and motioned with his hands for him to come at him.

“YOONGI, NO!!” Jimin screamed again, but Yoongi made sure not to turn and look back this time, no matter how badly he wanted to assure Jimin that he'd been fighting guys way bigger than him since he was six.

The man leaned in at a run, quickly closing the space between them. Yoongi stepped aside calmly, stomping his foot on the edge of crowbar, making it flip up into his waiting hand.

This move had been a favorite of his for years.

With exacting precision, he swung upwards, upper-cut style, and caught the assailant on the jaw.

The guy screamed in pain and surprise, as he tripped backwards and fell hard, blood pouring from his mouth.

“Please, PLEASE! Fuck, just fucking leave me alone!” He yelled in a shrill voice from the floor, spitting blood everywhere, when he saw Yoongi advancing on him.

“Get out.” Yoongi said, dangerously.

“Lee, fuck this, let’s GO!” He commanded his counterpart as he ran for the door.

“BUT MY FUCKING TEEF, MAN! I CAN’T FIND DEM!”
Yoongi watched as the pair scrambled to unlock the door, and literally flew on foot, running to their getaway car.

He turned his attention back to where Jungkook had fallen. But he was sitting up now, shaking and crying, as he watched Yoongi walk slowly towards him.

Jungkook made a grand effort to lift his gun and point it at Yoongi, but his hands were shaking so violently, he could barely hold it up.

Yoongi calmly took the gun from kid and emptied the clip of bullets, before tossing the useless weapon back at him.

Jungkook yelped, as if it was a live grenade.

“You made prank calls to the cops, didn’t you?” Yoongi asked evenly.

Jungkook’s eyes widened like a small child’s would if his parents caught him stealing.

“Yes. I did.”

“So they wouldn’t believe anyone when you were really robbing the place.” The elder declared without really asking.

Jungkook nodded jerkily. Yoongi nodded quietly in return.

“You’re responsible for every fucked up thing I can think of, Jeon Jungkook. You’re responsible for the trouble with Jin hyung. You’re responsible for the mess in here. You’re responsible for a lot of shit that’s really pissing me off. And to think, I’ve been the one saving your ass all this time.”

Jungkook’s eyes couldn’t have gotten any wider. He was sobbing loudly now and shaking his head, as if hoping this was a bad dream he would soon wake up from.

“Are you g-gonna k-kill me?” Jungook asked in a petrified, crying whisper.

Yoongi crouched down low, so he was on eye level with the kid.

“No. But you’re dead to me. I don’t know you anymore. I won’t protect you anymore. If you come anywhere near me or anybody I know, I will actually kill you.”

Yoongi straightened out to look at Jimin. He couldn’t read his beautiful face at all. It was completely blank, and that was a first.

He took a hesitant step towards him and winced, when Jimin took a small step back.

“So, c-can I go now?” Jackson asked in a scared voice.

Yoongi had totally forgotten he was there.

“Who the fuck are you, anyway?” Yoongi asked, icily.

Jackson had a crazed look on his face, as he eyed the piece of metal still in Yoongi’s hand.

“I’m nobody- nobody at all. I have NO interest in Jimin, I swear. I tried, but he didn’t want me, and I d-didn’t know why, but it makes total sense n-now, because he has you, and y-you’re here, and you
will NEVER hear from me, please, just let me go, please…” Jackson babbled on his knees to Yoongi.

Yoongi just shook his head confusedly, and turned back to Jimin. Jackson used this opportunity to sprint out of the store.

“Umm. H-He needs to go, too, so I can lock up.” Jimin said quietly nudging his chin towards Kook, and not quite looking Yoongi in the eye.

Yoongi nodded and looked at the broken boy still sobbing on the floor. He motioned with his crowbar towards the door, and Jungkook slowly picked himself up and limped outside.

Yoongi stood around uselessly, while Jimin quietly arranged the strewn racks and hung up the fallen clothes. When he came out of the back with a mop and bucket, Yoongi tried to take it from him. He didn’t want Jimin cleaning up the blood that he had shed.

But Jimin refused his help, and numbly cleaned and disinfected the floor with heavy gloves on. Yoongi was certain the kid was in shock.

After sweeping up and discarding the two runaway teeth that Yoongi had knocked out of that one guy’s face, Jimin washed up in the bathroom before returning to face Yoongi.

“All done.” He said, simply.

Yoongi nodded painfully and waited for Jimin locked the store. They walked slowly to the elder’s car where he stowed his trusty crowbar in the trunk.

He was surprised that Jimin even got in the car with him, at all.

They sat there in silence for a moment, as Yoongi tried to find words.

“Tell me what you want me to do.” He finally muttered.

Jimin turned and looked at him with teary eyes.

“I’m scared, Yoongi.”

Shit.

“Will you come with me?” Yoongi asked, gripping the wheel and staring at it.

Jimin nodded without speaking.

Yoongi started to drive.
Yoongi drove in silence for nearly two hours, and it was the longest ride of Jimin’s life.

He couldn’t think of a single thing to say to his hyung. After recent events, it didn’t really make sense to ask how his day was, or what he had for lunch.

There was no hand holding or soft touches that was the norm for them.

Jimin’s mind was all over the place. Why had those men come to rob his store? How did Yoongi know they were there? Does he rob places usually? Maybe he found out too late which spot they were supposed to hit that night?

Jimin recalled Yoongi’s words to Jungkook. It didn’t seem that he agreed with what the younger was doing at all. So, he was a drug dealer, but was against robberies?

It all made no sense!

What was tearing Jimin apart was the way that he had been introduced to Yoongi’s world. He had put off asking him about it for too long, and now he'd just witnessed the elder brutally injuring three men with a crowbar.

But the way he handled them all, one by one. It was so terrifying, and yet… So sexy.

Jimin struggled with his feelings, trying to sort them out, but there was no denying that after the dust had settled, he was absolutely turned on by Yoongi’s performance.

The elder was so much tougher than he looked. And the fact that he did it all just to protect Jimin was amazing beyond words.

He had never meant that much to anyone before.

If only Jimin could find the right way to express himself, but he kept coming up empty.

After what felt like a lifetime on the road, Yoongi finally parked at their destination. It looked like a mountain resort of some kind.

“Are we… Going into hiding, hyung?” Jimin asked timidly.

Yoongi laughed softly, then winced and held his head.

“No, Jimin. I was planning to take you here for the weekend when I picked you up tomorrow night. I figured we might as well come here now.”

Jimin was silent again as his heart melted slowly. Yoongi had been planning a weekend getaway for them?
“Look, Jimin-ah, I know this isn’t a romantic vacation anymore, ok? I know I’ve fucked everything up. I just didn’t know where else to go. You don’t want to go home, and I figured you didn’t want to go to my place, so…”

Jimin wanted to tell him that he didn’t fuck anything up. He SAVED him. But a knock on the window interrupted them and made Jimin jump about a foot.

He was still really on edge, and almost expected it to be Jungkook.

Instead, a kind faced valet was peering in at them.

“Sir, can I take your car, so you can check in?”

Yoongi released his keys and the pair settled into their secluded cabin. The elder collapsed on the huge sofa immediately, with a hand on his head.

Jimin walked around slowly and noticed the place was beautifully designed for rustic comfort, with warm colors and spacious furnishings.

There was an indoor and outdoor Jacuzzi, as well as a sauna, huge kitchen, and immaculate bedroom with floor to ceiling windows.

It was perfect.

Jimin disappeared into the humungous master bathroom and rummaged around in the cabinets.

“Hyung. I found pain killers. You need them.” Jimin said gently, when he returned to the living room.

His heart thudded, as he touched Yoongi’s hand to give him the pills, threatening to fail him completely when he held the glass of water up for him to drink from.

Yoongi swallowed them obediently and gave Jimin a pained smile of thanks.

He sat opposite the elder on a slightly smaller sofa.

“Does it hurt bad, hyung?”

“Jimin-ah, I had no part in what happened tonight. I was tipped off by Hobi when he call-

Jimin cut him off, swiftly.

“Hyung, I asked if you’re hurting.”

Yoongi sat up and looked at Jimin closely.

“Did you hear what I said?”

Jimin just smiled back at him.

“Of course I know you weren’t involved, Yoongi.”

Yoongi stared at him like he’d lost his mind.

“How do you know?” He said, quietly.

*Because I’m in love with you.*
“Because you protected me. You came for me like you always do.” Jimin replied, standing up and bringing over a small first aid kit.

“Jimin… I-” Yoongi tried to speak with a strangled voice.

“Ssshhh, hyung. Let me do this.”

Jimin gently cleaned a small wound above his eye and Yoongi’s breath was coming slightly faster. Jimin wondered if it was the sting of the alcohol or the fact they were so close, they could share body heat.

“Does it hurt when I do that?”

“No… I’m fine, Jimin-ah.”

“How about this?” Jimin asked again, as he applied a Band-Aid carefully.

“Jimin, really… I’m ok.”

“What about this, hyung?” Jimin asked softly, as he ran his thumb gently over Yoongi’s bottom lip. Yoongi was holding his breath now, and his eyes dragged upwards to look at Jimin.

“That… It feels good.” He answered faintly.

“Yea, hyung?” Jimin whispered.

Yoongi looked at him with tortured eyes.

“Yes, baby…”

Jimin eyes were wet. He looked away sharply, trying to control his breathing. He was so overwhelmed and struggling to show Yoongi how he felt about him.

Yoongi had risked his life for him, and he wanted the elder to know that he was all his, body and soul.

“Jimin…”

“I’m not d-done yet.” Jimin stammered shakily.

Yoongi fell silent, waiting.

Jimin lowered his face to Yoongi’s slowly, his mouth quivering with emotion as he kissed him softly.

Being this close to Yoongi and the memory of the elder being so heroic for him was making Jimin hard and horny for his hyung.

Yoongi growled his name, and pulled him gently into his lap, deepening their sweet kiss.

Jimin breathed shakily into Yoongi’s warm mouth, as the elder sucked his tongue gently.

“Hyung…” Jimin moaned, a tear sliding down his face.

Yoongi looked stricken, gingerly wiping it away.

“Why are you crying? I’m always ok, remember?”
“But hyung…”

“Ssshhh. I’m so sorry, Jimin-ah. It’s over now.”

Jimin realized Yoongi was apologizing to him. He didn’t understand that Jimin was trying to thank him.

“Hyung, nooo, you don’t get it. You’re my hero. You came f-for me…” Jimin said weakly, holding him close, as the tears fell freely. He couldn’t contain them anymore.

He hoped his broken, sobbing sentence had made enough sense.

Yoongi went very still. It was obvious that the elder was not accustomed to being called a hero by anybody.

“Jimin-ah, thank you… But, I…I’m not a her-“ He started to say, after Jimin’s breathing had regulated.

“Stop it, Yoongi. Just stop. You’re perfect to me. Don’t try and change my mind. I’ll never listen!” Jimin said with thick emotion in his voice.

He didn’t care that Yoongi was a drug dealer anymore. He was strong and brave and kind and loving, and Jimin wanted to be with him forever.

They would figure the rest out together. Jimin would help him. He was ready to do whatever it takes.

“Jimin, you don’t under-“

But Jimin was done talking.

He grabbed Yoongi’s neck and kissed him hard, hot and fiercely, swirling his tongue in the elder’s mouth.

Yoongi was taken aback, but soon matched the tempo. Their passion was rising, and Jimin started to rub his hard on against Yoongi’s thigh.

Yoongi tore his mouth from Jimin’s to kiss all over his neck.

“You know I won’t let anyone hurt you, baby. You’re all mine….” Yoongi was breathing hard and whispering in Jimin’s ear.

Jimin felt possessed by some type of horny spirit. He had never needed to get fucked so bad or so hard in his life. He wanted to belong to Yoongi, to be filled by him, loved by him, and completely owned by him.

“Yes, hyung, I’m yours. I belong to you… Take me now.” Jimin pleaded.

Yoongi regarded Jimin carefully.

Slowly, he stood up, and turned around, looking down at Jimin with dark eyes.

“Strip for me, baby…” He said gruffly.

Jimin eyes widened at Yoongi’s sudden request and lust took over him completely.

Usually, he would have been deathly shy, but now, he wanted to take his time and do it slowly for
“You want me naked, hyung?” Jimin asked, looking up at him, while unbuttoning his blouse.

Yoongi was staring hungrily at Jimin, like a lion stalking its meal. He nodded jerkily. “That’s right... I want you naked right now…”

Jimin was shirtless now and rubbing his hands over his chest and abs. His fingers rested on his tight nipples, and he moaned as he rubbed and pulled at them.

Yoongi was absolutely entranced, palming himself as he watched Jimin with rapt attention.

Jimin shimmied out of his pants and boxers, and leaned back, stroking his rock hard dick.

“Oh, fuck… My baby is so gorgeous…” Yoongi breathed a mystified whisper.

The elder had pulled his own jeans down, freeing his own impressive erection, and started to pump with low moans while watching Jimin masturbate for him.

Jimin was writhing under his own hand, moaning and staring deeply into Yoongi’s eyes.

“This is how I touch myself, hyung… When I’m thinking about you.”

Yoongi made a strangled sound and knelt down in front of Jimin.

“Show me, beautiful.” He whispered.

Jimin moaned and pulled his legs up, opening them wide. He licked one finger and started to rub his tight hole, while stroking his dick very slowly to avoid a quick orgasm.

“Fuck, Jimin… say my name, baby.” Yoongi looked like he was worshipping the younger, as he knelt before him groaning and pumping himself.

“Mmmmmm… Yoongi…. Yoongi, fuck me…” Jimin whined and whimpered obediently.

Yoongi removed the rest of his clothes, and leaned forward kissing Jimin hard, then stood up and held out his hand.

Jimin took it assuming they were going to the bed, but Yoongi detoured to a dark, humid room, closing the door behind them softly.

Jimin’s eyes adjusted and he saw the Jacuzzi emitting steam from its heated surface, and he could smell lavender in the air.

Yoongi stepped in until he was waist deep in the water, before turning to Jimin.

“Come here.”

Jimin stepped forward gingerly. He couldn’t swim, but it didn’t look to be that deep.

He sighed as the hot water enveloped his skin.

Yoongi reached for him and picked him up easily in the water, so Jimin could wrap his legs tightly around the elder’s waist.

“Is it too hot?” Yoongi whispered between wet, open mouthed kisses on his shoulders.
Jimin could only shake his head no, as Yoongi’s mouth was rendering him currently speechless.

His lips found Yoongi’s in the dimly lit room, and they kissed passionately, moaning as they nibbled and sucked at each other.

Yoongi had moved Jimin downwards a bit, so their erections could rub together in the heated water. They were against the wall now, and Jimin leaned back luxuriously, as Yoongi slowly humped him against the surface.

“God, hyung…” Jimin whimpered, looking down to their bodies rolling together in the water. He slipped a hand between them and started to alternate between pumping each hard on.

Yoongi suddenly turned Jimin around, so his chest was against the Jacuzzi wall now. He resumed rolling and grinding into him as before, except that now his dick was moving and sliding between Jimin’s the wet skin of his ass.

“Is it soft for you hyung?” Jimin whispered in a daze, as he pushed his hips backwards, making the contact deeper between their wet bodies.

“So… fucking soft…” Yoongi sputtered as he groaned against Jimin’s neck, licking a trail from his nape to his ear lobe, and back down again.

The demon was turning Jimin into a good awful tease.

“Is it good for you…?” Jimin moaned, bucking and backing himself into Yoongi’s throbbing cock that was sliding up and down between Jimin’s deep, soft crevice.

The water was lapping at the edge of the Jacuzzi in waves from the force of their movements.

Yoongi gasped and suddenly lifted Jimin by the hips straight out of the water and over the edge of the small pool.

Jimin quickly lifted his legs, so he had climbed out and was bent over backwards, on his knees, with his ass facing Yoongi.

“Hyung-?”

Jimin wanted to ask if he should turn around, but before he could, Yoongi’s buried his face in Jimin’s behind, kissing and biting the soft flesh.

He groaned and widened his legs, so his puckered hole was exposed.

“Your thighs, Jimin-ah… My God…” Yoongi said in quiet wonder, letting his hands rove over and around Jimin’s legs, his lips quickly following with hungry kisses all over his muscular thighs.

Jimin whimpered when Yoongi’s tongue gently rimmed his hole, while his other hand massaged his balls gently where they hung between his legs.

“Spank me, hyung…” Jimin pleaded in a strangled whisper.

He had never, ever asked for that before. It had never even crossed his mind before.

But now, bent over with his ass in the air for Yoongi, he wanted nothing more than the sting of his large hand on his skin.
Yoongi had frozen with his tongue still lightly touching his anal opening.

“Are you sure, Jimin-ah?” He said, finally finding his voice, as his fingers stroked the back of his thighs.

Jimin moaned in response, and rocked his hips backwards, impatiently.

“Punish me, Yoongi!” Jimin yelled, looking back at him. His shyness was long gone. The demon of lust had completely possessed him at this point.

Yoongi cursed and grabbed a handful of Jimin’s ass kissing it gently, before landing a hard smack against the smooth skin.

“Daddyyyyy!!” Jimin wailed almost at the top of his lungs.

He hadn’t planned to say it, but it just happened. His pleasure was so much that he was almost having an out of body experience.

“My pretty baby…” Yoongi said in awe as he suckled and licked the deep redness where his hand landed.

“More Yoongi!!” Jimin demanded, but it sounded more like a weak mewling.

He delivered another stinging slap to Jimin’s opposite cheek, immediately moving to soothe it with his mouth.

Jimin screamed Yoongi’s name louder this time.

If sex was a drug, he was high on it now. The combination of Yoongi’s strength and tenderness was pushing him to heights he had never dreamed imaginable.

In one hand, the elder cupped and fondled Jimin’s raging boner, massaging it gently, almost to the point that Jimin could feel his climax starting to build.

But then, Yoongi would smack him again with the other hand, yanking him back to reality with the sinful pleasure of pain.

“Enough...” Yoongi said softly, climbing out of the Jacuzzi.

He helped a shaking, whimpering Jimin to his feet and guided him to their massive canopy bed.

“Hyung, please…” Jimin begged, as Yoongi took his sweet time drying Jimin off with a fluffy towel.

Finally, the elder laid him down and carefully crawled over him, kissing his thighs, and slowly licking a wet trail up his cock and suckling the dripping, sensitive head.

Jimin cried out softly, as Yoongi made his way north, stopping to lick slow circles around his taut nipples, before settling on his plump, waiting lips.

“Is this position ok?” Yoongi whispered, licking the shell of his ear, as his finger probed Jimin’s entrance.

Jimin’s shyness suddenly returned, making him feel uneasy.

He wasn’t sure he was ready to watch Yoongi watching him as they had real sex for the first time.
“Like this, please, hyung…? Jimin asked quietly, turning over onto his stomach.

Yoongi rubbed and massaged Jimin’s backside again, before going into the bedside drawer for a small bottle.

Jimin was silently thankful that Yoongi had though ahead to stock the cabin with lubricant.

The elder was quiet now, and Jimin almost wanted to ask him if everything was ok, but held back, so as not to ruin the moment.

When he stole a backwards glance, however, he saw the elder fumbling with something.

“I’m not using my fingers tonight.” Yoongi declared quietly, parting Jimin’s flushed cheeks and rubbing warm lube over his pulsing hole.

“Uhhmm…?”

Jimin didn’t know what to say, as the elder continued to softly massage the warming gel onto his most sensitive area.

Surely Yoongi wasn’t planning to go straight in, was he? There was no way in hell Jimin could take him whole like that.

Before Jimin could ask, he felt a firm, yet strangely soft object rubbing him where Yoongi’s finger had just been.

Was that a…?

“I thought you might enjoy this better….” Yoongi whispered in his ear and flicked something softly against Jimin’s ass.

Oh my God, it’s a dildo.

Jimin’s eyes went wide in the dark room, as he realized what Yoongi was about to do to him.

“H-hyung, I’ve never-“

“Sshhh, baby, daddy will make it good for you. And it’ll prep you nicely for me.” Yoongi reassured him with soothing touches.

Jimin had to swallow a whimper when Yoongi referred to himself as ‘daddy’. He didn’t realize that the elder would pick up on that name, and he certainly didn’t think he would use it.

But, alas, Yoongi had, and between that and the way he was rubbing and working the head of the silicon toy all over his tight puckered ring, Jimin felt himself letting go to the spirit of lust once again.

“Mmmmm, Yoongi…” Jimin groaned, while arching his spine and pushing his ass upwards, giving the elder permission to do whatever he pleased to him.

Yoongi leaned forward to lick Jimin’s back, gently nudging and sliding the dildo into Jimin’s slicked muscle.

Another moan ripped through the younger, as he reveled in the smoothness. It felt so silky, and the warm gel was giving him even more pleasure.

He realized that the toy couldn’t have been too big, as there was barely any discomfort during the
entry.

“Didn’t daddy say it would be good?” Yoongi drawled sexily, moving the object in and out at a slow and steady pace.

“Y-yesss daddy…” Jimin hissed and bucked his hips backwards, trying to get more of it inside of him.

“More, baby?” Yoongi asked, while picking up the pace of his movements.

Jimin was on his hands and knees now, moaning loudly and breathing shakily.

“Fuck, I love your little sounds, baby….” Yoongi had one hand roaming all over Jimin’s back and around to his chest, while the other was fucking him steadily with their new toy.

Suddenly, the elder stopped with the dildo lodged firmly inside Jimin and seemed to be fumbling with the exposed portion.

Before Jimin could beg him to continue, he felt a deep, throbbing hum rip through his whole body from the inside out, causing him to gasp in surprise which quickly turned into a long, low squeal.

Yoongi had turned on the vibration.

Jimin looked down in surprise and saw his dick standing straighter and harder than it ever had in his 23 years of life.

“Y-yoongi…” he breathed in a shocked whisper, while looking at him with wild eyes. It was all he could say at the moment.

He could barely move.

“Is it good, Jimin-ah?”

The satisfied smirk on the elder’s face said that he knew damn well it was good, but he still had a ghost of concern in his eyes.

Jimin could only tremble and whine in response.

“P-please, hyung…”

“Please, what, baby? Tell daddy.” Yoongi asked softly, with a warm kiss to his lips.

“Hyung, touch me!” Jimin pleaded into the kiss, but Yoongi was already pumping the buzzing vibrator in and out with quick, deep motions.

With his other large hand, he lightly stroked Jimin’s throbbing erection with a feathery touch.

Every motion was electricity, and as if Jimin wasn’t already enough of a moaning wreck, the humming device suddenly brushed against his most sensitive spot deep within him.

“FUCK, Yoongi!!”

Jimin screamed, clutching the headboard. He could feel the sweat on his brow, the ache in his thighs—but everything disappeared as liquid desire churned in his belly, roaring quickly to the surface.

“I-I ca-I won’t last, hyung…” Jimin babbled, seeing stars as his climax rose even faster.
“Five more seconds, sweetheart, you can do it.”

Yoongi’s eyes were black orbs of lust, and he was breathing hard at the sight of Jimin clutching the bedframe and literally disintegrating in front of him.

“I-I can’t, Yoongi!”

He was dying. It was torture. Every stroke was a deep, vibrating kiss to his delicate prostate nerve.

“Just three seconds, baby. Hold on for daddy.”

Jimin thought Yoongi was totally out of his mind if he thought he could keep him from exploding all over the bed.

Still, Jimin bit his swollen lip hard, squeezed his eyes shut and prayed for strength.

“Two seconds…”

“Hyyyyuuuuung…”

Jimin wheezed pathetically, trying to concentrate on keeping his pleasure from flooding out of him.

“Done. You’re so good, sweetheart, so perfect.”

Yoongi praised and kissed Jimin as he switched off the vibrator and pulled it out slowly.

Jimin slumped against the mountain of pillows on his back, while he retracted from his near climax.

His dick was throbbing, and he noticed how unbelievably hard Yoongi was, too.

He could only watch through half-closed eyes as Yoongi laid on top of him and gently lined up his cock with Jimin’s wet, ready hole.

He needed this so badly now. Not just to feel his hyung for the first time, but to finally release tonight. He just couldn’t verbalize this at the moment.

Yoongi paused to unwrap a condom, and Jimin suddenly was able to find the strength to speak.

“Hyung… I-I’m clean, and there’s only you in my life.” Jimin said honestly, gripping his wrist lightly.

Yoongi looked down at him carefully.

“I-me, too, Jimin-ah, I just- I didn’t want to upset you.”

He smiled sweetly, and licked his lips, knowing that it drives Yoongi nuts.

“I want to feel you, hyung. All of you.”

Yoongi swallowed thickly and nodded, as he lubed himself up and slowly inserted his flushed head with a shaky moan.

Jimin clutched the sheets and breathed through the stretch to take in Yoongi’s undeniable size.

The dildo had helped immensely, but Yoongi was still a force to be reckoned with.

“Oh, my f-fucking God, Jimin…” Yoongi exclaimed under his breath.
Luckily, the elder was unprepared for how tight anal sex is, and was only able to move the slightest millimeter at a time.

Jemin was sure he would not have been able to handle a quick entry.

“Is it g-good h-hyung..?” Jemin stuttered squeezing a pillow half from pain, and half from pleasure.

“Jemin-I-I’ve never felt…this… It’s so fucking tight…” Yoongi gasped.

Jemin smiled, despite nearly being in tears.

He loved that he could make Yoongi feel so good.

A few tense and slightly painful moments later, Yoongi was fully immersed inside Jemin.

They laid very still, panting, as they both adjusted to the new sensations.

Then slowly, so slowly, Yoongi started to move within him. From his heavy breathing, one would have thought he was singlehandedly pushing a boulder uphill.

“Mmmmm, you feel amazing hyung.” Jemin crooned, and he meant it. The vibrator was lovely, but nothing could replace Yoongi’s living, throbbing cock inside him.

Yoongi had worked to a steady pace, and was looking lovingly into Jemin’s eyes in a way that almost made the younger have to look away.

“Jemin-ah, you’re so fucking beautiful for me.” Yoongi panted, as he moved faster within him.

Jemin was working hard to match Yoongi’s movements with quick snaps of his hips, but he felt his blush rise at the elder’s words.

He kissed him sweetly, too shy to respond.

Yoongi hooked one of Jemin’s legs over his shoulders, and was pounding deeply now with a low groan.

Jemin held the elder’s neck for dear life, moaning loudly with every stroke.

“Don’t be shy, baby… Tell daddy you’re gorgeous for me.” Yoongi grunted out between his thrusts.

Jemin stared back at him open-mouthed and struggling to breathe between Yoongi’s slamming thrusts.

He had a hint of doubt at calling himself beautiful for Yoongi, but as the elder’s cock reached his pleasure spot, he felt like could do anything.

“I-I, fuck hyung-!” Jemin screamed as Yoongi hiked his leg up higher and hit his prostate in a criminal way.

“Tell me, Jemin-ah!” Yoongi demanded loudly with wet lustful kisses to his face and neck.

“I-I-I’m beautiful for you, daddy!” Jemin cried out from pure white-hot lust, feeling the fire starting to rise from his groin.

“Again, baby!”
Yoongi growled into his neck, pounding so hard that the headboard was crashing against the wall, and the lamps were shaking on the bedside tables.

“Tell daddy how fucking beautiful you are!”

Jimin lost all control when Yoongi lifted his second leg over his shoulder and proceeded to bury himself into the younger.

He remembered in a flash, all the other encounters they’d had. How nervous they were that first time in the empty restaurant. How they had to be careful in the back of the store. How they had to be so quiet at Yoongi’s grandmother’s place.

Finally, tonight, they didn’t have to be nervous, or careful, or quiet anymore.

“I’M S-SO B-BEAUTIFUL FOR YOUUUUU!!!”

Jimin literally screamed at the top of his lungs, as his climax ripped through him like lava, jerking his body violently.

He felt the warmth go straight through his belly, then to his dick, and finally shoot in hot spurts between onto his stomach.

“Jimin-ah!” Yoongi called desperately as he came a few seconds later, deep inside the younger, huffing loudly as Jimin held him close.

One of the lamps finally gave up and fell over on its side, prompting the pair to giggle softly.

They laid entangled for a few moments, before gently unraveling from each other with deep, steadying breaths.

Yoongi looked at Jimin as he lowered his head to slowly lick the younger’s cum from his chiseled stomach.

“Mmmm… So good for daddy…” The elder whispered, tasting the warm, sticky liquid.

“Ah, hyung…”

Jimin watched with blown eyes as Yoongi’s tongue licked along his abs.

When the elder took Jimin’s still throbbing dick in his hand to stroke it softly, he wasn’t surprised to feel himself go hard again.

His one orgasm had been powerful, but Yoongi had teased him so mercilessly with the vibrator, that he was sure he still had some more to release.

“Daddy, kiss me…” Jimin pleaded, instantly horny again.

When the elder moved to lay beside him, he pulled him in for a deep kiss with one hand, and let the other wrap around Yoongi’s half erect cock.

With a sudden jolt of sexy inspiration, Jimin turned to the bedside table and grabbed the vibrator, noting that it was a pretty purple color.

“Wait… What are you gonna do with that…?” Yoongi asked very slowly.

Jimin didn’t answer, but instead switched the device on and started rubbing it along Yoongi’s length.
He smiled as he saw the elder’s half erection quickly become a raging hard on.

“I just wanted to get you hard again, hyung…” Jimin answered, leaning over to lick Yoongi’s nipple gently.

“Mmmm. And is that all, Jimin-ah?” The elder moaned back, thoroughly loving the attention from Jimin.

Jimin lifted and stared at Yoongi, like he was seeing him for the first time.

Was his hyung trying to tell him that he wanted Jimin to do more to him with the toy?

No way.

Or... way?

“D-do you want to- do you want me to..?” Jimin stumbled all over his words trying to ask the impossible.

Yoongi just stared right back at him steadily, eyes darkened with lust and unspoken answers.

Jimin swallowed hard and moved to lay on his stomach between Yoongi’s legs, shocked when the elder parted them willingly.

He was half expecting him to kick him in the face.

Yoongi moaned softly, hands in Jimin’s hair as he started to suck the elder off, paying close attention to his flushed, leaking head.

He sucked in long strokes, taking him in almost to the hilt, before he moved lower to kiss and lick on his sack.

Jimin flicked the vibrator on and carefully placed the it against the tip of Yoongi’s dick, while softly sucking on the smooth skin of his balls.

Yoongi had started swaying from side to side on the bed, rolling and grunting in pleasure.

Jimin took that as a green light to gently slide the toy down, bringing it to rest against the elder’s tight, rippled entrance.

“Ah-!” Yoongi gave a quiet yelp, but quickly rolled his head back, thoroughly enjoying the deep motions going through him.

Jimin let his tongue join in to wet both Yoongi’s hole and the toy, before gently tasting his way deep into his hyung’s ass, slicking and wetting it as he ate him hungrily.

“FUCK, PARK JIMIN!” Yoongi yelled out making Jimin’s dick jump.

He pushed his tongue deeper, farther, tasting gold.

Yoongi bucked from shock and pleasure at how far Jimin was reaching him from this angle.

Jimin decided it was now or never, and removed his tongue from Yoongi’s body with a wet ‘pop’. He looked up and started to suck the dildo slowly, staring straight into Yoongi’s eyes.

Yoongi’s mouth was slightly open and he panted heavily, while watching Jimin taste their toy.
Again, he gave no verbal indication that he was ok to continue, so Jimin had to take silence as consent and hope for the best.

He brought his hand to Yoongi’s now drenched hole and pressed it close, looking up for any sign of distress from the elder.

Yoongi just stared back, but he had a steely glint in his eye, as if he was going in for a challenge that he wasn’t about to back down from.

“Hyung, tell me if I should st-”

“Do it, Jimin-ah. I want you to.”

Jimin took a deep breath and gently stroked one finger into Yoongi, who immediately gasped and closed his eyes.

He kissed around his rim soothingly, taking his time to tease and stretch him, before inserting a second finger slowly, thanking the Lord for his small hands, because GOD was Yoongi tight.

“Oh. F-f-fuck…” Yoongi breathed raggedly. His jaw was taught and Jimin knew from experience that the elder was in pain now.

He slowly moved his fingers back and forth. His tongue had prepped the elder well, because the motion was easy and smooth from all the wetness.

“Hyung, relax… then you’ll feel it…” Jimin whispered, still in a state of disbelief that he was fingering Min Yoongi.

After about ten seconds, the elder did relax, and finally his oh, so tight, hole was opening a bit further.

“Woooowww.” Yoongi moaned for the first time, and lolled his head back against the pillows.

Then moans gave way to frantic whimpers when Jimin added his tongue again, licking Yoongi’s thighs and the round, soft parts of his ass, before joining his fingers deep within his wet hole.

After a few moments, Jimin dislodged his hand and re-introduced the vibrator after lubing it vigorously.

Yoongi looked at him with wrecked eyes and a flushed face, but Jimin could still see a hint of nervousness.

“U-Um… You’re ready, hyung, but you have to relax. Ok?”

Yoongi nodded shakily and swallowed.

“Do it…” He ordered, hoarsely.

Jimin inserted it slowly, just the tip, and quickly looked up to scan Yoongi’s face for any kind of sign, but the elder was clutching the sheets and exhaling hard at the ceiling.

“Relax, daddy…” Jimin coaxed, as he gently bit and suckled on Yoongi’s thigh.

Half-way in, he started to retract the toy and pump it gently, in slow strokes, taking the elder’s rock hard dick in his other hand.
Yoongi let out a strangled, high pitched sound and looked at Jimin with wide eyes.

“Oh my G-god…” Yoongi stammered out as his body instinctively started to ride the object inside of him.

“Hyung, I love doing this to you…” Jimin whimpered back, as he fucked and pumped the elder at the same time.

“Jimin-ah! Jimin!” Yoongi yelled.

His whole body was thrusting upwards in time with Jimin pumping his cock, but also down onto the toy that was now fully lodged deep into his wet, stretched hole.

Jimin let go of his hyung’s dick and moved to lay directly over him, one muscular arm propped next to Yoongi’s head for support and the other thrusting the toy deep into the elder’s body.

Jimin was possessed by the lust demon again, tapping into a dominant side he never knew he had.

“Does daddy like what his baby is doing?” Jimin questioned, his eyes locked on Yoongi’s.

“Y-yes baby, daddy is so p-proud of you…” Yoongi stuttered back, as Jimin stroked the toy deeper and faster.

They moved their faces close for a sloppy kiss, and Yoongi shrieked into Jimin’s mouth when the toy hit the spot the elder never knew he had.

Jimin was waiting for this moment, and quickly flicked on the vibration, letting the pulses touch and tease the elder right on those sensitive pleasure glands.

“Jimin-ah! FUCKKKKK!” Yoongi thrashed so hard, he nearly threw Jimin off the bed.

Jimin’s dick had gone from aching to full on torture.

He couldn’t look at Yoongi like this anymore, hear him like this anymore, touch him like this anymore.

It was too much. He pulled the vibrator out and placed it on the table with a shaking hand.

Yoongi was wheezing like he was in the middle of an asthma attack, but stopped to looked at Jimin with concern in his eyes.

“What’s wrong, baby?” He struggled to say between shallow breaths.

How could Jimin explain that his dick was about to explode and he didn’t know what to do, because he’s never fucked anyone before?

The spirit of lust that was giving him confidence before had completely left him, and he was kneeling on the bed with a painful erection feeling embarrassed and scared.

“Hyung…” Jimin squeaked, looking down at his leaking dick, but couldn’t say anymore. His whole body was trembling and his eyes were watering.

Yoongi followed his eyes and stared at his cock. He moved to touch it lightly, and Jimin gasped and yelped.

It had actually hurt.
Yoongi looked back at him carefully.

“Jimin? Do you wanna fuck me, baby? Is that it?”

“I-I… Ah, I-hyung…” Jimin’s mouth was open and sounds were coming out, but he couldn’t understand any of it.

He stared at the elder helplessly.

“Tell daddy what you want, baby, and it’s yours.”

“Hyung, I’ve never….” Jimin started and stopped, hoping he didn’t have to openly say that he has never actually done this.

“Hey, it’s ok, baby. You’ve been fucking me for ten minutes with that thing, haven’t you?”

Yoongi grasped Jimin’s impossibly hard cock with a feather light touch and beckoned him nearer.

Jimin moved closer in a daze.

This simply couldn’t be happening.

“Do you know all the things I’ve done with you that I’ve never done before, Jimin-ah? There’s a hundred of them. But I’ll do anything with you. Anything. And you can do anything with me.”

Jimin nodded, as his dick grazed against Yoongi’s sending another painful pang through him.

“Ok, hyung… I- I want to. With you.” Jimin whispered.

Never before had he ever wanted to be on top. But tonight, everything changed and he wanted Yoongi in every possible way.

He didn’t want there to be anything left undone between them.

Yoongi turned and grabbed the lube, uncapping it deftly with his thumb. They kissed as Yoongi lubed Jimin’s length for him.

Jimin choked when the combination of the warming sensation and Yoongi’s hand motion nearly made him blow at that very second.

They laid down, Jimin over Yoongi, and their lips remain locked.

Yoongi’s tongue was doing devilish things in Jimin’s mouth as he lined his dick up to the elder’s entrance, with a trembling hand.

Between his tongue, fingers, and the vibrator, he knew Yoongi was prepped enough, but he was still so afraid of messing this up.

Yoongi’s hand, large and strong, covered his smaller one and pulled Jimin’s erection closer.

Reassured, he started to enter his hyung slowly with all of his concentration.

He was about to look at Yoongi to make sure he was ok, but he suddenly felt the suction force of Yoongi’s tight, virgin muscle pulling him in.

“Oh, God, hyung!” Jimin gasped, as he slipped in too fast.
Yoongi cried out and cursed, but Jimin could barely hear him.

Jimin wouldn’t have heard a freight train if it roared right by the window, because he was totally lost in the feeling of Yoongi’s velvety walls.

It was so warm. It was so soft. It was so tight, but still so giving, so pliant. So wet. So deep. So everything. It was every fucking thing Jimin had never even dared to dream of.

He laid stock still, unaware that he had somehow fully entered Yoongi.

Jimin only knew that his body was on earth, but his cock was somehow in heaven.

“You f-f-feel, so..hyung it’s s-so…”

“Jimin-ah… Move goddamit.” Yoongi’s voice filtered in from a million miles away.

Jimin looked down at him with wide, glazed eyes.

“M-move…?”

“Shit! Yes, Jimin, MOVE. I can’t a-adjust if you don’t fucking move, baby.” Yoongi said stiffly between gritted teeth.

Of course. He has to thrust. Right. That’s how this works.

Jimin’s body, usually strong and ready, felt like a ton of cement as he pulled outwards and gently inside of Yoongi.

The two men gasped together at the feeling.

He did it again. So slowly.

Then again, a bit faster this time.

And that was when Jimin lost control of his own body, as pure animalistic instinct took over him.

He pressed his head against the elders and snaked his hand around Yoongi’s thigh, pulling it up around his waist and literally pounding the shit out of Yoongi’s ass.

“Ah- Jimin, just- fuck!” Yoongi yelped, but Jimin drowned out the elder’s pleas with his own desperate moans.

Instinct told him to spread his thighs apart, so he could bear down harder.

He grabbed Yoongi’s hair and kissed him, grunting with each thrust.

Jimin wasn’t just possessed by the spirit now, he had BECOME the spirit.

“JIMIN-AH, RIGHT THERE, BABY!” Yoongi yelled, as Jimin’s dick reached the deepest part of his pleasure zone and his discomfort suddenly turned to ecstasy.

“There daddy? Right there, daddy??!!” Jimin shrieked in response, as the entire room shook from the force of their bodies.

Yoongi was jerking off his own dick now, back arched up and off the bed, while Jimin bit his neck and gave him everything he had with every thrust.
They were one now.

Just one body moving to the rhythm of skin slapping sinfully together.

Jimin actually felt Yoongi’s climax approaching, before the elder even made a sound.

His thrumming core muscle clenched around Jimin’s cock in a way that nearly made the younger faint, and his wet, pulsing walls of silk somehow became even warmer and slicker.

Jimin felt the fire in his own groin, too, roaring like an inferno.

Yoongi let out a strangled cry and Jimin used every last bit of his energy to give the elder a good pummeling until he came all over himself, screaming Jimin’s name.

Mesmerized by the thick white excretions, Jimin pulled out quickly and scrambled to place his mouth over Yoongi’s cock to catch the last of the spurts in his mouth.

“Fuck, Jimin-ah- what the fuck-” Yoongi said huskily, sitting up and pulling Jimin in, so that his engorged cock was in the elder’s face.

Three strokes.

That was all it took.

Just three quick strokes from Yoongi’s hand, and Jimin wailed like a banshee and came on Yoongi’s lips, coating them obscenely.

Yoongi pulled his still spurting dick into his mouth and literally sucked the remaining out of the younger, swallowing hungrily.

Jimin tumbled into Yoongi’s waiting arms, and the elder kissed him softly. They moaned in unison, as they shared the taste of both orgasms between them.

“You were so perfect baby, taking care of daddy like that.” Yoongi whispered in his ear, making Jimin blush.

“Well, you take care of me, daddy.” Jimin replied, breathless and shy, wondering how he could ever be shy around Yoongi again after all what they’d done tonight.

“Daddy will take care of you forever, baby.”

Jimin’s heart did three hundred back flips in his chest.

Forever with Yoongi?

He could see it now...

Yoongi was so smart, he could get a decent job somewhere, and stop his illegal activities.

Jimin will hopefully land a good dancing gig. They could even adopt one day, and save a child or two from growing up the way Jimin had.

He knew he was getting ahead of himself, but he didn’t care.

“Yea? You promise, hyung?”
“I promise, angel.”

Yoongi pulled him flush against his chest and kissed him everywhere.

“But I’m telling Umma that you deflowered me. We’ll see who’s the bad oppa now.” He added, with a grin that Jimin could feel on his neck, and he couldn’t help but laugh along.

A half hour later, the pair had showered together lazily, had a bite to eat from the many luxurious snacks laid out, and finally settled down to sleep after changing the sheets.

He reached for Yoongi’s hand in the dark, and the elder grasped it close and kissed it, enveloping Jimin entirely into his warm embrace.

Jimin thought, once again, that it was the perfect time to confess his love to the elder.

But considering the events of that night, he realized that he didn’t even need to.
Yoongi had cooked, washed up, and eaten by the time Jimin could only roll over in bed. The kid might be a powerhouse when it came to working out and dancing, but he was definitely not a morning person.

He took a content sip of his coffee. Apart from being sore in his backside, Yoongi felt pretty damn good. He had always thought of ass fucking as a crime punishable by death, but now, he couldn’t believe he had spent his entire sexual life without ever being filled and fulfilled in that way. And if not for Jimin, he would have died without ever knowing that level of pleasure.

Last night wasn’t just sexy or kinky or fun.

It was love.

Yoongi also noticed, with more than a little bit of satisfaction, that Jimin slept peacefully through the night, without tossing and turning at all. It looked like all the kid needed was some good loving to put him down, and Yoongi had a lot of that for him.

He was smiling to himself thinking about this, when Jimin finally stirred.

Yoongi laughed as Jimin regarded him with fearful, sleepy eyes.

“Relax, baby. I’m not gonna get the crowbar out because you fucked me last night.”

Jimin laughed nervously, but still looked very uncomfortable. Yoongi sighed and sat on the bed, lifting the younger’s chin with a long finger.

“I loved everything we did, Jimin. Let’s do it again, sometime. And by that, I mean all the time. Just not this second, cus my ass is sore as hell. Ok?” Yoongi said with a laugh.

“Oh, hyung.” Jimin said, quietly.

“I want my angel smiling.” The elder said, kissing Jimin softly, then tickling him a little under the covers.

Jimin blessed him with that adorable giggle.

“Ok, hyung, ok, ok!”

“Whassat smell?” The younger croaked, changing the subject.

“Bacon.”

“Wow, they make American style breakfast here, hyung?” Jimin asked, nestling back under the covers.

“No. I made it. Eggs and waffles, too. And it’s all getting really fucking cold.” Yoongi replied dryly, with another sip of coffee.

“You cooked?!” Jimin gave him an adorable look of surprise, then promptly fell asleep for another twenty minutes.

After finally waking up and eating (Yoongi had to make him a fresh batch of eggs) they went on a
Yoongi gave it a full twelve minutes, before declaring that he was tired and returning to the cabin.

“Yoongi gave it a full twelve minutes, before declaring that he was tired and returning to the cabin.

“You’re so lazy, hyung.” Jimin said laughingly, after they had broken away from the group and made it back to their private quarters.

“Says the kid who woke up at noon.”

“That’s how I have energy for the day.” Jimin retorted with a smirk.

“You weren’t complaining about my energy last night.”

Yoongi turned to look at Jimin’s face, and sure enough he was blushing.

Fuck, he would never get tired of seeing that blush.

They cuddled on the massive sofa and watched a movie after eating lunch. Yoongi was actually getting into the plot when Jimin abruptly turned off the TV and turned to face the elder.

Yoongi shot his brows up at the kid. Was he seriously ready for more sex right now?

“Hyung… I think by now it’s clear that I really like and trust you. So… I want you to tell me what you actually do for a living.” Jimin said simply, and nodded his head encouragingly at him.

Yoongi froze, as his whole body tensed up. He knew it. Knew this was too good to be true. He stayed silent for a long time as he debated how to handle the situation. Should he lie? Make something up?

Yoongi’s swag made him unable to be dishonest. He always would rather tell the truth and fuck the consequences. But he wasn’t ready to lose Jimin. That couldn’t happen. His chest started to tighten just at the thought.

“Hyung…?”

Jimin took his hand in his, and Yoongi stared at the cute fingertips peeking from the oversized sweater he had given the younger. Their last minute getaway meant that Jimin had no change of clothes, but Yoongi, being the master of preparation, already had his bag packed and ready in his car days in advance.

“Hyung, do you trust me?”

Yoongi swallowed and sighed.

“Jimin, I-I’m not hiding from you. I just was hoping that I-”

“I know.” Jimin said, cutting him off.

Yoongi looked up in surprise.

“You know… what?”

Jimin smiled and looked down at his lap which was clothed in a pair of Yoongi’s black jeans.

“I heard Jungkook say that you were planning to leave it all behind and go to Seoul to be a rapper. I know that your mixtape is set to be released soon. I heard your grandma asking you about a launch date when we were at her house. I figured it out, hyung. You’re moving soon to start a new life in
the music industry. And you’ve been keeping your other world a secret from me, hoping that by the
time you leave here, you won’t even have to tell me at all.”

Yoongi usually prided himself on his famous blank stares. But right now he was ogling Jimin in pure
shock, unable to hide his surprise at how perceptive and smart the kid was.

“I’m not an idiot, hyung.” Jimin said softly, as if he was reading the elder’s mind.

Yoongi held his hands up in exaggerated guilt.

“Ok, fine, kid. You got me. But answer me this: is trying to spare you from something you don’t
need to know and probably don’t want to know such a bad thing? You’re a pure and beautiful
person, so I’m keeping bad and dirty things away from you. Is that really so wrong, Jimin? Am I
really so terrible??”

Yoongi shifted away from Jimin slightly. He was always ready for judgement, having endured much
of it in his life, but judgement coming from Jimin hurt. It really fucking hurt, and Yoongi didn’t
understand why this boy held so much emotional power over him.

Jimin’s eyes widened, and he looked taken aback.

“Hyung, you’ve got it all wrong. I don’t want to know your secrets, so I can judge you. I need to
know this so I can accept you completely for who you ARE, not who you want to be when you
move to Seoul. Look at what happened last night. You tried your best to keep this away from me and
it still found me, despite your best efforts.”

Jimin took a deep breath and brushed his blonde hair back with his hand, before coming close to
Yoongi again.

“Don’t be afraid, Yoongi hyung. Trust in me. I’ll be here for you, no matter what. And if something
like last night happens again, you’ll know that I chose to be there in your life. It won’t be some
stupid coincidence.”

Yoongi sighed in defeat. The kid had a point. He deserved to know what he was signing up for by
being with him. It wasn’t fair that he had no clue about the life Yoongi lived and the people he knew.

He stood up and sat opposite Jimin on the smaller sofa.

“Ok. What do you want to know?”

Jimin had a stricken look when Yoongi moved away, and he so wanted to run back and hold him
and beg him to stay in his life. But he kept his concrete composure and looked steadily at the
younger, waiting.

Jimin swallowed, and nodded.

“Have you ever killed someone, hyung?”

Yoongi rolled his eyes.

“So, we’re back to twenty questions? No, I haven’t racked up any fatalities with my crowbar. Yet.”

“Youngi, you know I wouldn’t leave you if you had said yes, right?”

“I’m touched.” Yoongi replied, dryly.
He knew he was being a dick, but it was his only defense against the sick feeling of despair from baring his soul to the love of his life. What if Jimin didn’t stay? What if he’s just saying he will to get the truth out of him?

Jimin smiled sadly, and shook his head, before continuing.

“You’re a drug dealer, aren’t you?”

“Affirmative.”

“Do you do drugs?”

“If I was a crackhead, you’d know it, Jimin. I don’t even smoke cigarettes.”

“Calm down, Yoongi!”

Yoongi took a deep breath.

“I-I’m sorry, ok. Shit! I feel like I’m on trial right now!”

Jimin looked at him closely. “Give me your ring, hyung.”

Yoongi looked down at his hand and back up at Jimin. What the fuck did Jimin want with his old, battered ring?

“That’s not how proposals work, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin laughed, and Yoongi’s fear melted at the beautiful sound.

“I mean it, hyung. Come on, give it here.”

Yoongi handed him his late grandfather’s ring, and watched curiously as Jimin put it on.

“As long as I wear this, I want to be with you. I won’t take this off, hyung. Not unless you tell me to. I swear it.” Jimin crossed his heart and smiled back at him.

_Fucking marry me._

Yoongi nodded instead, feeling more relaxed.

“Ok. Tell me what drugs you sell.”

Yoongi looked up at the ceiling before answering. This was it. The big reveal.

“Pharma.” The elder said quietly.

“Huh?” Jimin looked totally confused.

“Pharmaceuticals, Jimin.”

“I understood you the first time. But I-I thought you said you were a drug dealer?” Jimin asked, mystified.

“I am, Jimin-ah.”

“How, hyung? I don’t get it. Isn’t drug dealing about cocaine and heroin and stuff?”
Yoongi sighed, and picked up the bottle of headache medicine from the coffee table and shook it dramatically.

“This aspirin you gave me last night is just as much a drug as cocaine is, Jimin-ah. But, you’re half right. I don’t deal in contraband drugs. I deal in prescription medication.”

“What does that mean, Yoongi?”

Yoongi sighed again.

“Ok. If you or I got really sick, we would get a prescription and go fill it, right? But there are people who can’t afford that. The price of medicine is far too high for most, because of added costs that go to paying doctors and nurses. That’s where the black market comes in. I buy the medicine wholesale from my dealer, Seokjin. Then I sell it on the streets through street dealers. That’s what Jungkook used to be to me; one of my runners. I cut out the middle-man costs, sell to people who need it at an affordable price, and make a profit. A portion of that money goes back to Jin. I’ve been doing this for 7 years now.”

Jimin’s eyes were wide, and he was leaning with his elbows on his knees, listening attentively.

“Which medicines, hyung?”

“Shit, Jimin, are you trying to get into the fucking business?”

Jimin remained silent, eyebrows raised, waiting for the answer to his question.

“Jesus. Ok. Insulin is a big seller. Oxycontin, too. Antihistamines, and other drugs for severe allergies. Then more serious stuff like anti-retrovirals for AIDS patients, and some cancer drugs, too.”

Jimin’s eyes were saucers now. Yoongi was surprised to see that the kid looked more interested than anything else.

“How do you find the buyers who need it?”

That was an easy one.

“They’re all around us, Jimin. If you grew up poor like me, you’d be able to spot them easily.”

Jimin contemplated that for a moment, while Yoongi looked at the floor.

“How did you get into this?”

Yoongi laugh, wryly.

“My best friend, Hoseok. The guy with the gun that night? He’s an idiot, by the way, he’s never used that thing. Uhh… His mother… She has severe diabetes. She’d already lost one leg, and it was just a matter of time before she lost the other one. Hobi, he… Well, we tried everything, but we couldn’t afford the treatment. We were selling weed back then, when we met Jin hyung. He said we could make more money dealing drugs that people need, not drugs that they want. So, we started working with him, and we were able to not only get his mom the meds she needed, but we had more money than we’d ever dreamed of. And… We just never looked back. I was able to take care of my Umma. Pay her bills and medical costs, even bought her that little house. I tried to help my parents out, but… They, um… They won’t accept anything from me. Even though they still live in that stinking fish town. It makes no fucking sense. If I was a lawyer who made a living from legally lying
Yoongi was quite embarrassed from this admission, but it also felt nice to confide in someone that he loved so much.

Jimin studied Yoongi’s face intently.

“So, the restaurant owner from that night… You helped her, didn’t you?”

Yoongi nodded. Fuck, that kid just never stops putting 2 and 2 together, does he?

“Yea. Years ago, she just had a tiny shithole store front. She couldn’t expand, cus she was sinking all her money into autism meds for her son. I got them for her.”

“So… You help people, hyung?” Jimin concluded incredulously.

Help people? Was this kid high?

“Jimin, for fuck’s sake! Don’t get it twisted. I make a shit ton of money, is what I do. Helping people was just a bi-product of that. Money is what has always motivated me. I grew up dirt poor, and I wasn’t about to live that way as an adult. There is a very ugly side to this business and you saw just a taste of that last night. People go to jail, get hurt, even killed. Jungkook was my best street runner. My golden maknae, is what I used to call him. But he started selling the addictive shit to junkies. Then he became a fucking junkie, putting himself, and me, into debt with my supplier. I just- I wanted to fix all this before we- shit…” Yoongi trailed off, hopelessly.

“Before we what?” Jimin asked in the softest voice.

“Before… So you would… So we could be serious, you know, together... Jesus.” Yoongi’s face sunk into his hands. He had really fucked this up bad.

He felt the sofa depress as Jimin sat close to him, lacing their hands together.

“Yoongi, look at me. I think you’re on the wrong path, but, also truly believe that you have been a great help, even a blessing to many people’s lives. There are people who are ALIVE TODAY because of you!”

As much as Yoongi wanted Jimin to admire and look up to him, he wasn’t comfortable with having his illegal lifestyle made to look rosy.

“Jimin-ah, if I wanted to help people, I would have become a fucking doctor. Or a teacher. Or just worked and paid my dues like you do. Instead, I took the easy way out, and now it’s blowing up in my face. You could have been hurt last night by a guy THAT I TRAINED.”

Yoongi winced at the thought, and tried to wrest his hands back from Jimin’s, but the kid wasn’t letting go for shit.

“Ok, just calm down, ok? I didn’t get hurt, because you came. And now I’m here, and I’m not going anywhere. I don’t care what you say, hyung, I’ll always see the good in you.”

Yoongi couldn’t help wrapping his arms around Jimin’s waist and sinking his head into the younger’s smooth and sculpted neck. His heart soared when Jimin held him back, gently rubbing the back of his head.

He didn’t deserve Jimin. Why the hell was he here?
After enjoying their embrace for several minutes, he sat back up and looked Jimin in his beautiful eyes.

“Jimin-ah, you… You haven’t said anything about me moving to Seoul. How… What will that mean for…?”

Jimin looked back at him with raised eyebrows and a small smile.

“You mean for ‘us’ hyung? Are we going steady now?” The younger said with a laugh.

“You think just anybody can fuck me with a vibrator?” Yoongi quipped, with a gummy grin.

Jimin went instantly red, hiding his face behind his adorable hands.

“Aww, why so quiet, baby? Did you forget your tongue in my ass?” Yoongi asked, prying Jimin’s hands away and forcing him to look him in the eyes.

They laughed for a bit, but Yoongi hadn’t forgotten his original line of questioning.

“I hear that Seoul is beautiful this time of year, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi said with sudden seriousness, taking Jimin’s smaller hand in his pointedly.

“Yea? Did you also hear how expensive it is? I had a great audition with a Seoul based dance company a couple weeks ago- but- from what I can tell, my quality of life will be much lower there even with the pay increase.”

“You’ll have me, baby. You won’t be alone. Not even for a fucking second.” Yoongi squeezed his hand for emphasis.

He badly needed to hear that Jimin’s love won’t be hours away from him. Suddenly, the music launch that had dominated Yoongi’s life for years wasn’t important anymore. He needed Jimin.

“Yoongi, I’m always alone. It-it’s what I’m used to.” Jimin said slowly, rubbing his hand back.

Yoongi’s heart was contracting painfully now, and he didn’t want to sound as desperate as he felt, but he couldn’t help it.

“Well, get un-used to it, Jimin. What do you really have here that’s holding you back?” Yoongi didn’t see either one of Jimin’s crappy jobs as a reason to stay in Daegu.

“It’s not about what’s here, hyung. It’s what I might face out there. Don’t forget, I have nobody to run back to. No parents to take me in if I fail. No loving grandmother to make me gochujang stew. I have to be careful, Yoongi.”

Yoongi nodded, as he tried to hide his heartbreak.

“Hyung… I-just… Let me… Just let me think about it.”

Yoongi was still failing to see what the fuck there was to think about, but he understood that this was sudden.

“I just wish you would trust me, Jimin-ah. I’ll take care of you- and not just financially- I know you’re independent, ok? I just mean, you know, your heart. I’ll take care of your heart…”

“Wow, Yoongi. That was so lame.” Jimin giggled with his silver bell laugh, then sniffed a little.
Yoongi looked up sharply. Jimin was smiling with slightly wet eyes. Fuck, he didn’t mean to make the kid cry.

“It’s lame, but beautiful. Like you…” Jimin said, as he leaned in to kiss Yoongi softly.

“Did you just fucking call me beautiful?” Yoongi asked with mock disgust, as he kissed Jimin back.

“Come on…” Jimin whispered, as he led them to the bedroom, and helped Yoongi out of his clothes, before stripping out of his own.

They made love slowly this time, stopping to explore and learn each other’s bodies in a loving and intimate way. Jimin was all blushes and shy giggles, as Yoongi touched and tasted him in the daylight and Yoongi knew right then and there that he could spend every waking hour pleasing him. He loved seeing him flushed and naked. Every softness, every hardness… Every fucking freckle.

And when it was Jimin’s turn to take over, he loved the way the younger shrugged off his shyness for an assertive and assured attitude, as he did things to Yoongi that the elder had never even dreamed of doing with a woman, let alone another man.

Yoongi knew from the first day they touched, that he would never sleep with a girl again, and he had no interest in any other men. Jimin was the only one for him. He was too afraid to admit it before, but lying here now, as Jimin’s tongue trailed wet kisses down his spine, moving lower inch by inch, Yoongi embraced this truth willingly.

After two mind-blowing hours of tonguing, touching, caressing, penetration, tangled bodies slick with sweat and saliva, and sweet, sweet multiple releases, the pair slept comfortably again. Yoongi watched Jimin snoring softly, as he stroked the silver band on the younger’s tiny ring finger. Jimin hadn’t taken given it back to him, just as he promised.

Yoongi finally closed his eyes, holding Jimin close.
“Chim, do NOT sell your Upper West End property.”

Taehyung was looking at Jimin with a serious face from the opposite side of a boardgame.

“Tae, what the hell are you talking about?”

The best friends were on the floor of Jimin’s living room eating take out and playing monopoly. It was Jimin’s turn and he was actually thinking about getting rid of his Upper West End card to buy a lucrative bank.

“Well, anytime I tell you NOT to do something, you do it.” Tae explained calmly, as he bit into an egg roll.

“Like the time I told you not to dye your hair silver without bleaching it first, and you looked like a dirty dish rag for weeks? Or how I told you not to get serious with Suga and you did anyway? So, if I tell you NOT to sell your property, you’re gonna sell it. And I need it, so please DON’T sell it.”

Jimin stared at his friend. This was the reason he had avoided Tae for the last few weeks. He knew he was going to get the third degree over his relationship with Yoongi. But Tae had tracked him down and literally busted through the door tonight. He had to admit, he had missed him, and his alien weirdness.

“Nice technique, Tae. But if you were smart, you wouldn’t have told me your strategy. So, I’m NOT gonna sell this property, after all.” Jimin smirked, as he replaced the card in his deck.

He looked up to see Tae smiling triumphantly, as he made a series of moves that would assure him a win.

“Perfect! I needed you to keep that useless property, so I could buy the bank. You just got double-sided mind fucked by the Tae master.”

Jimin roared and kicked the boardgame. He could never win against Taehyung.

“Don’t be a sore loser, chim!”

The friends laughed, as they continued eating.

“Did you mean what you said about me and Yoongi?”

Tae chewed thoughtfully before answering.

Jimin had told him everything that transpired between the couple, including the terrifying incident in the store the other day. Jimin was still shaken up about it, but their magical 3 day weekend of cuddling, lovemaking, and exploring the scenery (when Yoongi would actually get up) had greatly calmed him.

Business had continued as usual at the store, and Yoongi even came by every night with Hobi to make sure things looked safe. It had been a shocker to be face to face with Yoongi’s best friend again (Jimin certainly hadn’t forgotten his ‘let’s ghost them’ suggestion) but strangely enough, Hobi was a really, funny and happy person. Actually, both Yoongi and Hobi seemed like the nicest criminals in the world.
I don’t like that Jungkook incident, chim chim. It just seemed so dangerous. What if Yoongi never answered the call from Hobi that night? What if he got there too late? What if he wasn’t some mystical, bad ass street fighter? What if he had gotten beat up, and you got hurt? Oh, and by the way, I can’t even say your name around Jackson, anymore. He’s fucking terrified to be mentioned in the same sentence as you.”

“Well, there’s at least one good thing that came from that night.” Jimin said, dryly.

“I mean it, Jimin-ssi. If you go to Seoul with him, where will you go if some shit like that goes down again? You didn’t come to me last time, God knows why, but at least you knew I’m just a ten minute drive away. How will that work when you’re a 4 hour train ride away? What will you do?”

Tae had gone into full serious mode, and he was asking some pretty hard questions. Questions that Jimin couldn’t fully answer.

“I don’t know, Taehyungie. I just know I can’t be without him. I just know that I’m happy for the first time in my life. I feel like I’ve finally found a home in Yoongi, and I know that sounds nuts, but you’ve never experienced not having a home.”

Jimin stood up, and ran his hands through his hair, like he always did when he was nervous or worked up.

“I have nothing here. You’ll always be my best friend, but let’s face it, Tae, you’re well off and I’m not. You’ll finish at your Ivy League school, you’ll get a great job at a prestigious dance company, cus your mom will know someone from her reading group, or your dad will have a contact from the golf club. You’ll own your parent’s business when they retire. You’ll be wildly successful. You’ll meet a great girl. You’ll settle down and have a family. At some point soon, our lives won’t intersect anymore. You and your parents have been like family to me, but I need to find my own. Something for ME. If I don’t, I’ll just end up despising you, Tae, and I don’t want that!”

Jimin was breathing hard now, and holding back tears. He knew it was a stupid, reckless, impulsive decision to go with Yoongi, but the weekend they had spent together had shown Jimin things that he never knew were possible. They hadn’t just made love. Their souls connected. And the fact that Jimin had actually tapped into a new side of his sexuality by entering Yoongi, was just proof to him that they were soulmates. He had never taken and received in that way with anyone before, and he knew he wouldn’t be able to do it with anyone else.

“Are you breaking up with me?” Tae asked with wide eyes and his full lips turned downwards at the corners.

Jimin laughed despite himself. Tae always knew what to say when he was tense.

“I love him, Tae.” Jimin said quietly, sitting back down on the floor.

Tae exhaled loudly, causing his straight bangs to blow upwards before settling back perfectly on his perfect forehead on his perfect face.

“Honestly, Jiminie… I think he loves you too.”

“But Tae! I- wait... What?” Jimin was about to argue when he realized what his friend had said.

Tae nodded, as he slurped on his wonton soup.

“He tracked you down after the night at the docks. He literally went gay for you. He introduced you to his grandma. He risked his life to save you the other night. He let you put your little chim chim in
him all weekend. There’s no other explanation, Jimin-ssi. He must really love you. And if he loves you, and you love him, and he is seriously quitting the drug thing- then- I think you should give this a chance and move to Seoul.”

“You really think so, Tae?” Jimin asked hopefully. He had been thinking the same thing, but GOD, it felt good to hear someone else say it.

“I really do, chim. You’re right. You gotta go do your own thing now. And if anything happens, my folks and I will be here for you. I’ll come down and get you myself. Think about it. It’s fate. He’s ready to move to Seoul and you coincidentally got the job offer with the Seoul dance group last week. What did he have to say about that? Was he excited?”

Jimin’s face burned with shame. He hadn’t told Yoongi that he’d aced his dance test and gotten the position of junior choreographer at the big Seoul based dance company. He was so scared from the store attack that his mind had gone blank. He wasn’t sure if it was safe to be with Yoongi, and he wasn’t even sure if he was going to take the job.

But sitting here now, Jimin was 100% sure that this was the right thing to do. Yoongi had opened up to him about his life, his dealings, his failures, hopes and dreams, and Jimin had done the same. They could do this. They should do this.

“I didn’t tell him, Tae, but I’m gonna do it. I’m gonna take the job and move there. With Yoongi…”

It sounded beautiful out loud. He was going to be with Yoongi. Every day would be like their weekend getaway.

“Wow, so you just said ‘no’ when he asked you to come with him?” Tae bluntly asked.

Jimin shifted uncomfortably. It didn’t happen quite like that. Or did it?

“I just said… You know, that I’ll think about it.”

“Ouch. That must have hurt.” Tae exclaimed, sucking air in through his teeth, as he got up and put his empty plates in the trash.

“What do you mean?” Jimin asked, alarmed.

“What do you mean what do I mean? The guy bared his soul and low key asked you to run away with him, and you said you’d think about it? Haha! That’s a kick in the nuts, chim! Hey- are you gonna eat that?”

Jimin stared lifelessly into space, with Tae’s words ringing in his head.

Tae was right. What had he done?

“Shit, did I break his heart, Tae?”

“Probably.” Tae replied, with a careless shrug. “But its fine, chim, just tell him next time you see him. Can I have your egg roll or not? I gotta go pick my mom up from the hairdresser.” Tae tapped his foot impatiently, as Jimin started to have a breakdown.

He tossed the egg roll to his friend, and buried his head in his hands.

“Wanna come to the salon with me?” Tae asked, opening the door.

“What!? NO! Tae this is terrible! I can’t believe I was so insensitive after he just beat up 3 men for
me. Oh my God, what was I thinking, Tae? I love him! I should have screamed YES when he asked me to come with him!”

Jimin was in full on panic mode, now. Had Yoongi seemed a little downcast when he dropped him off at home yesterday? Why hadn’t Yoongi texted him back from earlier that afternoon? Jimin checked his phone quickly. Nothing. He called a few times, desperately, but there was no answer. Was Yoongi upset? Sad? They had made love a few more times, but the elder didn’t bring up Seoul again. Had he given up on it? Maybe he decided he didn’t want Jimin there after, all?

“Jiminnie, calm down! You shouldn’t even talk to him in this state, you’re acting crazy. Come with me to pick up my mom and we’ll get a drink afterwards. Then call him back with a clear head, ok?”

It wasn’t ok. He didn’t want to go to the damn salon, he needed to talk to Yoongi. He tried to protest again, but Tae was already herding him out of the door.
Yoongi was blissfully happy, as he drove back home from the dry cleaners. He had never fully known what it meant to be lighthearted. He always had heavy shit on his mind, whether it was money problems, business problems, or people problems, there was always some type of fucking problem.

But ever since he returned from the mountain resort, Yoongi felt like skipping all day, every damn day. After years of never being able to connect with another human being, he had found the love of his life. He was more certain of his sexuality now, he was open with Hobi and his Umma who accepted him completely, and he had finally been able to reveal his world to Jimin- and Jimin had stayed with him.

And yes, the younger hadn’t completely been sold on Seoul, but considering that they’d had sex seven more times after the conversation, Yoongi didn’t think it would be long before he came around. And if not, well, then he’ll just have to visit every fucking weekend, if that’s what it took to see him.

Life goals that were always fuzzy had started to come sharply into focus. Travelling around the world together, visiting new places, sharing new experiences. He could see Jimin at the front row of his shows, and he would be in the front row of his dance performances, cheering him on. Marriage was suddenly not a foreign concept anymore. A family. A home.

It wasn’t until he stepped into his condo, that he knew something was wrong. Suddenly, he realized that he had missed so many signs as he was lost in his daydreams about a future with Jimin.

The hallway had been too quiet. There was always someone walking through there. A staff worker, cleaner, maintenance man- someone. But today it was totally empty.

Also, the lights were off and he had left them on. The dead bolt had been locked when he left, but it wasn’t when he just opened the door.

Shit.

Yoongi breathed slowly, and took a small step backwards to leave the apartment.

“Welcome, Yoongi. Leaving so soon, when you just got home?”

A smooth, intelligent voice broke the silence. It reminded Yoongi of Jackson, but much more dangerous.

What shocked him was that it wasn’t Jungkook.

“Jin Hyung. You didn’t say you were dropping by. I would have made sure I was home.” Yoongi said calmly, as he stepped into the apartment fully.
“No problem, Yoongi. It looks like it all worked out. Here, let me get the lights for you.”

Jin snapped his fingers, and the lights were turned on by one of his men. In the now brightly lit room, Yoongi saw there were two of them standing stoically, waiting for Jin’s next command.

He didn’t need to wonder if they were armed. He knew they would be. And not with cheap shit, either. Jin only had the best.

Yoongi walked in, and shut the door behind him, as his mind worked furiously. He wasn’t completely sure why Jin was here. He had sent him the money from his last shipment, and even covered Jungkook’s shortage. Still, this didn’t seem to be a friendly visit, and Jin almost never made personal appearances.

He was heading casually to the kitchen when Jin stopped him.

“No need to go there, Yoongi. We already found your piece under the sink. Unless, you were just going to get a snack, then, by all means, go right ahead.”

Fuck. That was his only weapon in the house. He looked down at the freshly laundered shirts in his hands. Those weren’t gonna help.

He turned and faced Jin fully, plastering on a friendly smile. Jin was a couple years older than Yoongi, and if he hadn’t chosen a life of organized crime, he could have been a super model. His face was perfectly symmetrical, and his hair was a caramel brown, and styled beautifully. He had a slim build, and was tall and well proportioned. Most striking, were his deep, expressive eyes, narrow nose, and full lips that were always curved in a half smile. The kind of smile you see in magazines. He always looked like he was on the way to the boardroom in expensive dress shirts and slacks. And he always wore pink. It was like the color was made for him, and because of this, he was often called the Pink Panther on the streets.

But Jin was more than just handsome.

He was brilliant and cunning. Yoongi knew he couldn’t outsmart him, and thanks to his goons, he couldn’t overpower him, either. The pair went way back. Yoongi met him when he was just 18 years old, but friendship didn’t exist in Jin’s world. Only money. He was known for wasting guys that he’d known all his life, execution style, with his famous pink beretta. His team of lawyers and friends in high places always managed to keep him out of jail.

“Is this the kind of conversation that would require a weapon, hyung?” Yoongi asked lightly, as he put the shirts down. It was important that he did not appear scared.

“Let’s find out! Sit.”

Yoongi obeyed, and noticed that he was immediately flanked by the two silent men. He willed himself to look calm, bored even, as he waited for Jin to speak.

“Moving?” Jin asked cheerfully, with a nod towards some boxes in the corner of Yoongi’s living room.

Is this why he was here? Because Yoongi was quitting the game? Why the fuck would he care when he has dozens more working for him?

“Is that a probl-”

“Shut up.”
Yoongi snapped his mouth closed and swallowed.

Jin settled himself into an armchair across from Yoongi with a deep, exaggerated sigh. He always had a dramatic flair to everything he did. Rumor had it that he had studied acting before he got into crime.

Yoongi always thought he was just nuts.

“So. Here I am, minding my own business, when I hear that my dear friend Suga is leaving town.” Jin said happily, as if he was reading a storybook to a group of children.

“I looked at my mailbox every day waiting for an invitation to your album launch, but sadly I didn’t see one!”

Jin’s eyes were wide with exaggeration, as he narrated his tale.

“Then I decided to check my accounts and I noticed that WOWWW! You owe me a shit ton of money! So, here’s my question to you, Suga: where’s my fucking money?” Jin finished, and crossed his legs with a broad smile.

Yoongi’s composure was gone. He had no idea what Jin was talking about. This had to be some kind of mistake.

“Hyung. There’s a huge mistake, here. The last shipment I took from you was moved last week. Hobi oversaw the sale himself, and I transferred you the money personally! I even sent extra to cover the shortages from the last couple of months. What’s going on??”

Yoongi was struggling to keep his voice even and not reveal his panic. Had he accidentally transferred the money to the wrong account? Impossible. He knew for a FUCKING FACT that he had covered all his debts with Jin. He’d be crazy not to.

Jin looked at him silently.

“Are you playing stupid with me, Suga? Because that’s not your style.”

“Hyung! I sw- AHH!”

Yoongi’s sentence was cut off by a hard blow to his skull. One of Jin’s men had pistol whipped him hard. So hard, he was seeing black spots dancing around in his head. Before he could recover he was punched mercilessly in the gut. If he hadn’t skipped breakfast, he was sure he would have thrown up.

Jin picked lint off his blouse, as Yoongi struggled to breathe.

“Still experiencing memory loss?” The elder asked sarcastically, when Yoongi was able to sit back up again.

Yoongi could only choke and wheeze in response. Jin cocked his head to the side, looking at Yoongi quizzically, as if he couldn’t figure out why he was being so stubborn.

“Ok. Fine, then. Show him the account statement. Numbers don’t lie.”

Yoongi spat blood onto his ivory carpet, then peered at a sheet of paper produced by the pistol whipping bastard, and his heart went cold as ice. Fear and dread washed over him like freezing rain.

Jungkook. That good for nothing, bitch ass motherfucker.
Row after row after row of entries showed that Jungkook had been taking product from Jin for months. There was no denying it. Yoongi recognized the kid’s looping signature. In the portion that asked who he was selling under, Jungkook had put Yoongi’s name. Every. Fucking. Time.

The extra money Yoongi had sent Jin last week was NOTHING compared to how much debt Jungkook was in to the king pin. Yoongi looked up to Jin slowly, his chest constricting painfully.

“Jin hyung. I had no idea about this. You have to fucking believe me.”

“I have to? WOWWWW! Did you hear that, boys? Yoongi says I have to believe him!” Jin said laughing so hard, he was slapping his knees.

Yoongi ignored the laughter, and pressed on anyway. His fucking life was depending on it.

“HYUNG! In all our 7 years together, have I EVER fucking cheated you? I pay you accurately every single time!!”

Jin stopped laughing abruptly and looked at Yoongi with dangerous eyes.

“So does everybody else, Yoongi. Until they don’t.”

“Hyung, do you really think I would send my youngest, dumbest street runner to take product from you directly? Only Hobi and I EVER went to you personally. He was using my name to get the merchandise to sell for himself! I got played! But I can fix it- you have to let me fix this!!”

Yoongi was talking quickly now, as he defended himself vehemently. For an instant, he thought about Jemin. What if he had been with him when he was ambushed by Jin and hs cronies?

In spite of the really, really, bad, circumstances he found himself in, Yoongi thanked God that he wasn’t with his boyfriend right now.

“That was your best runner, wasn’t it? Your golden fucking maknae, right? Now, you want me to believe you didn’t trust him at all?” Jin countered back.

Yoongi went silent at this. He should have killed Jungkook that night. Murdered him right there, in front of the fucking cheap tuxedos.

“Hyung. Please… Hear me out. You know how this business can get. Kook was a good runner. Strong. Fast. Efficient. But he got sloppy. He started doing drugs and getting in with the wrong crowd. I lost control of him. I will admit that, but I am not behind this. I swear to GOD hyung.”

Jin stood up and walked over to the chair Yoongi was sitting in. He heard the two men pull out their weapons, incase Yoongi was stupid enough to attack their boss.

“You know, Suga? You actually have been a pretty honest guy, as far as this business goes. You pay on time, and in full. You never give me any problems. And, yes, sometimes our best men can turn on us.”

Jin stood up dramatically, with his hand under his chin, as if he was deep in thought, and Yoongi dared to hope that maybe Jin was starting to see his point of view.

“Now, you’re a smart guy, Suga. One of the smartest in this business. Hell, you’re almost as smart as me!” Jin said incredulously, as if he was delivering the greatest compliment.

“So, if you KNEW that you were losing control of your runner. And you KNEW that it would affect
Yoongi’s mind flashed to all the times Hobi had warned him about Jungkook. Even Namjoon had mentioned it. Shit. He was so caught up with Jimin, that he hadn’t paid attention. He also didn’t know that Kook was fucking up to this magnitude, either.

Oh, Jesus.

“And before you rush to answer that, I have another question.” Jin continued, smoothly.

Yoongi readied himself. It couldn’t get worse than this.

“Why did you stop Jungkook from robbing the Men’s Suits Emporium?”

It just got worse.

“W-what?” Yoongi asked in shock. What the hell did that have to do with Jin?

“Oh, you thought I didn’t know about that?”

“I-I- what!??” Yoongi could only splutter.

“I-I- what!??” Yoongi could only splutter.

“Jungkook was in need of fast cash to pay ME, so he asked around and got some great advice to rob the Emporium, which wouldn’t have covered everything, but certainly would have helped. Imagine my shock, when I heard that none other than Min Motherfucking Yoongi, swooped in to save the day, and actually STOPPED the robbery. WOWWWWW!!”

Everytime Jin said ‘wow’, Yoongi’s heart fell through his stomach.

“Don’t try and deny this one, Yoongi. I got the story from eye witnesses. In fact, one of them is mysteriously missing his front teeth! Any idea how that happened??” Jin asked with wide eyes and fake curiosity.

“Hyung- I had NO IDEA Kook was doing that to pay you off! I thought he was just fucking around!! I don’t mess with shit like that, you know me! None of my runners are allowed to do shit like that!”

Yoongi was nearly screaming now. Fear and desperation had take over him, and he was seriously starting to fear for his life.

“SILENCE!” Jin yelled, and Yoongi was immediately hit again with the butt of a gun.

“H-h-hyung!”

“I SAID SILENCE!”

Yoongi’s world spun around, as he was smashed in the face for the third time. His head rolled backwards with pain and dizziness.

“You stole from me. You lied to me. You stopped Jungkook from robbing the store for me. And now, you’re trying to skip town, so you’re running from me, too. If I didn’t know any better, I would have thought you didn’t like me very much, Yoongi.”

Jin’s voice was hard as nails, without a trace of mercy.

“J-jin… I can’t fix this i-if you… I –I can pay it off. I-I’ll work for you for as long as it t-takes- but I
can’t fix this if you d-don’t let me…”

Every word was a struggle now and Yoongi could barely get a sentence out, as he begged for his life.

“You mean if I kill you?” Jin said easily, whipping out his pink gun and pointing it at Yoongi’s head.

Yoongi sucked in his breath as he looked back at Jin. He nodded once, unable to speak as he tried to get his brain to work with him and figure a way out of this mess.

But he was in so much pain…

“I won’t get my money, true enough. But it would make a hell of a statement to anyone else who is thinking of fucking with me. Hmm. What to do, what to do…” Jin wondered aloud.

A sudden knock at the door interrupted Jin’s musings, and all 4 men’s eyes snapped towards the sound.

Jin’s gun tapped against Yoongi’s temple.

“Who the fuck is that?” The elder hissed, quietly.

Yoongi shook his head silently. He didn’t know, but he prayed it was a building staffer. Some way, somehow, he had to use this distraction to his advantage. He felt himself tense up, as adrenaline pulsed through his aching body.

Jin walked to the door, looking back to make sure his guys were watching Yoongi.

Yoongi started calculating his chances. He would have to find a way to take both thugs down at the same time. And he would have to do it fast.

He held his breath as Jin opened the door, and the moment he saw Jimin in the doorway his entire plan disintegrated into dust.

No. No, no, no, no. God please, no.

“H-Hi… I was looking for Yoongi?” Jimin asked, clearly confused as to who Jin was.

“JIMIN RU-!” Yoongi screamed, as the barrel of a gun hit him again, nearly knocking him unconscious.

But Jin had already yanked his lover inside and trained his gun on him.

Jimin held his hands up, eyes wide with fear, as he looked around the room.

“Yoongi!” Jimin yelped, tears in his eyes when he saw him beaten and bruised on the chair.

“I-I don’t know him, Jin… He’s n-nobody…” Yoongi lied, desperately.

“Reallllly???” Jin sang, happily. “WOWWW! A ‘nobody’ wearing your ring? That’s strange!”

“Stop hurting him, please!” Jimin cried.

“WOWWW again! This ‘nobody’ seems to be very concerned about you, Yoongi!”

Jin turned and looked Jimin up and down.
“Give me your phone, NOBODY. Unlock it, too.”

Jimin turned a tear streaked face to Yoongi. The elder just nodded, not meeting his eyes.

Jin smiled hugely, as he took the phone from Jimin, and went through it.

“Hmmm… OOOHHHH LA LA!! Are these your abs?” Jin asked, looking at Jimin impressively.

His thugs laughed, as Jimin looked back at him trembling. Yoongi decided that he didn’t care what happened to him anymore, as long as he got Jimin out of here safely.

“WOWWW. These texts are hot, Yoongi… Or should I say daddy? Do you kiss your mother with that mouth? I didn’t think you, uhh, swung that way, but I don’t blame you. Jimin is verrrry pretty.” Jin said, with another approving look at Jimin.

Yoongi muttered under his breath.

“What did you say, daddy?” Jin asked playfully, with a hand to his ear.

Yoongi decided to throw away his pride finally. He didn’t need it where he was going.

“Do what you want to me, Jin. Just let him go.” Yoongi said, in defeat.

Jimin heaved a sob.

“No! Yoongi! Don’t listen to him! Please, take me- take me, instead!” Jimin begged frantically, turning his fearful eyes to Jin.

“Shut up, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi whispered, looking at the floor. He couldn’t bear to see Jimin’s beautiful face. Not like this.

Jin laughed as Jimin dissolved into tears.

“Oh, my goodness, you two are SO SWEET! STOBBIT! You’ll give me diabetes!” Jin was laughing, maniacally now.

“Wait- wait! Aren’t you into guys, too?!” Jin said gleefully, pointing at one of his goons.

“Uhh… N-no…” The thug replied, confused.

“That’s me, boss.” The second guy said confidently, while staring at Jimin hungrily.

Yoongi’s head snapped up. This wasn’t happening. He would die before this happens.

“WOWWW! I’m a matchmaker now! Come here and get to know Jimin better!” Jin motioned his guy over, with an evil grin.

“FUCK YOU, SEOKJIN! FUCK YOU!” Yoongi’s voice was shaking with emotion, and his hands were in tight fists. He could feel the gun at the back of his head, daring him to make a move.

Jin waved a hand carelessly, at Yoongi’s insult.

“If only you cared about my money half as much as your boyfriend, we wouldn’t be here.” Jin said, moving out of the way for his thug to get to Jimin.

Jimin, for the first time, since entering the apartment was calm. There were no tears as he looked
sadly at Yoongi.

“J-Jimin…” Yoongi swallowed hard, as the fuckface pulled off his boyfriend’s shirt.

“It’s ok, hyung. J-just close your eyes. Don’t look.” Jimin whispered, soothingly, his eyes full of despar.

The worst part was that Jimin didn’t fight, cry, or whisper a word of protest. His normally bright and joyful eyes were empty, as he accepted his fate.

“Damn, he smells good, boss.” The motherfucker muttered into Jimin’s neck, as his hand slid into his jeans.

“You’re welcome, Daesung.” Jin sang, his eyes glued to the scene in front of him.

Yoongi stared at Jin for a long moment. Then glanced backwards at the guy standing sentinel behind him.

“Jimin-ah, look at me.” Yoongi said, quietly.

“No…” Jimin said through clenched teeth.

“I said _look at me_, goddammit.”

Jimin turned his wet eyes to him.

“I love you, baby.” He said clearly and loudly.

He wanted those to be his last words.

Before Jimin could react or try to stop him, Yoongi lunged sideways from the wooden chair he was sitting on. He had purposefully sat there, because the couch wouldn’t be useful as a weapon.

He heard the first shot ring out from behind him- muffled by the silencer- and hit the opposite wall next to the front door. This was just as he expected.

He had calculated that it would be the thug behind him who would shoot first. The other one was too occupied with Jimin, and Jin was too occupied watching them.

He deftly lifted the chair by its back and swung it in a wide arc around his head. The wooden legs knocked the dick behind him into the window, with a satisfying crack of the glass.

Using the same momentum, he rounded the chair on the fucker who was preparing to rape Jimin, slamming it down on his head with more power than he ever knew he possessed.

He knew he only had seconds before they were back on their feet.

He used those seconds to roughly shove Jimin towards the door, and he allowed himself one last look at his beautiful face, as the younger tumbled towards the exit.

He knew the next shot would come from Jin, and he could only shoot in one direction, so he and Jimin had to go opposite ways.

And Jimin was going to safety.

He felt a hand snake around his leg, but he didn’t mind, because he wasn’t trying to run, anyway. In
slow motion, he saw Jin swing his fucking pink gun towards him, as he lifted his arms to take aim.

Good. All according to plan.

What was NOT part of the plan was Jimin screaming “no” and running back towards him, instead of out of the goddamn door, like he was supposed to.

Jin’s shot fired and flew towards him, before he could tell his love to turn back.

His last thought was a prayer. He prayed that Jimin wouldn’t get to him before the bullet did.

And then there was nothing.
The bright light burned his eyes, even though they were closed.

Was this heaven?

As wave after wave of pain started to hit him, Yoongi was sure this had to be hell.

“….pulse?”

“Was stable… Slightly elevated now…”

“Up the morphine.”

“Yes, doctor…”

Yoongi cracked open an eye at the cacophony of voices and machine sounds.

“Doctor- look.” A hushed whisper said from somewhere behind him.

“Hello, Mr. Min.”

A blurry view of a serious faced woman came slowly into focus. Yoongi peered at the nametag on her white lab coat. Dr. Yi, it read.

“J-ji… Ji…”

His throat burned, as he struggled to speak. It was like he was choking on something. He fought to talk around the obstruction, and only choked harder. The heart rate monitor next to him started beeping loud and fast.

“Remain calm, sir, you have an internal breathing tube. If you lie back, my nurse will remove it.”

Yoongi could not be calm. He had to know where Jimin was, but he laid still and endured the horrible feeling of plastic being dragged out from his throat.

“Jim-” He tried again to speak, and coughed horribly, until he was given a piece of ice to suck on from another nurse.

“Is it… Jim, sir?” The doctor asked.

Yoongi shook his head and tried again.

“Jimin…”

“Sir, you just came out of surgery. You need to rest before we-“

“JIMIN!” He yelled, hoarsely.

Fuck surgery.

Fuck everything.

Yoongi started kicking off the blankets and tubes, trying to stand up. Raw pain ripped through him but it was nothing compared to his fear. Where the fuck was Jimin?
“SIR, PLEASE!!”

Yoongi was pushing the doctor off, when he saw him through the rectangular window of the room.

Jimin. He was there. Standing in the hallway between Hobi and Namjoon.

He was alive.

He was here.

He tried to hold on to consciousness as Jimin dropped his cup of whatever the fuck he was drinking to the floor, and ran for Yoongi, but he felt himself slipping and everything went dark again.

*****************************************************************************************************************************************

“Coke, water, anything?” Namjoon asked for the hundredth time.

Jimin sighed and rubbed his temples tiredly at Yoongi’s bedside. It had been 2 hours since the elder had stupidly tried to walk out of his room and promptly passed out on the floor. Jimin wasn’t leaving until his boyfriend was awake again.

“No, thanks. I-I’m ok.”

Namjoon nodded stiffly and left to join Hobi in the café downstairs.

Jimin was grateful for them being there. It had taken him ages to figure out their numbers from Yoongi’s phone. Namjoon was listed under “Blood Monnie” and Hobi was saved as “Hope Hoe”. But once they heard what happened, they dropped everything and came running.

Just out of sheer curiosity, he searched his own name and was warmed to find it saved as “Angel”.

Looking down at him, Yoongi was the one who looked angelic, with his pale skin and dark halo of hair. Tears sprung to Jimin’s eyes, as he surveyed all the cuts and bruises Yoongi had sustained to his handsome face. He didn’t know what went on in that apartment, but he knew they were both lucky to be alive.

Jimin gasped when Yoongi’s hand, which was cradled in the younger’s smaller ones, suddenly twitched and squeezed Jimin’s fingers.

“Hyung…?”

Nothing.

“Yoongi?” Jimin whispered again.

The elder groaned painfully and looked at him.

“Jimin. Oh, thank God…” He croaked and immediately started to breakdown.

Jimin was so shocked at seeing the elder cry, that his own tears were momentarily suspended.

“It’s ok, hyung. We’re ok…”

The door swung open at that moment.

“Jimin, I know you don’t want anything but I got you a sandwi.”
Hobi stopped mid-sentence when he saw Jimin cradling a crying Yoongi.

“Holy shit. Monnie! He’s up, man!”

Namjoon followed close behind, and also did a double take at Yoongi’s surprising show of emotions.

Yoongi didn’t seem to care. He pulled away from Jimin’s embrace and looked at him with moist, sorrowful eyes.

“How?” He said in wonder.

It was only one word, but Jimin knew exactly what he was asking.

“How… You should recover first, before-”

“How Jimin?”

Jimin didn’t think it was healthy for them to go over recent events so soon, but Yoongi was clearly not going to let this go, and Jimin didn’t want the elder working himself up until he fainted again.

“Ok! Ok, hyung- just calm down. Please.”

He glanced at the two friends in the room. Hobi and Namjoon stood quietly away from the couple, listening closely. Hobi was still holding the sandwich limply in his hand.

“Um- ok. So, you uh, you w-were… A-after you hit the two men, you w-w-were…”

Jimin’s voice cracked with emotion. He couldn’t even bring himself to say that Jin had shot Yoongi in the torso.

He could still see the look in Yoongi’s eyes, as they closed. He remembered the graceful curve in his body as he fell backwards. The blood that blossomed in a dark gray patch on his shirt.

The images would haunt him for life.

Yoongi grasped Jimin’s arm with a surprisingly strong grip.

“I got shot. I know. Then what? What happened to you?”

Jimin exhaled, and wiped his eyes, glad that he didn’t have to narrate that part.

“I, um, I ran to you, and I, I tried to stop the bleeding until the a-ambulance arrived.”

Yoongi just stared at him in obvious confusion and Jimin realized that Yoongi didn’t know how the police were notified.

“Oh, right. Um, remember when the tall guy in the pink shirt told me to unlock my phone? It was already unlocked. So, I-I used that opportunity to make an SOS. You just have to press this button three times fast…”

He heard Hobi and Namjoon gasp in the background, clearly impressed by Jimin’s quick thinking.

Jimin brought out his phone to show Yoongi how it was done, but Yoongi was looking away from him, at the opposite wall.
“Hyung, it’s ok, now. We’re ok!”

“Where is he? Did the cops get him?” Yoongi asked, looking back at him expectantly.

Jimin shook his head sadly.

“No, Yoongi… As soon as you fell, um, we heard the sirens, and they took off. Then, it was all about getting you to the hospital.”

Yoongi hissed and slammed the bed with his fists. Jimin was distraught. He didn’t understand why Yoongi couldn’t just be happy that they were alive.

“Hyung, please, try and calm down. The bullet went through you, and you were losing so much blood, we had to get you into surgery!”

“Yea, come on, Yoongi-ah. You’ve been through enough, man.” Namjoon piped up from the foot of the bed.

Jimin grasped Yoongi’s hand again tightly, and kissed him on the lips, not caring that his friends were watching. He had to make Yoongi understand.

“Hyung, listen to me. Just listen to me. I know that means they are still out there. It doesn’t matter. We’re gonna leave, ok? We’ll go away- I’ll go away with you and we’ll be ok.”

Yoongi looked at Jimin, staring at his shirt, which was ripped by the one guy who took it off him, and blood stained from when he had held Yoongi until the paramedics arrived. His empty, dead eyes said that nothing would ever be ok again.

“What did he do to you?” Yoongi asked in a barely audible whisper.

Jimin’s hands flew up to hold the torn fabric of his shirt together, as if, somehow, that made everything better.

“Nothing, Yoongi! He didn’t do anything- you hit him- and then, you got hurt, but then the cops came… I’m ok! I swear! It’s YOU we should be worried about!” Jimin pointed at the thick bandages wrapped around the elder’s mid-section, stained red where he was bleeding through them.

Jimin leaned in to kiss him again, and this time Yoongi held him close and kissed him back. Jimin sighed, as Yoongi pulled his hand to his lips and kissed each of the younger’s small fingers, slow and tenderly.

Namjoon was focusing on the ceiling, and Hobi became very interested in his sandwich, as Yoongi continued to kiss Jimin’s hand.

His lips stopped on the finger that Jimin wore his ring on, and he pulled it off to kiss the soft skin hidden beneath the small band of metal. He kissed it so much that Jimin would have giggled if the situation wasn’t so serious.

He smiled down at Yoongi, letting his fingers caress the elder’s lips, which were amazingly, still so sexy, despite everything he had been through.

Jimin’s smile faltered when he saw Yoongi put the ring on the table next to his bed, while gently moving away from Jimin’s touch.

Something suddenly didn’t seem right.
“What are you doing, hyung? You can’t keep that in the hospital… It’ll get lost?”

Yoongi put the ring on his own finger silently, while avoiding Jimin’s eyes.

“Give it back to me.” Jimin whispered, trying to maintain a normal breathing pattern, but his heart was beating erratically in his chest.

Jimin pulled at Yoongi’s hand, but the elder jerked it away. It seemed silly to care about who wore Yoongi’s old ring, but Jimin couldn’t shake the feeling that something was off.

“Hyung? What’s wrong? You don’t want me to have it?”

Jimin looked at Yoongi’s friends, almost hoping they had an explanation for his strange behavior. But the men just shifted uncomfortably and started edging towards the door.

“Maybe we’ll just wait outside…” Hobi said nervously, as he turned the doorknob, with Namjoon close on his heels.

“No. You guys stay.” Yoongi said quietly, still looking down at the bedsheets.

Jimin’s heart rate doubled when Yoongi turned to him with a soulless expression.

“Since the night we met, Jimin, you’ve been in danger just by knowing me. From the docks, to Jungkook showing up at your work, and finally, today, with Jin. Enough is enough. Go home, Jimin.”

Jimin was starting to feel dizzy. What did he mean by ‘go home’? Like, go home for the night and come back tomorrow?

“Go… Home?” Jimin repeated stupidly.

Yoongi fell silent again. The hard glint in his eyes made it clear that he was done talking.

“Speak to me, Yoongi!”

More silence.

Jimin was trembling with panic now and clutched the bed rail to steady himself.

“I held you while you were dying, Yoongi! Your blood is still on me! DON’T YOU DARE IGNORE ME!”

His yelling seemed to trigger Yoongi to lose his own self control.

“ENOUGH, Jimin-ah! Don’t make this harder than it is! We can’t be together, surely you can see that!? Do you want to be around when Jin comes back!?”

No. No, no, no.

Yoongi was tired and in pain. He just wasn’t thinking straight.

Jimin licked his lips that were suddenly dry, and cupped his boyfriend’s face gently.

“What do you mean, Yoongi? I said we’ll leave here together! I have a job in Seoul now, hyung! That’s why I came to your place tonight! To tell you that I’m ready to go with you!”
“DOES IT LOOK LIKE I CAN RUN FROM THIS?” Yoongi roared back, pointing at his bandaged stomach, emphatically.

“Yoongi hyung- calm down.” Hobi interjected, with a hand on his friend’s shoulder.

Yoongi rounded on his friend, immediately.

“No, Hobi! You don’t know what’s happened! Jungkook has been taking product using my name for MONTHS. More shit than we could sell in a year! I owe all of that to Jin now!”

Hobi and Namjoon looked terrified after hearing Yoongi’s story.

Jimin didn’t care who Jin was or how deeply Yoongi was in debt. He wasn’t going anywhere.

“I’m not leaving you Min Yoongi.”

The three men whipped their heads to look at the younger.

“You heard me! I’m NOT leaving you. Either you come with me, or I’m staying here.” Jimin set his jaw, and tried to look stronger than he felt.

“Please, Jimin. Thi-this is the last time I’m gonna ask you.” Yoongi’s voice was wavering and he couldn’t look Jimin in the eyes, but he was standing firm.

Of all the nightmarish things Jimin had experienced in the last several hours, this was the worst. It was worse than being groped by Jin’s crony. It was worse than seeing Yoongi get shot. He needed Yoongi. Yoongi was his home, his only home.

“Yoongi… P-please… Please…” Jimin whimpered, pathetically, rubbing Yoongi’s arm. He didn’t know what else to do other than beg his lover.

But Yoongi was stonefaced.

“Y-yoongi? Yoongi! Please!!”

“Go to Seoul, Jimin-ah. Be safe. Find someone to make you happy.”

“NO! Yoongi, NOO!!”

The tears were cascading now blurring his vision. He couldn’t breathe. The room was so small and suffocating.

“Fuck, Yoongi, for fuck’s sake, man!” Namjoon looked at Jimin pitifully, and tried to reason with his friend.

“Take him out of here, Monnie.” Yoongi said, shakily.

Jimin was hyperventilating on the side of the bed, barely able to see through his tears, but he rounded on Namjoon before he could even take a step towards him.

“Don’t you fucking touch m-me!” He warned the tall man.

Namjoon ran his hand through his blonde Mohawk, clearly distressed, looking helplessly at Hobi.

“I said get him THE FUCK out of here! Take him home and make sure he doesn’t come back! Jesus, what is wrong with you two? He’s half your fucking size!” Yoongi was yelling at his friends
now, but they wouldn’t budge.

“Yoongi hyung, we- we’re not gonna do that. We can’t…” Hobi stammered out.

Jimin shot him a grateful look, before turning back to Yoongi. He clutched the elder’s face in his hands, willing him to see reason.

“J-just take it back, hyung, ok? Y-you’re tired, and hurt. You just need s-sleep, ok?”

Yoongi yanked away from Jimin, causing the younger to cry out again.

“I asked you not to make this hard, Jimin. I did…” Yoongi wiped away his own tears, as he rang for the nurse.

“Yoongi, what are you doing??” Jimin asked in shock, but within three seconds the nurse was there.

“Yes, Mr. Min, are you ok?” She asked crisply.

“No, ma’am, I’m not. I need this man removed from this hospital please, and taken off the visitation list.” Yoongi said in a strangled voice.

Jimin was horrified.

What was he DOING?

“Yoongi, STOP! JUST STOP!!”

The nurse looked between Jimin and Yoongi- the younger a sobbing mess, and the elder sitting stiffly with quiet tears in his eyes.

She looked over at Hobi and Namjoon.

“What is going on here?” She asked, confused.

“What’s going on is that I asked you to remove him from my room!” Yoongi retorted.

Jimin could only shake his head and sob. He wasn’t going anywhere.

“Uh, sir, I’m afraid I have to ask you to leave?” She said kindly, placing a hand on his heaving back.

“NOOOO!!! Yoongi, look at me!!” Jimin screamed, scaring the nurse.

She immediately ran out of the room and called for back up.

“Yoongi, this has to stop now! You’re killing him!” Hobi yelled.

“Fuck you, Hobi!” Yoongi yelled back.

Namjoon paced the room with long strides, clenching and unclenching his fists.

When two male orderlies walked in, Jimin stood up and flexed his arms at them, menacingly.

“N-nobody touch me.” He whispered, his throat sore from crying.

“Jimin-ah, please, go quietly.” Yoongi said softly.

“YOU LOVE ME YOONGI! You said it tonight, you SAID IT!”
This was it. This was all Jimin had left. The last card he had left to play.

Yoongi finally looked at Jimin with stricken eyes.

“I-I thought I was dead, Jimin-ah… Please stop making a scene.” He whispered, pleadingly.

“So you can’t love me when you’re ALIVE? You have to be DEAD FIRST?? What happened to FOREVER? DO YOU HAVE TO BE DEAD FOR THAT, TOO?!!”

Every pair of eyes in the room was volleying between the two of them, watching the drama unfold.

Finally the male nurses grabbed Jimin, one on each arm, and tried to coax him out of the room.

"GET OFF MEEE!!"

Jimin fought as hard as he could, managing to push one of them hard against the wall. He bounced back immediately and grabbed Jimin again, rougher this time.

“Hey fuck face, lay off! You’re hurting him!” Hobi screamed, rushing over to help Jimin.

Jimin’s eyes were locked on Yoongi’s even as he struggled between the men. He was screaming and crying uncontrollably now.

“Hyung, I love you, too! I love you! Please! DON’T DO THIS TO ME!!”

The orderlies had him on his knees now, and he felt a pinch, as he was injected in his arm. The world started to spin and slow down, but Jimin still held on to the last wisp of hope that if he yelled hard enough, cried hard enough, Yoongi would come to his senses.

“Yoongiii!! D-Daddy!!! YOONGIIIIIIIII!!”

Yoongi sobbed once, and shook his head, turning away.

Jimin crumpled to the floor, unable to fight, scream, or beg anymore as the sedative started to force him into silence.

“Get the fuck off him.”

Namjoon’s voice was loud and commanding, and the orderlies backed away, as he reached down and lifted Jimin off the floor.

The last thing he remembered was being supported by Hobi and Namjoon as they took him out of the room. He tried to look back one more time, just one last time, but the nurses had already closed the door.
Yoongi was reclining on the couch, staring down at the red stain on his carpet.

His condo had been fully cleaned and restored by maintenance, thanks to the hefty rental insurance he paid along with his monthly rent.

He rubbed the bloodstain lazily with his foot. It looked like the cleaners missed a pretty big spot.

Very soon, he wouldn’t be able to afford this place anymore. Thankfully, he had paid through the end of the month, since he had been planning to leave for his new Seoul residence by then.

But he wouldn’t be able to pay for that new place, either. Seoul was just a distant memory now.

His eyes dragged over to the kitchen counter, where a beautiful bouquet of pink roses was basking in a small patch of sun.

The greeting card simply read: Pink Panther.

After covering his medical expenses, which included two surgeries and one week in the hospital, Yoongi knew the next step was to start paying off the enormous debt in his name, as Jin had reminded him without much subtlety.

Yoongi sighed painfully, rubbing his sore and still bandaged mid-section. He was going to have to figure out a new place to live, and a way to make enough money to funnel back to Jin.

All while trying to recover from the hole in his fucking stomach.

A knock on the door interrupted his dark broodings. He glanced over at the kitchen, wondering if his weapon was still there, then decided that he didn’t care if it was Jin or even Satan at the door.

“It’s fucking open.” Yoongi said, miserably.

His Umma shuffled slowly into his living room, her eyes sad and older looking than before.

“Umma!” Yoongi tried to sit up too quickly, then gasped at the pain and laid back again, wondering which one of his stupid friends told his grandmother what happened.

“Sit, child.” She said softly, and promptly busied herself in the kitchen.

After about thirty minutes, she emerged from the kitchen with a bowl of broth and a cool towel that she placed on his forehead.

She sat on the edge of the couch and spoon fed her grandson quietly for a while.
“I’m sorry, Umma.” He said finally, after he finished his soup.

“You are alive, Yoongi. God is good.”

“I was leaving this all behind. I swear I was.” He whispered, brokenly.

“I know…” She whispered, flipping the towel over on his forehead.

Yoongi was suddenly glad she was there. He never had to give her a long explanation and she never asked too many questions. She just always understood.

She placed her hand lovingly on his face.

“It’s your Jiminie that came to me, Yoongi.”

Yoongi inhaled sharply at the mention of Jimin’s name. He had doggedly blocked out the last sad moments with the love of his life. But in a flash, he saw Jimin’s tortured face, determined not to leave him, and finally his broken look of defeat when he was dragged, crying and half-conscious from the room. Nothing in Yoongi’s life would ever be so painful. A thousand gunshot wounds could never compare.

He remembered other things, too. Their time together. His lips, his touch. His shy giggles, and his throaty laugh, his sassy attitude, and sweet character. The way he would blush when Yoongi kissed him, then suddenly flip the elder over and proceed to have his way with him.

Jimin had shown him so much; taught him so much.

He glanced up at Jin’s flowers again. They were a solemn reminder that he did what he had to do. It was a necessity.

Jimin had to go.

“Did you really do what he said you did?” She asked, softly.

He swallowed and nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

“Are you in danger, child?” Her voice was even softer now. He barely heard the question.

Yoongi considered his current circumstances. He had already forwarded a bulk payment to Jin, effectively wiping out his entire life savings. Other than the flowers, he hadn’t heard anything else from the king pin. He figured that as long as he kept sending money to him, he was ok.

It was getting that money that was the problem.

Yoongi figured he would have to deal drugs again, but with no cut for himself this time. He would basically have to work for free for however long it takes, and maybe get a second job, too. He recalled the staggering amount of debt Jungkook had piled up. It was gonna take a while. A couple years, at least.

“Umma… I think I’m ok, but, I can’t stay here anymore. And I- I can’t do things for you anymore.” Yoongi said, eyes cast down in shame.

Yoongi knew she had her pension to scrape by on, but he wouldn’t be able to take care of her extra needs, like he used to. His heart hurt at the thought, but his grandmother just clucked and shook her head, dismissively.
“Oh, behave yourself, Yoongi! I’m an old woman! Don’t worry about me.” She snapped.

Yoongi shook his head, sadly, nearly in tears. It fucking mattered to him.

“What about Jiminie?” She prodded.

He looked at her blankly. What the fuck about Jimin? Yoongi would be pretty much homeless in the next few days. He was probably gonna have to move in with his grandma, at this rate. What the fuck could he offer an angel like him?

“Umma… Don’t you understand? I have nothing now.”

“Min Yoongi.” His grandmother said sternly, clattering the empty soup bowl on the coffee table.

Shit. She went full name on him. Yoongi grimaced. Even with a fucking bullet wound, she was still gonna tell him off.

“Did Jimin live in your house?” She asked, her bright eyes twinkling as she cocked her head.

“No… But-”

“Did he drive your car?” She demanded, again.

“What? Of course not, but-”

“Did he eat your food?”

“C’mon, Umma-”

“So what does it matter how much or how little you have? The boy never took anything from you! If you want to do everything for him, fine! But if you can’t, it doesn’t mean you shut him out, like you shut out your parents!” She replied, cutting him off.

Yoongi blinked a few times. He didn’t have a good reply to this. Yes, Jimin was independent, but Yoongi still wanted to take care of him. Was that so bad? Throwing the jab in about his relationship with his parents was especially painful. His Umma was a pro at hitting below the belt.

“Youngi, I prayed for a good woman for you, so you would have a REASON to make good choices; something to motivate you other than money, money, money all the time. When you brought Jiminie home, I realized that God had answered my prayers. It doesn’t matter if it’s a man or a woman, as long as that person pushes you to be your best self. And now you’ve sent him away!” His grandmother wailed.

Yoongi roused himself at her last words. She still didn’t get it.

“It was for his safety, Umma! Look at what just happened to me!”

“Aish, Yoongi! So smart and yet, you NEVER see things clearly.”

Did she just call me a fucking dumb ass?

His Umma stood up and looked down at him with her arms crossed.

Yoongi propped up on his arm, and held her gaze. He wasn’t backing down from this.

“I did the right thing, Umma. The right thing doesn’t always feel good, but it doesn’t make it
“WRONG.”

She shook her head sadly, and sat back down.

“If only you were more like your father.”

Yoongi was struck by the offensiveness of that statement. His father was a fucking loser. A goddamn FISHERMAN.

“My father is a failure.” Yoongi sneered.

“Watch your MOUTH, child! By your standard, he is, but your only standard is money! You have spent so long looking down at him for being poor that you never learned the valuable lessons he had to teach you- like how to love your family, and most importantly, how to be a strong head of a household without being rich!”

Household? What the fuck?

Did his Umma have Alzheimer's?

“I don’t know what you mean, Umma…” Yoongi said quietly, and he meant it. “Jimin and I did not have a household.”

“So?! You’re his oppa! Imagine if he had followed you to Seoul, wouldn’t that have been a household? If you had fallen on hard times there, would you have thrown him out? When your father endured hardship, did he kick you and your mother out? No! He sacrificed and took care of his home. These decisions are YOURS to make now, but instead you ran away! You boys of today- you only want the fun, not the responsibility!”

Yoongi struggled to a sitting position, as he processed her acid words. He didn’t just want fun with Jimin! And if Jimin was truly his responsibility, wasn’t it his fucking duty to make sure the kid was in a safer place, where he could find a better man than him?

“Umma, please, please listen to me: I. DON’T. WANT. JIMIN. TO. GET. HURT.” Yoongi said it very loud and very slowly, as if he was explaining something very simple to a small child.

He was sick and tired of being the villain.

Her eyes widened at his outburst, and she pursed her lips and picked up the empty bowl.

“Ok, Yoongi. I am sorry. Maybe you’re right.” His umma said coldly, as she headed for the kitchen.

Yoongi knew that tone.

She had something else to say.

“Just answer me this last question?” She asked with exaggerated sweetness.

Fuck. Here it comes.

“Yes, Umma?” He mumbled, with his face in his hand.

“Wasn’t it Jimin who called the police with his phone trick?”

Yoongi sighed.
“Yes.” He answered, tonelessly.

“Yes what?”

“Yes, Eomeoni.” He corrected quickly.

“So, if not for Jimin, you wouldn’t even be here having this conversation?”

Well, that was a fucking stretch. Yoongi would have found a way out of that situation by himself, thank you very much.

Eventually.

Maybe…

Right?

“He… He definitely helped, Umma.”

“Helped? Interesting. Well, you obviously know best, Yoongi… But, if it were me, I would want to keep help like that around.” She said with a casual shrug, as she walked away.

Yoongi’s stomach was twisting painfully, and it wasn’t because of the soup.

It was because his Umma was right.

Jimin had heroically saved them with his fucking phone, had stood there like a trooper getting felt up by some asshole, had held him while the ambulance was on the way, had camped outside of his hospital room until he woke up… Jimin wasn’t just some sweet, dancing butterfly. He was tough. Maybe not as rough as Yoongi, but he had definitely proven his love and his strength and his worth, and all for what? For Yoongi to break his heart as soon as he was strong enough to speak.

He should have been taking charge and figuring out what they would do together. He was supposed to be a leader. And whatever decision he made, Jimin would have been strong and supportive, like he always was.

Instead, he’s been sitting at home like a loser, staring at a bloodstain on the carpet.

And Jimin…

Jesus.

God only knows what his angel is going through.

Yoongi pulled his face up from his hands. Through his tears, he saw that his grandmother had crept back and was watching him. She came over now and held him.

He melted into her warm embrace, sobbing harder. It reminded him of his childhood days, when she used to beat the shit out of him for misbehaving, then come and hold him while he cried his ass off.

“I don’t know what to do, Umma.” He said, crying harder than he ever has before.

“Yes, you do. You didn’t know before, but now you do.” She whispered, rocking him back and forth.

He moved his face so she could clean him with a tissue.
“You have to h-help me, Umma. Talk to him, p-please.”

She laughed shortly at his request.

“When I die, you won’t jump into my grave with me, Yoongi. You’ll be here long after I am gone. So, you have to learn to solve your own problems like the good man that you are.”

Yoongi wasn’t so sure, but before he could object, Hobi burst in through the front door.

“Hyung, I brought beer. I know you can’t drink it with the meds, or can you? Fuck it. It won’t go to waste, either way. Oh my GA WD, you should have seen the ASS on the new girl at the store down the street! Wait- do you even do chicks anymore? There’s a new guy there, too, but I sure as h e l l l l l have not checked out his ass…”

Hobi finally glanced up from his bags to a look of disgust from Yoongi and amusement from his grandmother.

“Oh! Umma!” He squeaked, bowing low, and running over to hug her.

“I-I oh, so, you’re here!” He said, scratching his head, awkwardly.

“I was just leaving, Hobi, darling. There’s food for you in the fridge. And no beer for Yoongi!” She said giving her grandson a kiss, and a long, knowing look, before she shuffled out of the apartment.

Hobi waited for her to leave, before cracking open a beer and sitting down.

“How’s it going, hyung?” He asked, seriously.

_Not fucking well._

“I need to go out, Hobi, will you drive me? He asked his friend, hurriedly.

“Ah… Now, hyung? You can barely walk!”

Hobi was right, but Yoongi was in a no shit giving mood right now.

“Yes, now. I have a… A follow-up appointment.” He lied, quickly, as he rose to his feet gingerly.

Hobi sighed and gave his beer a longing look, before he stowed it in the fridge.

“Ok, hyung. Let’s go.”
“Hyung, what’s this follow-up appointment for?”

Silence. Yoongi was staring out of the passenger window.

“There’s no doctor appointment, is there, Yoongi?” Hobi said, accusingly, as he cruised down the main roadway, following the directions Yoongi gave him.

“How did you know?” Yoongi asked, lazily, turning to his friend.

“Seriously? I know when you’re lying, man.” Hobi declared.

Yoongi laughed, humorlessly.

“So, why didn’t you say anything when we left?”

Hobi shrugged.

“I dunno. I figured you were suffering from post-partum depression, or some shit.”

“Post fucking partum, Hobi? That happens to women who just gave birth.”

“Whatever! I’m not a fucking doctor, and neither are you!” Hobi said, eyeing him up and down.

“Just DRIVE, Hobi!”

“To WHERE, hyung?!”

Yoongi took a deep breath.

“Jimin’s.” He answered, softly.

Hobi rounded on Yoongi so hard, he nearly lost control of the vehicle.

“Please tell me Jimin’s is a new fucking restaurant?”

Yoongi went back into sulky silence. Hobi knew damn well he meant Jimin’s apartment.

“You’re insane, hyung. INSANE.”

“Hobi, I know I fucked up—”

“No Yoongi! You didn’t just fuck up. That’s like, forgetting to take the trash out. This was beyond anything I’ve ever seen on the fuck-o-meter scale!”

Yoongi’s breathing was getting harder. His confidence from Umma’s pep talk was leaving him fast.

“Besides, do you want to collapse on his fucking doorstep? You’re barely alive right now!” Hobi continued, relentlessly.

“I have to try, Hobi-yah.” Yoongi said, weakly.

“Hyung, I get it. You wanna make this right, but you don’t KNOW what it was like carrying that kid out of your room. It was horrible! You need to give it more time or something, hyung!”
“How much time, Hobi?!” Yoongi wailed. It had already been nearly two weeks.

“Like, twenty seven THOUSAND FUCKING YEARS!” Hobi yelled back.

Yoongi’s heart was hammering painfully. They were coming up on Jimin’s apartment complex now, and Hobi had succeeded in convincing Yoongi that this was a terrible idea.

He took a deep breath and unbuckled his seat belt in preparation. Jimin hadn’t given up on him. Not once, not ever. He owed it to the kid to see this through.

“Hang on, hyung-wait!” Hobi shrieked, as Yoongi was moving to open the car door.

“What, Hobi? I don’t have twenty-seven thousand years! I have to do this now!”

He was desperate to get out of there before his best friend vaporized the last of his resolve.

Hobi switched off the car and gave him an exasperated look.

“What are you gonna SAY, hyung?”

This made Yoongi freeze. He actually didn’t know.

“I-I’m not sure…”

“You’re not not SURE!?” Hobi asked in pure shock, making Yoongi’s palms go sweaty with nervousness.

“This isn’t the time to let love lead the fucking way, hyung! Have you even CONSIDERED how he might react to seeing you!?”

Yoongi blinked, stupidly.

Fuck.

Yes? No? He didn’t know- everything was happening so fast, and all he knew is he’d lost so much time already!

Yoongi wasn’t huge on romance, but, secretly, he was banking on love playing a large part in getting Jimin to forgive him.

“Let’s role play it.” Hobi said, with a decisive nod.

“Let’s what?”

“We’re acting it out, hyung. Go on, pretend you’re at his door.” Hobi repeated.

Yoongi stared at him like he’d lost his mind.

“Knock, hyung!” Hobi encouraged, as if Yoongi was an idiot.

Yoongi sighed and rolled his eyes, before raising his fist to knock against the wall of thin fucking air between him and his friend.

“Who is iiiiiit?” Hobi sang, in a high pitched voice.

“Hobi, he’s a fucking GUY!”
Hobi cleared his throat and tried again.

“Who is it?” He repeated, in deep baritone that sounded NOTHING like Jimin’s soft speaking voice.

Yoongi sank his face into his hand and sighed again.

“It’s me.” He mumbled from his palm.

Hobi pretended to open the door with a sweet smile, which was immediately replaced by pure disgust, upon seeing Yoongi.

“FUCK YOU!” Hobi literally screamed, and slammed the invisible door on Yoongi’s bewildered face.

“That’s how that’s gonna go down, hyung!” Hobi concluded, smacking the dashboard for emphasis.

“You’re fucking crazy!” Yoongi spat, shaking his head and going for the door handle again.

He wished he felt as confident as he sounded, because truthfully, Hobi’s acting seemed like the most likely outcome.

Yoongi held his side, as he painfully exited the car and walked to Jimin’s building. He gave a last glance to his best friend, who was shaking his head in the driver seat.

He walked up the few steps toward Jimin’s door- each one pinging a jolt of pain through his abdomen.

When he heard the music playing from inside the apartment, he forgot his pain, entirely.

Was Jimin dancing in there? He smiled sadly, remembering the performance Jimin had given him a few weeks ago. It seemed like a lifetime now.

His wound twinged sharply. He had to do this quickly before his meds wore off.

*Where are you, swag, when I need you?!*

After three deep breaths, he knocked on the door and his mouth went dry.

This was a REAL door. Jimin’s door.

Not Hobi’s stupid air door.

As footsteps approached, Yoongi realized he was utterly empty handed. He didn’t even have flowers, not that he could afford them now, anyway.

Should he have taken Jin’s flowers? They were pretty. He shook his head at the sickening thought, and tried to remember his Umma’s words.

Jimin never needed anything from him, and had never asked. It was ok, if he didn’t have expensive flowers.

Yoongi’s fingers twitched in anticipation, as the door was opened by a man that was definitely NOT Jimin.

“Hi…?” The man said, with a kind but confused expression.
He was a bit taller than Yoongi. Athletic, but not muscular.

And he was good looking.

Who was he?

Why was here??

“Uhh…” Words failed Yoongi, as he re-taught himself how to breathe.

Hobi’s fucking role play hadn’t covered this possibility.

“Can I help you?” The guy asked, quizzically.

“Jimin…? I was- is Jimin here?” Yoongi sputtered, stupidly, heart racing at the speed of light.

The good looking guy gave Yoongi a once over. Yoongi realized he must be a sight, holding his stomach, and pale from shock.

He closed the door slightly, and yelled behind it.

“Baby!! Can you come to the door!?”

Jesus.

Sweet Jesus and all the angels in heaven.

He was too late.

Yoongi had to hold the door jamb for support. He felt weak to his knees, but swore silently that he wasn’t going to let Jimin go easily.

I’ll fight for him. I’ll beg on my knees, if I have to.

The door opened wider, and Yoongi was now face to face with the man and a pretty woman.

Wait…

What?

“Yes, honey?” She asked with knitted brows, looking at Yoongi curiously.

“Babe, what was the name of the guy that just moved out? Was it Jimin?”

She put her hand to her chin for a second, thinking, as Yoongi’s eyes switched between the two wildly, trying to process what he was seeing.

“Yes! Park! Park Jimin, that’s it.” She said with a knowing nod. “Why do you ask?”

“Thanks, sweety. This man’s asking for him.” He said, wrapping his arm around her waist and pulling her close.

“She’s the brain out of the two of us. I can’t remember anything without her.” He continued, with a warm smile, before kissing the top of her head.

Yoongi was dumbfounded.
The horror of Jimin living with another man hadn’t even fully sunken in yet, before he was overcome with despair from hearing that Jimin had moved.

“Honey, do you need some water?” The nice woman asked Yoongi, noticing how pale and sickly he looked.

“Where…? Where is he?” He asked in quiet shock, ignoring her question, completely.

“Oh, honey, we wouldn’t know that!” She answered with a laugh, as if Yoongi’s question was a joke.

Yoongi was holding on to their door for dear life now.

The man looked at Yoongi, worriedly, and put a friendly hand on his shoulder.

“Hey, why don’t you give us your name, and if he happens to stop by for any reason, we’ll tell him you came?”

He wanted to throw up.

“It’s Min Yoongi.” He muttered numbly and gulped a few times, before turning to leave the nice couple alone.

“Hey, wait!”

Yoongi stopped and saw the lady disappear into Jimin’s old apartment for a few seconds, before popping back up at the door.

“You said Yoongi, right? This is for you!” She said cheerfully, handing him a paper bag.

“What is this…?” Yoongi croaked.

“No idea. I just remember Jimin told us if a Yoongi stops by, we should give him this.”

Her boyfriend hugged her from behind and placed a sweet kiss on her cheek.

“I told you, man, she remembers EVERYTHING!”

Yoongi thanked them and made the slow, painful journey back to the car, where he collapsed into the seat clutching the bag to his chest.

Hobi sighed and clapped his hand on Yoongi’s knee.

“Hyung, I’m sorry you had to go through that. I told you it wasn’t a good ide-“

“He’s gone, Hobi.” Yoongi said lifelessly, cutting off his friend.

“Gone? Where??”

Yoongi wanted to say that if he knew where, he wouldn’t be sitting there staring at the goddamn dashboard.

But all he could do was shake his head, and try to hold back the explosion of tears threatening to erupt.

“What’s that in your hand, hyung??”
Yoongi looked at the bag. He was so shell-shocked that he almost forgot he was holding it. In a hollow voice, he told Hobi everything that had happened.

Hobi listened attentively, and clucked his tongue sadly, when he heard that Jimin had suddenly moved away.

“Won’t you check what’s in there?” Hobi inquired, poking the bag in Yoongi’s lap.

Yoongi shrugged, staring blankly out of the window shield.

He didn’t give a shit what was in it. All he knew was that Jimin was gone.

Hobi huffed and snatched the bag from his friend, opening it in one swift movement.

“Jesus.” Hobi breathed, as he pulled out the torn, bloodstained shirt Jimin had worn that fateful, terrible night.

Yoongi clutched at the ruined shirt, inhaling it deeply.

God, he could smell Jimin.

His heart thumped and his dick gave one sad throb, as he breathed in Jimin’s sweetness and sweat.

“I have to find him, Hobi.” Yoongi said faintly, temporarily resurrected by Jimin’s scent.

Hobi’s jaw dropped, as he stared at Yoongi.

“Hyung, this just PROVES everything I said! He doesn’t WANT you to find him! That shirt is basically a huge middle finger in your face!”

Yoongi shook his head stubbornly, and winced from the raging pain in his torso.

“I’m not fucking giving up, Hobi.”

“YES, YOU ARE, YOONGI! You didn’t SEE him the way I did that night. His eyes, man... And- he could barely function… He was babbling incoherently, walking around crazily! Monnie was so disturbed by it, he went on a cocaine trip for three fucking days!”

Hobi’s hands were shaking in front of Yoongi’s face. He was happy they were in the car, or else he knew his friend would be pacing all over by now.

“Hobi, we basically KNOW where he is! He said he got a job, right? In Seoul? We have to track him there, somehow, Hobi... And FIND him before... before... j-just... we need to move!”

Yoongi was aware that he was rambling, but he didn’t care. Too much time had been lost. In just two short weeks, Jimin had already packed up and moved without a trace. He couldn’t let any more time pass him by.

“Hyung! Do you know how fucking big Seoul is?! And have you even tried calling the kid?” Hobi asked, incredulously.

Yoongi froze.

No. No, he hadn’t. He didn’t think about it in his frenzy to see Jimin in person.

“I... Shit.” Yoongi whipped out his phone and dialed the Jimin’s number.
He tried three more times, his heart shattering a little more each time he heard the recorded message. “It- it’s not working.” Yoongi said, brokenly.

“Here, lemme try.” Hobi copied the number to his phone, and dialed it a few times, as well.

No luck. Jimin had changed his number, too.

The friends sat in dejected silence in the car, as the sky started to grow dark.

“Are you ready to give this up?” Hobi asked quietly.

Yoongi didn’t answer. He couldn’t answer.

“We have a lot of serious shit going on, Hyung. With Jin? Remember him?? You don’t have time to dedicate to this lost cause.”

Yoongi turned to his friend in the dying sunlight.

“Do you remember your mom? When she… When she lost her leg?” Yoongi asked quietly, rubbing Jimin’s shirt between his hands.

Hobi’s usually bright facial features clouded over.

“Of course I do.” Hobi replied, tightly.

“That hopelessness? That helplessness? That’s where I am now, Hobi-yah. And when you came to me, I had no fucking clue how we were gonna figure that shit out- all I knew was that I had to help you. And I DID. I need your help now, Hobi.” Yoongi said shakily, his voice breaking at the end.

Hobi was quiet for a long moment, tapping the wheel anxiously.

He sighed heavily, and nodded his head. They both knew that for Yoongi to compare this to Hobi’s mother, it had to be serious.

“Say no more, hyung. We’re gonna find him.” His friend said, reassuringly.

Yoongi exhaled in relief. He didn’t know what to do, or even where to start, but he knew he couldn’t do this without his best friend’s help.

“Hyung?”

“Yea?”

“Jimin’s family? Friends? Where are they?”

Shit.

From what Yoongi knew, the kid was basically a loner. And whenever they were together, they had been so engrossed in each other that they never discussed stuff like friends.

Maybe he had mentioned a best friend once? Didn’t his name start with a T…? Tay something?

“Uhh... No parents, and like, one good friend… I don’t know his name.”
“DAMN, hyung. You couldn’t take your dick out of him long enough to remember one fucking friend’s name?”

Yoongi leaned back in his seat. The pain was almost unbearable now and he had to get home and take some more medication, but he couldn’t resist messing with his friend.

“His dick was in me, too, Hobi.” Yoongi said, lazily.

Hobi pulled a disgusted face that made Yoongi laugh, despite his pain.

“I need a list of every address Jimin frequented. Let’s see how well he can hide.” Hobi said, all business now.

“Ok… And what should I do?”

Hobi glanced at him, before answering.

“Pray, hyung.”
Nightmares and Dreams

Lights. Bright lights.

That was the first thing Jimin noticed about Seoul. The city never slept, and everywhere he turned there were billboards, store fronts, and soaring skyscrapers literally glowing all night long.

Jimin hated it.

The brightness burned him in the dark corner of his mind where he lived now. If Jimin could figure out a way to tear a hole in the sun, he would have done it.

Jimin sighed and made his way into the dance studio which was his new place of work. It was 5am, and while he was no stranger to early mornings, he just couldn’t stand all the damn LIGHTS everywhere.

He shook his head, tiredly. Sleep had become a five letter curse word in his life. No matter what he did, or what medication he took, he simply couldn’t do more than doze fitfully for a maximum of 35-45 minutes. And even then, all he saw were horrifying memories, where he would shake and cry and clutch at nothingness.

Then he would wake up and remember that he was all alone in this big, bright, godforsaken city.

“Jimin! You’re always early. Good for you! Are you going to get something to eat before class? I brought pastries?”

Pastries?

He was lucky to get down a celery stick these days.

“No, thank you! I ate already.” Jimin lied, as he smiled gratefully to his boss, Yeri.

She co-owned the studio with her twin sister, Sana. They were in their mid-thirties, beautiful, kind, and from what Jimin could tell, extremely talented. He enjoyed their energy and they had been patient with him as he learned the ropes.

His only complaint was the pay. It was a lot more money than he earned from the Men’s Suits Emporium, but it did nothing for the high cost of city living. Truthfully, this was the main reason that he didn’t want to accept this job.

But that was before he had to get out of Daegu for good.

Jimin’s heartrate started to rise, as his mind was flooded with painful thoughts that he had been trying to shut out for the last two weeks.

Not here, Jimin. Not now.

“Hey, Jimin? Before we get the first wave of students in, can I chat with you in my office?” Yeri asked, helpfully slicing through his morbid thoughts.

“Of course, Yeri noona. I’ll be right in.”

After changing, Jimin walked into the office Yeri shared with Sana. It was covered from wall to wall with trophies and awards for performances and choreographies that they created. Jimin silently
fanboyed over the many autographed pictures and albums from some of the biggest names in k-pop, honoring the ladies for their work and collaboration.

“Jimin! How are you settling in to Seoul?!” Yeri sang.

*I want to crawl into a hole and die.*

“I’m settling well! It’s so amazing here!” Jimin said with false cheer.

“Great! I bet you love all the bright lights, right?” She continued, nodding happily.

*Please kill me.*

“Oh, they are breathtaking, noona. Just lovely.” Jimin replied, flashing a dazzling smile.

She clapped her hands together and smiled.

“Jimin, I know you just got here, but Sana and I would love for you to try your hand as a hip-hop instructor. Your classic and contemporary dancing is amazing, but we have enough teachers for that. The hip-hop sector is woefully understaffed, and we remember your power and strength from your rehearsal. What do you think??”

Jimin blinked in confusion. He could hold a beat when it came to hip-hop dancing, but he wasn’t good enough to create choreographies and lead a class. Where was all this coming from?

“Uhh… Yeri noona, I’m flattered that you would offer this to me, but I don’t think I’m quite qualified, to…”

She waved her hand dismissively, and casually placed her coffee on top of an autographed CD from Big Bang.

“Of course, we know this is new to you, Jimin. We don’t want to throw you in unprepared! There’s a dancer from America here on a 6 month trip who will be leading the pop and hip-hop sector. We’d like you to train under him, and hopefully take over when he leaves.”

“Really?” Jimin asked in awe. That put a different spin on things. It would be cool to master a new dance form, and frankly, these days he could use as much distraction as possible.

“Yes, really! Sana and I know that Seoul is expensive, Jimin. We want to see you succeed and make more money. This is a perfect way to do that. Look around you! All these awards we have are from the hip-hop and pop genre. You won’t get that type of recognition from contemporary dance. This will be good for your career!”

Jimin figured anything that earned him more money was good for his career at this point. And Yeri was right. You don’t get to work with Big Bang by dancing to classical music.

“Thank you so much, noona! When do I start?” Jimin asked, and this time he didn’t have to fake his excitement.

Yeri just smiled and stood up, motioning for Jimin to follow her.

The studio was huge. Easily 10 times bigger than the Daegu Dance institute, with three levels and more rooms then Jimin could count.

“We do hip-hop in the basement level, so the ground can absorb the bass sounds.” She explained, as they went downstairs and walked past a massive mirrored wall to a nice office in the back. It was
smaller than the noona’s office, but still very nice.

“Tony! Meet Jimin! He accepted the offer to train with you!” Yeri sang out in perfect English.

Shit. Did this guy not speak any Korean?

A young man who looked very much like a tall Justin Bieber came out of the office with a huge smile. He was wearing basketball shorts and a matching jersey, exposing his tanned and toned arms and legs, which were almost 100% covered in colorful and intricate tattoos.

“Wowww…” Jimin breathed, not realizing he’d said it out loud. Tony was larger than life. He had to be at least 6’2 or 6’3, and he was absolutely rippling with muscle. His hair was golden blonde and wavy, in a cute bedhead style, and he had a clean shaved, boyish face and baby blue eyes.

Was everyone in America so cool looking?

“Hey! Sweet news! What’s up, little man? You ready to burn it up in here?!” Tony stared down at Jimin from his massive height and gave him a double thumbs up.

Huh??

His Korean was garbled and broken. And for a second Jimin thought he’d asked if they could burn a little man on the roof.

Jimin smiled back, trying not to laugh at Tony’s terrible pronunciations.

Yeri, however laughed extremely hard and turned to Jimin.

“His Korean is a little weak, but he knows enough to get by. You can help him with that!”

Jimin nodded and smiled. Tony’s Korean wasn’t a little weak.

It was GARBAGE.

“Tony, I know that we’ll be good friends.” Jimin said slowly, trying to clearly enunciate each word.

Tony clapped him on the shoulder, nearly knocking Jimin over.

“What’d you say, man?”

Oh, God.

“Uhh… Youuu? Meee? Vely good flend!” Jimin tried again in the little English he knew. His accent prevented him from saying the letter ‘R’, so he hoped Tony would get it.

“Hell yea, man, we’re gonna BEST friends!” Tony replied, beaming at him.

“Well, you know what they say! Dance is the universal language! Have fun guys!” Yeri waved happily, as she walked away.

The rest of the day flew by quickly. Jimin had moved his things to a smaller office next to Tony’s. He marvelled at having his very own office. His brief excitement turned sour as soon as he realized how stark and bare it was.

And it would remain that way, too.
He had no pictures of family. No friends.

No boyfriend…

“Hey, chimney, you wanna listen to some of my tracks?” Tony chirped, peeking his head through Jimin’s door.

He had only understood half of the man’s broken sentence.

And who the hell is chimney?

This was going to be a long 6 months.

“Ah… What?” Jimin asked, with a laugh.

“Tracks?” Tony repeated.

“Tax?” Jimin replied, confused.

“No. Tracks.”

“Ta-laks??”

“TRACKS.”

“TASK??”

Tony finally held up a Zedd album and waved it back and forth in his hand.

Music? Why the hell didn’t he just say that?

“Oh! Tony muzeek?” Jimin asked, hopefully.

“YES! Music! Come listen!”

They spent the next few hours listening and selecting songs to work with. Tony had even shown Jimin a few of his choreographies, and he was surprised someone so big had such precision and fluid motion. Jimin had a lot to learn, and was starting to really appreciate Yeri and Sana’s offer.

From their half-assed communication, Jimin came to learn that Tony had lived in South Korea for his high school years, when his parents were diplomats. He had enjoyed the culture so much, that after college, he would vacation here and dabble in the dance scene. He was actually a really cool guy, once Jimin could actually understand him.

“Bye, Tony hyung!” Jimin said, waving as he left for the night.

“What’d you call me?” Tony asked with wide eyes.

“Uh. Tony? Hyung?” Jimin repeated, wondering what the problem was.

“Hung??”

“Yea. You’re older than me so you’re hyung.” Jimin said slowly in Korean.

“Huh?”

Jimin sighed.
“Youuu old more than meee. So youuu hyung!” He explained in the best English he could muster.

“I’m hung?” Tony repeated, with a huge smile.

Jimin nodded enthusiastically, happy that he finally understood.

Tony looked at him for a second, then literally fell to the ground laughing.

Jimin smiled blankly.

What the hell was so funny?

“What funny Tony?”

Tony picked himself up weakly, and brought his phone to Jimin.

“Siri: show me the urban definition of hung!” Tony spoke into the phone, between giggles.

He handed the phone to Jimin, hardly able to breathe. Jimin changed the IPhone settings to Korean and read the passage.

OH.

Americans had a VERY STRANGE meaning for the word ‘hung’.

He immediately went red, but started laughing right along with Tony. It was actually hilarious, when he thought about it.

“Thanks for the laugh, little chim chim!” Tony said, turning to leave, and Jimin couldn’t help bursting into a new fit of giggles.

“No, Tony!” Jimin said, putting his hand up dramatically in the tall man’s face.

“Youuu call me GEEE-MEEN. No chim chim! This is little chim chim.” Jimin said pointing at his crotch, before doubling over with laughter.

“CHIM CHIM HUNG!!!” Tony screamed, with tears in his eyes from laughing so hard.

That set the pair off for another ten minutes. It was the first real laugh Jimin had experienced in two weeks. It felt more foreign than his broken English.

Weak, tired, and out of breath, Jimin finally said his last goodbye and set off walking home.

It was dark outside now, but it never really got dark with all of the flashing, glittering signs.

By the time Jimin reached his apartment, the warm glow of fun and laughter had left him completely. He stepped through the squeaky door and over the old, rotting wood threshold. The weather was warmer outside now, as winter had started to melt into spring- but there was a consistent chill in Jimin’s damp, dark apartment.

It made sense that all good things stopped at his doorstep. There was only pain and sadness inside these walls.

Jimin shivered slightly. To say he lived in an apartment was an overstatement.

It was essentially two small rooms that shared a wall. His bathroom was crammed into his tiny
bedroom and didn’t even have its own door, so Jimin had to tack a bedsheet over the rectangular doorway. Even then, he almost never used it. The toilet was faded and cracked, much like everything else there, and only flushed successfully half of the time. He didn’t even bother stepping into the browned, dirty shower stall, opting instead to use the much nicer showers at the dance studio.

“Home, sweet home.” Jimi said, sadly, as he sat on the old, worn sofa in what was supposed to pass as his living room. The pretty blue couch he used to have couldn’t fit in this tiny place, so he had to give it away.

He knew he shouldn’t have moved here. His small, clean apartment in Daegu was warm and happy and comfortable.

What did it matter, anyway? Jimin wouldn’t know happiness even if he lived in a palace.

Not after Yoongi. Not after what he did. Jimin leaned back on the couch and let himself cry, much like he did every night. He knew at some point, it would get easier. It wouldn’t hurt as much.

But that time wasn’t here yet, so he let go and sobbed uncontrollably, as he relived the events from two weeks ago.

Despite Yoongi coldheartedly abandoning him, Jimin had called the hospital everyday to make sure he was recovering.

Satisfied that he had made it through his surgeries, Jimin quickly broke his lease and accepted the job in Seoul. He thought the relocation allowance they gave him would ease the transition, but it had barely made a dent. Jimin could only afford the cheapest, shittiest place possible, and he still struggled to pay for the damn thing.

“Hey, are you home!” A rough voice yelled, while pounding on Jimin’s door.

Jimin scrambled off the sofa and wiped his face quickly, before opening the door.

“Chen hyung? Is everything ok?” Jimin asked, wondering what his landlord was doing there.

The fact that the rude, crude, smelly man lived just above him, only served to make his bad living situation worse. If that was even possible.

“Just checking on things.” Chen replied gruffly, his shifty eyes peering past Jimin into the apartment.

Jimin’s soft features twisted in anger, as he counted off problems on his small fingers.

“Things are TERRIBLE. The bathroom is door-less and disgusting, the internet doesn’t work, the paint is peeling, it’s cold all the time, the kitch-“

“Hey! I didn’t mean that! I meant your rent?” Chen said with a barking laugh.

Jimin snapped his neck back, outraged.

“My rent? I’ve been here for TWO WEEKS, and I paid through the first month!”?

“Yea, well, I need to make sure it won’t be late!” Chen shot back. “I get all kinds of bad types here. You’re not cooking drugs in there are you?” The short, balding man tried to push past Jimin for a better look.

Jimin eyes flashed, as he threw his muscular arm across the doorway, blocking Chen from entering.
“Goodnight.” He said acidly, before swinging the door shut on Chen’s face. The frayed and damp wooden door made a sort of gross, squishing sound when it closed.

Jimin shook his head bitterly. He couldn’t even slam a damn door in this useless place.

He stomped angrily into his makeshift room and changed for bed, which actually required him to put more clothes on, since it was so cold. By the time Jimin laid down, his anger had turned back into sorrow.

Six months. If he can just make it through six months, he could get that promotion and turn things around for the better.

He tried to cheer himself up with this fact, but his mind always went back to Yoongi, and he was instantaneously dragged back to hell.

He settled in for another restless night of dreams that would never come true, and nightmares that wouldn’t leave him alone.
Sugar Yoongi

Yoongi cursed, holding the broken shards of his once beautiful glass sculpture in his hands.

It was a statement piece that used to sit on the large floating shelves above his bed, and he had been trying, and failing, to wrap it, as he packed up his room.

Boxes had taken over his condo now. Hobi and Monnie had joined in to help him pack, since he still couldn’t be on his feet for long periods of time. It was his goal to have everything done that weekend, so he can move out by the following Monday. He’ll take the essentials with him to Hobi’s place and the excess would be stored in Namjoon’s underground restaurant, where Yoongi was sure it would be stolen within a week.

He sighed and threw the broken glass away, before sitting down for a break in his genius lab. He hadn’t listened to his demo album or even turned on his equipment since he was discharged. It was pointless, and he didn’t even have the heart for it anymore. It was like the part of him that loved to create music was dead and gone.

While Hobi explored leads from Jimin’s work, school, and dance class, Yoongi had tried to find him online.

But Jimin had been ten steps ahead of him. His poetry site was gone. His Facebook page was gone. His number had been permanently changed, and he had even made sure to mark his forwarding address as “private” at the post office.

It had been a week since the devastating day he found out that Jimin moved away, and he couldn’t shake the sick feeling that Hobi was right. Jimin didn’t want to see him. It was obvious, based on how much trouble the kid had gone through to make sure Yoongi couldn’t find him.

His depression was interrupted by the sound of someone entering the house.

“How’s it coming along, hyung?” Hobi yelled, walking in through the front door.

Yoongi hobbled into the living room and collapsed on the couch.

“I tried to wrap one piece and broke it.”

“You actually got up??” Hobi asked, sarcastically as he sat down across from his friend.

“Look alive, hyung, I have news.”

Yoongi rolled his head forward and looked at Hobi with zero enthusiasm.

“All the other ‘news’ we found was bullshit. He’s gone, Hobi-yah. You were right. He doesn’t wanna see me.” Yoongi said, lifelessly.

Every lead they had followed was a dead end. Professors, co-workers, classmates… Nobody knew where Jimin was. Many of them didn’t even know who he was.

Hobi raised an eyebrow at him.

“Of course he doesn’t wanna fucking see you. Are you just realizing that? But you still had me running around this whole goddamn city trying to find out where he is, and now I have a strong lead, so sit the fuck up and listen to me.” Hobi said, heatedly.
Yoongi shot his own brows up this time.

“Don’t think that because I’m wounded, I won’t come over there and beat your ass, Hobi.”

Hobi rolled his eyes, and slapped a sheet of paper with a name and address on the coffee table.

“Kim Taehyung.” Hobi said, importantly.

Yoongi was tired, in pain, and ready to give up, until he heard that name.

Taehyung.

That was it. That was Jimin’s best friend.

“Rich kid. Went to school with Jimin and attends the Daegu Dance place. I didn’t hear about them being friends before, cus Jimin wasn’t a real dance student- he just practiced there after hours.” Hobi explained.

Yoongi picked up the piece of paper and peered at it, as if it might have the exact coordinates of Jimin’s location.

“Taehyung gets around with the chicks.” Hobi continued.

“One of his exes attended the same school as Jimin, and from her I found out where he lives. She mentioned something about a birthday dinner she went to with Taehyung, Jimin, and some dude named Jackson. She thought Jackson and Jimin were dating, actually, cus he followed Jimin around and popped up unexpectedly all the time… Did you… know about that, hyung?” Hobi asked, uneasily.

Oh, he knew about that alright.

“C’mon, Hobi. Let’s pay Taehyung a visit.” Yoongi said, suddenly motivated to continue his quest. This was the closest they had come in their search. Could this be the key?

Yet, once they were in the car, driving closer and closer to their destination, the cold hand of doubt crushed Yoongi’s newly motivated spirit. What if he did find Jimin? He had nothing now. He would be living with Hobi in a few days. What was he supposed to do? What if Jimin didn’t forgive him? What if he was seeing someone else?

“Hyung?”

Yoongi jumped, at his friend’s voice interrupting his fearful thoughts.

“We’re here.”

FUCK. How did they get there so soon? The thirty minute ride had felt like ten seconds. Yoongi stared out the window at what had to be the biggest house he has ever seen in person.

Holy shit.

Rich kid was right.

“Hobi, what if he doesn’t want to talk to us?” Yoongi asked, in a tiny voice. This was Jimin’s best friend, after all. Yoongi didn’t think it was likely that Taehyung had heard good things about him.

Hobi looked sideways at Yoongi, and cracked his knuckles menacingly.
"I’ll ask nicely, hyung.” He said, stepping out of the car.

Yoongi swallowed hard and limped out of the car, behind his friend. He didn’t think roughing up Taehyung would earn him any points with Jimin right now.

Hobi rang the bell on the immaculate front door, as Yoongi held his side, and tried not to vomit from nervousness. He was focusing on a huge water fountain, when the door was opened by a housemaid.

She looked the pair up and down.

“The Kim household is not interested in whatever you are selling.” She said, flatly.

What?

Hobi dazzled her with a megawatt smile and bowed low.

“Annyeonghaseyo! We’re looking for Kim Taehyung, please?”

She blinked, obviously surprised, then nodded and dissapeared.

A few seconds later, a man who couldn’t have been less than 60 years old appeared at the door.

“Yes? I’m Kim Taehyung.”

Yoongi’s eyes nearly popped out of his skull. The older man wore an expensive looking silk housecoat and was puffing luxuriously on a cigar.

This is Jimin’s best friend??

“Uhh…?” Hobi scratched his head and looked at Yoongi.

Wait a fucking minute.

Yoongi edged past Hobi and faced the gentleman.

“Sir, I believe we’re looking for your son? Do you have a junior?”

“Ah. I do! I’ll get him for you. Our maid makes this mistake all the time. Good help is so hard to find these days, am I right?” The man said with a kind laugh, before walking away.

The friends exchanged a weird look, and Yoongi went back to admiring the superb botanical gardens in the sprawling front lawn.

If he hadn’t turned back to look at the door, he wouldn’t have seen Taehyung Jr. silently watching them.

Yoongi’s breath hitched in his throat.

For the second time in his life, he found another man attractive.

If Jin was a supermodel, Taehyung was a demi-god.

Yoongi couldn’t imagine him and Jimin being best friends. How the fuck did the universe handle that much hotness at one time? They had to be slaughtering innocent people with their looks whenever they stepped in a room together.

“Hello.” Taehyung said softly, once he saw that he had their attention.
For some reason, Yoongi was expecting a sweet voice like Jimin’s, and was shocked to hear a deep, rich baritone.

It was like listening to chocolate.

“H-hello.” Yoongi said, dazedly.

“We’re looking for Jimin. Can you help us?” Hobi said loudly, breaking through the awkward moment.

Taehyung stared at them for a long moment. So long, that Yoongi was wondering if he heard them at all. If the kid was surprised to see them, he didn’t show it. In fact, he didn’t show anything. His face was completely blank.

“Which one?” He asked, dreamily.

_Which one?

Not who are you? Where are you from? But, which one?

“Do you know many?” Hobi asked roughly, cocking his head.

Taehyung squeezed his eyes shut, and lifted a long finger, as if he was struggling to remember something.

This kid was kind of weird.

“I know two. One of them is a talkshow host. Do you watch the After School Club?” He questioned, opening his eyes wide again.

Hobi stepped back and looked at Taehyung like he was a space alien.

“No. That show is for little girls. I am looking for your best friend, Park Jimin.”

If Taehyung was offended by Hobi calling him a little girl, he again, didn’t show it. Instead he flashed a smile that looked like a perfect square box.

“I love that show. They have idols on it and it makes me laugh. It’ll be on today at 4.”

Hobi looked at Yoongi, incredulously.

He decided it was time to take over the questioning.

“Taehyung, I’m Yoongi, and I desperately need to see Park Jimin.” Yoongi said, moving in front of Hobi.

Fuck, the closer he got to the kid, the more beautiful he became somehow. Even his ears were fucking flawless.

“Oh. He’s not here.” He answered, simply.

“You mean… In your house?” Yoongi asked, confused.

Taehyung nodded, his sandy bangs bobbing up and down.

“I _know_ he’s not in your house. I need you to tell me where he went!”
Gorgeous or not, Taehyung’s blank face was starting to frustrate him.

“Oh. He left town.”

Hobi growled impatiently, and Yoongi had to place a restraining hand on his friend’s shoulder.

“I’m aware of that. Can you tell me his current address now?” Yoongi snapped.

“Hmmm… No.” Tae replied with a smile, completely missing Yoongi’s aggression.

“Is there a reason why you can’t?” Yoongi asked, very slowly.

“Mhmmm.”

Yoongi’s heart thudded away, but he kept his expression mild.

“And what’s the reason, Taehyung?”

Tae shrugged, lightly.

“Because I don’t know it.”

Yoongi’s heart dropped. Was this kid just fucking with him now?

“So, your best friend did not talk to you at all before leaving town?”

“Nope.”

Hobi and Yoongi looked at each other.

“I find that VERY hard to believe, Taehyung.” Yoongi replied, finally losing patience.

“He didn’t talk to me. He left me a note.” Tae said, in that same dreamy voice, eyes fixated on a spot in the sky.

Yoongi realized at that moment that Taehyung was not messing with them.

The kid was just this fucking strange all the time.

“W-what did he say in the note??” Yoongi pressed, feeling his pulse quicken.

Taehyung scrunched his face as he thought. Yoongi stared at him, realizing that the kid’s clothes were at least 5 times too big. He was fucking swimming in them, but somehow he still managed to look better than most people do on their fucking wedding day.

“Do you want his exact words or should I rephrase it?”

Yoongi looked up at the sky, and prayed silently for strength.

“Exact words, please.” He muttered through clenched teeth.

Taehyung nodded and took a dramatic breath before reciting:

“Dear Tae Tae, I’m leaving town. I was wrong about everything. I’ll be in touch soon. Love, chim chim.”

Yoongi’s heartrate tripled hearing Jimin’s last thoughts before leaving Daegu. It had told him nothing
of his angel’s whereabouts, but he was silenced by the weight of Jimin’s sadness. He could hear it in every word.

And it was all his fault.

Hobi suddenly stirred next to him and spoke up.

“That’s it?? You don’t know anything else?” He demanded from Tae.

Tae shook his head.

“Nope. I just figured things went bad with that Sugar guy. I kinda saw it coming.”

Yoongi’s head snapped up at this.

“Oh, did you now?”

Tae nodded, completely unaffected by Yoongi’s sharp tone.

“You know I’m Suga, right?”

Tae squinted at him.

“No, you’re Yoongi.”

Hobi gasped.

“He’s BOTH. You didn’t know that, man?”

Tae looked momentarily confused, before nodding slowly.

“I guess that makes sense. Hey, it’s almost 4…? I don’t wanna miss After School Club?” Tae said, glancing at an expensive looking watch.

Hobi spat rudely and left for the car.

Tae’s wide eyes followed him, before turning back mildly to Yoongi.

“If you hear anything at all, please contact me. PLEASE.” Yoongi said, writing his number and handing it to Tae.

Tae took the paper, looked at it for a moment, and then handed it back.

Yoongi held it and blinked at Tae’s perfect face.

“Don’t you need this?” He asked Jimin’s friend, coldly.

“Nope. I’ll remember it.”

Yoongi stared at him.

What the FUCK?

“Prove it.”

Tae smiled and recited Yoongi’s number perfectly, without a moment’s hesitation. Then, he said the number backwards, much to Yoongi’s shock and low key admiration.
Well, shit.

“Uhhh… Ok, then. I… Guess we’re done here…” Yoongi said, feeling rather stupid.

“Bye, Sugar Yoongi.”

And with that, Tae closed the door.

Yoongi got back in the car, where Hobi was gripping the wheel so tightly, his knuckles had gone white.

“I have NEVER wanted to beat someone’s ass so fucking bad, hyung. He could have just been lying the whole time!”

Yoongi shared his friend’s frustration, but he didn’t believe the kid was lying at all. And he couldn’t bring himself to dislike him, either. He loved Jimin too much to do that.

“Let’s get out of here, Hobi. I’m sorry for this waste of time. I have Jin to worry about now, and the move, and… Fuck. I just… I don’t want to let him go, but I think I might just have to.” Yoongi said, solemnly, as Hobi pulled away.

Things had been quiet since he got Jin’s flowers, and Yoongi was starting to feel uneasy with the gangster’s silence. Yoongi didn’t have any more money to send him, and he wasn’t well enough to get back on the streets yet. He needed more time, and Jin was not a patient man.

“We’re gonna figure this out, Yoongi hyung.”

Yoongi opened the window to let in some air. He felt suffocated and Hobi’s words sounded empty. Yoongi was not a running man, but he had been running from this truth from day one. Jimin was gone. It was over, and Yoong’s future now rested in Jin’s hands, and that was just the sad and simple fact.

It was time to accept it.

“Did you hear me, hyung? We’re gonna fucking figure this out.” Hobi repeated, sensing his best friend’s despair.

Yoongi nodded his head, listlessly.

He had heard him.

He just didn’t believe him.
Unlike Father, Unlike Son

Chapter Notes

I just want to take a moment to thank every person who has seen fit to comment or leave kudos. Thank you for motivating me! SPECIAL THANKS TO LANDON, ERICA, LATENIGHT_YOGI, AND MYSHKJM FOR COMMENTS THAT MADE MY WHOLE CENTURY AND BROUGHT ME TO TEARS. Love you all!! -M

It was Sunday night. A rainy, cold Sunday night.

But it wasn’t as dark and cold as Yoongi’s soul, as he sat in the middle of his home that was just a mass of packed boxes ready to move out the next morning.

Yoongi had proactively sent Jin a message, informing him that he’s leaving his current location, but will be sending more money along shortly. Jin hadn’t replied or acknowledged the message, and Yoongi’s many years in the business told him that wasn’t a good sign.

Hobi and Namjoon were out grabbing dinner and drinks, but Yoongi had declined to go along with them, stating that he wanted to finish up a few last things. Truthfully, he was still in too much physical pain, and wanted to spend his last miserable night here alone.

Reading Jimin’s poems.

He looked down at his hands that clutched the print outs. This was all that he had left of him now. He decided to hold on to them, personally. He couldn’t risk them being packed away in some fucking box only to get lost.

A soft knock at the door made Yoongi jump and quickly fold away Jimin’s writings.

His mind started to race. Hobi and Monnie had a key, and his Umma would never drive this late at night and in rainy weather, at that.

The knock came again.

Jin. It had to be Jin.

Strangely enough, Yoongi wasn’t afraid. In fact, he had been half expecting the pink panther to show up any day now. It seemed he only feared for his life before, because he had so much to lose. But now that he’s already lost everything, what the fuck did it matter?

Yoongi held his side and made his way to the door. He took a deep breath and opened it slowly, making sure to show no fear on his face.

His hand moved from his stomach, to clutch at his chest when he saw who was waiting on the other side. Blood surged straight to his head, and he could hear it rushing in his ears, and flushing his face red with pure, unadulterated shock.

“H-hey, hyung. C-can I come in?”
Yoongi breathed once. Twice. Three times. Of all the seven billion human beings on earth, this was the last one he was expecting to see.

“What are you doing here, Jungkook?” He said under his breath.

There was so much that he had to say. But words failed him, and all he could do was ask that one simple question.

An older man stepped swiftly between Yoongi and the stricken faced maknae.

“Hello, Min Yoongi. I’m Jeon Baekhyun. Jungkook’s father. I will appreciate it if you let us in to speak with you.”

Yoongi blinked at the older man. He hadn’t even noticed he was there when he saw Jungkook’s face.

“Why? Speak about what?” Yoongi asked, faintly.

He wanted so desperately to convey his hatred, but he was still too much in shock to speak above a whisper. Where had Jungkook found the BALLS to come to his house?

“Please, Mr. Min.” The elderly man, pleaded.

Yoongi moved aside and sat heavily upon his couch in a zombie state, not inviting anyone else to join him.

Jungkook and his father stepped in awkwardly, and closed the door behind them.

“H-hyung- I’m- I’m so sorry…” Jungkook breathed, his breath hitching with sobs, as he looked at Yoongi’s open shirt and bandaged mid-section.

Yoongi just shook his head and stared at the floor. He had no words for Jungkook. None.

Baekhyun sat down across from Yoongi with a heavy sigh.

“Mr. Min. I won’t take too much of your time. I know that we are the last people you want to see. Seokjin kidnapped my Jungkookie five days ago, and he transmitted word to me that I had to clear his debt, if I ever wanted to see my son alive again.”

Yoongi didn’t look up as he absorbed this information. So, Jin was burning the candle from both ends. Going after Yoongi and Jungkook for the same sum of money. It made perfect sense. He would either get it from one of them, or both of them.

“The police were useless for days.” Baekhyuk continued, with a hollow laugh. “They couldn’t tell their ass from a hole in the wall, so I set my personal security team on it, and we found my son in less than 12 hours. They didn’t kill that maniac, unfortunately, but they managed to wound him enough that he couldn’t run. The authorities have him now.”

Yoongi finally looked up from the carpet, his mouth hanging open. Had he heard correctly?

*Seokjin was in police custody?*

Is this why he hadn’t heard a peep from him in the last week?

Yoongi was about to ask him to repeat that last statement, when Jungkook made a loud half-sob, half-wailing sound.
“H-hyung! The whole time I was th-there, Jin j-just kept saying how I w-was gonna end up like you. He told me everything h-he did to you and I knew it was all my fault. Please, hyung, I’m so s-sorry! You always tried to do right by me and I nearly g-got you k-killed. I was just so high. I was so fucking high all the time. I-I’m sorry!” Jungkook’s face was buried in his hands, and he was rocking back and forth on the couch next to his father.

Baekhyun put a soothing hand on his son’s back.

Yoongi completely ignored him, as he was still reeling from the news about Jin.

Could it really be true?

“Min Yoongi, I will be sending Jungkook to a specialized rehabilitation center in London. You will never hear from us again. But before we go, I will humbly ask you to accept this from the Jeon family as a small token for sparing our son’s life and almost losing your own for his mistakes.”

The older man slid a fancy looking check across the coffee table. Yoongi stared at it, buggy eyed, before looking at the father and sobbing son across from him.

“What is this?” He asked, hoarsely.

“The ransom money we almost had to pay to Seokjin, with extra to cover your medical expenses and overall discomfort. I pray it can help to repair the damage Jungkook has caused you.” Baekhyuk explained, looking around at all of the packed boxes.

Yoongi glanced at the amount and nearly choked on his own tongue. He knew Kook’s family was wealthy, but Jesus Christ… It was over triple what Kook had taken from Jin. Yoongi wasn’t even sure he could deposit it all in his bank account without drawing attention from some type of federal crimes commission.

“Mr. Jeon… This is… Excessively inflated…” Yoongi breathed, shaking his head and staring at the tiny scrap of paper that was worth a fortune.

Baekhyuk stood up carefully, pulling Jungkook up with him.

“I know Jungkook means nothing to you, Mr. Min. But he is priceless to me. Our family is forever in your debt.”

They made their way to the door, the father leading, and Kook trailing hopelessly behind him, still sniffling.

“One last thing, Mr. Min.” Baekhyuk said, turning his head before stepping out of the apartment.

Yoongi wanted to look up, but couldn’t take his eyes off the check.

“Jungkook refused to leave the country, until we came here to make this right. He wouldn’t eat or even take water. I hope one day, when you think of my son, you will think of him with honor. Goodbye.”

The Jeon’s left, closing the door quietly behind them.

Yoongi was still glued to the sofa holding the check in his hands, as if it was the Holy Grail, when his friends returned an hour later.

“Let me guess? You broke everything you tried to pack?” Hobi asked, accusingly.
“You’re clumsier than me, man!” Namjoon yelled, laughing uproariously at Yoongi.

Yoongi couldn’t hear them. He was lost in the wave of sudden and shocking good fortune that seemed to hit him out of fucking nowhere.

“You gotta keep your head up, Yoongs. Things will work out.” Namjoon said seriously, sitting next to his friend.

Yoongi looked at his friends like it was first time they had ever met.

In a quiet, awestruck voice he recounted what just happened with Jungkook and his father.

Hobi had tried desperately to pace during the story, and was having so much trouble with the many boxes, that he had resorted to walking in a crazy zig-zag pattern.

“Jeon Jungkook was HERE. In this fucking condo?!” Hobi roared, angrily.

Namjoon was seated in a comatose position, with his long arms and legs dangling off the armchair he was in. He kept looking at the check and shaking his head at the ceiling, unbelieving.

“Where is he? How long ago did he leave? How far do you think he got??” Hobi demanded.

Yoongi just closed his eyes, as he tried to calculate his next move.

“Well, SHIT, hyung, did you ask them to help unpack all these FUCKING BOXES?” Hobi pressed on, tripping over a box he was trying to pace around.

“I’m not unpacking, Hobi-yah.” Yoongi replied, faintly. He was still so fucking dazed, but his senses were slowly returning.

“Ummm. Why not, man? Are you tryna live like this??” Namjoon asked, still eyeing the massive check on the table.

*Negative, motherfucker.*

“I’m going to Seoul. Like I planned.” Yoongi announced, decisively.

He still had the place he rented there in his name for the first month. If there was a snowball’s chance in hell that Jimin moved there, then he was going there, too.

Hobi stopped his pacing at once.

“Hyung! If you’re following your boyfriend, remember that we don’t know for sure where he is!”

“You’re exactly right, Hobi. That’s why I need you to make a call for me.”

Yoongi stood up gingerly, and started looking through the boxes that had his clothes. He needed to shower and change immediately.

There had been a tiny, niggling idea in Yoongi’s brain about how he could find Jimin, but after they struck out with Taehyung, and with Jin weighing heavily on his mind, Yoongi had lost faith and decided not to pursue it.

But everything had just fucking changed, hadn’t it? Money wasn’t the answer to Jimin’s heart—Yoongi knew that. But knowing that Jin was behind bars lifted an anvil off his shoulders. He felt like he could do anything now.
“A call?” Hobi repeated, confused.

“Yea. And Monnie, I’m gonna need you, too, hyung.” Yoong said, looking at his friend still dangling from the chair.

“For what?” The elder, inquired.

Yoongi smiled at him.

“Appearances.”
Just wanted to give everybody my love. I am so overwhelmed with your sweet comments, especially the longer, in depth ones. I get nervous when I write these days, I'm so terrified of disappointing you guys. You really lift me up. I read and re-read your comments as soon as I wake up and right before I go to bed. You guys are always with me. I love you all!!! I have been swamped with work, but I stayed up all night tonight and banged out 2 long chaps for you. I know some stay up late to read my story, so it is my joy and pleasure to stay up and write for you!!! Thank you for staying with me in this long ass saga. Landon, I haven't forgotten you bae, we're getting there!!

Jimin’s life was divided into two equal parts, just like 24 hours is divided into day and night.

The first part was wonderful.

Jimin loved being at work. He loved training with Tony, and despite the cultural and language barriers, the two had become fast friends.

He loved talking with the owner noona’s and charting his future with the dance group. He really felt like his life was coming together and they seemed to believe in him so much.

He loved teaching the classes, too. In Seoul, the classes were not limited to just kids, like in Daegu. Here, many of the classes were filled with working adults who were looking for a new hobby or fitness routine, and it was fun to interact with them.

The weather was warmer now, and Jimin didn’t mind the sunshine during this happy period. His laughter came easily, and he smiled often.

Sometimes, he even ate normally.

Sometimes he almost felt alive.

“Uh-uh, chim chim. You gotta bring more than that, little man. BIGGER. BETTER. HARDER!” Tony yelled.

Jimin was laying on his back on the waxy studio floor, trying to catch his breath. He wasn’t sure he could bring it any harder than he was already bringing it.

It had been a long day of classes and conditioning, and Tony had declared that Jimin needed to work on his freestyle dance skills. Jimin had grown used to staying long after the studio closed to practice with him, and secretly, he preferred it to going home to nothing but sorrow and tears.

Tony towered above him in a canary yellow Puma tracksuit with black trim, perfectly paired with black and yellow Nike’s that Jimin hadn’t seen in Korean stores yet. Tony always looked like he was walking straight out of a music video. The really cool hip-hop ones that had shiny, expensive cars and half-naked girls.

Considering his daily uniform of oversized basketball shorts, and baggy tank top, Jimin didn’t think
he was worthy enough to even be a back-up dancer for someone as fancy and flashy as Tony. He sighed and grabbed the huge hand being held out to him, which completely covered and devoured his own tiny fingers. Tony pulled him up forcefully, making Jimin jump to his feet.

“You’re so strong, Tony!” Jimin said, giggling.

“Say what now?”

Jumin switched to English.

“I say you stwong!” He repeated, making his best hulk impression.

Tony laughed and clapped Jimin on the back, almost making his knees buckle under pressure.

“Size. That’s my strength.” Tony said pointing at himself. “What’s yours, chim chim?” He said, pointing at Jimin now.

Jumin shook his head. He didn’t think he had any, to be honest.

“Bullshit. You’re strength is your aegyo.”

Jumin laughed at Tony’s garbled Korean.

“Aegyo isn’t strength, Tony. That’s cuteness.” Jimin corrected, rolling his eyes.

Tony nodded, enthusiastically.

“Exactly! You can go from cute to sexy in a second. You need to DANCE like that.”

Jumin blushed at Tony’s explanation and tried to hide it by taking a swig of water.

“Uh oh, chim chim BLUSHHHIIINNNNGGGGG!” Tony screamed, running around the dance floor, like it was a race track.

Jumin doubled over laughing. Tony looked like a huge Pikachu.

It seemed that he and Tony laughed 99% of the time they were together. It was almost criminal that he was getting paid to basically dance and hang out with an awesome human being all day, everyday.

Then again, considering how poorly he was paid, maybe it was fair.

Tony stopped at the music table, and flipped through a few songs. Soon after, the studio was filled with the beat of Justin Timberlake’s hit: “My Love”.

“Allright, Chim. Let’s see what you can do. Start off strong, then make it hot. Follow the beat.”

Jumin hadn’t understood a word Tony said besides “chim”, so he simply put the water bottle down and started popping and locking to the rythym.

He eyed himself in the long wall of mirrors, as he executed a smooth moonwalk, then twirled masterfully into a slick robot movement.

Suddenly, the music stopped.

He turned and looked questioningly at Tony, who was walking towards him, while swiftly removing
the jacket to his tracksuit, revealing a tight tank top and huge crosses inked on each muscular arm.

He tossed his discarded garment lightly onto the floor and Jimin stared down at it, needing to break eye contact from Tony’s fabulous body. The last thing he needed was to make the elder uncomfortable.

“Dancing no good, hyung? He asked Tony, focusing on a poster to the left of the tall man’s shoulder.

Tony reached him in the middle of the floor.

“Oh, it’s good. But it could be better. You’re not playing to your strengths, little man.” Tony said in his blended mix of English and Korean.

Jimin nodded. He was always hard on himself, and was happy that Tony wasn’t patronizing him. He needed the criticism.

“Oh, Tony hyung. Show me? Please?”

Tony lifted the audio remote and played Chris Brown’s “Take You Down.” Jimin stepped back a few feet to give the elder space to move. He liked this song, but he didn’t really think it worked for a choreography. The tempo was way too slow.

He relaxed against the mirrors and took another sip of his water, and almost spat it out all over the floor when Tony began to move.

The man exploded into perfect synchronization with the soft, mellow beat of the ballad. He was like liquid, completely free and flowing.

But that wasn’t what had Jimin nearly choking to death.

Tony’s feet blazed through a series of tricky jumps and twists, before landing firmly apart, with his legs wide open- suddenly- one of his large hands pulled his tank top all the way up to his chin exposing his chiseled, tattooed body and stacked, 8 pack abs. As if that wasn’t bad enough, his other hand snaked down his bare chest, rubbing all the way to his crotch, which he grabbed shamelessly, while thrusting his hips in time with the beat.

Mercy…

Jimin immediately was reminded of that movie ‘Magic Mike’. This wasn’t just dancing. It was basically a strip tease.

Tony twirled around perfectly, catching Jimin’s eye and smirking at the look of astonishment on the younger’s face, before jumping forward into a handstand and bringing his body down slowly to hump the ground just as Chris Brown was crooning about moving his body up and down.

Tony finished by springing back up and going into a triple axle spin, which he executed effortlessly, facing Jimin when he stopped.

“Any questions?” Tony said lightly, with an easy smile.

Jimin just stared with wide eyes, his water bottle dangling uselessly from his hand. His face was completely on fire, and he hoped and prayed it wasn’t too red.

He simply shook his head, not trusting himself to speak.
“Ok, then. Your turn.” Tony commanded, picking his jacket off the floor and gesturing for Jimin to begin.

Jimin looked at the dance floor like it was a pit of snakes.

“What’s wrong, Chim?” Tony asked, walking up to him. The elder hadn’t bothered to pull his shirt all the way back down, and Jimin could see micro beads of sweat forming on his toned stomach, chest and arms. They looked like little diamonds.

He was glistening.

“I-I can’t do that.” Jimin said with a shy laugh, scratching the back of his head, and looking anywhere, everywhere but at the tall, sweating man in front of him.

He meant what he said, too. There was NO way he could recreate those moves. Even if he could- he was far too shy to dance like that in front of Tony. Or anybody, for that matter.

“OF COURSE you can, chim chim! Look at all those k-pop idols? Isn’t that how they dance? You have to let go and let the music take you. I know you can do it.”

His chest was still tight with nervousness, but Tony had a point. All the big idol groups were body rolling and crotch grabbing, these days. If he ever wanted to make it to the big leagues and work with them, he’s gonna need to step it up.

“O-ok….” Jimin said, nodding decisively. This is why Yeri and Sana selected him for this. This was his moment, and he wasn’t going to let it pass him by.

“Music?” He asked, motioning to Tony to start the song up, as he walked to the center of the floor.

Jimin closed his eyes and let the sounds take over him. Slowly, he started to roll his body forward, before stepping into a twirl with some fancy footwork. He jerked his body to the side, and was dragging his hand up his thigh, when Tony stopped the music again.

Shit, this man was hard to please. Jimin actually thought he was doing a decent job.

Tony walked over and put his hands on Jimin’s shoulders, making the younger feel momentarily weak.

“Chim. You need to feel the music. And to do that, you have to get into character.”

“Kalaktah?” He repeated, quizzically.

“CHARACTER.”

Jimin blinked at him.

“Take your shirt off.” Tony demanded, crossing his arms.

Now THAT Jimin understood.


Tony laughed, and pulled off his own tank top, revealing his fully bare and colorful chest now. There were blond curls dusted over his pectoral muscles and Jimin suddenly wished there was an oxygen tank nearby that he could breathe from.
How could he go topless in front of a man that looks like that? Jimin knew he had a good set of abs, but even Tony’s abs had abs.

And they were golden and glowy, and-

“Grow up, Chim! It’s just a damn shirt! I can barely see your body moving under that tent you’re wearing.” Tony grabbed Jimin’s oversized top and shook it, emphatically, before yanking it off completely.

Jesus, he just stripped me.

I can’t dance like this.

I can barely move.

I can’t breathe.

Where am I?

Who am I?

Tony fired up the song again, completely ignoring the look of frozen shock and horror on Jimin’s face.

“CHIM CHIM! Keep up!” Tony yelled, snapping him out of his trance.

Jimin took a deep, calming breath and followed Tony’s moves, as best he could, trying with all his might to ignore the fact they were both naked from the waist up and grinding all over the floor. Luckily, Jimin was a workaholic and soon delved into the routine, body and soul. At one point, he glanced at himself in the mirror and was surprised at how sexy he looked.

Finally, the number ended and Jimin leaned forward, hands on his knees, panting. Tony walked past him and gave him an encouraging slap on the back, and Jimin sputtered at the feel of the large hand on his moistened skin.

It was soft.

God, it felt like it had been a hundred years since he felt another’s touch.

Stop it, Jimin!

“Not bad for the first run, chim chim.” Tony drawled, taking a long drink of water from a bottle.

Not just any water bottle.

Jimin’s water bottle.

Where his mouth had been. And now… Tony’s mouth was…

“You look winded, buddy. Catch.”

Tony tossed the bottle, his fucking bottle, over to him and Jimin was still trying to process what was happening when the metal container soared and hit him square in the face.

Tony erupted into laughter, as Jimin stupidly put a hand to his aching forehead. Soon enough, the pair were rolling in giggles, as Tony re-enacted Jimin’s bottle to the head scene over and over.
“Why are you always here so late, chim?” Tony inquired, after they had calmed down.

_Because I live in a shit hole and I’m all alone in this world._

Jimin shrugged and started packing up the mats and other equipment, preparing to close up shop.

“Why do YOU stay, Tony?” He countered.

Tony pulled his shirts on, and threw his hands up.

“Everyone I know is back in LA. What about you?”

Jimin just smiled and shook his head, as he got dressed. That wasn’t a story he was ready to talk about.

“You gotta girl?” Tony pressed on, grinning.

What he said translated to “do you bank with women” but Jimin got the point.

“No, Tony. No girl.” He said, smiling again, as they locked the studio and made their way upstairs to the exit.

“I know a few who would really like you, if you’re interested?” Tony offered with a huge smile, ruffling Jimin’s hair.

Jimin laughed and pushed his hand away, smoothing his hair out again.

“No girl, Tony.” He repeated, shifting uncomfortably.

He knew how homophobic Americans could be. He didn’t want Tony to be disgusted when he found out the guy he shared a water bottle with was gay.

Tony was looking at him closely.

“Hey, chim—” Tony started to say, but was cut off by the phone ringing at the front desk, as they walked past it.

“Shit, who the hell is calling so late?” Tony remarked, as he jogged to answer it.

Jimin waited for him and smiled at the funny faces he pulled, while he struggled to understand the person on the other line. Everything he did was always hilarious.

Jimin’s smile disappeared when he heard Tony say his name a few times.

“I don’t know who that was chim, but he said it was about money. I think…” Tony said, as he put the phone down.

Jimin’s mouth dropped. Did his landlord seriously call his place of work to remind him to pay his rent? It wasn’t even due for another week!

“Where did he go?” Jimin asked slowly.

“Hung up.” Tony said, shrugging, as they walked outside.

“Do you want me to walk you home, little man? It’s late?”

Jimin burned with shame. He would die before he invited anybody to the swamp mess that he lived
“Ohhh, Tony, thank you! I’m ok.” Jimin said, hurriedly.

“Alright. See you tomorrow, Chim. And great job today!” He called out, as they parted ways.

Jimin waved and started the walk home.

With each step, his happiness slowly left him, and by the time he got to his door ten minutes later, he was back in his black hole of despair.

This was the second part of his day.

Pain, fear, anxiety, and insomnia.

He contemplated going upstairs to give Chen a piece of his mind, but was too tired and depressed now to care.

He missed Yoongi.

God, he missed him. And he knew he shouldn’t, but he worried about him, too. Is he fully healed? Who is taking care of him?

Has he found someone else? Someone more accustomed to his way of life? Someone better for him than Jimin?

Is someone touching him?

Agony gripped Jimin’s heart with cold hands.

He exhaled shakily, as the tears came, just like they always do. He pulled his notebook from his tiny coffee table and opened to a fresh page. He had to handwrite all his poetry now, since he disabled his site. Besides, the Wi-Fi here was so bad, he couldn’t do anything online, anyway.

He thought of Tony briefly, and smiled. He was so open and free and liberal, just like most Americans. He was a breath of fresh air in Jimin’s dead world. But no matter how great their friendship was, every day still ended here, on this old couch, in this nasty apartment, with Jimin crying.

Jimin leaned back and began to write.
Youth and Soul

Chapter Notes

Just reiterating how much I love you all, and we are all fucking family now, so i’m showing up for thanksgiving dinner at ALL OF YOUR HOMES. Love you.

-mizteek

“Four.”

“Two.”

“Seven.”

Yoongi sighed heavily in the driver seat of his beloved charger. It had been too long since he could drive the thing, and even now, every turn of the wheel set his entire torso on fire.

But he was numb to the pain.

He was still floating and weightless from Jungkook’s unexpected visit earlier that evening. He definitely still wanted to kill the motherfucker, but maybe just not as painfully now.

*If this works out tonight, I’ll make him the godfather of my fucking children.*

“Shit! That’s a solid 9.3!” Hobi yelled from the passenger seat.

Yoongi exhaled again, impatiently. He was waiting outside of a swanky, upscale nightclub, and had been camped there for the last hour.

It was all flashing strobe lights and upbeat techno music. Yoongi wouldn’t have been caught dead here, if not for the mission at hand.

Hobi was whiling away the time by rating the girls walking in and out of the establishment.

“How the fuck does someone get a 9.3, Hobi? It’s either a 9 or a fucking 10!” Namjoon objected from the backseat.

“If decimals weren’t supposed to be used, why the fuck do they exist, genius?” Hobi retorted, his eyes following a group of selfie-taking girls hungrily.

“For the application of MATHEMATICS, not rating women. You’re such a fucking pig, man!”

Yoongi felt Namjoon kicking Hobi’s seat as he argued.

“Oh, fuck you, Monnie hyung. You practically run a fucking harem from your basement club! Where’s YOUR respect for women, eh?”

Namjoon shot forward in his seat.

“Those are consentiting adults. I never heard YOU complain once!” He hissed back, swinging his Mohawk angrily.
Yoongi had heard just about all he could take for one lifetime.

“Hobi-yah. Are you sure your contact was right?” Yoongi interjected, tensely.

Hobi was halfway turned in his seat, ready to fire back at Namjoon, but sat back down reluctantly.

“It’s solid as a fucking rock, hyung.” He assured, Yoongi.

“How can you be sure she’s not lying or confused, or just shit stupid?” Yoongi countered, nervously.

Everything was riding on this information. Everything.

“Relax, hyung. She wouldn’t lie to me.” Hobi said, with a dirty smirk.

“Lemme guess, cus you’re such a fucking gentleman.” Namjoon said, disgustedly from the backseat.

“That’s what your sister said.” Hobi shot back, ducking immediately as Namjoon snaked a long arm around the chair to try and hit his friend.

Yoongi drowned them out and concentrated on the single entry and exit point of the night club. A pretty girl in a glittering silver dress was sashaying up the steps to the doors. Every time she moved, her dress caught the strobe lights making her look like a shapely disco ball.

Yoongi grimaced. His dick would turn inside out before hitting that. She was so… Ugh. Even dressed to impress, she had nothing on Jimin in a pair of sweats and a fucking t-shirt.

Immediately, his mind went filthy at the memory of the younger’s body, and that smoldering look in his eyes when Yoongi’s tongue would reach those secret places. That whimper he made when he begged for more. The way he called him “daddy”.

Fuuuuckkk…

“Right, hyung? Hyung?!”

Hobi’s voice interrupted his dirty thoughts, and killed the erection that was starting to rise in his jeans.

“Whatver, Hobi. You guys are both hoes.” Yoongi said, carelessly, while shifting his body to a more comfortable position.

“NO, hyung! Isn’t that him?!” Hobi said hurriedly, looking at a picture on his phone and then back up at the entrance.

Yoongi shot up in his seat. Fuck. This was it.

Shit, he was so lost in his fantasy, he almost missed the entire point of them being there.

“It’s him, Hobi-yah. I count just two of them- do you see anyone else?” Yoongi said, his mind calculating furiously.

“Yea, it’s just two, hyung. Easy. We got this.” Hobi said, as he unbuckled his belt.

Namjoon stirred nervously in the backseat.

“Fuck, why am I here??? I’m not about this shit, man!” The tall blond wailed, pitifully.
Hobi rounded on him, as he was opening the door.

“Shut up, pussy! Oh, sorry, don’t let me say that, since you’re a fucking feminist now.”

Yoongi turned and shoved Hobi out of the car as he was giving his parting shot.

“Get into position!” Yoongi hissed, as he readied himself.

Yoongi and Namjoon watched as Hobi disappeared into a dark cover of trees.

“Yoongs, I’m going on record to say that I don’t want to fucking be here.” Namjoon said, nervously bobbing his long legs up and down.

“It’s just for appearances, Monnie hyung. Strength in numbers.” Yoongi assured him.

“I dunno, Yoongs… Jesus, I need a fucking blunt.” Namjoon complained, his whole body bobbing now, shaking the car.

“Calm down, Monnie. Just do everything we talked about exactly as I said it. Now QUIET!”

They sat in silence as two men approached a luxury SUV parked next to them. Yoongi turned and nodded at his friend before stepping out of the car painfully, careful not to show any sign of weakness or discomfort on his face.

“Hi, Jackass.” Yoongi said lightly, blocking the taller man’s way to his car.

If not for the need to keep his face totally deadpan, Yoongi would have busted into laughter at Jackson’s reaction to seeing him.

His eyes went from a condescending squint, to shocking recognition, and then pure, bug eyed terror in the span of about one second.

“SEUNGRI!” Jackson screamed to his bodyguard, in the girliest voice ever.

The stocky man could barely look up before he was ambushed by Hobi, who jumped out from behind the trees and full on body slammed him into the side of the car. Dazed and confused, Seungri tried to throw a punch, but Hobi dodged it easily, then grabbed him by his hair and banged his head forcefully against the car door twice.

“Oh, SHIT…” Namjoon exclaimed softly, from behind Yoongi. “Oh, fuck, man, FUCK! What the fuck?”

Seungri slid to the ground, unconscious.

Hobi dusted his hands off dramatically and smiled from across the car at Jackson, who responded by immediately bursting into tears.

Namjoon sounded close to tears himself, and Yoongi suddenly regretted bringing him along. He was just supposed to look scary, since Yoongi was still weak and wasn’t sure how many people Jackson would have around him. But the elder was being such a fucking marshmallow.

“Monnie, get it together!” He whispered to his friend.

Jackson’s watery eyes shifted to the door handle of his Audi.

“Uh-uh.” Yoongi said in a warning tone, waving his crowbar back and forth.

“I-I haven’t SEEN him! I swear to GOD, I haven’t even THOUGHT ABOUT JIMIN!! P-please, PLEASE! I want to LIVE!!!” Jackson cried out, pathetically.

“Please, let me hit him, hyung.” Hobi pleaded, looking at Jackson’s pitiful face with pure disdain.

“NOOOO!!!! DON’T LET HIM HIT MEEE!!!”

Yoongi ignored his friend and faced the hysterical man.

“Calm yourself. I know you haven’t seen Jimin.”

Jackson stopped mid-cry and peered at Yoongi through his fingers.

“Y-you d-d-do? Jackson sputtered, with wide eyes.

“I do.”

Jackson sniffed and straightened out from his cowering position.

“Then w-why are you here?” He squeaked.

Yoongi took a deep breath. This was it. The moment his whole life was riding on.

“I’m here because I have it on good authority that you used to randomly show up to places where Jimin was, like the weird fuck that you are. I would love to beat your ass for that, even though it’s in the past, but maybe you can save yourself by answering a very easy question.”

Yoongi slapped his crowbar into his palm, trying to look as menacing as possible. In actuality, he couldn’t beat the ass of a 6 year old girl right now. Also, his “good authority” was the chick that led them to Taehyung. Jihyo. She had also helped them find out where Jackson was tonight. Apparently, Hobi had gotten quite friendly with her.

Yoongi remembered her saying that Jackson would unexpectedly ‘pop up’ in Jimin’s face all the time.

Yoongi had asked Hobi to press her for more information about that, and she divulged that Jackson had a failed date with Jimin after showing up at one of his dancing gigs. Yoongi didn’t think anything of it at the time. He didn’t even know what the fuck a dancing gig was. But the information had stayed in his mind, never going away, but never quite evolving into an actual idea.

Until tonight.

After Jungkook and his father left, Yoongi had been invigorated with a sense of clarity he didn’t have before. It was as if his trouble with Jin was clouding his vision, and as soon that was over, he could see all the puzzle pieces fall perfectly into place.

He hurriedly told Hobi to call Jihyo tonight and ask her if the dancing gig was in fact, an audition. And it was. It fucking was. Naturally, they asked her what the name of the dance company was that he auditioned for, but she didn’t know. That was the kicker: there were over a dozen dance companies at the audition and neither she nor Taehyung knew which one Jimin had danced for.

But Jackson had fucking shown up that day.
That meant that this sobbing, worthless piece of shit in front of him potentially has the knowledge of Jimin’s whereabouts. And even though Yoongi held the crowbar, Jackson held all the power— he just couldn’t let the fucker know it.

Yoongi stared at Jackson intently, maintaining a calm exterior, while internally, he just wanted to get on his knees and beg the crying man to tell him where his angel is.

“What question? W-what do you want to know?? I’ll tell you ANYTHING!!” Jackson pleaded, literally shaking like a leaf in front of him.

Yoongi was banking on it.

“On the day you—” But he was cut off by a blood curdling scream from Namjoon.

“HOBI, WATCH OUT!!!!!!” The blond shrieked so loudly, that Yoongi had to cover the ear closest to Namjoon’s mouth.

Hobi, who had been mindlessly watching the exchange between Yoongi and Jackson, didn’t notice Seungri silently getting up, until the man had crept behind him and put him in a choke hold.

Hobi’s legs were kicking all the way up to his chin as he gasped for air and tried to escape the headlock.

“Watch Jackson!!” Yoongi yelled at Namjoon, as he ran to help his friend.

“W-what? HOW?” Namjoon screamed back, looking even more fucking scared than Jackson did.

“JUST DO SOMETHING!!!!!!!!!” Yoongi roared.

He ran up to Hobi, waving his crowbar everywhere, trying to get a good aim at the bodyguard, but JESUS, Hobi wouldn’t quit flailing his arms and legs.

“Hobi, KEEP STILL!”

If anything, he just fought harder.

“D-don’t… h-it…m-me…” Hobi spluttered, nearly passed out from the lack of oxygen.

“I’m not gonna FUCKING HIT YOU, just stop moving!!!” Yoongi bellowed back.

Hobi finally relaxed, and Yoongi was able to clock the fucker on the side of the head. It took all his strength, but it still wasn’t enough to put the man down. Luckily, Hobi was free, and made quick work of stomping the dude’s face until he was out again.

Panting, and gasping in pain, Yoongi turned his eyes fearfully back to where Monnie and Jackson were. It had been so quiet, that he was half expecting to see that Jackson had escaped.

His eyes nearly exploded from his head when he saw Jackson kneeling with his hands up, sobbing quietly, while Namjoon pointed a gun at his face with trembling hands.

WHAT. THE. FUCK.

“HYUNG, WHAT IN THE HELL ARE YOU DOING???” Yoongi shrieked.

That brain he was pointing the gun at might have Jimin’s location in it for fuck’s sake.
Hobi ran over and quickly skid to a screeching halt with a yelp of surprise, his eyes wide with horror.

“You told me to do something!!” Namjoon screamed, ignorantly turning the gun towards them.

Yoongi ducked quickly, and Hobi did a sort of matrix back bend, as they both desperately tried to get out of the gun’s range.

“JESUS CHRIST, MONNIE!!! PUT THAT THING AWAY!!!” Hobi screamed from somewhere on the ground.

“I-I-saw it in the backseat, I-I thought I was supposed to…”

Yoongi quickly walked up and snatched the weapon from his hands, as he was still stammering.

“This is YOUR FAULT, Yoongs! You said appearances only, next thing, you’re telling me to take this guy down!” Namjoon wailed, clutching at his hair.

“I told you to WATCH HIM, not take him as a fucking prisoner of war!”

“Fuck this, man!” Namjoon said, and promptly sat in the car with his arms crossed, like an angry toddler.

“Just p-p-please l-let m-me g-g-o…” Jackson sobbed quietly, as he watched the friends bicker.

Yoongi sighed heavily.

“Fucking stand up, Jackson.”

Hobi roughly helped the crying man to his feet.

“The day you showed up at Jimin’s dance audition, which company did you see him dance for? And think hard, cus your life fucking depends on it.” Yoongi asked quickly, shoving the crowbar in his face.

Jackson paused for about a millisecond before answering.

“YNSDANCESTUDIO!!!” He shrieked in one hurried breath.

Huh??

What the fuck language was that?

“Repeat that, Jackass. Slower this time.”

Jackson took a labored breath and tried again.

“I-I said Y & S Dance Studio!”

Y and S? What did that stand for?

Youth and soul?

Young and sexy?

“Can I g-go now?” He asked in a tiny voice.

“Almost. Give me your phone.” Yoongi replied.
Jackson handed it over without hesitation.

Yoongi quickly googled the studio name, and sure as a fucking duck, there was one in Seoul, not even ten minutes from his new apartment. Lady luck seemed to still be with him.

But Jackson could still be lying, or worse, telling the truth, and just not know what the fuck he’s talking about.

“Better hope you’re right, Jackass.” Yoongi said dangerously, as he dialed the studio.

But his stomach was full of butterflies as it rang. What if Jimin answered? Oh God, what would he say? It was 11pm, would there even be anyone there?

Hello? Y and S studio?

HOLY SHIT. Someone picked up. He sounded foreign. American maybe? Yoongi had to find out if Jimin worked there, without letting on who he was.

Uhm. I am looking for Park Jimin please?

What??

Park Jimin? Does he work here?

Yes, but what do you need him for?

Heart failure. Yoongi was having heart failure, as he let the beautiful truth wash over him. JIMIN WORKED THERE.


You’re a shoe that does what??

Not a SHOE. A BILL. He owes a bill.

This guy’s Korean was terrible.

What bill?

Yoongi hung up. He couldn’t speak anymore, and he didn’t need to hear anything else.

“What’s up, hyung?? What’d they say??” Hobi inquired.

Yoongi looked at Hobi, not really seeing him, as his heart soared through the night sky and reached the stars.

“I found him. I found him. I found him...” Yoongi repeated, his arms on his head, almost not believing it.

He suddenly understood what it meant to be a multi-billion jackpot winner. You know it’s real, but it
just isn’t real, somehow.

“Fuck, hyung. We did it.” Hobi breathed, giving him a one shoulder hug, and slapping him affectionately on the back.

“Thank you, Hobi-yah. Thank you. I couldn’t have… Not without you.” Yoongi said, nearly in tears.

“Fuck off, hyung. I love you, man.” Hobi replied, smacking Yoongi’s head playfully.

“U-um… C-can I have my… Phone back?” Jackson asked in a terrified whisper.

Yoongi looked at the device in his hand. He didn’t even realize he still had it.

“If that’s ok with you! I don’t need it! I can leave without it!!” Jackson rushed to add.

“No-take it. Thank you, Jackson. Thank you so much.” Yoongi said with a smile, handing the man his phone.

He was so euphoric, he couldn’t even bring himself to be mean to him anymore.

Jackson stared at him with bewildered eyes.

“So I… Can I go…?”

Hobi nodded at him slowly, like he was retarded.

“Yep, that’s your ticket. Do you want us to put sleeping beauty in your car for you? Yoongi asked, pointing at the knocked out bodyguard.

But Jackson was already scrambling into his car. Six seconds later, he sped out of the lot, all four tires squealing.

“Damn. He’s coldblooded!” Hobi said with a laugh, as they walked to their car.

“I hate you both. Take me home.” Namjoon said as soon as they got inside and closed the doors.

Hobi laughed again.

“We found him, Monnie hyung. Can today get any fucking better???” Hobi said, brightly.

Namjoon was silent for a moment, as he digested this information.

“Great news. Still fucking hate you. Take me home.” He said, stubbornly.

“Or else what, hyung? You’ll shoot us?!” Hobi shot back, laughing so hard that even Namjoon had to join in.

Soon, the friends were joking around, like normal.

But Yoongi was deep in quiet thought, as he drove. Finding Jimin was only half of the equation.

The other half was winning him back.

Yoongi had no idea what to expect in Seoul, but for the first time in a while… He had hope.
Jimin was hurting.

Badly.

It had been several days since he had commenced his specialized dance training with Tony, and he had been working harder than ever before.

And that was saying something, because Jimin always worked hard.

Yeri and Sana had been dropping by lately to watch the classes and see how Jimin was progressing, so he had been putting in an enormous amount of effort that was leaving him drained everyday. He had also been getting overheated lately, too, ever since he started wearing two layers of clothes to work, in case Tony ever decided to pull his shirt off again.

The combination of his physical exertion, emotional drainage, lack of sleep, and poor eating habits, was definitely starting to take its toll on his usually strong body. He was tired all the time, but couldn’t sleep. He was hungry, but would barely eat. His home was a wreck. His heart was broken. He was lonely and his only friend in the world could barely speak his language.

Jimin sighed and lifted himself out of bed. It was early Saturday evening and he had done absolutely nothing all day. Weekends used to be a joyful time. He would clean, and then lay back and relax in his comfy apartment with a good book, or maybe order some takeout with Tae.

But these days, weekends were a living nightmare that lasted 48 treacherous hours. He didn’t have work and Tony to take his mind off Yoongi. And to make things worse, he had to actually spend the whole time in his disgusting apartment.

The weekends were only good for one thing now: hearing Yoongi’s voice. Jimin wasn’t sure why, but for some reason, he had kept the demo CD Yoongi had given him and brought it with him to Seoul. He had planned to put it with his old shirt that he left with the nice new couple that rented his apartment, but at the last minute, he couldn’t bring himself to do it. He copied the CD to his laptop and listened to Yoongi’s silky and strong vocals every weekend. He could practically perform every song now, he had listened to them so much.

It was the closest he could get to him.

Jimin smiled sadly, and fired up his laptop, then carefully stripped out of his clothes, as the music began to fill the room. He shuffled reluctantly to the bathroom and set the shower very close to the
hottest level and waited for the water to warm up. Jimin had scrubbed the tub and floor hard, hoping to get rid of that dingy brown look and had only succeeded in making it slightly less dingy and slightly less brown.

It took nearly 15 minutes for the ancient water heater to get the shower to the right temperature, but he didn’t care. He was lost in Yoongi’s beautiful voice now. The elder may have forced him out of his life, but he couldn’t take this away from him. Jimin stepped in the shower with a sigh and let the heat envelope him and his aching muscles. He was reminded of his first time in a Jacuzzi and how tenderly Yoongi had touched him in the water.

Back when they were in love, and all was right with the world.

Jimin made a determined effort to lather up his hair and body, scrubbing himself thoroughly, as if it would wash away the pain, but of course, it didn’t. Fully clean, but unwilling to leave the warm water, Jimin just stood there with his eyes closed, leaning against the shower wall. He waited for the tears to come, but curiously, they hadn’t made an appearance yet.

Jimin kept thinking about that night in the hot tub, and from there he tumbled down a rabbit hole of lust filled memories.

Soon, his brain was flooded with images of sliding his tongue inside Yoongi for the first time. And then sliding himself into him, too, not very long after that. Jimin could almost taste him. He could almost feel him…

He looked down and noticed his full erection, standing proudly underneath the curtain of falling water. He turned the heat up a bit more, and then just a little bit more. The water was nearly scalding now, and he found that if he stood very still and closed his eyes, it reminded him of sinking his cock into the heat of Yoongi’s tight, virgin hole.

“Ohh…” Jimin let out a soft, involuntary whimper, as his hand strayed to touch himself. He hadn’t masturbated since his first few days after meeting Yoongi, and didn’t need to after they had officially gotten together. He had never ached for someone, yearned for someone, like he did for the elder now. Slowly, he began to pump himself in the hot water, adding a little shampoo to his hand for lubrication.

Instantly, he was transported, remembering all those unbelievably sexy moments he once shared with his now ex-boyfriend. Umma’s house… Their vibrator… Languid kisses, flavored with their mingled cum… He braced himself with an arm against the wall, and leaned over stroking himself faster and faster. Suddenly, Jimin climaxed with a soft yelp, breathing hard in the foggy bathroom. It was over before it had even started. God, he must have been really horny.

Jimin washed up and exited the bathroom, then fixed himself a spectacular meal of cup noodles. He was settling in uncomfortably to write a poem, when someone pounded on the door. Jimin set down his notebook and sat up, completely alert. He had wired his rent payment to Chen the other day…?

He approached the door cautiously. His run-ins with Jungkook and Jin had left him pretty jumpy, but he forced himself to relax. He wasn’t in any danger. Yoongi had made sure of that when he ripped his heart to pieces.

“Ohh, Tonyyy!” Jimin exclaimed, when he opened the door.

His surprise immediately turned to horror. He was standing in a bathrobe in the shittiest apartment in Korea. No, in the UNIVERSE.
“They don’t invite friends inside in Korea, or what?” Tony asked, playfully.

Burning with shame, Jimin tightened his robe until he was sure it was cutting off his circulation, before moving aside awkwardly to let his friend in.

Tony smiled easily and made himself at home on the couch, which looked like dollhouse furniture underneath the tall man. He didn’t seem the least bit concerned about catching Jimin undressed.

Meanwhile, Jimin was a wreck, trying to sit down appropriately. First, with his legs clammed shut, then crossed, before deciding to uncross and squeeze them shut again. Of course, the pair shared the men’s locker room at work, but this just seemed way different to him.

Also, Tony didn’t appear to care to explain how he found out where Jimin lived. He figured that he checked his employee record, but even then- wasn’t it a bit strange to show up unannounced to a co-worker’s home?

He tried to remind himself that Americans are so much more relaxed and liberal than other nationalities.

“So… You’re doing the less is more thing, huh?” Tony inquired, looking around the room with raised eyebrows.

Jimin hadn’t understood that, but he could tell by the tone and the look on his face that it wasn’t good.

“Uhh... I... No expecting you, Tony.” He replied lamely.

No excuse in the world could make up for this shit show.

Tony leaned back and stretched his arms along the back of the couch. From the middle, he could actually touch each edge with his hands.

“Let’s go out.” He said, simply.

Heh????

“Ohh, go…? Go out?” Jimin stammered, trying desperately to keep his robe closed.

Tony nodded, decisively.

“If this is how you spend Saturday night, then we need to go out, Chim.”

“Go where, Tony?”

Jimin was never a nightlife type of person, and what little bit of social spirit he had disappeared when Yoongi crushed his world. He just didn’t know how to articulate this to his friend.

“Hit a club and dance a bit? Nowhere fancy, chim chim. I’m not dressed for that.”

Jimin surveyed Tony’s perfectly tailored khakis and coffee colored knit sweater, accessorized with a cream cashmere scarf and perfectly matching Vans.

What the hell did he look like when he was dressed up??

“Tony, I can’t…”
Tony sprang forward from his reclined position, and leaned towards Jimin, making the younger jolt in surprise.

Fuck, he smells good.

“I dare you to say you can’t fucking dance.” Tony warned.

Jimin actually laughed at this, and Tony joined in with his deep chuckle.

“Not that. I just can’t go… clubbing, Tony. I am sorry…”

Jimin didn’t even club with Tae. Suddenly, he missed his strange, kooky friend dearly. Tae Tae would never have proposed something like this.

Tony’s face got very serious, and Jimin wondered for a fearful moment if he had offended his friend.

Was it culturally disrespectful to decline a clubbing invitation in the US?

“Chim chim. There are a lot of great gay clubs around.” Tony said, evenly.

Jimin shot up from his seat and stepped back a few feet.

What did he just say?

Jimin was certain, positively certain that he did not just hear “gay club” come out of Tony’s mouth.

“I... I-I Tony…”

Jimin was shaking now. Had he been too awkward around him? Stared too much? Danced too closely? Jimin had grown up hearing the horror stories of American intolerance. Racism. Sexism. Homophobia…

Tony stood up and crossed the room, which only took him about 2 steps.

“Chim. Calm down. Look…”

Tony rolled up his sweater sleeve to expose his fully tattooed forearm. Jimin looked stupidly at it. It was just a ton of really cool tats. What was he supposed to be seeing?

“This one, here.” Tony pointed to a small and rather ordinary looking one. It looked like two blue rectangles, one on top of the other.

“Uhhhh…?”

“It’s an equal sign. For equality.” Tony explained in his spotty Korean.

Jimin exhaled and looked away. This was too much.

This wasn’t supposed to happen.

“Come on, Chim. I’m not dumb. When I asked if you had a girl, you got all weird. It was obvious, man.”

Jimin looked from Tony’s forearm to Tony, then back to his forearm.

Tony laughed, and clapped him on his shoulder.
“We’re friends, chim chim. Just be yourself. Be you.”

Jimin nodded slowly. They were friends. They saw each other for hours on end. And Tony obviously believed in equal rights for all.

There was nothing to be afraid of. He took a deep breath and nodded.

“Ok, Tony… Umm. I don’t… Like girls? I like… guys.” Jimin said with a small smile. It felt good to get that weight off.

“See? Wasn’t that easy? And I like what I like, chim chim. I don’t really care who it is.” Tony said in a soft voice, looking straight into Jimin’s eyes.

Jimin’s smile disappeared along with all the oxygen in his lungs.

Was Tony…?

No. He can’t be. LOOK AT HIM. He was a female heartthrob.

He was the manliest man Jimin had ever met.

He had so much SWAG.

But… So had Yoongi…

Oh, GOD…

How did he not SEE it?

“You ok, man?” Tony inquired gently, looking down at him.

Jimin looked at his tall friend with wild eyes that were beginning to well up with confused tears.

If only Yoongi had stayed, this wouldn’t be happening. He wouldn’t be here in this fucking situation.

“I-I don’t know, Tony…”

“Hey. Sit down, Chim. Sit down.” Tony said soothingly, leading Jimin to his own sofa.

Jimin pulled his robe tighter and sat down dazedly.

He swallowed hard and looked at Tony.

“Chim, listen up. We don’t have to go to a club. Do you want to go to dinner and just talk? We’re friends, remember?”

Jimin felt sick. How can he possibly explain this to Tony?

He carefully leaned over to his duffel bag and pulled out a small translation dictionary that he’d been using to communicate more effectively with Tony at work. He opened it now and flipped through a few of the pages.

“Tony… I am having a heart problem…” Jimin said carefully, reading from the dictionary.

Tony’s eyes went wide, and he sat up with his hands over his chest.
“Chim Chim! You have a heart problem? Why didn’t you tell me??”

Confused by Tony’s reaction, Jimin read the dictionary again.

Oh, shit. He had used the wrong terminology.

“No, no, Tony. My heart… is… broken?” Jimin corrected, quickly.

Tony relaxed again.

“Broken? Oh… I see. You got man problems?” Tony said in slow understanding.

“Yea…” Jimin nodded, sadly.

“Do you… Wanna talk about it?”

Jimin shook his head and looked at the floor.

He couldn’t talk about it even if Tony’s Korean was fluent.

“No… And I can’t go… out, Tony. I-I’m not ok. I’m sorry.”

Jimin looked at Tony searchingly, hoping that he understood.

Tony didn’t meet his eyes, but instead pursed his lips and nodded slightly, then stood up and put his hands in his pockets. Jimin awkwardly followed him to the door and they looked at each other for a long moment.

“We… Friends?” Jimin asked, hopefully.

He wasn’t exactly sure if Tony was looking for a party buddy or something more. He just knew that he was not in a place to do either. Not now and maybe not ever. Most importantly, he didn’t want to ruin anything with their friendship. Tony’s fun and funny presence was the only hope he had these days, and he didn’t want to lose that.

Tony smiled, lifting his hand for a fist bump.

“Not friends, chim. We’re bros.”

Jimin returned the smile, warmed by Tony’s easy going personality.

“Bros.” Jimin confirmed, bumping Tony’s huge fist with his tiny one.

After Tony left, Jimin threw away his uneaten cup noodles and sat on the couch with his head in his hands. The tears that didn’t come before suddenly returned in full force, shaking his body violently with every wracking sob, until he finally, thankfully, cried himself to sleep.
I've run out of words of thanks to tell you guys. I can't believe the number of lives I have touched, and who have touched mine. I love how this story has brought us all together- all races, genders, creeds, sexualities... We are all united through Yoonmin smut, I mean love. LOL. I know these last few chaps were tough. It was tough for me to write them. The next couple chaps won't get easier. Be open with your comments, even if it made you want to break your phone or computer, tell me! I love hearing from you. And I promise I am working overtime to pull a together a good story for you. You guys low key make me wanna be a novelist! That's how much you encourage me. I just love you all.

-M

Jimin went through work like a zombie for the next few days.

He was able to keep up with his dance routines well, and by all accounts, he was doing a great job.

But he was just so damn tired all the time.

He had literally cried his way through the rest of the weekend, and even though Tony was his usual happy and laid back self, he still felt terrible for blowing him off. Honestly, in what world does a godlike man such as Tony, just happen to be kind, funny, bisexual, AND maybe, just maybe, into him? But despite his amazing luck, Jimin couldn’t do a thing about it.

Yoongi still had a hold on him even now.

“Should we run through this one a couple more times, Chim?”

It was 8pm, and even though Jimin was used to staying far later than this, practicing and playing around with Tony, he just didn’t have it in him these past couple of days. He was weak and exhausted, and somehow, more heartbroken now than when he first got to the city.

“Chim?” Tony repeated, looking down at Jimin sprawled face first on the floor.

Jimin rolled over and looked up at Tony with tired eyes.

“I can’t…” He whispered, shaking his head for emphasis.

Tony smiled down at him from on high.

“You bitching out on me, Chim?”

Jimin sat up painfully, and took Tony’s hand to help himself to his feet.

“Yea. I’m a beach, Tony.” Jimin said with a hollow laugh, as he moved to pack up his bag.

Tony followed him, with a long arm dangling chummily over Jimin’s shoulders.
“Alright, little man. But that’s the third time this week. I won’t take it easy on you after this.”

Jimin left, promising that he would step it up, and started the walk home in the cool, evening air.

It was almost sickening that he was leaving work early to spend more time in his apartment, but he didn’t have a choice. Even if he couldn’t sleep, he could at least sit down and rest.

Sorrow didn’t take as much energy as a high intensity choreography.

Jimin reached his place and heated up some noodles in an old mug Tae had gifted him years ago. Sighing, he decided to try and eat them in bed, and see if that would induce him to sleep, even if for just an hour.

Of course, as soon as he laid down, his phone rang from the kitchen where he had left it.

Jimin wasn’t usually lazy, but he let it ring until it stopped. It couldn’t be Tae, since he still hadn’t reached out to him with his new number, and it didn’t make sense for it to be Tony or anyone else from work, since he’d barely just left.

Jimin clucked his tongue in irritation, when he heard the phone ringing again. He grabbed his mug of noodles and heaved off the bed and out of his room, thinking that this had better not be Chen calling.

The next thing Jimin heard was his mug falling from his hands and shattering on the floor around his feet.

But it was like he was watching it happening to somebody else. As if he had somehow left his body and was seeing another Jimin in another world.

Yoongi looked at him steadily from near the open front door.

Jimin’s pulse quickened, and he felt himself go lightheaded, as his heart struggled to pump enough oxygen to his brain to keep him alive.

Yoongi…

Was in his apartment.

Looking at him.

Jimin closed his eyes and squeezed them tight, with a strangled sound. He hadn’t slept a full night in weeks. He was malnourished and dancing for 15 hours a day. It was very possible that he was seeing things.

Jimin willed his eyes to open again.

Yoongi was still there.

But closer now.

He wore all black, and his skin was paler than ever against the dark backdrop of clothes. He looked… Thinner. Gaunt. His hair was longer and slightly unkept and there were deep circles around his eyes. He stood in an awkward position, holding his side.

He was fucking beautiful.

Jimin slowly sat down on his sofa, literally unable to stand any longer, eyes locked on the only man
he had ever loved. In a deep corner of his mind, he knew he had been expecting this.

Hoping for it and dreading it at the same time.

His phone rang again from the counter, slashing through the heavy silence, but went ignored and immediately forgotten.

“Jimin-ah, I…”

His heart jackhammered at the sound of Yoongi’s voice saying his name again. Not the studio quality sound of his music.

*His actual voice.*

Yoongi took another step forward and Jimin could smell him now.

More than that...

He could actually *feel* the waves of heat rolling off Yoongi’s body, and attacking him from every angle.

“I followed you from work, and… I…” Yoongi swallowed once, before continuing. “I tried knocking on the door, but it just… It swung open, and… I couldn’t… I didn’t know what to do. I froze…”

Jimin closed his eyes and let the deep warmth of Yoongi’s voice cascade over him. It was like spring after the bitter cold. Like healing waters, rushing over parched, dry land.

“Umm… Anybody could just… Walk in here…” Yoongi said softly, pointing at the open doorway.

Jimin looked over at the rotting, piece of shit door. Then he looked back at Yoongi.

Silence.

He couldn’t speak.

“Jimin-ah, I-I don’t have an excuse or an apology good enough for you…”

Small trembles were going through Jimin’s body, from head to toe, then back again. His lips parted, and his breath was coming in short, shaky gasps.

Yoongi continued, seeing that he wasn’t getting anything out of Jimin at the moment.

“I’ve been looking for you, baby… I never stopped- and I never would have stopped. I would have searched till my dying breath, Jimin-ah. If you don’t believe anything else, please believe that.”

Yoongi took another step forward, wincing slightly.

The small tremors coursing through Jimin’s body became more pronounced. He felt like he was vibrating now, as a strange energy hummed in his ears. Jimin couldn’t explain it or understand it. It was as if he was a tea kettle that was boiling, but the top wasn’t open to let the steam out.

He knew he was in the most serious kind of shock.
But again, he felt like he was watching himself from another perspective. He understood what was happening, but he couldn’t influence any change.

He so badly wanted to move, but couldn’t, and even if he could, he didn’t know where to go.

“Jimin, please speak… Even if it’s to call me the bastard that I am. Just say something. Let me hear your voice.”

Yoongi’s voice cracked, and his bloodshot eyes closed.

One of his large, beautiful hands came up and covered his face. He was breathing heavily into it, like it was an oxygen mask.

Jimin looked down. He saw Tae’s gift, his favorite mug, shattered on the floor.

Tae. His best friend and only family, whom he hasn’t seen or spoken to in nearly two months now.

The mess of ceramic shards and uneaten noodles seemed to remind Jimin of who and where he was.

And all that Yoongi had done.

Jimin put his hand on the sofa. The worn and ugly sofa, which replaced the pretty blue one he once had.

He looked up at the ceiling. The leaking spots that were rotting and molding.

He looked slowly at Yoongi, who had taken one more hesitant step toward him.

Just a little farther, and he would be directly in front of him.

“Jimin-ah…? Yoongi whispered, brokenly. “Baby, I’m so fucking sorry-”

“Roses.” Jimin said quietly, his soft voice slicing through Yoongi’s apology like a katana.

Yoongi stopped, abruptly. His eyes swiveled left and right, before settling on Jimin again.

“R-roses?” The elder repeated, clearly confused.

Jimin nodded solemnly at the mess on the floor.

“Yea… You’re missing the roses.” He explained, quietly.

“I… I don’t understand-”

“You’re supposed to bring roses.” Jimin said with a small, maniacal laugh.

Yoongi was looking at him with a frightened expression. The way one would look at an escaped mental patient.

Jimin knew he sounded crazy.

He felt crazy.

Hell, maybe he was crazy.

“Yea, roses. Red ones. Pretty… Then you’ll give them to me. Like the last time you came to beg me?” Jimin continued, with the same slightly crazy giggle.
Yoongi took a tiny step backwards.

“Jimin-”

”And then, you’ll tell me how hard this has been for you. Because this is all just so NEW to you, you know? You just don’t know how to process all of this…” Jimin was beaming now. His slight grin had become a huge smile, and he knew right then and there that Min Yoongi had finally sent him off the deep end.

But he couldn’t stop. He still wasn’t in control of himself. He was just a spectator.

“Baby… Please, angel-”

“Because I’m the gay one, right? So, I just fuck men everyday, you know? All day long… And… I just fall in love with fucking drug dealers all the time. I mean, it’s just so NORMAL for me!” Jimin had stood up now, and was gesticulating wildly with both hands as he walked back and forth.

Yoongi had fallen silent, his mouth slightly open and his eyes wide in shock at Jimin’s erratic behavior.

“I witness people getting shot REGULARLY. That had absolutely no effect on me… And watching you dying, laying there… bleeding…” Jimin pointed at the floor, as if it was the very spot where Yoongi had fallen. “That was nothing. Just another day in my life…”

Jimin’s eyes flashed as he turned to Yoongi again, and the elder flinched visibly just from the look.

“Jimin… Jesus Christ, sweetheart… I know… what I did- in the- the hospital… I can’t take it back, but I-I just wanted you SAFE! Please understand!”

Yoongi was pale as a ghost and looked close to passing out.

“I know that’s what you tell yourself, Min Yoongi.” Jimin said, slowly turning towards the elder. “You tell yourself that you only wanted me safe, and it sounds good on the surface, but it’s not true. Not the whole truth. You flee from truth.”

Jimin couldn’t recognize his own voice now. It was cold and calm. No more emotional trembling. He delivered each word like a surgical cut from the sharpest of blades, and from the look on Yoongi’s face, each one was piercing him to the bone.

He wasn’t happy or sad or even angry. He simply wasn’t there at all. It was like someone had taken over him and was talking through him.

“If not for me, you’d still think you were straight. I am the one who has to drag the truth out of you all the time. So, here it is. You are a COWARD. You are ALWAYS afraid. You are NEVER brave. Bravery is NOT taking calculated risks. Bravery is risking IT ALL without a second thought. You lost everything that night you were shot, but most of all, you lost that bullshit mask that you wear. It was ok to be with me as long as you were still in control. You still had money and expensive things to hide behind. You’re fucking SWAG… But as soon as you were left broke, hurt, and hopeless, you couldn’t do it anymore. You couldn’t stay with me like that. I know you were afraid of Jin, but that wasn’t your greatest fear. You were ashamed. Ashamed of yourself, just like you’re ashamed of your family. You aren’t good enough for yourself, and you’re so STUPID that you think I judge you in the same way. No matter what I say or I do, you will always find a way to hurt yourself and me, because you will never understand how much I love you. And you’ll never love me that way, because you’re a FUCKING COWARD.”
Jimin’s chest was heaving from the speech he delivered, without stopping for a single breath.

Yoongi had backed into a chair and sat down, crying softly. He shook his head, back and forth.

“It’s not true…” Yoongi sobbed, unconvincingly.

“It IS true.” Jimin moved and stood over the elder now, looming over him like a giant, while Yoongi cowered under his gaze.

The Jimin that was far away, watching detachedly, felt bad for the elder. That Jimin wanted to hold him. Comfort him…

But this Jimin wasn’t done yet.

“You fear anything you don’t know. You run from every situation to which you don’t know the outcome. Meanwhile, I have been facing every challenge you throw my way with strength and hope and LOVE. I have always been a bigger man than you! You were too scared to start a life with me built on uncertainty. But I was ready for anything as long as we were together, because I am NOT AFRAID!!”

“N-no… No…” Yoongi held his face, as he cried.

But as long as he denied it, Jimin had no sympathy for him.

“No? Ok, then. Prove it.” Jimin said, acidly.

Yoongi turned a tear streaked face to him, questioningly.

“Bring out your phone and show me your bank balance.” Jimin demanded, with an outstretched hand.

“W-w-what…?” Yoongi asked in tearful surprise.

“SHOW. ME. YOUR. BANK. BALANCE.” Jimin repeated, tersely. “And tell me your Seoul address, too.”

“W-why…?” Yoongi said with a shaky breath.

Jimin laughed, humorlessly.

“Simple. If you aren’t rich and you live in a shit hole like me, I’ll take back every word I said. But if you’re loaded and living in a beautiful home, then I’m RIGHT, and you’re only here, because you got your fucking swag back. Which means that I only have until the next disaster before you leave me again. And how long will that take, Yoongi? A month? A year??”

Yoongi looked back at him with tragic eyes.

Jimin knew it. He knew he couldn’t do it.

“You’re so fucking transparent, Yoongi.” Jimin said disgustedly, shaking his head at him. “What did you do?? Did you force Jungkook to pay Jin off and now you’re back on top where you’re meant to be? And suddenly you remembered me?”

“I just want to give you everything, Jimin…” Yoongi pleaded from the chair.

“NO! You want to hide! You hide from EVERYTHING! You hid from your sexuality. You hid the
truth about your dealings. You hide from your family, because they refuse to see you with your mask on. And in the hospital, you were hiding from me so I won’t see you vulnerable and lost and helpless. You keep telling yourself it was for my protection, but you know the truth, YOU KNOW IT!”

“Jimin…” Yoongi sobbed. He looked worse sitting on that chair than when he got shot. “Angel-”

“Don’t call me that.” Jimin said, coldly.

“Please… Please, Jimin.” Yoongi stood up weakly, and reached for Jimin, but the younger side-stepped him.

He couldn’t touch Yoongi.

No way…

“I-I don’t expect this to take one day, or one week, or one month- I just need you to know I’m here. And I’m not giving up… I won’t. I just… FUCK, y-y-you’re right, ok? But I can’t- I can’t just… I can’t do this without you… I love you, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi said, beseechingly.

A gust of wind blew in forcefully, and Jimin realized that the door had been wide open this whole time.

He pointed at the rectangle of darkness which was the open doorway.

“Get out.” Jimin hissed at Yoongi.

Yoongi looked at the doorway, as if Jimin was pointing him to the electric chair.

“No, Jimin-ah…” Yoongi whispered in a shattered voice.

“Get. Out. And be thankful that you’re not being dragged out, like I was.”

Yoongi swallowed and looked at the electric chair door again.

I’ll leave… Ok? J-just… Tell me this won’t be the last time I see you? Please…”

Jimin was silent, but kept his arm pointed at the exit.

“I was ready to die for you, Jimin-ah! Does that mean nothing to you???” Yoongi wailed, as he brought out his last defense.

Jimin’s body rippled with rage.

“Because you PLANNED it! It was all part of whatever scheme you calculated in your head! But I RAN TO YOU, not AWAY from you, like you wanted! And I didn’t have a plan or street skills or a chair! I wasn’t ready to die. I hadn’t spoken my last words. I wasn’t calm and prepared like you were. But I still ran back, because I LOVE YOU enough to risk everything for you! But somehow YOUR risk is bolder than MINE?”

Yoongi stared back in stunned silence.

“I… Jimin, I didn’t mean it like that… I didn’t-”

Jimin scoffed and shook his head.
“You’re so blind, Yoongi. You can’t be ready to die for me, but reject me for doing the same thing for you. It’s a two way street. But you want to drive it alone. So, go and be alone.”

“I was trying to protect you from taking risks like that ever again, Jimin-ah!”

Jimin took a step towards Yoongi, and for a wild moment, he thought he might actually hit the elder.

“Protect me? By killing me?? The only thing I need protection from is you, Min Yoongi.” Jimin whispered, caustically.

Yoongi looked like he’d been punched in the gut by those soft spoken words.

Jimin looked at him and through him. Again, it felt like he wasn’t fully there, as his body hummed with the same weird energy. He was neither satisfied nor sorry about cutting into Yoongi.

Yoongi exhaled shakily, and swallowed. In a daze, he turned and walked to the door.

“You don’t think it killed me, too? Watching them… take you?” Yoongi turned and said in a hoarse whisper, from the doorway.

Anger surged through Jimin’s body again.

“Your suicide doesn’t justify my murder.” Jimin replied, icily.

Yoongi swayed a little as he stood there looking at him, and Jimin wondered if he was going to fall over. But then he caught himself and nodded jerkily, before leaving.

It was only as he watched him walking to his car that Jimin noticed Yoongi was limping.

He closed the door, and waited until he heard Yoongi drive away.

He was still wired up and jumpy as he started cleaning the mess on the floor.

But he didn’t stop there.

He cleaned the kitchen and scrubbed his bathroom again.

He moved his bed and dresser, and cleaned his entire room.

It wasn’t until two hours later, while Jimin was vacuuming the tiny scrap of carpet in his living room that the strange energy suddenly left him, and he felt like he had returned to his body.

He leaned against the wall and cried, totally spent, then fell asleep standing, with the vacuum still running.
Yoongi couldn’t believe that Jimin was here, in his house.

After everything the younger had said...

After how coldly and accurately he had dissected Yoongi’s character and shown him for the coward that he truly was...

He couldn’t believe that Jimin was actually here, caressing his face… But he didn’t question it. He just enjoyed the softness of his touch.

“Hyung…” Jimin whispered, sweetly. “I love you.”

“I love you, too, Jimin-ah…”

“Hyung…”

“HYUNG!!”

Yoongi opened his eyes to find a disgusted looking Hobi looking down at him, and a very concerned Namjoon standing not too far behind.

“What. The. Fuck.” Hobi said incredulously, as he stood up from the couch Yoongi was sleeping on.

It had taken him a few days to coordinate relocating all his things from Daegu. Each day lasted a century since he had found Jimin’s workplace. But he didn’t want to rush. It had to be just right. He wanted his place set up and fully ready to bring Jimin home, where he belonged.

But that didn’t quite work out the way he planned.

“Monnie broke your turntable, hyung. I told him not to breathe and carry shit at the same fucking time…”

Yoongi sat up, painfully. His head was killing him and his torso felt worse than his first day out of surgery. He couldn’t eat, and he had thrown up last night. He attributed it all to the stress of moving and his heartbreak at losing Jimin for good.

“I don’t care…” He muttered to Hobi. It was true. He honestly didn’t give a flying fuck.

Hobi and Namjoon had overseen the bulk of the move, and had come down to Seoul to bring a few remaining items by car. Yoongi had already built in the Namjoon factor and expected at least half of his shit to be ruined upon arrival.

“Yoongs, are you ok, man?” Namjoon asked, carefully.
“I don’t care about the turntable, Monnie hyung…”

“I’m not talking about that. I mean, yea, it’s completely ruined- sorry- but I’m talking about you laying there all damn day, and saying Jimin’s name in your sleep.”

Yoongi just shook his head, and looked away.

What was there to say?

Anybody would be fucked up after Jimin’s merciless rejection. Yoongi knew he deserved it, but sweet Jesus, it was harsh. Harsh wasn’t even the word.

It was brutal. Mortal Kombat finish him brutal.

There was even a moment when Yoongi swore Jimin was about to hit him.

He knew it was his angel talking, but then again… It wasn’t. It was like Jimin was possessed by some exorcist level shit.

And he deserved it all. Every last word.

“Yoongi-ah, have you gotten a doc now that you’re in Seoul? You need to keep going for your check-ups, man, that thing hasn’t fully healed yet.” Namjoon pressed, sitting next Yoongi now.

“I tried to tell him, Monnie hyung, but he wouldn’t listen!” Hobi shouted from the kitchen where he was unpacking dishes into the shelves. He flat out refused Namjoon’s help, saying that he didn’t want to be responsible for the destruction of all of Yoongi’s good china.

Yoongi ignored his friends, though he knew they were right. He had only been in Seoul for about five days, but he had been consumed with tracking and following Jimin to find out where he lived and what places he frequented. He staked out Y&S Studios and saw that Jimin was back to being a workaholic. The kid got in before 6am and was there till after 10pm most days, except for the last two nights, when he left around 8. He often left with a really tall white guy, which he assumed was the American he spoke to on the phone.

Apart from work, Jimin did nothing else. No friends. Nothing. Yoongi’s heart constricted at how lonely Jimin was.

Youngi wasn’t ready for Jimin’s apartment complex. His angel was living in a shit pond. It was four miniscule units packed on top of each other; dirty and unkempt, and Yoongi wasn’t completely sure, but he thought he’d seen a rat or two outside. He had contemplated leaving a note, leaving flowers, just sitting there at the doorstep, or even catching Jimin as he left work… He had spent days agonizing over what to do, until finally he decided to be a man and knock on the door.

He was already shocked by how shitty the place was outside, but nothing could prepare him for how shitty the interior was. The door nearly disintegrated when he touched it, and simply swung open with a sickening, wet sound. The kitchen was a closet. The living room was a shoebox. Everything was tiny and dingy. Yoongi remembered Jimin’s Daegu apartment. So warm and inviting… Now his angel, his bright, beautiful, perfect angel was in a dump and it was all his motherfucking fault.

Yoongi looked around at his sleek and shiny, brand new apartment, with its sharp white surfaces, chrome appliances, and comfortable bedrooms. This should be their home. Jimin should be here. They should be laying on this couch together… Laughing…

Making love…
Despite his physical and emotional pain, a heat churned from deep within him when he thought of the younger’s gorgeousness. God, Jimin had looked breathtaking last night, even though he was just sitting around at home. Yoongi’s wound was hurting terribly while he was there, but he was numbed by the younger’s beauty. Even his feet were milky and perfect. Yoongi had often looked at Jimin’s pictures daily, warmed by the cute ones, and destroyed by the sexy ones. But nothing compared to seeing him face to face.

Still, Yoongi had noticed how thin and tired he looked. There was a slightly unhealthy tint to his normally golden skin.

Jesus, he must really be struggling. And now that Yoongi could take care of him the way he deserves, the kid wouldn’t touch him.

Jimin had seen through him in a way that only his grandmother could. Revealing truths about him that not even Yoongi knew about himself. And Jimin was right about all of it. No wonder Jimin and Umma had hit it off. They must be exchanging notes on how fucked up of a person he is.

Yoongi closed his eyes and heard Jimin’s haunting words echoing in his mind. Yoongi was a coward. A coward who wasn’t afraid of death, but was deathly afraid of the unknown.

But even as he was tearing him to pieces, God, Jimin had looked so beautiful…

“Youngi!!” Namjoon yelled. “You were dozing off again, man! You need to get yourself checked out, Yoongs!”

“I’m up, I’m up. Fuck…” Yoongi tried to sit up further, and hot white pain tore through him again.

In all the time Yoongi was following Jimin, it had never occurred to him to get a new doctor. All that mattered was getting him back, and now, nothing mattered at all.

Hobi finished in the kitchen and came over to sit down across from Yoongi.

“Hyung. I know this is hard. And… It’s a terrible time to say I told you so, but… Fuck, man, I told you so. I told you that Mariah might not be waiting for you with open arms.”

“Thank you, Hobi. That was fucking beautiful.” Yoongi replied, sarcastically.

Hobi let out an exasperated sigh.

“Ok… Do you think he just needs time? And maybe he’ll come around later?”

Yoongi contemplated this momentarily, then shook his head sadly. If he was to be honest with himself, the situation did not look hopeful.

“Did you get diamonds?” Namjoon offered.

Yoongi didn’t even grace that with a response.

“Hyung, you either have to keep trying or move on. You can’t do both and you can’t do neither- you have to pick one.” Hobi said reasonably.

Yoongi was sick of his friends ripping the scab off this fresh wound, but he was too weak to protest. He considered his options. Could he go back and try to talk to Jimin again? But as soon as the thought flashed through his mind, he saw Jimin’s cold eyes piercing him. That kid might actually try to beat the shit out of him if he ever went back there.
“It’s over…” Yoongi said in a dead voice.

Hobi clapped his hands once, in finality.

“Then it’s time to move on, hyung. You told me to help you, and I did. Now it’s time to get back to our plan for Seoul. The debut? The demo? The launch? We’re here and we have the fucking funds to do this now. The money you got from Kook’s folks won’t last forever. We have to start investing it in the dream right now.”

“Hobi’s right, Yoongi-ah. This was our dream, man. Swag Nation? We can do this, but not if you die on this fucking couch. You got a second chance at life, man. Don’t waste it.”

Yoongi felt that he might as well just die. Jimin already cremated him last night, anyway.

He felt bad for his friends, too. They were always there for him, and Hobi had given him unquestionable loyalty when he needed him the most. And now, he was flaking out on them and their dreams. He wanted to do better, to be better, but his future was just a bleak haze of pain and nothingness. He didn’t have the passion anymore. He couldn’t mix or write a song, even if he did have the strength to do it.

“I have nothing now… And yesterday is gone, and… Tomorrow is going with it…” Yoongi groaned, as his mind strayed into the land of hallucinations.

Namjoon and Hobi exchanged a scared look.

“Yoongi-ah?!” Namjoon said, snapping his fingers in front of Yoongi’s face.

“Hmm…?”

“Hyung, we’re not leaving until you call a doctor.” Hobi said, uneasily.

Yoongi wanted to be alone. He wanted to sleep. That’s the only time he could feel Jimin’s sweet hands on him. But he couldn’t rest with these fuckers in his face all day.

He took a deep breath, and held his side gingerly. He needed to get them out of here.

“I have a doctor, already.” Yoongi lied, in what he hoped was a calm and convincing voice.


Yoongi’s mind worked furiously to come up with a believable story.

“Downtown. I stopped at an urgent care clinic close to the dance studio. Doc said I was fine, I just need to stay on my meds.”

“Where are the meds? You’re only popping pain killers?” Hobi chimed in.

Fuck.

“The prescription’s being filled. I’ll get it tomorrow, guys. Stop worrying. Go back home…”

He held his breath hoping they would buy the story.

“You’re ok to drive tomorrow? Should we stay the night and take you in the morning?” Namjoon suggested.
Come the fuck on. They had already spent the last two nights there. Enough was enough.

Yoongi wanted to suffer in peace.

“Nah, man. Stop worrying. I’ve been fine all along. I’m fine now. I’ll be fine tomorrow.” Yoongi said lightly, as his body burned in an inferno of pain.

Hobi nodded decisively.

“Ok. I need to get back before its too late, hyung, but I’ll call you tomorrow, alright?”

“Yea, cool…”

Namjoon got up, too, but hovered over Yoongi for a moment.

“You’re sure you’re ok, Yoongs?”

Yoongi nodded, each move an explosion in his head.

Sleep. He just needed to sleep.

“Ok… Call me tomorrow once you get those meds.”

Yoongi gave a thumbs up this time. He couldn’t do the nodding thing again.

“Can you drive, Monnie? I have partial night vision blindness.” Hobi asked the tall blonde.

“You have what?” Namjoon said with a twisted expression.

“Partial night vision blindness. I can’t see too well in the fucking dark.” Hobi explained, handing Namjoon the keys.

“HUMANS can’t see well in the fucking dark, dumbass.”

Yoongi closed his eyes and waited for his friends to leave and take their bickering with them. Finally, they headed for the door, and Yoongi was glad no one had tried to give him a parting hug. He had a feeling he was running a fever.

He was already sinking into blissful sleep, when Namjoon walked back inside, stating that he forgot something in the kitchen.

Yoongi was certain that the elder was doing a double check on him. Hobi hadn’t allowed Namjoon in the kitchen once.

“Alright, Yoongs. Bye.” Namjoon said, as he walked out.

But it was Jimin’s voice that Yoongi heard.
Pain shot through Jimin’s knee, all the way up his leg and ended with a blinding burn in his hip.

He had crashed again. Hard.

On the same leg.

For the third time.

“Damn, Chim, I’m gonna need to call an ambulance if you keep falling like that.” Tony said, from above him.

Jimin lifted himself slowly and accepted the ice pack from his tall friend, placing it gingerly on his red and bruised knee.

“Too hard, Tony…” Jimin muttered, in a defeated voice.

Tony clucked and cocked his head.

“Bullshit, chim chim. You can do a simple move like that in your sleep. You’re distracted.”

Jimin pretended to adjust the ice pack on his knee. He didn’t understand some of Tony’s words, but he knew that his friend didn’t believe the move was too hard for him to do.

And he was right. It was a simple jump with a mid-air twirl, landing on one foot. Even a brand new dance student could do it on their first try.

But Jimin had fallen three times, and that was on top of him missing the beat, and dancing off rhythm.

He just couldn’t do anything anymore.

Not after last night…

Usually, Jimin could channel his feelings into movement, and perform better than normal even on a bad day. He could make his body survive off minimal food and sleep.

But not now. Jimin had finally reached the limit of his strength and stamina. He was done.

Yoongi had finished him.

He had slept a full 15 minutes, before sliding off the wall and toppling onto the vacuum cleaner last night. Afterwards, he was a mess, crying and writing, then pacing around his tiny home, before settling down to cry and write again.

He couldn’t even bear to take a sip of water, let alone a bite of food that morning, as he washed his
face and mechanically made his way to work. He felt woozy and light headed and he didn’t care if he was messing up his dance routine. He didn’t care if he was ruining his chances of taking over Tony’s job.

He didn’t care if he collapsed and died right there on the dance floor.

Tony nudged Jimin into his office, and Jimin followed him in a catatonic state, just barely able to move one leg in front of the other. Tony gently pushed him into one of the chairs, before closing the door, then turned the chair to face him and squatted so he was at eye level with Jimin.

“Chim… Are you gonna tell me what’s wrong?”

Jimin was staring blankly at a basketball in the corner of the office and hadn’t even really heard him. All he noticed was that there was a change in Tony’s voice. Not loud and booming as usual. It was softer now.

“Chim…” Tony whispered, his large hand reaching out and cupping Jimin’s cheek softly.

Jimin bolted upright from his slumped position, suddenly alert. He was used to being touched by Tony all the time. High fiving after a good practice, a slap on the back for encouragement, ruffling his hair, play punches…

But not like this. Never like this…

Tony retracted his hand but let it rest on Jimin’s leg. Jimin looked at it carefully, like a growth that had suddenly appeared on his body.

*That shouldn’t be there.*

He felt sick.

“T-tony…” Jimin started.

“Stop. Let me speak. I’ll go slowly, so you can understand me.” Tony interjected, smoothly.

Jimin was almost grateful for the interruption, because he honestly didn’t know what he was going to say after “Tony”.

“I’m not gonna try to get in your business and ask what’s up in your love life, but I can tell that it’s bad. I see you everyday. You have no friends. You have no fun. You’re all alone, and that’s no way for anyone to live. Where I come from… Sometimes, when we’re hurting… We need someone…”

Tony paused and looked directly in Jimin’s eyes.

“Someone to make us feel better. For a day. For a night… Or as long as you want. I can’t solve your heart problems, Chim, but… I can make it better. I can be that friend who makes it better, if you want me to. Just say the word…” His hand was rubbing Jimin’s thigh, lightly now.

If Jimin could feel, he was certain that his heart would have exploded with a cocktail of emotions, including shock, fear, and maybe even lust.

But he was a robot. Totally numb and raw and emotionless. He had spent everything he had on Yoongi.

He had nothing more to give.
“I have to go…” Jimin whispered, still looking at the enormous hand resting heavily on his thigh.

Tony nodded and stood up.

“I agree. You’re no good like this. Take the rest of the day off and rest, and… Think about what I said? Ok?”

Jimin nodded, shakily and gathered his things.

When he stepped outside, the sunlight and spring air startled him. He wasn’t used to being outdoors in daylight, with his long working hours. He checked his phone. It was only noon.

He was absolutely miserable and had no idea where to go or what to do, when a car suddenly honked at him.

He turned and found himself face to face with Hobi.

“Hey, kid.”

In another life, Jimin may have been surprised. But not today. Between Yoongi showing up last night, and now, Tony’s proposition, Jimin had completely lost the ability to be shocked by anything anymore.

“Hey.” Jimin replied, tonelessly.

“Wow. You look like ten pounds of hammered shit.” Hobi said, honestly.

Jimin nodded his agreement. “Thanks.”

The car horn blared again behind them. Jimin turned his dead eyes to see Namjoon in the driver seat of a glittery black Escalade.

“Hey! Come in, we’ll give you a ride home!” The blonde yelled.

Ji-min hadn’t forgotten how the two friends had stood up for him in the hospital the night Yoongi dumped him. He knew he could trust them.

Hobi climbed into the spacious backseat with him.

“Tell me how to get to your place.” Namjoon said, looking back at him from the rearview mirror. Jimin gave him the directions, not even really caring if he ever made it home or not.

The trio rode in silence until Namjoon parked at their destination, less than 5 minutes later. It had felt like hours. Or maybe seconds. Time had no meaning to him anymore.

Hobi turned to Jimin, and put a hand on his shoulder. It was strong and friendly.

Not like Tony’s hand that had just been caressing his thigh.

“We’re sorry for everything you’ve been through, Jimin. We’re actually on our way back to Daegu, but… We decided to stop by your job first. We need to talk to you. Can we come insi- HOLY SHIT, do you live here?”

Hobi was completely sidetracked from his train of thought, when he saw the decrepit exterior of Jimin’s complex through the window.
“Sure, come on in.” Jimin said with a shrug, as he climbed out of the car.

He knew his place was shitty. He didn’t care anymore.

Jimin squished the door open and sat down on the small chair, leaving the crappy sofa vacant for the two guests. He didn’t bother offering them anything. He didn’t have anything to offer.

Namjoon took a seat politely, but Hobi was still at the door with a look of horror deeply etched into his usually happy face.

“How?” Hobi breathed incredulously, as he looked around the little apartment.

“Hobi-yah, sit down!” Namjoon commanded.

He picked his way cautiously to the sofa, like he was walking through a minefield of explosives, and sat down slowly, shaking his head in disbelief.

Namjoon pegged him with an evil stare before turning back to Jimin, who was slumped in the opposite chair and watching carelessly.

“Look, Jimin… We came here to-“

“Just stop, hyung.” Jimin said in a dull voice, cutting Namjoon off mid-sentence. “I appreciate what you did for me back in Daegu. You both are always welcome in my life, but if you are going to talk about him, then please… Just stop.”

Namjoon clasped his hands between his long legs, and bobbed his arms up and down on his knees nervously.

“I TOLD you, Monnie-“

“Shut, up, Hobi.”

Jimin watched the friends lifelessly, wondering when they would leave. He just wanted to die alone in his pitiful apartment.

“Jemin-ah. Listen up.” Namjoon said, seriously, leaning forward on the sofa.

“I’m not here to sell you on the charms of Min Yoongi. I’d have to be fucking high for that, which I kinda wish I was, but I’m not at the moment. I’m here to school you on something that you don’t know about.”

Hobi nodded in agreement, as the elder spoke.

Jimin raised one eyebrow disinterestedly. He was slumped so far down on the little armchair that he was only a few inches from sliding off it completely.

“Look, I know you’re an orphan, and that sucks… But because of that, you don’t know anything about family.” Namjoon raised his hands in explanation. “Family is basically anyone who hurts you unintentionally. People who hurt you intentionally are assholes.”

“And you beat down assholes.” Hobi added, punching a fist into his hand menacingly.

“Yea, you beat down assholes, but you forgive family.” Namjoon concluded.

Jimin stared at the friends like they were insane.
“So… You’re telling me that all families are… assholes?” Jimin asked, slowly.

Namjoon clapped his hands together, nodding vigorously.

“EXACTLY, man. You got it. Everybody in the fucking world is an asshole. Some assholes, you cut off for life. And some assholes have a VIP pass to hurt us and piss us off, and we also can hurt and piss them off, too. And we just keep forgiving each other, and helping each other, and loving each other, even though we’re all fucked up. THAT’S what family is."

Jimin wasn’t so sure that Namjoon wasn’t high, but couldn’t figure out a polite way to ask him.

“Hyung, that sounds terrible…” Jimin stated, honestly.

Families having VIP cards to hurt each other over and over?

It sounded like a nightmare.

“It IS terrible, Jimin. It’s the ugly part of family that you never learned about. There’s the cool parts, too, like birthday celebrations, and vacationing, and…”

“Fucking.” Hobi supplied, with a knowing nod.

“And fucking, yes!” Namjoon agreed, fist bumping his friend, before turning back to Jimin.

“You’ll get to the good parts with Yoongi, if you can just find the strength to get through the rough part as a family.”

Jimin had shimmied back up the chair and was sitting upright, contemplating the blonde’s words of wisdom, which admittedly, sounded reasonable, but were being delivered in a very odd manner. He knew for certain that what Yoongi did was inexcusable.

But… Just because it’s inexcusable, maybe it didn’t mean it was unforgiveable?

However, there was a snag to Namjoon’s theory. He and Yoongi were not family. They dated, if you could call it that, but was it serious enough to be categorized as family? Jimin thought of past boyfriends he’d been with for much longer than Yoongi. He certainly hadn’t considered any of them family.

“Hyungs… I don’t… I don’t think Yoongi and I are… Like that…?”

Hobi’s jaw dropped at Jimin’s statement.

“My best friend took a bullet for you, man! And you ran through a room full of men with guns just to get to him. What the fuck more “like that” do you need to be???”

Jimin was instantly silenced at Hobi’s explosion. He didn’t have anything to counter that with.

Namjoon placed a calming hand on his friend’s shoulder.

“What Hobi-yah is trying to say is that it doesn’t fucking matter how long you’ve known each other. I have friends that I’ve known longer than Yoongs and Hobi, but those are just friends and these are my brothers. And we’ve hurt each other, man. Like we’ve done some fucked up shit.”

“I fucked his sister. Got her pregnant.” Hobi admitted, with a sad nod.

“Twins. But she had a miscarriage.” Namjoon added.
Jimin’s mouth was hanging open, as he listened.

“See this?” Hobi parted his maroon colored hair to show a long scar on his scalp. “That’s where Monnie hyung clocked me with a glass bottle. It took 27 stitches and my hair will never sit right on that side.”

“Remember MH? Should we tell him?” Namjoon asked Hobi, and a look of pure terror came over the both of them.

“You can NEVER speak of this. EVER.” Hobi said to Jimin in a horrified whisper. “When we were teens, Namjoon ran over and killed Yoongi’s dog, Min Holly. If you think Yoongi loves you, you aren’t shit compared to how much he loved that fucking dog.

“I was so drunk.” Namjoon said in a tragic voice, looking close to tears. “I don’t even know how it happened. Yoongs didn’t talk to me for six months, and till this day, I have to visit her grave with him on her birthday every fucking year.”

Jimin’s eyes were opened so wide, they hurt. He was completely speechless.

How in the hell had these three remained friends for so long?

“We’re not just friends, we’re blood. We fuck with each other, but when the time comes, we do what we have to do.” Hobi stated, answering Jimin’s unasked question.

“When Yoongi hyung said we had to find you. I told him he was bat shit crazy, but I still stopped every fucking thing in my life to help him. I even got fucking choked out by that pussy bitch, Jackson’s bodyguard-”

Jimin found his voice.

“Y-you what…? JACKSON??” He spluttered.

“Yea, well we had to find you, didn’t we?” Hobi asked matter-of-factly, as if Jimin was stupid. “Had to interrogate that freak friend of yours, Taehyung, too.”

Jimin was having a full on heart attack now, as he launched from the chair and stood in front of them.

“IS TAE OK???”

Hobi stared up at him with a confused expression.

“Why the fuck wouldn’t he be?”

Jimin exhaled and sat back down. This was too much to process on no sleep and no food.

“The point, Jimin, is that we’re a family and that’s how family operates. And Yoongi sees you as his family, too. There’s no doubt about that.” Namjoon said, softly.

Jimin tried to control his breathing as he stared back at the elder.

“So, why did he l-leave me, hyung?” Jimin asked, as tears burned trails down his face. He didn’t want to cry in front of them, but he couldn’t help it.

Namjoon exhaled heavily, as if this was the most difficult question in the world to answer. He ran his hands through his Mohawk before he spoke.
“Because he’s shit stupid, Jimin-ah. We know this, and we still love him. The question is… Do you?”

Jimin wiped his face and looked at the floor. He didn’t know how to answer that.

He looked up when he saw Namjoon placing something on the small coffee table between them.

“How’d you get that, hyung!” Hobi asked the elder, shocked.

“Quiet, Hobi- I went back in before we left and took it from the kitchen.”

Jimin looked at the object in question.

It was a key.

“Jimin-ah… We have to go back to Daegu now… I’m leaving this with you, and on this paper is my number and Yoongi’s address. I’m not asking you to do anything you don’t wanna do. All I want you to do is to ask yourself if Yoongi is family to you. If it’s a no, then just throw this away and forget we were here. But, if the answer is yes…”

Namjoon paused and slid the key closer to Jimin.

“Then you have someone very close to you who is very fucking sick and very fucking sorry for what he did to you.”

Jimin stared at the little key, blurry from his tears. It was so small… And yet, it was the most significant thing in that whole apartment.

“H-he’s sick…?” Jimin stammered, trying to stifle his crying.

“He’s 12 ways from fucked up, man.” Hobi said, shaking his head. “I’ve never seen him like this… Emotionally… But more than that, I think he’s really, really sick. His wound, it-it doesn’t look right…”

Namjoon nodded his agreement.

“It’s like… brownish… And gross…”

“Green. Definitely some green, too, hyung.” Hobi added.

“Yea, and it fucking smells, too. And he’s weak, and talking to himself…”

“Like scaring the shit out of us…” Hobi said, with a concerned look on his face.

Jimin could actually hear in both men’s voices how afraid they were for their friend. But it seemed that what Yoongi needed was medical attention. Not forgiveness.

“Hyungs, he needs a doctor… Not me…” Jimin said, shakily.

Hobi and Namjoon exchanged a knowing look.

“He won’t go, Jimin-ah.” Namjoon finally said.

Jimin could only look at them, totally confused. Yoongi made a living from selling medicine to the sick. Why would he refuse to go to a doctor?
“He lied right to our faces that he has an appointment tomorrow.” Hobi explained, looking scared and angry at the same time. “I don’t know if he’s fucking punishing himself or has a death wish, or what, but… It’s bad and… Fuck, look, I know Monnie said you should decide if you want to go or not, but man, I’m BEGGING you. That’s my fucking brother, man…” Hobi covered his face and looked at the floor, as his voice broke.

Jimin swallowed, but the huge lump in his throat didn’t budge. He excused himself to the bathroom and tried his best to clean his face. He returned with some tissue for Hobi, but the man refused it and walked outside.

“He’ll be ok. He gets emotional over everything.” Namjoon assured him.

“I still don’t know, hyung…” Jimin tried and failed to explain how confusing all of this was for him. How could he just walk into Yoongi’s home when he just threw him out of his apartment last night? He wasn’t even sure if he was ready to see Yoongi in the state his friends described.

And then there was Tony…

“If you can’t go, just text me. I’ll figure it out, and I won’t blame you at all. What Yoongi did to you fucked me up, too. Take care, man.” Namjoon said in finality.

The blonde smiled and clapped Jimin on the back twice, then left to join Hobi in the car. A few minutes later, they were gone.

The small silver key on the coffee table was the only evidence that they were ever there at all.
Yoongi wasn’t a stupid man.

He was no doctor, but he knew that the searing pain which now radiated from the site of his wound all the way through the top half of his body was probably not good news. He also knew that his constant headache, shivering, and vomiting was also, probably, pretty bad.

The problem was that, this intelligent side of Yoongi was only available about 5% of the time. The remaining 95% of the time was either spent sleeping, where he thrashed around in feverish dreams, or awake in a hazy dream-like state, where he saw and heard things that weren’t really there.

And to be honest, even that little part of him that was still coherent didn’t mind that he was sliding down a slow, sickly descent to madness, simply because it was the only way he could see, hear, and almost fucking taste Park Jimin.

In fact, as his condition worsened, his hallucinations only seemed to get better and better. Initially, he had imagined Jimin just sitting close to him, maybe even touching him a little, or snuggling next to him in bed. But as Yoongi’s body temperature rose to near fatal levels, the heat was turning up in his fantasies, too.

His favorite one started with the younger’s feet, which had never been a fetish for him until now. He had been hopelessly hooked on them ever since he watched Jimin drop that mug and witnessed the sharp pieces arrange themselves around him, as if his feet were holy ground that couldn’t be touched. There was just something so pure and graceful about the gentle arch and strong bones that flexed perfectly under his silky skin.

He could hear Jimin’s sweet, shy giggles clear as day now, as he knelt down to softly kiss those perfect feet. He could see the younger’s light blush, as his lips moved upwards along his beautiful body so slowly. Each time he had this dream, he and Jimin went a little bit further… Now, Jimin was straddling him, pouring scented oils on his body, and rubbing it all over his chest with his feathery soft hands.

“Feels good, baby…” He groaned, and Jimin smiled at him with those plush lips.

He drew little patterns leading from Yoongi’s neck to his tight nipples, making the elder moan uncontrollably. Jimin’s hands hesitated on his wound. He touched it carefully…

He was sad…

“Don’t worry about that, angel…” Yoongi whispered.

Jimin’s pretty eyes were wide with sorrow. “Why, hyung…?”

The pain jolted Yoongi awake with a start. And that was saying something, because Yoongi was in pain all the time. But this was different. It was excruciating.
He was dying. He had to be. There could be no other explanation for this type of pain.

He closed his eyes, riding the waves of torture, as his dream sequence dissolved.

He looked down at the bed full of fragrant rose petals, where he and Jimin were about to make love.

He blinked once.

The bed was gone, and now it was just his couch. He was laying exactly where Hobi and Monnie had left him.

He could still see Jimin there, massaging his chest… He didn’t want to close his eyes... He didn’t want the vision of Jimin to go away. But he had to…

He blinked again, painfully.

Jimin was still there.

He blinked several times, trying to shake the hallucination.

But Jimin was still there.

And now he was holding a knife.

Yoongi’s headache pounded in time with his accelerated heart rate, as fear gripped his entire being.

Jimin was going to kill him. Jimin hated him, and now was going to kill him for what he did.

He tried to fight, but he was so weak. So feeble... He couldn’t run… Jimin was too strong…

Yoongi gave up and collapsed against the sofa cushions. He deserved to die. He would rather die than live without him, anyway.

It was better this way…

He closed his eyes as Jimin slashed him with the blade. He didn’t feel the cut, but he felt his blood running, pouring out of him.

He opened his eyes for the last time, and saw Jimin…

Holding his… bandages…?

Bandages…?

Yoongi yanked his head up, ignoring the explosion of pain behind his eyes, and looked down at his torso.

He looked up at Jimin, who was clutching a knife in one hand and a chunk of Yoongi’s disgusting, blood stained bandages in the other. He was sobbing quietly as he looked back at Yoongi.

Yoongi looked down again.

It was Jimin’s tears that he felt on his stomach… Not blood.

Yoongi’s eyes jerked towards the bottle sitting on the coffee table.

It wasn’t scented oil.
It was rubbing alcohol.

His brain hurt as he struggled to connect the dots.

Alcohol. On the table. The sting that woke him up.

Jimin wasn’t trying to kill him…

_He was cleaning his fucking wound._

“Jimin...?” Yoongi said in awestruck voice.

Jimin swallowed thickly, and wiped his face on his sleeve.

“Ssshhh… Y-you’re not yourself, Yoongi… You’re sick, you’re s-seeing things…” Jimin stammered between his tears.

Yoongi realized in horror that the whole time he was screaming and fighting, Jimin had been trying to HELP him.

“J-jimin…” Yoongi repeated. He couldn’t say anything else. He could only say his name.

Jimin ignored him and concentrated on his task, wielding the knife carefully to slice through the thick wrappings around Yoongi’s abdomen, then pulling them off gently.

Yoongi was transfixed, watching Jimin work. Hobi and Namjoon, his friends for over half his fucking life, would never do this for him. Hell, his own mother might not even do this for him. But here was Jimin, cleaning it without even a pair of fucking gloves on.

“Jimin… I-I’m…”

“Ssshhh...”

Yoongi ignored his shushing. The love of his life was right there in front of him, and he was goddamned if he wasn’t going to say something to him.

“Jimin-ah…? Jimin, I love y-”

“This is gonna hurt, Yoongi. Brace yourself.” Jimin said briskly, cutting him off.

“I don’t care... I love-”

But Yoongi couldn’t finish his sentence, as the pain ripped through him. He couldn’t see… It was blinding him. Black spots slowly danced around his eyes, as he sank fully into the darkness.

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Yoongi was swimming now…

He was diving deeper and deeper into a brilliantly blue ocean. He wanted to touch the bottom… He wanted to see what was down there. He glanced upwards quickly and saw Jimin’s face shimmering above the surface. He motioned for Jimin to join him, but the younger shook his head, saying no.

Maybe he should just go on without him…?

_No, you fucker, swim to the surface!_
But he didn’t want to go up there.

It hurt when he was there, but it felt so good inside the water...

*Swim, goddamn you!*

Jimin’s face looked so sad. He was all alone above the water.

He swam towards the surface... Towards Jimin...

Yoongi woke with a gasp. He clutched at his throat, almost expecting it to be filled with seawater, as his eyes scanned the room wildly.

Where was he?? Where was Jimin??

“Jimin?? Jimin???” Yoongi called, frantically.

“I’m here, Yoongi. I’m coming…”

Yoongi closed his eyes and let Jimin’s voice soothe his battered soul. Then a terrifying thought grabbed him. What if he’s *still dreaming*?

What if Jimin isn’t really here???

Jimin came into view holding a glass of water, and Yoongi could smell him now... Fresh and sweet. He wore a simple white tee shirt and ripped black jeans, hugging his hallelujah thighs.

Yoongi decided that he must still be hallucinating. There was no way anyone could be so goddamn gorgeous in real life.

“Are you real?” Yoongi asked the vision of beauty in front of him, in a dry, cracked voice.

Jimin gave him a strange look somewhere between fear and heartbreak.

“Of course, I am.” Jimin whispered, as he opened a medication bottle.

Yoongi wasn’t convinced. He looked down at his freshly bandaged wound and took a deep breath before poking it hard with his finger. Pain shot through his entire body, and he made an involuntary yelp.

“Yoongi!! What are you DOING???” Jimin dropped the medication and knelt by him in an instant. “Oh my GOD, Yoongi! I just re-wrapped that!!”

Yoongi wasn’t sorry. The pain had answered his question. Jimin was still here. He was really fucking here.

He could only stare lovingly into Jimin’s eyes as the younger looked back at him with pure frustration. He clucked his tongue irritably and went back to measuring the medicine.

Yoongi’s head was still throbbing and he was shivering badly. He pulled at the thick blanket that was on the floor, and was trying to cover himself, when Jimin reappeared beside him so quickly, it was as if the kid could fucking teleport.

“No.” Jimin stated simply, as he yanked his beloved blanket away and threw it across the room, far out of the elder’s reach. Yoongi stared after it in disbelief.
“B-but… I’m freezing…” Yoongi said, pitifully.

Jimin’s eyes flashed at him.

“You’re burning, Yoongi. You only think you’re cold because the fever is consuming you. Now, lie still.”

Jimin got up quickly and went to the kitchen. Yoongi saw a mixture of pills in a small cup, along with the glass of water on the table in front of him. He had no idea how or why Jimin was here, but he didn’t want to upset him by being difficult. He gulped the medicine down and chased it with the water quickly. He wanted to be good for Jimin. He wanted Jimin to love him again and stop speaking so harshly to him.

The younger returned with another bottle of liquid medication, and was carefully pouring it into a measuring spoon, when he suddenly went stock still. He looked at the table, then at Yoongi.

“Where are those pills?” Jimin asked in a dangerously calm voice.

Yoongi glanced at the empty cup in his hand guiltily, as if he’d been caught stealing.

“I-I thought I was supposed to take them…?”

But Jimin was already gone, running at the speed of light to the bathroom. Yoongi was totally confused, until the first wave of nausea hit him like a ton of bricks.

He doubled over and prepared to expel his guts on the carpet, when Jimin jumped on the couch behind him, and wrapped his arms around him tight, placing the small bathroom trashcan under Yoongi’s chin in the nick of time.

Yoongi clutched the small metal can and hurled for what felt like a very long time. But, he didn’t care. Jimin was holding him, pulling his hair back and whispering to him that he’s going to be ok, and to just let it all out...

He felt on top of the fucking world, despite being sick to his stomach.

Finally, tired, shaky, and spent, he curled fetal style on the couch, while Jimin left to discard of the mess without a word of complaint.

He was almost asleep from his exhaustion, when Jimin returned and gently lifted him into a sitting position.

“Jimin, I’m not… I can’t…” Yoongi babbled, incoherently.

“Ssshhh, Yoongi…” Jimin cooed at him, as he placed a cold towel on his forehead.

Yoongi jumped at the feel of the wet cloth. He was already frozen, and now he felt like he was sitting in a fucking snowbank.

“N-n-n-nooo…nonono…” Yoongi protested, trying to get away from the icy towel.

Jimin pinned his arms down with one strong arm, while the other hand pressed the towel against Yoongi’s head.

“We need to break your fever, Yoongi. Don’t fight me.” Jimin said, sternly.

Yoongi gave up, not because he wanted to, but because he was too weak fight. If he was meant to
die from hypothermia, then so be it. He was shivering so severely now that his teeth were chattering.

“Here… Drink this…”

Yoongi looked at Jimin’s outstretched hand and was praying that it held hot herbal tea. Hot cocoa. Coffee… Anything to warm him up. But instead, it was a small vial of thick white medicine.

“N-no…” He turned away from it, closing his eyes. He didn’t want to vomit again.

Jimin pushed it to his lips, determinedly.

“Yes, Yoongi. It’s the anti-nausea medicine that you were supposed to take BEFORE the antibiotics. That’s why you threw up. Now, DRINK IT!”

Jimin’s sharp voice was stinging him worse than the alcohol had.

"I’m sorry, Jimin… I love y-you… I’m sorry…” Yoongi said, brokenly, close to tears. He couldn’t bear the accusatory tone in the younger’s voice.

He needed to apologize for throwing up the medicine.

He needed to apologize for breaking Jimin’s heart…

“T love you…” He repeated, weakly. He didn’t care if Jimin replied or not, he just needed him to know…

Jimin swallowed, heavily, and looked away for a moment.

When he turned back, his expression was softer.

“If you love me, hyung… Then drink this…” Jimin said tenderly, looking him deep in the eyes.

That was all the encouragement Yoongi needed.

He obediently swallowed the liquid, and waited for the vomiting to start. But much to his surprise, his stomach only gurgled a bit and then settled down. Jimin quickly administered another dose of antibiotics, and Yoongi relished the moment when the younger’s cupped hand touched his lips to feed him the pills. He was actually able to keep down the few sips of water he used to drink the medicine, and immediately started to feel groggy and content.

But he didn’t want to sleep. He couldn’t. What if Jimin left before he woke up?

He fought hard against his heavy eyelids, straining to stay in the land of consciousness. He didn’t want to go, but he was losing the battle…

Jimin’s hand held his, and Yoongi looked drowsily at it. He tried to squeeze it, but that required effort that he didn’t currently have.

“Sleep, Yoongi. It’s ok. I’ll be here.” Jimin whispered.

“Promise me…” Yoongi groaned, but he wasn’t sure Jimin could understand him. He was phasing in and out of sleep at this point.

When Jimin nodded, he finally relaxed.

Yoongi let himself go, still holding onto Jimin’s hand.
Forgotten Faith

Chapter Notes

I am giving you all an enormous bear-hug.

Yoongi scrunched his face at the sound of the jackhammer pounding away outside. Shit, it sounded like it was inside.

He didn’t want to open his eyes, but GOD, was it loud.

He finally cracked an eyelid.

There was no jackhammer in sight.

The source of the terrible noise appeared to be Jimin’s phone vibrating against the glass coffee table.

The glow of the phone illuminated the dark room, and he leaned over to check the time.

Jesus, it was after midnight…

Yoongi felt strange. There was something different about him, but he couldn’t quite put his finger on it.

“How are you?”

Jimin’s voice filled his senses, as he walked into Yoongi’s line of sight to pick up his phone.

Yoongi breathed a sigh of sweet relief. Jimin was still here.

“I-I think I’m better…” Yoongi croaked.

That was it. That was the strange feeling he couldn’t put a finger on.

He was feeling better.

Yoongi hadn’t felt anything but torture for so long now, that he’d almost grown used to it. But his body wracking pain was now just a dull throb in his side. The headache was gone. The coldness, too. He was lucid and clear headed again.

And it was all thanks to Jimin…

Jimin moved toward him so quickly that Yoongi didn’t even see the kid coming. Suddenly, the younger knelt down in front of him and Yoongi thought his heart might spontaneously combust. He hadn’t been this close to Jimin in so long. Too damn long…

Yoongi opened his mouth to speak and say God knows what, cus FUCK if he knew, but before he could utter a syllable, Jimin rammed a thermometer under his tongue, causing him to jump slightly.

He closed his mouth stupidly, blinking in surprise. The younger stared at the ceiling counting softly, before yanking the apparatus out of his mouth and standing up briskly.
“Much better.” Jimin stated, professionally, as he cleaned off thermometer and replaced it in the box.

“Jimin… What happened? How did you get…? All of this?” Yoongi asked, looking around at the different medicines on the table.

Jimin walked out of the room without answering, and returned a moment later with a bowl.

“Eat.” The younger ordered, placing the steaming bowl in front of him.

Yoongi wanted to protest, but it smelled delicious, and he wolfed down the food like a wild animal. It was a simple meal of rice and steamed veggies, but it tasted like 5 star fine dining to his miserably empty stomach.

Empowered by his new energy, Yoongi decided to try his hand at movement. He gingerly lifted himself off the couch, and after doing a little wobble, was pleased to find himself standing firmly.

His mission was to take the empty bowl to the kitchen and wash it. He made it to the arched entrance of the double kitchen doors without difficulty, apart from some stiffness, but stopped abruptly when he saw Jimin washing up at the sink, with his back turned to him.

He hadn’t seen him properly in the dark living room, but now in the bright kitchen lights he noticed that Jimin had changed from his jeans and shirt, to a loose tank top and shorts that were far too tight to be fair. All the most sinful parts of his thighs and ass were simply bulging out of the goddamn things.

Yoongi was instantaneously hit with feelings he hadn’t felt for a long time, rising from his soul and resting in his cock.

He felt like a priest who had lost his way, and was just re-introduced to his forgotten faith.

Yoongi groaned silently in need. He wanted to touch him.

Fuck, they didn’t even have to make love. As long as he could just touch him, it would be enough for now.

But as soon as his lustful thoughts emerged, he realized frantically that he’d been laying on his couch for the last 5 fucking days. Christ alive, he couldn’t even remember the last time he brushed his teeth.

I need to get my nasty ass in the shower.

“Are you ok?” Jimin asked quickly, his head turned over his shoulder at Yoongi.

Oh, FUCK.

Yoongi froze, as though he’d been caught in the middle of burglarizing his own home.

“I… Umm. I…”

He knew how to do the talking thing, it just wasn’t fucking working at the moment.

“Yoongi?” Jimin said, drying his hands quickly and moving towards him, concern etched all over his face.

Each step the younger took while crossing the kitchen was like watching pornography. His thick thighs swished back and forth in those fucking shorts, and the movement was creating a gentle bulge at his crotch where his dick was nestled snugly in the tight garment.
Please, God. PLEASE, don’t let me get a boner right now.

Yoongi suddenly missed his fever induced mania. It would have been SO convenient if he could just drop to the floor and have an episode right then and there.

"I’m just… I-I need… A shower.” Yoongi said weakly, talking around the lump in his throat.

Jimin looked at him carefully and slowly took the bowl from his slightly shaky hands.

“No, you dont.” The younger said softly, not quite looking Yoongi in the eyes.

Yoongi thought this was an awkward time for Jimin to try and be polite. Of COURSE he needed a shower. He looked down at himself for confirmation of this fact and was shocked to see fresh, clean clothes on his body.

The shirt and basketball shorts he was wearing hadn’t even been unpacked yet…?

“I washed you, Yoongi.” Jimin said quietly, looking at Yoongi’s confused face. “I-I had to… You were sweating out the fever... And your wound… It can’t heal without being properly cleaned.” He sounded like he was admitting to a hideous crime, and kept avoiding Yoongi’s gaze.

Yoongi was shell-shocked as he tried to wrap his mind around the fact that PARK JIMIN HAD FUCKING SPONGE BATHED HIM.

He was immediately grateful that Jimin had taken that empty bowl from his hands, or else it would have surely shattered on the floor by now.

“I’m sorry… That you had to…” Yoongi replied, in a strangled voice.

Jimin exhaled sharply, and shook his head.

“It’s nothing I haven’t seen, Yoongi.” The younger said sadly, before returning to the sink to clean Yoongi’s dish.

Holy Jesus.

Yoongi took that as his cue to slink out of the kitchen, before he said or did something extremely stupid.

He went to his bedroom, which he had slept in a grand total of one time since moving in, and got a few things together to take a proper shower.

His heart tightened at the sight of Jimin’s personal items in his master bathroom. It was only a toothbrush, comb, and some facial wash, but his stomach dropped through the floor, as he surveyed what his life could have been like everyday if only he wasn’t such a colossal idiot.

Yoongi showered quickly, despite loving the steaming water from his spa showerhead. He had considered masturbating to ease some of his growing sexual frustration from having Jimin so close, yet so far away from him, but decided against it.

His dick was just not ready to accept a substitute for Jimin’s body.

Yoongi was embarrassed at Jimin seeing him in such a bad state, and took extra effort in blowing out and fixing his hair, and even splashed on some cologne and used copious amounts of mouthwash, despite the fact that he was going straight to fucking bed.
He was rubbing in some lotion, when Jimin knocked on the door softly. He quickly threw a tee shirt over his sweats and opened the door, hoping he looked more relaxed than he felt, because JESUS, his pulse was racing like he’d just finished a marathon.

Jimin stood there with an armful of supplies, and a blush so light, that Yoongi wouldn’t have noticed it if he didn’t know the boy so well.

“I need to… Um… Redress the wound for you…” Jimin said, shifting uncomfortably.

Yoongi used all his wits to execute a simple nod and speak one sentence.

“Oh-ok… Come in… Thank you, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin followed Yoongi inside and set his armload of items on the bedside table. Yoongi looked at the table and then back at Jimin stupidly. He had no idea what to do next, and his close proximity to the younger was setting him on fire worse than his fever had.

“Take your shirt off, please…” Jimin said quietly, as he busied himself opening bottles.

Yoongi’s life stopped for three full seconds at the request, and it wasn’t until Jimin looked at him expectantly, that he finally did as he was told.

He held his breath while Jimin unwrapped his old bandages, and applied alcohol first, followed by a soothing ointment that almost made the wound feel like it never happened.

“Jimin-”

“Arms up.” Jimin said quickly, cutting Yoongi off before he could say anything further.

Yoongi obeyed, and watched as Jimin started wrapping the fresh gauze strips around his torso. In order to do this, Jimin had to basically hug the elder each time his arms circled around Yoongi’s waist with the bandage.

It couldn’t have been more silent in that room.

Yoongi’s breathing was getting more difficult now, as Jimin was pressing dangerously close to him. He could smell his hair. He could feel his breath fanning against his face. Jimin also seemed to be immensely stressed, as he focused on every single thing in the room except the half naked man in front of him.

Finally, Yoongi’s resolve snapped. This was too much. He could take a bullet. He could take days of excruciating pain. He could take the hallucinating dreams.

But he couldn’t take this anymore…

In a split second decision that he was certain he’d live to regret, Yoongi brought his arms down from above his head and held Jimin’s hands gently, as the younger was taping the bandage down.

God, he was so soft.

Jimin tensed up immediately and stood frozen in place for a few seconds. He didn’t look up.

“Yoongi… Let me finish th-”

“It’s fine.” Yoongi whispered.
Jimin dragged his eyes up to the elder’s almost unwillingly. Yoongi traced a finger on his jawline, resting on his chin and lifting it slightly, so he could keep looking into those beautiful brown eyes. Jimin’s face looked exactly as it had when he was waiting on the surface in Yoongi’s dream. This is what he fought to live for.

This was why he was still here.

He was half expecting Jimin to either punch him or simply walk out of the room, but he didn’t care. He had to fucking touch him. He HAD to.

But Jimin did neither, as they stood there like wisps of smoke, ebbing and swirling against each other. There was too much to say, and no way to say it, and all they could do was just stare at one another.

Jimin’s Adam’s apple bobbed in his throat from the force of his swallowing.

“Yoongi, please…” Jimin whispered, painfully.

But Yoongi couldn’t let go of him. He just couldn’t…

“Just lie down with me, Jimin-ah. That’s all I ask. Just lay next to me, sweetheart…” Yoongi’s hand extended to cup Jimin’s cheek, as he pleaded.

Jimin whimpered softly at his touch, and Yoongi felt a tear fall onto his hand from Jimin’s moist eyes. His heart was ripping apart now. He didn’t want Jimin hurting anymore.

“Don’t cry, baby, please… Just let me hold you…” But even as he said that, Yoongi felt himself crying, too, from the weight of all the tragedies that led them to be where they are now.

Jimin’s small hand was on Yoongi’s face now, wiping the tears away, and he caught it quickly with his free hand and kissed it. He didn’t want to move on Jimin too strongly, but he desperately needed to just taste his lips, and the kid had just touched him, hadn’t he?

Yoongi went for it, pulling Jimin straight into his arms, ignoring the slight pain from the pressure against his wound. Jimin gasped slightly, but didn’t move away.

“Hyung…” Jimin whispered, brokenly.

“I can’t help myself, angel…” Yoongi admitted, his voice thick with emotion.

He pressed his forehead against Jimin’s, and when the younger wrapped his arms around his neck, his cock made a stunning comeback, as it strained against his sweatpants. He didn’t want to take things too fast, but his angel was fucking clinging onto him right now.

Despite his insane need to kiss him, Yoongi prolonged the meeting of their lips, taking his time to brush against the pillowy softness of Jimin’s trembling mouth, relishing in Jimin’s small, sexy moans.

A monstrous sound rattled from the bedside table, just as Yoongi was about to finally claim Jimin’s mouth with his own.

Jimin jumped out of his arms, as if he’d been struck by lightning, and grabbed his vibrating phone off the table, along with all the medical supplies. Two seconds later, he bolted from the room before Yoongi could even open his mouth to beg him to stay.

Yoongi was shirtless and alone now, his chest heaving from the breathlessness of their encounter.
His erection was throbbing painfully, and he had never felt more depressed in his life. He knew he shouldn’t have come on to Jimin so heavily, but for fuck’s sake, he was only human.

It’s not like it was a one night stand with someone he met at a fucking bar. He LOVED the kid, and had been repeating that fact non-stop to him.

Unable to sit still, he crept down the hallway to check on the younger, hoping against hope that he hadn’t left.

He found him curled up on the couch underneath a blanket, his body moving gently as he breathed— or was he crying? Yoongi couldn’t tell, but didn’t have it in him to go and find out.

He’d done enough damage for a lifetime already.

Yoongi tiptoed back to his room and went to bed, but was careful to leave the door open for Jimin if he decided to come back inside.

But he never did.
Hold me, guys... I need your love...

I see your comments on chap. 37. Fuck, I love you guys. I'm coming back to them. I just had to bang this chap out. This story is ripping it's way out of me. I can't stop it...

*The cold tongue of the metronome*

*It times the beats inside my soul*

*And now I walk your empty road*

*But will it lead me home?*

-Park Ji Min

Yoongi awoke to the smell of food.

His heart sank when he rolled over to an empty bed. Jimin hadn’t come back last night, from the look of the untouched sheets next to him. He sighed and padded into the shower, grateful for the fact that Jimin was still there at all.

Yoongi dressed carefully, conscious of his appearance and inched his way into the kitchen where Jimin was hard at work cooking several dishes at once.

He noted that Jimin had opted for full length track pants, and a long sleeved shirt today.

*Probably trying to protect himself from being attacked by me again.*

“Can I help?” He asked quietly, not wanting to startle the younger.

Jimin looked at him swiftly, and shook his head.

“I’m almost done.” He said, with a pointed look at the wall clock above the trashcan. Yoongi’s eyes followed his to the time.

HOLY SHIT.

It was almost 6pm.

He’d been asleep for like, 17 fucking hours. On the bright side, he felt better than ever. He was energized and felt completely back to normal. He was also starving.

“Here.” Jimin said, placing a few bowls of rice, stews, meat and vegetables on the table. “Eat this, and then I’ll take your temperature again. But you’re looking well.” He concluded with a curt nod.
The last part didn’t really sound like a compliment. It felt emotionally detached, like the way a butcher would describe a cow that had reached the proper weight for slaughter.

Yoongi thanked him weakly, and sat down to eat. Again, the meal was simple, but well prepared. Yoongi smiled sadly, thinking that Umma would be proud of Jimin’s cooking skills.

“Umm… Jimin… A-about last night-”

“Forget it. Doesn’t matter.” Jimin snapped, before Yoongi could finish his sentence.

It mattered a lot to him, but he could see Jimin didn’t want to talk about it, so he changed directions.

“Ok… Please tell me what happened. How did you get here?” Yoongi asked when he was half-way through his food. “I mean, I-I love that you’re here- I mean I’m so grateful-”

“Your friends tracked me down and told me you were killing yourself.” Jimin interrupted in a matter-of-fact tone, as he banged a pot into the sink to wash it.

Yoongi winced inwardly at this. That was actually pretty fucking accurate, but it sounded so much worse coming from Jimin.

“I’ve been… In a dark place, Jimin-ah…” Yoongi said quietly, his appetite suddenly gone.

Jimin ignored this and continued cleaning.

“Umm. You… You’re really good with medical care…” Yoongi said lamely, mostly to cut through the tension in the room.

“I learned to take care of myself. I don’t have anyone else.” Jimin replied icily, without turning around from the sink.

Yoongi swallowed, thickly. He didn’t know how to recover from this train wreck of a conversation. It was painfully clear that their moment from last night was long motherfucking gone now.

“Are you a pharmacist, too?” Yoongi asked lightly, trying to make the mood a little less like a funeral.

Jimin scoffed, and stared at him with daggers in his eyes.

“I called the hospital in Daegu. Got your prescriptions transferred to a local pharmacy here, then I went and picked them up. It was a little difficult, you know, since we’re not related, and I had been taken off the visitation list.” Jimin stated, with pure poison dripping from every word.

Yoongi inhaled sharply, then nodded slowly.

He figured it was best to stop asking questions for now.

“Let me help you clean up, Jimin-ah…” Yoongi asked, feeling useless.

Jimin replied by walking over and impaling his mouth with the thermometer again. After a few seconds, he checked the temperature and nodded, approvingly.

“I’d rather do this alone, Yoongi. Thanks.” Jimin said, quietly.

Yoongi honored his wishes and left the kitchen, feeling like a stranger in his own home.
He had already asked the impossible by wanting Jimin to take him back, and now the younger had spent the last 3 days of his life waiting on him hand and foot. There was no way he could ever repay him. He was even too terrified to ask Jimin the cost of the medicine and supplies, not wanting to offend him, somehow. It was obvious the kid wasn’t rolling in cash, and now he’d wasted his precious money on Yoongi’s stupidity.

It was in this melancholy state that Yoongi set off determinedly to try talking to Jimin again. He was a man of action, and now that he was well, he wasn’t going to sit around watching Jimin walking up and down his own fucking house and not try his damndest to make things right.

He found the younger in the small laundry room, folding away the sheets and towels that Yoongi had vomited all over.

“Do you want to do this alone, too?” He asked softly, watching Jimin from the doorway.

Silence.

Jimin didn’t even pause from the sheet he was working on.

Yoongi stuffed his hands in his pockets and tried again.

“Why did you do it, Jimin? Why did you come?”

Jimin put away the sheet, and pulled another from the dryer to fold.

“You would have done it for me.” The younger whispered, still not looking at him.

Well, he was fucking right about that.

“I would do anything for you, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin stopped folding, and turned slowly to face him.

Yoongi didn’t like the look in his eyes.

“Anything for me?” Jimin repeated with unmasked sarcasm. “Do you know how many types of antibiotics there are in the world?”

Yoongi was taken aback. Of course he didn’t fucking know.

“No… Why do you as-”

“Over a hundred.” Jimin answered, cutting him off. “They are grouped into 7 main categories. And, guess what? You took all 7, Yoongi. ALL 7 OF THEM. That’s what it took to get you better- *every single antibiotic in the fucking world.*” Jimin paused, as his voice cracked with tears that he was trying to hold back.

Yoongi took a step forward, but Jimin held up a hand, stopping him in his tracks.

“If you weren’t young, strong, and healthy before this… You wouldn’t have fucking made it.” Jimin’s face was in a hand now, as he sobbed.

Yoongi didn’t care how close to death he had come. He lived dangerously for most of his life, anyway. All that mattered was how much it had hurt Jimin.

He understood in that moment that when you love someone your life doesn’t just belong to you
anymore. Even if he didn’t give a shit about himself, he had to take care of himself for the people that love him.

For Jimin. For Umma. For his parents…

“I know I’ve been selfish, baby…” Yoongi was overcome by the need to hold Jimin, but he didn’t want to upset him further.

“I didn’t understand before-but I do now. I get it now, I swear to God, I do. Just give me a chance to show you, Jimin-ah…”

“You understand NOTHING!” Jimin yelled, his sorrow suddenly turning to anger.

Yoongi stepped back as Jimin rounded on him like a dragon.

“How many times do I have to watch you DIE, Yoongi?? First Jin, and now THIS? What’s NEXT??? Are you gonna throw yourself off a building or-or-or stand in front of a MOVING TRAIN??”

“Jimin, I’m sorry- j-just if you want to hit me, just hit me. Punch me, stab me, do whatever. I deserve it all, just FORGIVE ME!” Yoongi wailed.

Jimin shook his head, disgustedly.

“You’re sick in the head, Yoongi…”

Yoongi wasn’t sure Jimin was wrong. His calm and calculating demeanor was gone. He was feeling reckless and desperate, and was completely ready to pay for his sins with his own blood, if it would bring Jimin back to him.

He stepped right into Jimin’s face, and the younger flinched at his sudden movement.

“Do it, Jimin-ah! I see how angry you are with me all the time. How you look at me with HATRED in your eyes. JUST FUCKING HIT ME IF IT WILL HELP YOU FORGIVE ME!”

Yoongi felt his back slam against the wall, as he realized in shock that Jimin was actually going to do it. The kid had pushed him and now he was going to fucking beat the shit out of him.

He closed his eyes, ready for the first blow, but instead felt the softest lips in the fucking universe devour his.

Yoongi’s brain wasn’t fast enough to process this confusing sequence of events.

All he knew was that Jimin was clutching his neck so hard, he felt the younger’s short nails digging into his sensitive skin. His tongue forced its way into Yoongi’s mouth, and he was grunting barbarically as he literally sucked Yoongi’s face off.

As suddenly as he started, Jimin backed off of Yoongi, red-faced and panting.

Yoongi was mind-blown, still backed up against the wall, staring with wide eyes, and wondering what THE ACTUAL FUCK was happening, when Jimin suddenly ripped off his shirt like a fucking pro-wrestler.

Yoongi’s eyes snapped to the younger’s naked torso and toned abs.

*Oh, Christ, that fucking body...*
He was still in silent awe, when Jimin attacked him again, yanking off the elder’s shirt so hard, he heard a seam rip open. Yoongi looked down at his bandages, and back at Jimin who seemed more like a wild bear than human at the moment.

“J-Jimin… Baby-” Yoongi sputtered.

But Jimin was back on him, pinning Yoongi against the wall fully with his muscular body. Yoongi wanted him to slow the fuck down, so he could take him to the bedroom and please him the way he deserves, the way he’s been craving to, but Jimin was out of fucking control. When the younger pinned Yoongi’s hands above his head, and bit the shit out of his neck, Yoongi had to finally call a time-out.

“Jimin-ah, Jesus, just WAIT!” Yoongi shrieked, holding his side, painfully.

Jimin stopped, chest heaving.

“Why??”

*Because I think my fucking neck is bleeding, you goddamn vampire.*

“Slow down, baby… Kiss me…” Yoongi pleaded instead, softly, pulling Jimin close to him.

Jimin looked him deep in the eyes and then immediately pulled Yoongi’s pants and boxers down in one lightning fast movement.

Before Yoongi could react to his cock hanging out, Jimin shoved his own pants down and pressed his erection against Yoongi’s, rubbing them together sinfully.

Yoongi wanted to try and convince Jimin to to take it easy again, but words failed him completely as soon as Jimin’s dick touched his.

Jimin spat in his hand, and grabbed Yoongi’s hard-on, pumping it aggressively.

“Jiminaaa-ahhhh… Oh my Goddd…” Yoongi moaned, completely ruined.

Jimin was touching him. Sweet God, he was praying for just a kiss, and here he was jacking him off in the fucking laundry room.

Somewhere deep in the recesses of his mind Yoongi knew he should be touching Jimin, too. But he was on the high of all highs, watching Jimin’s biceps bulge with the effort of stroking his cock. Jimin bit and pulled Yoongi’s lip into his mouth, sucking it hard, and swallowing Yoongi’s moans.

Just when Yoongi felt it couldn’t get any better or worse, he didn’t even know which one, Jimin lubed his second hand with saliva and started pumping his own erection at the same damn time.

Yoongi braced his hands against the wall and called upon the strength of the Good Lord to hold him up as he watched Jimin masturbating, moaning in long, loud wails, while still jacking Yoongi’s flushed, throbbing member in perfect time with his own.

If Yoongi’s dick wasn’t attached to his body, Jimin would have ripped it off by now with the force of his hand movements.

“Jimin-GOD!!” Yoongi was close, and he felt this climax was going to kill him.

“Wait-wait for me!!” Jimin screeched.
He couldn’t. It had been too long, he couldn’t wait another second.

“Ok, ok… Now, now, now!!” Jimin commanded, in a piercing yelp.

They came like fucking fountains all over each other, and Jimin pumped them through it, before finally releasing Yoongi and leaning backwards against the dryer, trying to catch his breath.

Yoongi simply slid all the way to the floor, completely spent and weak in the knees.

His neck hurt. His chest hurt. His wound hurt. His dick hurt. Everything fucking hurt.

But it hurt so fucking good…

When he looked back up at Jimin, the kid looked horrified. It was the face of an axe murderer who’s just realized what he’s done.

“Jimin- Jimin-ah… Come here, angel...” Yoongi said, rising to his feet and reaching for the younger, after readjusting his clothes.

Jimin yanked up his pants, not even bothering to clean himself off, and walked out leaving Yoongi behind, panting and confused.

When Yoongi finally made it out, he saw Jimin hastily packing his duffel bag, and his heart contracted in terror.

No… No, Jimin can’t go.

“Baby, stay with me…” Yoongi begged, as Jimin bagged up his toothbrush.

“There’s enough food to last you a week in the fridge.” Jimin said, tonelessly, as he gathered his things.

“Jimin, baby, don’t do this to me…”

“Take one pill from each bottle, twice a day for the next 10 days.” Jimin continued, ignoring him.

“Sweetheart, please!”

Yoongi was following Jimin around the apartment, now.

“Re-dress your wound every 12 hours.” Jimin said finally, as he headed for the door.

“JIMIN, JUST WAIT!”

Jimin swiveled, as he turned the doorknob.

Yoongi froze, trying to find the right words.

“Even if you don’t stay, just fucking talk to me. Talk to me. Don’t leave like this, baby, please! I love you so fucking much, Jimin…” Yoongi could hardly breathe, and he wished he had an inhaler. He’d never even fucking used one, but suddenly needed it.

Jimin looked back at him, stone-faced.

“Tell Hobi hyung, and Namjoon hyung, that I did my part. But, I can’t do this, Yoongi.” Jimin said, tightly, waving his hand back and forth between them.
“I won’t…” The younger concluded. And with that, he tossed something on the floor, and was gone.

Yoongi’s eyes followed the motion to the ground.

It was his house key.

Yoongi considered running after him, but decided not to.

Instead, he picked up the key slowly, and sat down on the couch, completely still, for twenty minutes.

Waiting…

Then he got up and cleaned himself in the bathroom and calmly put on a change of clothes, to replace the ones that were still soiled with his and Jimin’s cum.

He carefully picked a single item that was immensely important to his next move.

Next, Yoongi picked up his car keys, and waited an extra five minutes to make sure Jimin had made it all the way home.

And then he left.
Chapter Notes

I wanted to upload 2 chaps this time, but I am so tired. It's so important to read it sequentially, and it sucks that you have to wait btw chaps. ugghh.. You guys still give me love and support, regardless, and I love you. Thank you. I hope when this long ass saga of a story is finally over, you will go back and read it properly, like a real book. <3
-Mizteek

I can hear you, I can hear you
In the stillness of the rain
In the spaces filled with sorrow
In the darkness of your cave
I can hear you through the soil
I can hear you in my grave
I can hear you, I can hear you
Everyday...

-Park Ji Min

Yoongi drove on autopilot, neither seeing the road in front of him, nor the motorists all around him.

Darkness had fallen now, but a there were still a few rays of daylight hanging on to life, even as they faded away.

Yoongi prayed those silver linings were for him.

He finally reached Jimin’s joke of an apartment complex and parked. He had no way of knowing if the kid was in there or not. It seemed the younger had sold his car and decided to walk and cab around the city. Yoongi figured that the high cost of gas and other city expenses were to blame for this.

Sitting there, Yoongi surveyed the nasty front foliage of the building. Honestly, a place like this shouldn’t even be allowed to house animals. He was struck by another pang of guilt, knowing that he was the sole reason why Jimin was living this way.

And now he was probably in there on that disgusting couch, crying his fucking eyes out.

Yoongi gathered his wits and stepped out of the car.
He owed Jimin everything. His life. His heart. Everything. He wasn’t giving up.

And now the situation was more desperate than ever.

Yoongi approached the door that wasn’t really a door, cautiously. He wasn’t sure what to do, because he didn’t want to just appear in the house the way he did last time, but knocking on the damn thing might blow it off its hinges.

But the door was already open.

Yoongi stopped in his tracks and instantly went on red alert, looking around him for signs of danger. Why would the door be fucking wide open? Is Jimin inside? Is he ok???

"Just come in, Yoongi." Jimin said coldly, from somewhere inside.

Yoongi stepped in slowly and saw Jimin sitting on the couch, just as he expected, but he was definitely not crying.

In fact, he was the polar opposite of the sobbing mess Yoongi thought he would be.

The younger had also changed his clothes. Now, he was in a simple, black and white striped tee, and dark washed jeans rolled at the ankles, exposing the perfection of his sockless feet. He must have showered recently, because his hair was still damp and ruffled, as if he’d just run a towel through it. A few wet strands were dripping steadily onto his shoulder.

Yoongi could only breathe, or rather, try to breathe, with the younger’s fresh from the shower scent intoxicating him in the tiny apartment.

If Jimin’s master plan was to annihilate him with sexiness, well then, it was fucking game over.

“I’ve been expecting you.” Jimin continued, his face deadpan.

His arms were crossed, and he sat with his back so low, he was nearly sliding off the couch. His legs were wide open, exposing every inch of his thighs, and despite the circumstances, Yoongi had to wonder HOW IN THE FUCK the jeans didn’t explode from the thickness inside them.

Like, how had he even PUT THEM ON???

“Y-you have?” Yoongi stammered, still trying to get his life together.

“Of course, I have.” Jimin replied, with a sassy twist of his neck. “You can’t stand to not have your way. So, I knew it was just a matter of time before you break into my apartment again.”

Yoongi swallowed, momentarily lost for words.

He didn’t always have to have his fucking way…

Right?

“That’s not true, Jimin-ah. I don’t want everything my way. I just want you.”

“Oh, really?” Jimin asked, hiking up an eyebrow.

“You wanted to be gay, so you asked me out. Then you wanted to be straight, so you dumped me.
Then you wanted to be gay again, so you came back. Then you wanted to move to Seoul, so you begged me to go with you. Then you got shot, so you dumped me again. Then you wanted me back, so you followed me here. When I refused, you decided to try and kill yourself. But now you're healthy again, so here you are. And you're telling me that you don't always have to get your way?"

Jimin had been counting Yoongi’s sins one by one on his fingers, and finished with a sarcastically curious look at the elder.

Yoongi bit his lip, and looked at the floor. Something he hadn’t done since he was 10 years old, getting told off by his Umma.

Jesus, it sounded HORRENDOUS when Jimin laid it all out that way. How could he have been so self-centered and never even fucking noticed?

“Jimin-”

“Have I ever asked you for anything?” Jimin interjected, sharply

Yoongi’s heart twisted in his chest. Fuck, this was really bad.

“Baby, pl-”

“Have I, Yoongi? Answer me. Even one single, tiny thing?”

“No.” Yoongi whispered, softly, unable to look Jimin in the eyes.

Jimin laughed humorlessly, and shook his head at the floor.

“I’m weak for you, Yoongi. And last night, you… You used that against me in your room. And then today, you provoked me, and I fucking lost it.”

Jimin continued shakily, running his hand through his hair.

“All this time, I’ve felt so guilty… Thinking that I was the one disrupting your life by making you confused about your sexuality. I felt sorry for you. I was sorry for bringing this burden to you. But I was wrong. YOU are the burden to ME. YOU disrupted MY LIFE. Not the other way around. You’re bad for me, Yoongi.”

Jimin’s breath hitched at the end, as he tried to control his tears.

Yoongi exhaled softly, physically shaken by Jimin’s admission. The worst part was that he wasn’t screaming, or cursing, or throwing shit at him, to suggest that he was only speaking from the heat of the moment. Jimin had delivered his message calmly, and it was obvious that he had put a lot of thought into this, and truly meant every word that he said.

Yoongi sat down heavily, on the small chair across from Jimin, and bowed his head, sadly.

“What do I do, Jimin-ah?”

Jimin sighed loudly, and wiped away his tears on the back of his hand.

“I-I don’t know, Yoongi… I think you need to let me go…”

Yoongi’s head snapped up so fast, he felt something crack painfully in his neck.

“Never.” He whispered, brokenly.
“Yoongi, ple-”

“No, Jimin. I can’t. There’s nothing you can say.”

He meant it. He would die before ever letting go of Jimin again.

“Yoongi, it’s not an OFFER for you to accept or reject!” Jimin’s eyes flashed, and his voice went hard as nails.

Yoongi just shook his head. He didn’t give a fuck.

But his defiance seemed to only make Jimin more and more upset.

“You SEE what I mean, Yoongi?? It’s always your way or the fucking highway! If I tell you I don’t want you, you have to RESPECT that!”

Jumin stood up, his face flushed with rage.

Yoongi didn’t move from his seat, even though Jimin was flailing his arms angrily just inches from his face. The living room was so fucking small, there was probably a 90% chance the kid would hit him by accident.

Or on purpose, for that matter.

Meanwhile, the younger had ditched his calmness for a full scale meltdown.

"You are so SELFISH and CONCEITED! You are SO FULL OF YOURSELF-”

Yoongi accepted the tirade silently, as he prepared himself to ask a question that he didn’t want to know the answer to.

“Jumin... Who is Tony?”

His voice was barely above a whisper, but it made Jimin freeze mid-rant.

Jimin’s flinch was nearly undetectable.

But it was there. It was fucking there.

“W-what?” Jimin hissed, still panting from his shouting.

Yoongi took a deep breath, and swallowed hard, before speaking again.

“I’m everything you say I am, and more, Jimin. But I just need to know- who is Tony?”

Jimin backed up a few feet, as if Yoongi had a contagious disease.

“Stalking me must be your favorite fucking pastime!” Jimin spat.

“Why are you avoiding the question, Jimin-ah?” Yoongi replied, calmly.

Jimin rolled his eyes, and snorted.

“I don’t have to avoid anything. It’s NONE of your fucking business, Yoon-”

“The first night I came here… Your phone was ringing on the counter. It was Tony.” Yoongi motioned to the tiny kitchen behind him, cutting Jimin off.
“Then I woke up one night to your phone vibrating on my coffee table. It was Tony again...”

Yoongi’s voice was wavering now, and he felt sick just speaking these words.

“And when I—when we... In my room... When I wanted to kiss you... The phone rang. And it was Tony again. Who is Tony? I just need to know... Have I lost to you to someone else, Jimin-ah? Is that why I can’t seem to do anything to convince you to take me back?”

He stared at Jimin, expectantly.

Jimin looked around the small room, as if he was hoping someone would jump out of the wall and back him up.

“It’s b—because I’m tired of you breaking and re-breaking my heart!!” Jimin wailed, finally.

Yoongi wanted to cry. Just roll into a ball and die at the thought of Jimin in the arms of the huge American, but he fought to keep his composure.

“So, is that it then, Jimin-ah? That’s the only reason?” He whispered.

Jimin looked shocked.

“He, I need a better fucking reason than that?” The younger asked, incredulously.

“Jiminie...” Yoongi said, passionately, rising from his seat. “I didn’t understand then what it meant for me to push you away. You underestimate yourself. You’re hard on yourself. With your—your work, and your dancing, and your dieting. You’ve always been alone, and then suddenly I was all you had. You needed me to be there for you and instead I threw you out of my room, because I was blind and selfish. I did it for me. I didn’t think of you. But, I am now, and I will forever. But I can’t do that if you won’t come back to me. I can’t fix this on my own. Please, Jimin...”

Yoongi brought out his ring from his pocket, and held it out.

“I don’t know who the fuck this Tony is or what he has said or done, but I want you to choose me, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin recoiled like a wounded animal, when he saw the old ring laying in Yoongi’s hand.

Yoongi couldn’t help but remember when the younger was literally begging him for it.

And now he was looking at the thing like it was cursed.

“Put that away, Min Yoongi. I don’t want to see it. I don’t want to see you.” Jimin hissed through gritted teeth.

Ten long years in the drug business had taught Yoongi two things. First, how to handle a fucking crowbar.

And second, how to call someone’s bluff.

“That’s not true and you know it.” Yoongi replied, evenly.

“I know a lie when I hear one, Jimin. The life I lived before made me very good at it. I know I fucked up. I know I don’t deserve you or your love. But you do love me, Jimin-ah. You know you do.”
“Get out…” Jimin whispered, his face redder than Yoongi had ever seen it.

Yoongi hadn’t forgotten the level of rage that Jimin was capable of reaching. And the kid looked fucking livid. But, Yoongi couldn’t back down.

Not now…

“You could have left me to rot on my couch, but you came…” Yoongi continued, quietly.

“I said get out.”

“You washed me. You fed me… You held me while I fucking vomited.”

“Get the fuck out of my house, Min Yoongi!” Jimin was visibly shaking now, but Yoongi had him where he wanted him.

He was breaking.

“I touched you… And you let me. Because you wanted me to, Jimin. You wanted me to touch you.” Yoongi’s voice was soft as velvet now, but he could tell each word was striking the younger like a whip.

Jimin wasn’t even breathing like a human being anymore. He was huffing and puffing like some kind of monster and there was a look in his eyes that made Yoongi wonder if he was about to get his dick ripped off again.

“You want to know who Tony is?” Jimin asked in a terrifyingly calm voice that made Yoongi’s stomach drop straight through the floor and into the depths of hell.

It took all he had in him, but he managed to look steadily back at Jimin, unflinchingly.

He knew that Jimin was trying to turn the tables and regain the upper hand. The kid may not have been a drug dealer, but he sure knew how to think like one.

“He wants me. He want me bad… In fact, he stood exactly where you are right now and told me.” Jimin said, proudly.

Yoongi’s insides were churning through a meat grinder. Tony had been here? Coming on to Jimin?? How had Jimin reacted…? Did he…? Did they…?

Oh, FUCK. Jesus, please, no…

He had been expecting Jimin to twist the knife, but FUCK, he didn’t have to stick it in fire first.

His mind flashed unwillingly to the few times he’d seen the American stepping out of work with the younger. Always smiling and laughing…

Christ, the man looked like a fucking underwear model. And he was SO TALL…

“And yet, you’ve been in my house for the last 3 days. Ignoring his calls.” Yoongi replied in a tight voice that he hoped didn’t reveal how destroyed he was at the moment.

Jimin’s eyes were dark with evil, and his voice was like a razor.

“I’ve been ignoring everything, Yoongi. Every look, every touch. Every time he asked me out… But now… I think I’m having a change of heart.”
Yoongi was suddenly weak with terror. If he lost Jimin to another man, he would become nothing more than blood and bones without a soul. A shell of his former self.

But his instinct kept telling him that Jimin wasn’t being entirely truthful.

And at this point, instinct was all he really had left.

“You just want to hurt me now, Jimin-ah. You want me to feel the same pain and rejection you felt that night. And I agree that I should, because I did a terrible thing… So, if you want me to suffer, then make me suffer. If you want me to beg you, then I’ll beg you. But don’t pretend that you want someone else, because you don’t. If that’s where you wanted to be, you would be there. Not standing here with me.”

Yoongi felt he deserved an Oscar nomination for his performance, because he could barely breathe, and he knew that his whole theory was just hope and a goddamn prayer.

Jimin brushed past him roughly and opened the useless door without a sound, obviously signaling Yoongi to get the hell out.

Yoongi approached the door, then turned and faced the younger.

“You can kick me out. That’s fine. But you can’t deny what I just said.”

If looks could kill, someone would have to bag up Yoongi’s corpse with the way Jimin was staring daggers into his soul.

Despite the evil look, Yoongi prayed that Jimin’s silence meant that he had succeeded in cracking him.

But cracking wasn’t enough. He needed to reduce Jimin’s resolve to rubble.

“You told me that I flee from truth. And you were right, Jimin. I did. I used to. But you made me face who I am. You made me see it. You taught me how to accept it. And now I’m telling you that you need to do the same. Stop trying to get even with me. I can’t change my stupidity from the past. Let me be in your future, instead. You’re my angel, Jiminie. I won’t let you go again. Never… You can’t leave me, baby…”

Jimin moved slowly towards him until they were nose to nose.

“Watch me.” The younger said, defiantly.

Yoongi felt his heart tear apart, but was still about to kiss Jimin right there, consequences be damned, when a filthy man with an enormous beer belly walked straight in through the door.

“I heard shouting down here! Are you two cooking drugs?! And your rent is late AGAIN, Park!”

Did he just say cooking drugs?!

Yoongi rounded on him, with his fiercest glare, and the little man jumped back a few inches.

“W-w-who are you? You w-wanna be here, you have to pay!” He squeaked.

“Sorry for the noise, Chen. My guest was just leaving.” Jimin said, acidly.

Chen looked Yoongi up and down.
Yoongi wanted to ask him what the fuck he was looking at, but was still hung up on the cooking drugs part. Did Jimin really have this fucking slob as a landlord AND live in a piss pot like this?

Were there no laws against this shit??

“You don’t have to go, but I’ll charge you for every night you stay. With an extra 25% for the late fee.” Chen offered, cheerfully.

Yoongi stepped menacingly into Chen’s face.

“This isn’t a goddamn hotel, motherfucker. It’s a shit hole. You should be PAYING HIM to live here.”

He knew Jimin didn’t want him there anymore, but it was second fucking nature for him to be protective of the younger.

And why the hell was Jimin struggling to pay for a place like this?

Chen shrunk into the doorway, and shot a terrified look at Jimin.

The younger stepped in quickly, and grabbed Yoongi’s arm with the force of a metal clamp.

“LIKE I SAID, he was just leaving.” Jimin’s face was burning, as he roughly shoved the elder outside the tiny apartment.

Yoongi stumbled out of the doorway and damn near fell over.

“Jemin!!” He yelled, lunging for the entrance.

But the younger slammed the door and locked it before Yoongi could get back in to finish Chen off.

Yoongi punched a fist against it, and cursed.

He had been so close. Even though Jimin still tried to put up a resistance at the end, he could see the change in his eyes… In his body language… If he’d just had five more minutes, before that FUCKER walked in… If only he could have kissed him…

Sighing, Yoongi started his car, and was about to leave when he saw Chen exit Jimin’s unit gruffly. Without even really thinking, he jumped out and jogged upstairs after the man, catching up to him before he entered his own place.

“Hey, fuckface.”

Chen turned around, startled.

“You get away from me! I’ll call the poli-”

“How much is this rent for this dump?” Yoongi asked, impatiently.

Chen’s head whipped back in surprise.

“I-I don’t have any vacancies…”

Yoongi pulled a disgusted face.

“I would eat my own dick for breakfast, before I lived here. I’m paying off Jimin’s rent; how much is
Chen’s terror was immediately replaced with glowing happiness.

“Good!” The man, yelled. “Park is always late!”

He scurried into his hell hole and came back with a bill. Yoongi glanced at it, and quickly wrote a check for the past due balance.

Chen tried to grab the check, greedily, but Yoongi yanked it high over the tiny man’s head.

“Tell him that you’re cutting him a break, due to the deplorable conditions of this shack. If he finds out it’s from me, I’ll be back for my money, plus a pound of your fucking flesh.” Yoongi warned, dangerously.

Chen nodded with a frightened look, then took the piece of paper in a hurry.

“M-m-maybe you should pay the next month or two for him, Sir? He can never pay on time or in full.” Chen suggested, as Yoongi was putting away his checkbook.

He stopped and stared at the grubby little man, until he squirmed uncomfortably under Yoongi’s threatening eyes.

“Jimin won’t be here much longer, fuckface.”

Chen’s eyes widened, but he just nodded again shakily, and scurried off into his unit.

Yoongi walked back downstairs carefully, and checked that Jimin’s front curtains were still closed, before jogging back to his car.

He wondered what the kid was doing in there.

*Calling Tony, maybe?*

He shook his head, trying to think positive thoughts as he drove home.

If only he’d had five more fucking minutes…
Chapter Notes

I cannot count the ways that I love you guys. My loyal readers who are always with me giving me life to keep writing, and the new readers who are kind enough to join us. Thank you, thank you... I hope this chapter will reveal to you how my mind works. I love you all. It's a long one. You might wanna sit down...
-Mizteek

Jimin had read about the side effects of extreme sleeplessness before.

But never had he dreamed that he would experience them to this degree.

He didn’t remember leaving his small sofa after Yoongi and Chen left last night. But he didn’t remember staying there, either.

He actually had no idea how or where he had passed the night. He didn’t exactly “wake up” in the morning. He just sort of became aware of his surroundings around 3am, sitting in his small chair staring at nothing.

He busied himself reading and writing until 5am, at which time he knew that he had to get ready for work. He went to his room to change, but upon getting there, realized that he was already dressed in his dance gear.

Jimin still didn’t know how that had happened.

At 5:15 he went to wash and moisturize his face, a task that normally takes about ten minutes, but when he was done, it was 6am and he had no clue how he lost over half an hour while simply standing in front of the sink.

Shaken and a bit freaked out, Jimin decided to pump some blood into his ragged brain by jogging to work. He had to run anyway, since he was now late.

Once there, Jimin stopped at the entrance to Y & S Studios to catch his breath before going inside. He had passed through these doors to spend the day with Tony more times than he could count.

But today was different. Today, everything was going to change.

Yoongi made sure of that last night.

Jimin took a deep breath and headed inside and down the three flights of stairs to the sub-level where he and the American spent their days and nights. He felt the ground-thumping bass as he entered the large practice room, and stood there for a while, smiling and watching Tony practice a complicated routine in front of the mirrors.

He was shirtless, as usual. And looked effortlessly good.

Pure perfect flawlessness from his superstar face to his excellent moves.
“CHIM CHIIRIIIIIIIIIM!!” Tony roared joyfully, as soon as he spotted the younger.

“Look who’s back and better than ever!!” He yelled again, jogging up to him.

Jimin put out a hand for their usual double slap hand shake, but was pulled into Tony’s arms instead for a huge hug that literally lifted him off the ground.

He was overcome by the American’s scent of mingled sweat and cologne, and felt his entire body freeze as he was pressed up against Tony’s sculpted physique.

“Oh, Tonyyy!!” Jimin laughed in protest, blushing hard as he squirmed back down to the floor.

God, it felt strange to laugh. He was shocked that he even remembered how to do it.

“There ain’t no sunshine when you’re gone, chim chim!” Tony said with a wink, as he released him.

Huh?

Tony laughed at the confused look on Jimin’s face.

“That means I missed you…” Tony explained, dropping his voice to a sexy whisper, even though they were the only two there.

Jimin smiled and nodded.

“Uhh… Me too, Tony.”

“Good. Very good.” The tall man replied, with a slow smile. “Are you ready to play with me? Yeri said you were out sick. You better now?”

Funny enough, Jimin was suddenly feeling like a new man. He felt alive and no longer like a walking zombie. It was as if Tony had resuscitated him.

But Jimin knew that wasn’t the real reason why he was feeling reinvigorated.

It was because he was nervous and jumpy for what he was about to do.

“Oh, no, Tony. Can we...?” Jimin struggled for the word he was looking for. “Uhh. Private?”

Tony pushed himself off the wall and walked up to Jimin slowly.

“Definitely… Let’s go to my office…”

Jimin swallowed and nodded.

I can do this.

“Jimin ssi! It’s so good to see you well again!”
Both men whipped around to see Sana walking towards them. They hadn’t heard her approaching with the steady beat of the music in the background.

Jimin thanked God that she hadn’t come down after they had gone into Tony’s office.

He didn’t want any interruptions.

“Thank you, Sana noona. I’m happy to be back!” Jimin replied with a genuine smile.

Sana was just as nice as her twin sister.

She nodded and patted him kindly on the back.

“Are you guys on a break? I need some muscles.” She asked first in English to Tony, then in Korean to Jimin.

They agreed to help, and she showed them upstairs where a fresh shipment of mats had just been delivered.

“The storage room is downstairs, in the back.” She explained, handing Tony the key.

The trio started carrying the mats down, and Jimin made sure he and Tony did the bulk of it, so Sana wouldn’t have to carry too much.

“Sana noona, we can take care of it from here.” Jimin offered, once they had brought the entire set of mats downstairs.

All that was left was to arrange them in the storage room. It was big, private, and quiet. This was Jimin’s chance to get Tony alone, and he didn’t want to miss the opportunity and lose his nerve later.

Sana looked at the men gratefully.

“That would be perfect. Yeri and I have an important meeting to get to. Thank you, Jiminnie!”

She thanked Tony in English and left hastily.

They worked in silence for a while, helping each other get all the mats into neat piles.

“Looks good, Chim. I think we’re done.” Tony declared, dusting his hands off.

He turned to the younger and crossed his arms expectantly.

“You wanted to speak to me… Right?”

The younger nodded and took a deep breath.

This is it.

Jimin crossed the room and closed the door, ensuring their total privacy.

Tony watched him with a small smirk.

“Should I be scared, Chim?” He asked, with a laugh.

Jimin hadn’t understood that, but he didn’t care.

Joking time was over now.
“So… Tony… I, um…” He faltered, then took a deep breath to calm himself.

Between the hours of 3am and 5am Jimin had studied his American/Korean dictionary nonstop, and memorized the exact words he was going to say. All he had to do was get the words out of his mouth properly.

“I thought… About what you… Said…”

Tony uncrossed his arms and moved closer, with an encouraging smile.

So far, so good. It seemed the American understood him.

“Thank you for you’re, umm, offer. Tony… But, I love someone, uh, else? I love him so much… So, we can’t do… That.”

It was far from perfect, but Jimin was pleased overall with his delivery.

And he could tell Tony understood him by the way the warm smile disappeared from his face.

Jimin’s stomach twisted. This part sucked. Tony was such a good friend, and he wanted it to stay that way.

But he loved Yoongi.

Forever.

He would love him forever. It was just that simple.

Besides… All Tony had been offering was a fuck buddy, and that wasn’t Jimin’s style, anyway. Even without Yoongi in the picture, he would never have agreed to something like that.

A friends-with-benefits situation with a co-worker was a stupid idea, and could be potentially disastrous.

It must be an American thing…

Tony looked down at the floor for a few moments, nodding slowly.

“So, you two worked it out, huh?” He said, disappointedly.

Jimin swallowed and scratched the back of his neck awkwardly. They hadn’t worked a damn thing out.

“Um. I just… I love him.” He said, again.

This was really all he could reply with. But it was the God honest truth.

He would take a scowling, limping Yoongi with a bullet hole, over an army of Tony’s any day of the week.

“We… Bros… Still?” Jimin asked, weakly, holding out his fist.

He didn’t want to lose their brotherhood status, but he also couldn’t work in an environment where Tony didn’t understand that Jimin was not interested in furthering their relationship.

Tony looked at Jimin’s fist, but didn’t touch it.
“I’m gonna set up for the first class, ok?” He said, quietly, before turning and walking out of the room.

Jimin nodded stiffly. He wanted to say more. To explain how much Yoongi meant to him, so Tony would understand why it was impossible for him to even think of another man- but he didn’t have enough English words memorized for that.

As soon as Tony left, the American vanished from Jimin’s mind, as if he had never existed.

All Jimin could see now was Min Yoongi’s face from last night. Pale and porcelain smooth, with his beautiful crescent eyes piercing into Jimin’s heart and revealing the ugly truths within it. He winced, as he recalled how the elder had dropped those truth bombs all over him last night, like it was fucking nuclear warfare.

And he had been right.

Jimin had endured so much pain that he had become some type of psycho masochist. He was feeding off it now. And instead of working to rid himself of the pain, he seemed to try and find as much of it as he could. By starving himself. Denying sleep. Working too hard. Stressing too much. Crying all the time.

And yes, Yoongi had caused much of this pain, at first. But the man had gone to extreme lengths, half-dead from a bullet wound, just to find Jimin- and the moment he did- the pain could have ended right there. But Jimin wouldn’t let it end. He wouldn't let it go.

He was too goddamn proud.

A lifetime of being pitied as a poor little orphan made him this way. He didn’t want Yoongi’s pity, too. But Yoongi had never pitied him.

Yoongi fucking LOVED him.

Jimin groaned as he realized what a fool he’s been; torturing himself for no reason at all.

He didn’t have to live in Chen’s shitty apartment. He didn’t have to suffer and scrape by. He didn’t have to sleep alone.

Not anymore…

Not since Yoongi returned to him.

Jimin’s heart raced, as he started to panic. How will he go back to Yoongi now? He didn’t have the key any longer. He didn’t accept the ring back. He threw Yoongi out AGAIN last night, just as the elder looked like he was about to kiss him.

And worst of all, he had gloated to Yoongi about Tony. Now, that was a low blow.

Jesus…

What if Yoongi was finished with him? Who WOULDN’T be, after all that wasted time and effort??

No… No. No. No.

Jimin shook his head vigorously to clear out the scary, negative thoughts.

He would just have to swallow his pride, and knock on his door. Just like Yoongi had for him.
And there wasn’t any time to waste.

Jimin felt guilty knowing that he’d already missed so much work. But he needed to leave. Now. Right now. They could fire him if they wanted to.

Fuck it.

He turned and ran for the door, and immediately hit a solid wall in form of a tanned, taught chest.

“Tony?!?” Jimin gasped, as he stumbled backwards in surprise.

Hadn’t he left a while ago??

How long had he been standing there watching Jimin muttering to himself like a madman?

Before Jimin could figure out how to ask this, Tony moved with lightning speed and pinned the younger against the back wall with the force of his muscular body.

Jimin coughed as the wind was knocked out of him. What on earth was Tony DOING??

“Tony! W-what the hell!!” Jimin shrieked in his best angry English.

The American towered over him like a mountain, his normal twinkling, smiling eyes, replaced with hard indifference.

“I’ve been patient, Chim. You can’t deny that.” Tony drawled, pressing his arms on either side of the smaller man, effectively trapping him to the wall. “I watched. I waited. I gave your pitiful, little chinky ass a shoulder to lean on. I came to your disgusting apartment. I even asked you out… And now you stroll in here and tell me that you love someone else? Do you think I give a shit? I’m not in love with you, boy. I wanna FUCK you.”

Tony laughed, but the sound didn’t reach his cold eyes.

Jimin knew he was trapped, but he wouldn’t have been able to move even if Tony suddenly released him. He was absolutely stuck, glued, and rooted to the floor with shock.

Not because of what Tony was saying.

And not even because of what he was doing.

But because he could understand him.

Tony was speaking perfectly flawless Korean.

“Surprised?” Tony asked with an evil laugh at Jimin’s speechlessness. ”I’ve been in Korea every fucking year since I was 11. I probably speak it better than you do, cup noodles.”

Jimin squeezed his eyes shut and dug deep into his soul to find his voice.

“Why, Tony? Why are you doing this? What are you thinking?” He whispered, incredulously.

Jimin was still trying to reach the part of Tony that had been his friend for the last 2 months. But he knew he was fooling himself. That Tony didn’t exist. He was a fake. A fraud.

Tony sighed, tiredly, as if he had to answer this question everyday. His breath fanned over Jimin’s face, smelling of mint and cologne, and a hint of sweat. This used to be the soothing scent of a close
friend. But Jimin recoiled now as if it was poisonous.

“Remember when I said that “I like what I like”? I bet you thought that meant I was a little faggot like you, huh? No. I like girls. And I don’t mean women. I mean girls. Young ones. Small ones… 13 and under. But you see, back in America, they’re not too fond of men fucking underage chicks. That’s why I love your little piece of shit country. Anything goes here, and I get away with all of it. And there’s a bonus, too. All you little chink boys look like little girls. So, I get double the fun!” Tony smiled, hugely at his joke.

Impossible.

Jimin kept telling himself that it wasn’t possible. He would have seen the signs… How the hell did he MISS this?

“You’re a fucking monster!” Jimin spat, pushing hard at the larger man, but he was no match for him.

Tony laughed, and shoved him lightly with one shoulder, and that was enough to slam Jimin back into place, painfully.

“Imagine what I thought when I saw you strut your pretty little ass down here that first day?” God damn, boy, you have all the best parts of males and females just fused into one little hot hybrid body. My dick has been permanently hard, and I’m gonna need you to fix that…”

Tony was stroking Jimin’s cheek now, as the younger twisted his face as far away as humanly possible.

The fact that Tony was touching him at all transformed Jimin’s shock into molten rage. He had never hated anybody more in his entire life.

“I am NOT a girl, Tony. So, that does make you a faggot. You sick, filthy fucking American! You’re going fucking down for this- I swear to God!”

Tony’s giant hand moved around Jimin’s throat in a flash, squeezing tightly. Jimin brought his knee up hard into Tony’s crotch, and earned a surprised yelp from the bigger man. He had barely made it two feet before Tony’s tree trunk of an arm grabbed him and pulled him back into position.

Ice cold terror gripped Jimin, as he realized that he had no way out. Their first class wasn’t for another two hours, and the loud music would make it impossible for anyone to hear him if he tried to shout for help.

“Feisty, aren’t you, Chim?” Tony teased, panting slightly from the scuffle. “Well, that hurt my dick, so now you have to suck it better.”

“Not unless you want me to spit it out on the floor, you bastard.” Jimin said, breathlessly.

Tony only smiled at Jimin’s defiance.

“I know it’s hard to see out of those tiny slits you call eyes, but I’m 100 times bigger than you, so you’re gonna do what the fuck I say. I gave you the easy way, but you didn’t take it. YOU made this difficult. I don’t even know why you’re fighting so hard! You know you want big T’s big D, chim chim. You think I didn’t see you staring at me going oh, Tony, oh fucking Tony all the time?”

“It’s our JOB to watch each other dance!” Jimin retorted, hotly. “That doesn’t give you the right to assault me! Yeri and Sana will KILL YOU when they hear about thi-”
Tony put a hand up, dismissively.

“Let me just stop you right there, Chim. I’m offering you the deal of a lifetime. Take it, and you get everything you could ever dream of. Leave it, and I’m gonna rape you, anyway. So, what’s it gonna be?”

Jimin blinked at him, disgustedly.

“You’re out of your FUCKING MIND.”

Tony snaked his hand under Jimin’s shirt, and he thanked God for his decision to start wearing double layers.

“Am I? Think about it. I’ve been working with Yeri and Sana for 9 years now. I have a gold status reputation with them. You’re a nobody who just got here, and you need MY RECOMMENDATION to move up. All you have to do is keep wearing that pretty make-up, suck me good, and let me fuck that fat ass everyday. And after 4 months, I’ll go back home, and you’ll get my job. Better pay. Better position. Better apartment. Better life!”

Tony beamed like the host of a game show.

“And if I just say go to hell? What happens then?” Jimin asked, trembling from anger.

“Easy. I’ll fuck you, anyway, then I’ll tell the boss ladies that YOU assaulted ME.” Tony answered, lightly.

Jimin actually laughed at this. A dry, maniacal, humorless laugh.

“You’ll say that I, Park Ji Min, assaulted you?”

Tony nodded, with a smirk.

“Why do you think I pretend I don’t know Korean? All I have to do is say that we had a misunderstanding due to the language barrier, and I felt threatened by your advances. The American consulate will fly my happy ass home, and you’ll be here facing charges. This isn’t my first rodeo, chim chim. Now take your fucking pants off. I’m done talking.”

Tony whispered the last part in his ear, as he started licking the younger’s neck. Jimin could feel his “big D” pressing against his thigh.

He made himself ignore it, as his hand grazed his water bottle nearby. It wasn’t his first weapon choice, but the heavy metal canister would have to do. He gripped it firmly, ready to strike, when the door to the storage room flew open.

Tony’s reaction was inhumanly fast. Impossibly fast. In an instant, he had backed off and was standing innocently, with his hands in his pockets. He had the practiced ease of someone who’s done this many times before.

“Oh, you guys are still here! Can you help me get one more batch of- JIMIN SSI! Are you ok??”

Sana ran up to him, quickly. Her expression was full of worry, as she looked at his flushed face and teary eyes. Not to mention, he was shaking uncontrollably and holding a water bottle in a very threatening manner.

He couldn’t speak. Tony’s warnings were still ringing loud and clear in his head.
Tony stepped forward with a deep sigh and slumped shoulders.

“Jimin’s having a rough time, Sana. He feels he doesn’t have the right skills to take my job when I leave. I’ve just been here trying to help him through it.” He lied easily, switching expertly to English, while rubbing a brotherly hand on Jimin’s back.

“Oh, Jiminie! You need to believe in yourself more!” Sana exclaimed, placing her hand over Tony’s now. “We all have so much faith in you! Just follow Tony, ok? Let him guide you and I promise you’ll do great! You’re in good hands!!”

Jimin was certain he was going to vomit.

“That’s what I tried to tell him, Sana.” Tony turned his warm smile to the younger. “Just do everything I say, chim chim, and you’ll be juuuuuust fine.”

“You work too much, Jimin ssi.” Sana continued. “You should go out and have fun sometime. Maybe Tony can take you somewhere? I know how close you two are!”

Tony nodded, enthusiastically, and Jimin wished he had Hobi’s gun to put an end to his life.

“I say we start tonight. I already know where you live. Maybe I’ll stop by?” Tony suggested, with an evil glint in his eyes.

“Excellent!” Sana sang happily, not even waiting to hear Jimin’s reply. “You still look so tired, Jimin ssi. Take another day to rest and go out with Tony tonight, ok? Have fun!”

Jimin came to his senses and nodded jerkily at both of them, as he bolted out of the door. He had to get out of there.

He emerged from the building into the bright morning sunlight, feeling like a caged bird that had just been set free.

His euphoria quickly died when he realized that he had nowhere to go. Nowhere was safe. Not his home- not his work…

Jimin briefly considered going to Yoongi. He felt disgusted with himself just for thinking it. He’d been shoving the elder away for days, and now all of a sudden wanted to run to him when he has a problem.

Anybody would see right through that…

But he had gone to Yoongi when the elder was in need? Right? He brought him back to life for God’s sake!

*It’s not the same, Jimin.*

Yoongi hadn’t crawled begging for Jimin’s help. Jimin went willingly. That was totally different. Wasn’t it…?

“HEY- watch where you’re going!!” Someone yelled, while honking angrily at him.

Jimin jumped back in surprise.

Jesus, he had been walking straight into oncoming traffic.

He sat down on the edge of the sidewalk and tried to think, but came up with nothing.
He had nothing. He had no one…

Eventually, he got up and started walking. He didn’t know where.

And he didn’t care.
“Let’s slow the tempo down a little. What do you think, Monnie?”

“Maybe. I’m not sure. What does Yoongs think?”

“Yoongs?”

“Hyung…?”

“Shit, do you think he passed out again, Monnie hyung?”

“I’m fine.” Yoongi said, zoning back into the conversation.

He was on a three-way call with his friends, and they were supposed to be making a last minute change to one of their debut tracks. Yoongi didn’t care about it at all, but agreed to the call, so he wouldn’t have to deal with Hobi and Namjoon storming into his home.

Admittedly, it felt good to be in his lab again. The big screens and sophisticated equipment were a source of pride and joy for him, but he still couldn’t get into his headspace.

He kept running through the events of last night over and over again in his mind. He felt like a mouse racing through an exceptionally difficult maze trying to get to the cheese and every time he hit a wall, he had to go back and start again- getting smarter, faster, and better each time.

But he didn’t think he could do any better than he had last night. And it didn’t seem like the cheese was interested in forgiving him.

“-if we shorten the chorus, maybe we can add 10 seconds to each verse.” Hobi’s voice filtered in through his dark thoughts.

“Yoongs, can you re-master the chorus to make it shorter?” Monnie asked, quickly.

“Mhm. Sure…” Yoongi replied, not even really knowing what the question was.

“Do you think that works, though??”

“Yea, sure, Monnie…”

“Jesus, hyung. Are you even with us, man? Monnie, I told you we should just go down to his house!”

Yoongi sighed and eyed the “end call” button longingly.

“It’s Jimin, isn’t it, Yoongs?” Monnie said, quietly.

Yoongi had no intention of delving into this conversation with his friends, but his heart suddenly exploded with the pain of Jimin’s multiple rejections.

“It’s like there’s nothing I can say, Monnie hyung. Nothing I can do. He won’t fucking listen.” Yoongi whined, pitifully.

“Cus he hates you, Yoongi. We’ve been over this.” Hobi chimed in, unhelpfully.
“Hobi-yah, shut up! Yoongs, just give him time. Maybe he’ll come around, man.”

“Will he, Monnie? Do you really think?” Yoongi asked, hopefully.

“How the fuck would I know?”

Yoongi’s heart deflated.

“Look, guys, I gotta run. I have a delivery of something coming…” He lied, needing to get off this call.

“Of what, hyung?”

“Of SOMETHING, Hobi.”

Jesus. He was worse than Umma sometimes.

“Alright, but before you go, Yoongs… How good is your home security?” Namjoon asked, seriously.

Yoongi pulled a confused face that no one could see.

“Why?”

The line was silent for a moment.

“WHY, hyung?”

Namjoon sighed, heavily.

“Jin is out… Dunno how he did it, but he did. Don’t freak out, Yoongs. Just watch your back.”

Yoongi digested this silently. He knew it wouldn’t take long, but fuck, he thought it would take longer than this.

“Say the word, and I’ll be there, hyung. I’d like to see him try and take us both on at once.”

“No, Hobi-yah. I’m ok. Jin wouldn’t be stupid enough to try that. Not when he’s just stepped out of jail.”

“Isn’t that what you said about kook?”

Well, shit.

“Hobi’s right. Maybe you should have him over, Yoongs…”

No way.

Yoongi’s only priority was Jimin, and he wouldn’t be able to focus on that with Hobi constantly reminding him how much the younger hates him.

“Jin doesn’t know where I live, guys. And even if he found out, he won’t be catching me off guard this time. I’m good.”

After a few more minutes of assuring his friends (he actually had to get his gun and cock it next to the phone before Hobi was satisfied) he finally released himself from the call and was left alone with
his sorrow.

Yoongi never backed down from a challenge, but he had also never faced anything as hopeless as this. He couldn’t accept defeat, but had no clue what his next move should be.

And the possibility of his one and only lover being with some foreign fuck was almost too much to bear.

Yoongi spent the rest of the day checking his locks and windows, making sure there were no security risks. He felt silly worrying, but Hobi and Monnie had succeeded in freaking him out. He even cleaned out his weapon and made sure it was loaded.

By the time he was going to bed, Yoongi was so goddamn jumpy he could barely close his eyes. He spent a couple hours reading Jimin’s poems, as he usually did every night, and that helped to lull him slowly into sleep, as he fantasized about holding his angel close to him.

Yoongi’s eyes flew open for the millionth time that night.

He looked over at the clock on his bedside table. It was just after midnight.

Shit.

He had only been in bed for 2 hours, but had woken every 15 minutes thinking that every little sound was an attack.

Sighing, and cursing his friends, Yoongi padded out of bed to the kitchen for a glass of water. He desperately wanted some scotch, but he was still on antibiotics and couldn’t drink any alcohol.

As he was replacing the water in the fridge- he heard it.

There was a sound at the front door. Not a knock, but…

He actually wasn’t sure what.

*Grow up, Min Yoongi. You’re hearing things.*

He made a huge effort to ignore everything and walk back to his bedroom, when he heard it again.

Was it an animal, maybe?

Yoongi’s garden style apartment was ground level. A fox, or dog, or stray cat, could be the culprit.

But that would be the very first time that happened. And how coincidental that it would happen tonight.

Adrenaline coursed through his veins, as he went into full, defcon 1 defense mode, darting into his room quickly to retrieve his weapon.

Yoongi tiptoed back to the entrance, snaking his way along the wall to the front door, with his gun at the ready.

He froze with his hand on the doorknob, listening.

He heard it again. Undeniably this time.
Something or someone was out there.

Yoongi had no fear, as he yanked the door open and pointed his gun at the back of Jimin’s head.

“JESUS CHRIST!” Yoongi yelped in utter shock.

Jimin turned and looked at him lifelessly from where he sat on the front step, not even reacting at all to the fact that a firearm was being trained on him.

Yoongi swore loudly, and nearly shot his own foot in surprise, as he quickly yanked the door open the rest of the way and jumped outside into the chilly rain.

“Jimin!! What are you doing- how long have you… W-what- ARE YOU OK?!!?” Yoongi stammered, stupefied.

The younger gazed back at him with dull, glassy eyes. If Yoongi didn’t know any better, he would have sworn Jimin had just spent the last 3 nights partying with Namjoon.

Jimin was soaking wet, but didn’t look like he cared or even realized it. His face was streaked with tears and raindrops and Yoongi’s heart ripped in half at seeing his beauty so tainted in this way.

“Fuck, get in here…”

He pulled the younger inside, and Jimin stumbled in after him dazedly. He wasn’t speaking and his face was blank and emotionless.

Yoongi had seen Jimin sad before. He’d seen him angry. Happy, excited, scared…

But he’d never seen the younger look like this.

Yoongi carefully put his gun away and held Jimin’s cold, wet hands in his.

“Jimin-ah, what’s wrong?”

Silence.

It didn’t even look like the kid had heard him.

Yoongi cupped Jimin’s face softly and stared into his eyes, willing him to speak.

“Jimin. PLEASE. What’s going on with you? Are you hurt?? Is it Chen?? TELL ME!”

Jimin seemed to wake up a little bit, turning his face to look at Yoongi like he was a total stranger.

“Tired…” Jimin croaked.

Yoongi blinked at him.

What the fuck?

“You’re… Tired? That’s it?” Yoongi asked, confused.

Who walks around like a zombie then sits outside in the rain when they’re tired?

Jimin nodded slowly.

“Jimin-ah… If something is wrong you can tell me. You can always tell me. I’m here for y-“
“I’m tired... I’m so tired…” Jimin repeated, softly, like he was in a trance.

A strange chill crept up Yoongi’s spine.

This didn’t feel right at all. But there was nothing he could do about it at the moment. Jimin was completely unresponsive.

“Come on. You’re soaking fucking wet.”

Yoongi took Jimin to his room and found some clean, dry clothes for him.

The younger just looked at them blankly, then immediately peeled his wet clothes off and climbed into Yoongi’s bed without putting anything on. He moved mechanically, with that weird glassy look, as if he wasn’t all there.

Yoongi gasped, and turned around, unsure of what do with himself as Jimin literally laid naked in his bed.

After standing there like an idiot, staring at the wall for 15 minutes, Yoongi finally climbed into his side of the bed so cautiously, anyone would have thought it was laced with explosives.

He leaned over carefully, checking if Jimin was ok. The kid was already snoring.

He gingerly pulled the sheets up to fully cover the younger, and when his hand gently brushed his shoulder, Jimin suddenly turned around and clung to him like a fucking koala.

A sexy, wet, butt ass naked koala.

Oh, God...

Heaven help me.

Yoongi chanted words of strength to himself as he felt Jimin’s thick thigh wrap around his legs, and his dick, PRAISE JESUS, his dick nestle itself snugly against the elder’s hip.

For three glorious hours, Yoongi laid there on his back, ramrod straight and barely breathing for fear of waking Jimin up. He didn’t want the younger to move an inch. Jimin’s body pressing against his was the closest thing to living Yoongi had experienced in the last 2 fucking months.

However, Yoongi’s body finally failed him. His arms and legs were burning with the need to stretch out more comfortably, and Jimin’s knee was hiked up dangerously close to his still healing wound. He had to move, whether he liked it or not.

Slowly, oh so slowly, he pulled himself out of Jimin’s embrace, making the younger whine Yoongi’s name softly in protest. Just the sound of it instantly put his cock in a state of red alert.

Jimin was naked in his bed, whimpering his goddamn name.

This was a motherfucking emergency.

Trembling with pure desire, Yoongi managed to move away completely and stand up on shaky legs. He stared down at Jimin’s angelic face, still fast asleep, and blinked several times just to be sure he was seeing what he thought he was seeing.

Silently, he crept out of the room to the hallway bathroom and jacked off for the first time since him and Jimin had parted ways. He pumped himself violently into the toilet, and climaxed in Olympic
record time.

After cleaning up and washing his hands, he took 10 deep, steadying breaths and climbed back into bed.

As soon as his body hit the mattress, Jimin jerked awake, sitting straight up, like he’d been struck by lightning.

“Yoongi!!” The younger screamed, in a petrified voice.

“Shit, baby, I’m right here! Come here…” Yoongi said quickly, nearly having a heart attack from Jimin’s outburst.

Jimin’s face visibly relaxed, when his eyes focused on the elder, and he immediately clung to him once again and fell right back asleep, snoring softly.

Yoongi pulled him flush against his chest and wrapped his arms around the younger’s fit body, feeling like he could die with happiness right there.

Even with his recent release, being up against Jimin’s nakedness got him hard again in seconds. So hard, in fact, that he had to place a pillow in between their bodies, and even then, he felt his erection might bust through the thick layer of feathers and fabric and land in Jimin’s gorgeous ass like a heat seeking missile.

Yoongi concentrated on holding him tight, whispering to him all night, until, finally, his eyes were too heavy to stay open any longer.

Yoongi woke up with a start, and squeezed his arms around Jimin only to realize he was holding on to thin air.

His eyes roamed the room wildly, when he spotted the younger dressing hastily on the other side of the bed.

Yoongi jumped up, heart racing, and didn’t know if he should wait for Jimin to dress up or not. He decided he didn’t care, and scrambled around the bed to face him.

“Where are you going?”

Silence.

“Jimin??”

Jimin looked up at him, as he stuffed his clothes from the night before into his duffel bag.

He seemed back to normal, and was looking thoroughly embarrassed and extremely uncomfortable.

“I’m going to work, Yoongi.” He said, quietly. “I-I’m so sorry for barging in on you-“

“Shut up, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi said tenderly, as he grasped the younger’s hand.

“Tell me what the hell is going on. Is it me? Am I the one making you act like this?”

Yoongi was desperate. Desperate for Jimin to stay.
Desperate to know what the fuck was up with him last night.

Jin stared at him for a brief moment, and Yoongi swore he saw a flicker of fear in his eyes.

But who or what would he be afraid of???

“I was tired. I just needed sleep.”

_Bullshit._

Yoongi followed him to the door, his mind reaching for the right words, but coming up woefully short.

“Wait!” He said suddenly, making Jin pause as he was walking out.

Yoongi swallowed, trying to moisten his dry mouth. He darted quickly into the kitchen and returned with his spare house key and pressed into Jin’s hand.

“Come back tonight. Please…” Yoongi whispered. “You don’t have to tell me anything, and I won’t ask you anything. Just come, ok? I’ll hold you…”

His request didn’t even make sense to his own ears, but Yoongi knew he would never sleep peacefully again if he didn’t have Jin next to him.

Jin licked his lips nervously, and Yoongi had to mentally restrain himself from licking those lips for him.

“Um… M-maybe…” Jin said, before whipping around and practically running away.

Yoongi sighed and shut the door.

Had he been too forward? Pushed too hard?

He couldn’t be sure until tonight.

Despite the craziness of the situation, Yoongi took a savage pride in the fact Jin had come to him, and not that Tony fucker, even if he still didn’t know what the actual problem was.

Suddenly, he was exhausted. Between him stupidly worrying about Seokjin and Jin’s surprise visit, Yoongi had gotten about half an hour of sleep last night.

He glanced at his couch, wishfully. God, it looked so soft and inviting, and he really needed the rest.

But he had to do something first.
The End.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading! Goodbye!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

That's it, guys!

April Fool's!!!!

Chapter End Notes

Lol. I'm a shit. Love you guys; I'll update later today!!
By nightfall, Yoongi was a nervous wreck. He hoped and prayed that Jimin would come back, but at the same time, had no idea what to say or do if he did.

He had whiled away most of the evening re-mastering the track he had discussed with his friends yesterday. Surprisingly, he was able to concentrate on his music a little, and even started looking into launch venues again. It was like just being in Jimin’s presence was giving him the motivation he’d lost.

When it came time for Yoongi to think about going to bed, he was actually becoming wider awake, rather than getting tired. He showered thoroughly, and styled his hair, as questions were zipping around in his head, making his heart pound and his palms sweat.

When Jimin comes (if he comes) will he be hungry?

Will he want to go straight to bed? Or do something else?

Would Jimin even want to do anything with him?

Will he want to talk?

Should he try to make him talk?

Will he sleep nude again???

Yoongi stopped in his tracks, as his mind relished and savored the memory of Jimin’s naked body against his. Fuck, talk about a blessing and punishment all wrapped in one.

Frazzled to the bone, Yoongi decided to make some food in case the younger wanted to eat something. He didn’t have any proper ingredients, since he’d been living off takeout and the leftovers Jimin had cooked for him, so he made a batch of eggs, waffles, and bacon, remembering how much Jimin had enjoyed his American style breakfast.

Speaking of American style…

God, what if Tony is making fucking American breakfasts for Jimin? Or Dinners?

Jesus. He took a deep breath and tried to remind himself that Jimin was in HIS bed last night, not
Yoongi paced around, worrying and tidying up the living area, refreshing the bathrooms, changing his bedsheets, and bringing out clean clothes in case Jimin needed them.

He checked the time. 12:20am.

Shit.

Jimin had come right around midnight before. Was this too late? Too early? Should he wait? Give up??

Suddenly, Yoongi wasn’t so sure about his breakfast buffet anymore. Would Jimin even want to eat breakfast at midnight?

Christ, who does that??

In blind panic, Yoongi grabbed his keys and raced to a nearby food joint that was open 24 hours a day. He stood there having a breakdown for 10 horrible minutes, trying to figure out what the fuck Jimin would like, and ended up nearly buying out the goddamn place.

He rushed back home, balancing mountains of food in his arms, and carefully laid out the different meals. Fried rice, cus who doesn’t eat that right? Seaweed soup- Jimin loved that, and it was healthy. Lamb kabobs- well, to be honest, that was mostly for him, but he was willing to share.

Yoongi arranged the different kimchis, fruits, and other side dishes in a downright irresistible display of flavors, then promptly asked himself what the hell he was doing.

This was ridiculous.

It was almost 1am now and there was no sign of Jimin. Yoongi’s heart tumbled as he was hit with the slow realization that he had wasted his time and a ton of money chasing a wish that he knew would likely not come true.

“What’s all this for?” A voice asked softly from behind him.

Yoongi spun around so fast, he was dizzy from the movement, and knocked over the spicy kimchi as he grabbed the kitchen island to steady himself.

“Jimin???” He choked in a ragged whisper of surprise.

Jimin looked at him curiously, head cocked to the side. His hair was wet again, but this time not from rain. He had just showered. Looking over him, Yoongi saw the younger was wearing the gray sweats and black shirt that he had left on the bed for him. He looked exhausted, but not as fucked up as he was last night. His eyes were still dull and sad, but his ruby lips had the plumpest, prettiest pout Yoongi had ever seen.

Holy shit.

Jimin must have come over at the precise time when Yoongi had left the house.

And the whole time he had been in the kitchen obsessing over the food presentation, Jimin had been in his bedroom, beautifully naked and changing into his clothes.
“Yea… Y-you said I could come back…? I used the key? Should I not have?” Doubt had crept into Jimin’s eyes, as he watched Yoongi trying to recover.

“NO! I mean- YES. I mean…” Yoongi struggled to form sentences, as he stared at Jimin’s mouth. “I-I’m glad you came, Jimin-ah. Um… Are you-uh- hungry? There’s some food…?”

Yoongi cringed inwardly. There wasn’t *some food*. It looked like he was opening up a damn restaurant in his apartment.

Jimin looked like he was thinking the same thing, as he surveyed the enormous amount of food on display.

“Uh… Is that seaweed soup?” He asked Yoongi, timidly.

Yoongi nodded and nearly knocked the thing over in his haste to hand it to Jimin. The younger thanked him shyly, not meeting his eyes, and sat down at the kitchen table quietly.

Yoongi grabbed a lamb skewer and sat across from him. He wasn’t in the least bit hungry, but didn’t want Jimin to feel uncomfortable eating alone. Jimin was drinking his soup carefully, and everytime he licked his lips, Yoongi thought his dick might break through the tabletop.

He swallowed hard and gathered his wits.

*Just be cool, Yoongi. Make casual conversation.*

*But, JESUS, I want to fuck his mouth…*

“So… How are you?” He asked, slowly.

*Nailed it.*

Jimin looked up from his soup with tragic eyes, then returned to eating in total silence.

*Failed it.*

Yoongi cleared his throat, uncomfortably, and tried again.

“Uh… How-how was work today?”

Jimin froze for a fraction of a second. There was a fearful look in his big brown eyes again.

It was barely there, but Yoongi hadn’t missed it.

“It was ok.” Jimin replied in a hushed whisper, as if they were talking about something illegal.

*What the actual fuck is going on here?*

Yoongi wanted to press the issue further, but remembered his promise to not peg the younger with questions. His old life had made him a master at getting information out of people, but he couldn’t afford to push Jimin away.

Not tonight.

It was difficult, but he decided to steer the conversation away from dangerous waters. If he could get Jimin comfortable, maybe he’ll open up.
Yoongi sighed inwardly. Being tactful wasn’t his strong point, nor was making others feel comfortable a particularly good skill he possessed.

“Your hair is longer, now. It’s pretty…” He told Jimin, quietly, hoping this was a good start.

Jimin blessed him with a ghost of a smile. It was almost non-existent, but more than enough for his starving, aching heart.

Yoongi rose from the table, needing something to do, and returned with a small bowl of rice and another lamb skewer.

“Eat something more than just soup, Jimin-ah. Please…”

He gently pushed the additional plates across the small round table, towards the younger.

“I shouldn’t…” Jimin said weakly in protest, staring at the rice as if it was the devil’s own offering.

Yoongi could tell Jimin wanted it. He was fucking denying himself.

Throwing caution to the four winds, Yoongi got up and dragged his chair around and sat down next to Jimin.

The younger tensed, but didn’t move away.

Carefully, he picked up some rice and shrimp on his chopsticks and held it up in front of Jimin’s beautiful blush red mouth.

“Come on, taste it.” He coaxed, in a deep quiet voice. “It’s just rice, Jimin.”

Jimin looked like he didn’t know which was worse: the rice, or the fact that Yoongi was feeding it to him. But he finally leaned over and ate the food gently, and Yoongi would be a liar if he said he didn’t immediately think about their rooftop date from 100 years ago, when he fed Jimin for the first time.

A look of guilty pleasure spread across the younger’s face, as he chewed, and he actually let out a small moan- a fucking moan - that almost made Yoongi throw the chopsticks aside and pin Jimin onto the table.

Easy, Yoongi. Down boy…

With an abundance of strength, Yoongi managed to give Jimin a few more bites, before the younger turned away, blushing deeply.

“I’m not a baby, hyung…” Jimin complained around a mouthful of rice.

Yoongi’s heart did a somersault.

He called me his fucking hyung….

“You think I don’t know that?” Yoongi replied evenly, trying his damndest to remain calm, as he held up a piece of lamb in his hand for Jimin.

“I don’t do this because I think you’re a child, Jimin-ah. It’s because I love you. I would do anything for you.” Yoongi said, pointedly, hoping that Jimin knew his message went deeper than fried rice and lamb skewers.
He needed Jimin to understand that he could confide in him. Whatever it is that’s going on, he can tell him.

Jimin went rigidly silent, staring at the tender piece of meat in Yoongi’s hand. It was obvious from his discomfort that he was getting Yoongi’s message loud and clear.

“Do you know that, Jimin-ah? Do you know that I would do anything for you?” Yoongi asked, trying to get Jimin to say something—anything at all.

Jimin didn’t speak, but instead ate the food from Yoongi’s fingers, gingerly.

Yoongi didn’t know if it was wishful thinking, but he swore that Jimin’s soft lips had hesitated on his finger tips just a little longer than necessary.

Yoongi knew the younger was using evasive tactics to avoid answering the question, but he didn’t care anymore. Jimin was eating out of his fucking hand.

Everything else could wait.

Jimin ate the rest of the rice, and didn’t stop Yoongi from feeding him all the lamb on the table (he had to sacrifice his own skewer, but he was ok with that). Afterwards, Yoongi stood up and cleaned, stowing away the extra food that could feed a small army into the fridge.

The younger sat there immobile, watching Yoongi work. Yoongi could literally feel his eyes following him around the kitchen. He was shaky and slightly lightheaded from being so intimate with Jimin after all this time, and so much pain. It was like stepping off a particularly nasty rollercoaster and trying to stumble your way back to normal, while the world was still spinning all around you.

After washing up and cleaning every surface three times, he finally turned to Jimin, without a clue what to say. Yoongi didn’t have to calculate his every word and move last night when Jimin had tumbled into the house drenched and barely able to speak. It had been easy for Yoongi to take the lead before, when Jimin was in such a disastrous state.

But tonight was different.

Jimin was still closed off behind a nearly impenetrable wall of silence— but he was alert, behaving normally, and wide awake.

And staring right the fuck at him.

Yoongi scratched the back of his neck, nervously.

“Um. It’s like… 2am now. Did you-uh- do you wanna lay down… Or…?”

Yoongi made a mental note to sign himself up for speech lessons.

JMin blinked at him a few times.

“I’m not tired yet.” The younger answered, simply.

Oooookay…

Yoongi looked around, hoping he could find a kitchen knife sharp enough to cut through the goddamn tension in the air.
“Can we watch something?” Jimin offered in that timid voice that made him sound so cute and child like.

How could he expect Yoongi to do anything else but fucking give his life for him when he talked so adorably, and looked at him with those big eyes?

“Yea... Yes! Of course, we can... Come on.” Yoongi replied, hastily.

He didn’t want his surprise to register on his face, and tried his best to look as if he regularly watched TV at this time.

He led the way to his living room, and prayed that Hobi and Namjoon had hooked the thing up properly, because, honestly, he hadn’t used it once since he arrived.

Jimin took a seat on the couch, pulling his legs up, as Yoongi fired up one of his Marvel movies. He remembered them watching something action related at Jimin’s old apartment, so he figured the younger would enjoy this.

The two of them sat like statues on opposite sides of the sofa, as if they were posing for a painting titled: *awkwardness*.

Yoongi was suffering. He had never been good in tense situations.

He either had get to the heart of the matter, or just walk the fuck away.

Twenty minutes in, he got up abruptly, and went to the laundry room, where he grabbed one of the blankets Jimin had washed the other day.

On his way back to the couch, he flicked off the lights and sat down with his hand stretched out towards Jimin, whose head had snapped away from the TV once he saw the room go dark.

Jimin looked at his hand, but said nothing, which seemed to be the younger’s language of choice these days.

“Come here, baby.” Yoongi beckoned quietly, stretching his long fingers out farther.

_The worst he can say is no._

Jimin was staring at his hand for so long, Yoongi’s arm was starting to get tired, when suddenly, the kid stood up and moved quickly into his embrace.

Yoongi released the breath he’d been holding, and pulled Jimin close, so he was resting facedown on Yoongi’s chest. He hoped to God the younger couldn’t feel his heartbeat going into overdrive, as their bodies lined up together, legs tangled and wrapped around each other. Jimin snuggled up to him so tightly, it was like the kid wanted to enter inside his body.

“You smell good.” Jimin whispered, his breath warming Yoongi’s nipple right through his shirt.

_Swing low, sweet chariot, and carry me home..._

He decided against replying, since he couldn’t speak. Instead, he threw the blanket over both of them and settled against the soft cushions; one hand stroking the younger’s hair, and the other laced with his small fingers underneath the cover.

Jimin was staring hard at the TV, but Yoongi could tell he wasn’t blinking.
The kid was nervous, too.

They continued watching for a while, but Yoongi was paying no attention, intoxicated by the smell of Jimin’s hair, when the younger suddenly spoke up.

“Do you like Iron Man?” He asked quietly, watching the superhero in question saving the day on the big screen.

Yoongi honestly didn’t give a shit, and was focusing more on trying not to get an erection.

“Um, sure. He’s cool.” Yoongi replied, tightly.

Jimin fell silent again.

Jesus, was he supposed to ask him a superhero question now?

“Do you? Like him…?” Yoongi countered, after a moment.

“Well…” Jimin started, after a short pause. “He’s filthy rich, and was spoilt all his life. He’s egotistical. Sarcastic. And generally, not a nice person. He has no real strength or powers, other than his money. Kinda like Batman. But unlike Batman, Iron Man is just a shitty human being. Yet, he’s a beloved and celebrated hero.”

Yoongi’s half erection died, before it even had a chance to fully live.

Who or what the FUCK was Jimin talking about? For a terrifying second, Yoongi thought the younger was talking about him, but he had grown up piss poor, not filthy rich, and Jimin knew that.

Unfortunately, Yoongi couldn’t deny being an egotistical, sarcastic bastard.

Yoongi squeezed Jimin’s hand a little, and looked down at him, thoroughly confused.

“Is this your way of telling me to never play another Iron Man movie, Jimin-ah?” He asked, with a small smile.

Shit. Iron Man was one of his favorite Marvel characters.

Jimin breathed a short, humorless laugh.

“No. I’m just pointing out that Iron Man is a fraud, yet everyone loves him. I guess, sometimes the bad guys win.” Jimin replied, tonelessly.

Yoongi froze.

Something in Jimin’s voice made his blood turn cold, giving him the same creepy feeling he got last night.

“Why would you say that, Jimin?” He asked, very slowly.

“Say what?”

_Seriously???

“Why would you say that bad guys win?”

Silence.
“Jimin-ah…?”

More silence.

“Jimin.” Yoongi’s voice was stern now.

He wasn’t fucking around with this shit anymore.

Jimin seemed to sense it, and gently sat up and out of Yoongi’s arms.

“Talk to me, Jimin.” He whispered, cupping the younger’s face.

“I’m tired now, Yoon-”

“Enough, Jimin-ah!” Yoongi said, firmly, not buying the tired story for a second. “It’s enough! You can tell me to fuck off and leave you alone, but you can’t fool me.”

Jimin had a stricken look in his eyes. Yoongi stared him down, forcing him to break.

Finally, Jimin sighed, shakily.

That’s it. Come on…

“Ok, hyung… I know… I’ve been acting strange and I’m sorry for that. The truth is…” Jimin paused, dramatically, before continuing. “I’m just so stressed out. I’m working non-stop everyday, for almost 20 hours. I don’t make enough money, even with all that effort. My apartment is shit, as you know… And… I’ve been missing you, and having you back is overwhelming because I don’t know what to do about us. I haven’t been sleeping well, and I haven’t been eating. And… I just wanna lay down now, Yoongi. You said you would hold me. You told me that.” Jimin finished, hurriedly.

Yoongi stared back at him, carefully.

The younger’s words sounded reasonable enough, but it didn’t feel right in his gut. Every single thing Jimin just mentioned existed before last night, so why was it only now that he started behaving strangely? Why didn’t he act nuts last week? Or the week before that?

As much as he wanted to- needed to- get the bottom of this, he could see that Jimin was clearly agitated. He wasn’t getting anything more out of him.

Besides, it was almost 4am.

Yoongi nodded sharply, and stood up, holding his hand out to Jimin.

“You’re right, Jimin-ah. That’s what I said. Let’s go lay down.”

Jimin relaxed visibly, and took Yoongi’s hand, following behind him to the bedroom.

They stripped down to their boxers and climbed into bed, Yoongi cradling the younger in his arms.

Jimin turned over and pressed his back against Yoongi’s chest, his ass fitting perfectly in the curve of Yoongi’s body, right up against his cock.

But unlike last night, and even earlier tonight, Yoongi didn’t need to struggle with hiding his erection.
There was no erection to hide.

He simply couldn’t get it up when he knew Jimin was lying to him.

He stroked Jimin’s arms and neck gently, knowing how much the younger loved that.

But that wasn’t why he was doing it.

He needed Jimin to fall deeply asleep, so he wouldn’t hear Yoongi get up.

Yoongi continued to touch him tenderly, as he plotted his next move.
My dearly beloved friends and readers: There are some unknowns here that will be revealed in the next chapter. I just didn’t want you to think that I had plot holes!

This was fun to write, and I am so happy to share it with you! LOVE YOU!!

Ben, come home!!!

Yoongi’s legs had fallen asleep, creating that uncomfortable pins and needles feeling, all the way up to his knees.

But that was the least of his worries.

He had been sitting on one of his kitchen chairs in front of his bed watching Jimin sleep for the last 2 hours. He missed the feel of Jimin resting in his arms, and still badly wished to hold him, but he couldn’t even bring himself to touch the kid.

_Not until he tells me the fucking truth._

It took another 15 minutes of agony before Jimin stirred awake at 8am.

_Finally._

The younger opened his bleary eyes, and first looked behind him, noticing that Yoongi wasn’t there. He squinted in the filtered morning light, scanning the room until his eyes landed on Yoongi sitting in front of him, watching and waiting.

Jimin sat up slowly, and Yoongi forced himself to ignore the bedsheets sliding off the younger’s bare chest, revealing his pretty pink nipples and defined torso.

“Good morning.” Yoongi said, quietly.

“H-hi...” Jimin said in a cracked morning voice, looking at him curiously.

“Are you hungry?”

“Uh… No. Not yet, thank you.”

Yoongi nodded his head, slowly. He had been expecting that answer.

“How did you sleep?” The elder inquired.

A faint look of unease clouded Jimin’s face.

“Um, well- I slept well.”

Yoongi sat up, shaking his dead legs, trying to pump blood back into them.
“No you didn’t, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin swallowed nervously, and looked at the pillows, as if he wished he could magically fall back asleep.

“I didn’t…?” He asked, innocently, but Yoongi wasn’t falling for the cute act.

He stared back at the younger. Hard.

“No, you didn’t. You woke up all night long, Jimin. Almost every hour; yelling my name. Looking for me.”

Considering that they had only gone to bed 4 hours ago, Yoongi didn’t think ‘all night long’ was really an accurate term, but he didn’t give a shit about details at the moment.

Jimin’s eyes went wide.

“I’m sorry, Yoongi…” Jimin said in a hushed voice. “I didn’t know. I’ve just been so--”

“Stressed?” Yoongi said sarcastically, cutting Jimin off, and making the younger’s eyes go even wider in surprise.

Yoongi shook his head, with a small laugh.

“God… You are so fucking beautiful, Jimin-ah. Even when you’re lying.”

Jimin’s eyes narrowed warily, as he nervously licked his lips.

It was obvious that this wasn’t what the younger was expecting to wake up to this fine Saturday morning.

_Sorry, baby. You shouldn’t lie to daddy._

“Hyung- what are you talking abo-”

“You’re not stressed, Jimin. You’re SCARED. That’s what I’m talking about. Something or someone is threatening you, and you’re coming to me every night, not to watch fucking movies, but for PROTECTION. That’s what the fuck I’m talking about.”

Jimin threw off the covers and shot up from the bed at Yoongi’s stinging accusation.

“Y-you don’t know what you’re saying, Yoongi!”

Yoongi stood up and faced Jimin now, and the younger cowered against the wall, hopelessly cornered by the elder.

“I told you last night, Jimin-ah. You can’t fool me, _So stop trying_. I’ve dealt with the best of liars, and you are a TERRIBLE one. I don’t care if you’re using me for protection. USE ME! Take my whole life! JUST TELL ME WHAT I’M PROTECTING YOU FROM!!”

Jimin was trembling under the elder’s fierce eyes and booming voice, and it was breaking Yoongi apart. He retreated a few steps to give the younger some room to breathe.

Yoongi knew he could be so much more intimidating than this, but he just couldn’t take it to the maximum level on his angel.
“Ok. It’s ok…” Yoongi said softly, raising his hands in a show of peace. “I’m sorry for yelling, baby. Ok? Since I’m pressing you to be honest with me, I should come clean with you, too. I followed you yesterday morning when you left. And I know you didn’t go to work. You stayed home all day, and then you came here last night. Initially, I thought Chen was terrorizing you, but that’s not possible, because… Because I paid him off. I paid your debt.”

Jimin choked a little before he found his voice.

“No, Yoongi… Chen said that-”

“Chen said what the fuck I told him to say, Jimin. You hated me that night, so I had to hide the fact from you.”

Jimin stared at him, bug eyed and speechless.

“There are only three places you frequent in this city, Jimin.” Yoongi continued, trying to control his voice and not scare the younger further. “Your home, your job, and now, my apartment. So far, you’ve only avoided ONE of those places. Your job. Why, Jimin? Why aren’t you going to work? And why are you coming to me for safety?? Tell me.”

Jimin took a shaky breath and started stuffing the few clothes he had into his duffel bag.

“Fucking following me around, as usual.” Jimin said acidly, pulling his jeans on.

_Goddammit, he’s gone on the defensive._

“I’m gonna ask you three times, Jimin. Only three. What is going on?” Yoongi said, quietly.

Jimin paused in the act of buttoning his shirt.

“NOTHING is going on, Yoongi! It’s all in your head!”

Wrong answer.

“Second chance: what is going on, Jimin?”

Jimin finished tying his shoes and rounded on Yoongi.

“What are you gonna do?? Spank me? It was a mistake for me to come here, but don’t worry, Yoongi. I won’t be back! No more disturbing your fucking beauty sleep!”

Yoongi stood in front of a murderous looking Jimin, blocking the doorway, so the younger couldn’t leave the room.

“Jimin, stop getting defensive just because I figured you out. You’re being childish.” Yoongi reasoned, in a calm voice. “You can make this easy, if you just tell me the truth. Last chance: _what is going on_?”

Jimin stopped and stared at Yoongi, eyes flashing, and breathing hard.

Yoongi prayed that the kid had finally seen the light.

_Come on, baby… Talk to me._

“This is what’s going on.” Jimin yelled furiously, throwing his middle finger in Yoongi’s face.
Yoongi sighed heavily, moving aside as Jimin pushed past him roughly. He didn’t try to stop him.

He didn’t need to.

A few seconds later, the door slammed with a deafening crash, signaling the younger’s angry exit.

Yoongi waited a few minutes, then calmly took out his phone and made a call.

“Go?” The voice on the other end asked, without bothering to say hello.

“Go.” Yoongi replied, before quickly hanging up and getting dressed.

“I think I’m gonna return these, hyung. They don’t fit right. Like, they fit, but not perfectly, you know? I wonder what the return policy is.”

Yoongi glanced over at Hobi in his passenger seat, barely registering the black leather gloves in question.

“They look fine.” He stated, uncaringly.

“Yea, but it’s not just the look, it’s the feel, hyung.”

Yoongi took a nervous breath and looked at his friend again.

“Hobi-yah… You don’t have to come in with me… I-I don’t know what’s in there. If you want, you could wait out here and keep watch.”

Hobi stared at Yoongi like he had two heads.

“Seriously?? You woke me up in the middle of the night and made me drive down here, and now that we’re sitting outside of the fucking house, you suddenly care about my comfort? FUCK YOU, Yoongi.”

Yoongi laughed softly at his friend’s outburst. He knew Hobi would never let him go in there alone, but he had to give him the option, just to clear his own conscience.

“Besides…” Hobi continued, as he snapped his gloves on and squeezed his hands open and closed to stretch out the leather. “Who the fuck is gonna watch your skinny ass? Have you found someone in Seoul to replace me as your ass savior?” Hobi looked around, dramatically, as if maybe this new person was in the backseat of the car.

“I love you, man.” Yoongi replied, smiling at his best friend’s jab.

“Who is he, hyung?” Hobi asked, suddenly serious.

Yoongi paused as acid flowed through his veins.

“Anthony Patrick Davis. He goes by Tony. He’s Jiminie’s dance mentor or some shit like that.”

Hobi’s face went weird at the mention of dance mentor. Yoongi didn’t know what the hell that was, either.
All he knew was that motherfucker wouldn’t be Jimin’s anything after today.

“And you’re sure, hyung? About everything? Jimin didn’t admit it to you, so how do you know?”

Yoongi’s heart twisted at Hobi’s words. His friend was right. Jimin hadn’t admitted shit, even after Yoongi pleaded and forced him. Why would Jimin trust him enough for protection, but not enough to confide in him?

He didn’t want to tell Jimin that he already knew Tony had assaulted him. He wasn’t ready to divulge to the younger how he’d found out- so he needed Jimin to say it himself, but the kid was too… Too what? Scared? Stubborn? Both?

“Hyung?” Hobi said, interrupting his broodings.

“I know, Hobi-yah. Trust me, I’m sure.”

Yoongi didn’t have time to give his friend the backstory. This needed to be handled now. Yoongi couldn’t believe Jimin had stormed out on him earlier that morning. To go where? And do what? Live in a fucking coffee shop? Too afraid to go to work, and too afraid to go home at night?

What the fuck was he thinking???

“Is your info solid, Hobi?”

Hobi gave him an incredulous look.

“Of course, it is. This is where he lives.”

Yoongi nodded once, and pulled up his black surgeon’s mask.

“Thank you, Hobi-yah.” He said in a muffled voice, as he opened the car door.

Hobi rolled his eyes.

“Anything for Mariah! Sometimes, I wonder which one of us is fucking that kid.” His friend replied, pulling his own mask up, as he exited the car.

Looking both ways, the friends approached the large house cautiously. After a curt nod from Yoongi, Hobi knocked on the door.

“Who’s that?” A deep voice called out, clearly an American accent.

Adrenaline surged through Yoongi. He started bouncing lightly on the balls of his feet, barely able to contain himself.

Hobi placed a calming hand on his shoulder, but Yoongi didn’t feel it.

“I have that shit you wanted.” Hobi replied, shaking a very empty plastic bag for emphasis.

Yoongi had given Hobi Tony’s number last night, but he didn’t know what lie his friend had used to get the American’s address. Apparently, it must have been the promise of some type of drugs. And the idiot had fallen for it.

Fucking Americans… They believe everything.

“Yeahhh!! My man-“
Tony opened the door with a wide smile on his- admittedly- very handsome face, but it died the moment he found himself staring down the barrel of Hobi’s gun.

“HEY MAN-”

“Special delivery, motherfucker. Shut up and move.”

Hobi pushed him into the house at gun point, and Yoongi could only follow behind silently. The hatred coursing through him was enough to kill a country. He was shaking as he looked at Tony whose eyes were shifting between the two smaller men in absolute terror.

“Take what you want, alright? I’ve got money, drugs, everything, just fucking take-”

“Shut up.” Yoongi whispered, demonically.

Tony stilled at the venom in Yoongi’s voice.

“What-the fuck is this about?” The tall man asked, in a small scared voice.

Oh, you’re about to find out.

“Tony oppa! What’s going on?” A young girl cried out suddenly, as she ran into the room in a VERY mature looking nightie.

Jesus, she didn’t look older than 14.

Tony, rounded on Hobi in this moment of confusion, stabbing something silver and sharp into his arm and pushing him violently. Hobi must have flown 12 fucking feet, crashing hard into a lamp in the living room.

The girl screamed and cowered in a corner.

What the FUCK.

Yoongi jumped onto the coffee table for extra height, and smashed Tony across the face with his crowbar. That hit would have given any normal person brain damage, but Tony recovered in seconds, and took a deadly swing at Yoongi that he just managed to avoid by leaping off the table in the nick of time.

He swung like a fucking ninja at the American, the air around them making soft “swooshing” noises, every time Yoongi cut through it with his weapon, but he couldn’t land a SINGLE hit.

Tony was nimble as fuck, and unbelievably light on his feet for someone so goddamn big. He expertly ducked, bobbed, and weaved, missing each strike with ease, as Yoongi frantically tried to come up with a Plan B.

Hand to hand combat was definitely not an option.

At the exact moment that Yoongi felt his strength beginning to falter, Plan B vaulted through the air, in form of Hobi flying towards Tony with a knee pointed at his back. Tony let out a blood curdling scream in time with a sickening crack in his spine where Hobi’s strike had connected. As he crashed to his knees in agony, Hobi quickly pulled out a thin black wire and looped it around the American’s neck twice, pulling tightly so he was nearly choking him to death.

“And you wanted to leave me in the car.” Hobi said with a short laugh, while trying to catch his breath.
Yoongi sat heavily on the coffee table, completely winded. He didn’t even have enough oxygen in his lungs to thank his friend. He motioned Hobi closer with a tired hand, and yanked out the letter opener that Tony had lodged into his arm during his attack.

After a moment, Yoongi’s eyes snapped towards the small girl who had been the cause of this entire shit show. She was crying uncontrollably and obviously petrified.

“Go home.” Yoongi huffed at her, waving his crowbar towards the door.

She stood up on trembling legs and eyed the exit, not quite trusting Yoongi’s words.

“Our business is with him only. He’s a terrible man, who hurts people. Now, cover yourself and go home.” Yoongi repeated, impatiently.

She grabbed a sweatshirt and threw it on, scrambling for the door.

“CALL THE POLIC-” Tony squeaked, through his chokehold, but Hobi quickly pulled out his gun and pistol whipped him before he could finish the sentence.

The girl looked at Tony and then back at Yoongi, fearfully.

Shit.

What if she listens to him?

“Hyung?” Hobi said, warily, clearly thinking the same thing Yoongi was.

Yoongi looked at the girl, carefully. Her sweatshirt had a school crest on it. She was a student, still.

“If you call the police, you’ll be taken in for questioning. Did you know that?” Yoongi asked in what he hoped was a kind, quiet voice.

She blinked back at him, stupidly.

“You will.” Yoongi continued. “And your parents will be called in, and you’ll have to explain to them why you were in a grown man’s home, bringing shame and dishonor to your family name.”

Yoongi could almost hear the wheels in her head creaking to life as she considered his words.

“Your whole school will hear about it, too.” Hobi added, quickly picking up on Yoongi’s plan. “You’ll be the schoolhouse whore for the rest of your life. Or you can just leave now with your reputation intact.”

Tony was struggling to speak, but Hobi’s strike to his face had left him temporarily unintelligible.

“I-I’m sorry, Tony…” She whispered, and flew out of the door, shutting it tightly behind her.

Tony’s eyes bulged in horror as he watched his last hope walking away.

“Guess that dick of yours doesn’t leave a very lasting impression, huh?” Hobi sneered, yanking the cord painfully on Tony’s neck.

Yoongi pulled up a chair and sat down in front of the kneeling man, crossing his legs lightly.

“Let him speak, Hobi-yah.”
Hobi nodded, releasing the cord a few inches.

“W-who the f-fuck ARE YOU?” Tony said, coughing and sputtering.

Yoongi leaned forward, and pulled his mask down, slowly.

“I’m the man you fucked with when you touched Park Ji Min.”

Any doubt Yoongi had in his mind about Tony’s innocence disappeared when he saw the man freeze at the mention of Jimin’s name.

Guilt was written all over his fucking face.

“I-I-I didn’t do shit! I haven’t done anything with him!” Tony screeched, with wild eyes.

Yoongi was momentarily shocked at how good his Korean was.

“I know you haven’t, you scrap of filth.” Yoongi said, icily. “But only because Jimin has been too scared to go back to work. I’m here to make sure that when he does go back, you won’t be there.”

Fear flashed through the American’s eyes.

“He wanted it! He wanted me to! He was begging me for it, man! I swear to God!!” Tony lied, unconvincingly, shrieking like a madman.

Yoongi lifted a hand lazily at Hobi, who immediately pulled the American’s head back and elbowed him across the face. Yoongi heard the familiar sound of a nose breaking, as Tony wailed, clutching at the spurring blood.

“F-fuck you… It t-takes two of you little bastards to take me down! FUCK YOU!” Tony stammered, spitting blood out on the floor.

“Sorry, Tony. We don’t play fair with pedophiles.” Hobi jeered at him, yanking the cord around his neck, harshly. “Actually, do you want to hear what we do with pedophiles?” He asked, brightly.

The look on Tony’s face clearly said that he did NOT want to know.

“Look-Jesus CHRIST! Ok-oK!! Look-listen, please. Please! I won’t touch him again, I promise. I swear!! Just let me go, please- I swear to God I’ll leave him alone!” Tony begged, bringing his hands together and literally pleading for his life.

Yoongi didn’t know precisely when he started punching Tony in the face, but he soon lost count of the hits.

All he knew was that he was seeing the world in a haze of red, as he continuously pummeled the American over and over.

Soon, Yoongi couldn’t feel his fist anymore, but he just kept going and going, until his arm burned and his hand ached.

He could hear Hobi trying to reel him in, but his friend’s voice was faint and distant.

“Hyung! Chill, out. Chill out, man!!” Hobi shrieked, shaking Yoongi by the shoulder.

Yoongi looked through him, not seeing him at all.
But he saw his gun.

Without a second thought, Yoongi pulled it out of Hobi’s hand and stuffed the barrel into Tony’s slack, bleeding mouth.

Tony screamed and sobbed, tears streaming down the bloody mess where his face used to be.

“HYUNG! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?! IT’S LOADED!!” Hobi screamed, even louder than Tony.

Yoongi didn’t hear either of them.

“You told him to suck your fucking dick? Why don’t you fucking suck on this.” Yoongi said, trembling with so much hatred, he wondered how the gun hadn’t fired yet.

“Hyung! Jesus! This wasn’t the plan, hyung! GIMME THE GUN!”

Hobi was still holding the wire around Tony’s neck, while desperately reaching his hand out to his friend.

“Move out of the way, Hobi-yah.” He said, calmly.

Yoongi didn’t want the bullet to pass through Tony’s head and into his friend’s body.

Tony had squeezed his eyes shut, crying pathetically, as he waited for the end of his life.

“Yoongi. Look at me, brother. Fucking look at me.” Hobi said, beseechingly.

“He rapes little girls, Hobi.” Yoongi said, tensely, disabling the safety and cocking the weapon.

Yoongi couldn’t think of a single reason why this man should live.

“I know, Yoongs. I know. Just look at me, brother. Please.”

Yoongi took a deep breath, and looked up at his friend, impatiently.

Every minute Tony was still breathing was a waste to mankind.

“You won’t see him again, hyung. You know that, right? Jimin? You won’t see him.” Hobi said, quietly, still holding out this hand to the elder. “Whatever you wanna do, I’m with you. But you have to understand that you won’t ever see him again.”

Yoongi hadn’t thought of that. He hadn’t really been thinking anything, really.

He inhaled deeply, and allowed his rage to dissipate so reason could take over again.

Of course, Hobi was right. He’d either rot in jail, or Jimin would never look at him again.

Yoongi didn’t even know which was worse.

Hobi gently took the weapon away from him, and struggled to remove the magazine clip, one-handed.

“Thank you- thank you so mu-”

“Save your breath, fucker.” Hobi spat.
Yoongi collapsed into the chair, feeling drained and defeated.

Sparing Tony’s life made him feel like he’d failed Jimin somehow.

“Hyung. This isn’t over yet. Come on, look alive.” Hobi called out, as he dragged Tony, crying and yelping, on his knees to the bedroom.

“What am I supposed to do, Hobi-yah?” Yoongi asked hopelessly, followed after the redhead.

Hobi made quick work of tethering Tony to the bed post by the wire on his neck, as if he was an animal.

“There are fates worse than death, Yoongi hyung.” Hobi replied, stuffing socks into Tony’s mouth as a gag.

Finished, the redhead clapped Yoongi on the shoulder, looking at him closely.

“We’re gonna do what we came here to do. We’re gonna do it for Jimin. Ok, brother?”

Yoongi nodded and swallowed.

“Ok. Fuck, ok... You’re right.”

“Of course, I’m right, hyung. Now close the door, and give me your gloves.”

Yoongi shut the door, obediently.

“Why do you want my gloves?” He inquired, pulling them off for his friend.

Hobi looked at him with a huge smile.

“Cus I won’t be able to return mine when we’re done.”
The Writing on the Wall: Part I

Chapter Notes

So, bear with me, guys... I had to slice this chapter in half cus of the length. Please remember that if you were able to read the whole book at once, it would be a much more pleasant experience! I am working overtime to post the update in less than 24 hours. I love you guys so much!! I especially loved all your ideas for Tony. All of you are straight savages, and I LOVE IT!! Hug meeee!!!!
-M

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi had never slept so fucking well in his life.

Hobi had wanted to return home with him on Saturday and spend the weekend there, but Yoongi convinced him against it. He wanted his friend to be far away and safe in Daegu in case any unexpected visitors of the policing variety decided to drop by.

However, all had been quiet, and he’d spent the remainder of Saturday and the whole of Sunday sleeping the sweet sleep of innocent, new born babies.

The rest and relaxation had done wonders for him. After 2 consecutive, sleepless and worried nights with Jimin, plus the physical exertion he’d put himself through at Tony’s place, he truly needed to recharge his dying battery.

Yoongi leaned against the wall of his shower, basking in the powerful stream of hot water. No amount of scrubbing would ever rid of him of the disease which was Tony, but after an hour, he finally exited the bathroom and got dressed.

After loafing around on the couch, flipping through channels, he realized that he was starving.

“No more fucking leftovers…” He muttered to himself, as he purged his fridge of the offending, aging food.

He grabbed his keys, trying to figure out what restaurant to dine at, when he suddenly decided to stop at the grocery store. Half an hour later, Yoongi returned home and prepared to cook.

Hell, he’s paying enough for the kitchen. He might as well use it.

And besides, he was craving a home cooked meal, anyway.

Yoongi was trying to figure out the best- and safest- way to cut up a zucchini, when he heard the key turning in his front door.

His hand froze, and he forced himself to take a deep calming breath, as the door opened.

Show nothing on your face, Min Yoongi.

He smelled Jimin before he saw or heard him, holding in the scent and cherishing it.
Sweet oils and clean cotton… Just like the very first time.

The younger didn’t say a word as he closed the door behind him and locked it.

Jimin approached slowly and he could sense that the kid was standing behind him now.

Yoongi continued to chop up the vegetable in silence, calmly, as if this was all completely fucking normal.

Just another Sunday night…

He heard Jimin lean against the sink, still staring at him, and still not saying a goddamn thing.

Yoongi’s heart was racing in his chest.

What does he know?

Why is here?

God, he must want to murder me…

While these troubling thoughts were tumbling around in his head, Yoongi actually held the knife a little tighter, just in case Jimin decided to yank it from him and try to kill him with it.

He wasn’t ready to add stab wounds to his list of deadly injuries.

“I’m making Gochujang stew…” Yoongi said in a conversational voice, without turning around.

He was testing the waters to see what level of psycho Jimin was currently on.

But he may as well have been talking to thin air.

“Do you remember how much chili paste goes in the-”

“My boss called me tonight, Yoongi. Do you happen to know why?” Jimin said quietly, cutting him off and completely ignoring his chili paste question.

Now it was Yoongi’s turn to be silent.

Many, many years in the crime industry had taught him to never implicate himself in any situation.

His motto was always to shut the hell up and let the fuckers guess if they want to.

But completely ignoring Jimin’s question would be childish and look suspicious.

Yoongi turned and looked at Jimin, struggling to keep his face concrete-like and expressionless, because WOW he looked so damn gorgeous.

“How would I know why she called? Now, how much chili paste do I put in this fucking thing?” He asked, motioning to the pot on the stove in front of him.

He quickly turned back to the cutting board, and resumed chopping the zucchini with the concentration of a brain surgeon.

Jimin’s tightly fitted, white tee shirt exposed his golden skin and the gentle bulge of his impressive biceps, as he crossed his arms.
And his whitewashed jeans… Fuck. What else was there to say?

FUCK.

That was the only word to describe the way they hugged his legs and thighs.

Yoongi had never seen Jimin wearing all white before.

He looked like some kind of porn angel.

“How do you know my boss is a woman?” Jimin asked, evenly.

Yoongi’s chopping slowed for a fraction of a second.

Sshiiiiit.

You’re getting sloppy, Yoongi.

Losing your edge.

Before he could think of a way to cover up his slip-up, Jimin moved so he was standing right behind him, barely half an inch away.

Yoongi clutched the knife even tighter, as his breathing stopped.

“What did you do, Yoongi?” The younger whispered, and Yoongi could feel his breath on his neck, making his hair stand up.

Yoongi snagged a tomato from his veggie bag and started chopping again.

He had a sudden flashback where he remembered that crazy blue fish from Finding Nemo. What was that song she kept singing?

Just keep swimming…?

Just keep chopping… He hummed in his head.

“Yoongi?”

Just keep chopping, just keep chopping…

“Answer me, Yoongi!!” Jimin wailed.

Yoongi finished the tomato and grabbed an onion next.

Just keep chopping…

“Ok. Fine.” Jimin said, sharply, but he didn’t move a millimeter from where he was, nearly glued to Yoongi’s back.

He heard the younger bring out his phone.

“Let me read you the police report.” Jimin said, softly.

Yoongi’s heart jumped a mile in his chest.

Police report?
His muscles tensed as he wondered if he should be on the run right now, and not chopping onions to the tune of Dory’s fucking song.

“Multiple facial and neck lacerations, consistent with severe blunt force trauma, and aggressive choking.” Jimin recited, in a flat voice.

“How many potatoes should I put, Jimin-ah?” He asked lightly, steadfastly ignoring the words coming out of the younger’s mouth.

Yoongi was using everything he had to slice the potato in front of him, but feared at any second he may just take his own finger off.

“Deep cuts inflicted by a thin sharp object on the victim’s face- spelling out the words “rapist” and “pedo” in English alphabet characters.” Jimin continued.

Yoongi actually smiled to himself, as he placed the veggies and potatoes into the pot.

The face tattoos had been his idea.

Instead of seeing his handsome face, now anyone looking at Tony would see him for what he really is.

“Broken nose… And both hands broken in multiples places, consistent with being continuously hit at close range with a metal object.” Jimin said in a trembling voice.

Yoongi calmly pulled some spices from a drawer and started shaking them into the pot.

“Is this too much salt?” He asked, while savoring the memory of breaking Tony’s hands with his crowbar.

Those screams would lull him to sleep for years to come.

Jimin choked on his next words, then paused, and sounded like he was close to throwing up.

He tried again- starting to say something then stopped- and seemed to have trouble gathering himself before continuing.

Yoongi was plopping pieces of beef into the pot now, and after throwing in a couple spoons of chili paste (fuck if he knew how much needed to go in there) he finally turned and looked at Jimin’s stricken face.

“Don’t stop now, Jimin. Finish it.” He encouraged in a hard voice.

Jimin looked down at his phone with huge, round eyes. He swallowed hard, before going on.

“V-victim… Sustained m-multiple piercing wounds to… To his genitals... In form of… S-small metal rods… Pushed into his penis and scrotum… 23 in all.” Jimin paused and swallowed again. “A-authorities were notified by the attending hospital, on the basis of supposed gang violence… But the victim is declining to press charges.”

Jimin’s voice was barely audible when he finished, and the color had completely drained from his face.

After what felt like 7 hours, Jimin finally looked up from his phone deep into Yoongi’s eyes.

“How did you know, Yoongi?”
For a brief moment, Yoongi considered continuing his denial and pretending he didn’t know shit. After all, what if Jimin was working with the cops now? Maybe he’s even wearing a wire and was sent here to get a recorded confession.

But looking into his pale face and big brown eyes, Yoongi just didn’t care anymore.

He didn’t care about making a clean getaway or avoiding jail. He just needed Jimin to be safe. And from the sound of it, Tony knew better than to press charges, so it seemed unlikely that the maggot would ever set foot near Jimin again.

That’s all that really mattered.

Yoongi sighed.

“I read your notebook, Jimin-ah.” He admitted, quietly.

After Jimin made it clear that he wasn’t going to talk, Yoongi had been forced to do what any lover would.

He snooped through his shit.

He had waited until Jimin was asleep on the 2nd night he came over, then carefully went through the younger’s duffel bag. He had flipped through the notebook carelessly, at first. He knew Jimin was a writer, so he had expected poetry.

After reading the first few poems, Yoongi was completely engulfed in the beautiful pain of Jimin’s thoughts. He read every word of sorrow, hatred, and longing Jimin had penned about him. At times, Jimin had even written unsent letters to the elder. Some were sad. Others were angry- even mildly threatening, and still, others were lustful and needy. Some had blurred words, where Jimin’s tears had soaked the page. Yoongi read them all with a breaking heart.

He couldn’t believe the emotional turmoil and confusion he had put the poor kid through.


“Everything,” Yoongi answered, simply.

And it was true. He read every goddamn word.

After over an hour of immersing himself in the poems and letters, Yoongi had noticed that Jimin’s writings suddenly became more like diary entries.

Day by day, Jimin was apparently trying to keep sane by recording his daily thoughts and activities. He wrote about his bosses and how nice they were. He wrote about his money woes. He wrote about how much he hated Chen and his apartment. He wrote about how much he missed Taehyung.

And he wrote about Anthony Patrick Davis.

Tony for short.

How he was so tall, and handsome, and talented, and funny… How he helped to ease the pain of losing Yoongi.

Yoongi read through it all like some type of twisted Shakespearean tragedy that he was the star of.
When he got to the part where Tony had revealed his bisexuality to Jimin, Yoongi nearly shit himself.

A man who looked like THAT had come on to Jimin- and Jimin had refused him?

For YOONGI?? The skinny fucker who dumped him from his hospital bed???

The elder continued to read on, almost not believing his eyes.

It was when the first rays of dawn were breaking through the night sky, that he saw Jimin’s last and most horrible diary entry.

**Tony tried to rape me today.**

Yoongi had to drop the notebook and come back to it three different times.

Finally, with his heart full of dread, Yoongi read Jimin’s depressing account of what had happened and how the younger could do nothing about it if he wanted to keep his job.

And just like that, all of Yoongi’s questions had been answered.

Without hesitation, he lifted Tony’s number from Jimin’s phone and called Hobi.

The rest, as they say, was history.

“I can’t… So you... How? *Oh my God, Yoongi*...” Jimin breathed, shaking his head in disbelief, as he put the pieces together in his head.

Yoongi wasn’t sure if Jimin couldn’t believe that he’d invaded his privacy, or that he’d mutilated Tony’s genitals.

But he didn’t really care.

“I’m not sorry, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi said, coldly. “Not to you. Not to him. Not to anybody. Let God judge me on my final day. But I’m not fucking sorry.”

Jemin stared at him with wild eyes and a wide open mouth.

“You knew… Yesterday when you… In the... Sitting there in the chair! You KNEW!?” Jimin stuttered and stammered in shock.

Yes, *Sherlock*.

Yoongi nodded silently, instead.

“I just wanted you to say it. I just wanted you to tell me. And you didn’t.”

Jemin looked at his phone again, then back up at Yoongi. Yoongi had never seen the younger’s eyes so big.

“You made Tony email my recommendation to Yeri and Sana…” Jimin said faintly, in a daze. It was more of a shocked statement than a question.

“He typed it himself.” Yoongi said, nodding. “*Before* I broke his hands… Obviously.”

Jemin took a step back, looking sickened.
Yoongi had been expecting this. He had prepared for it.

But it still hurt like hell.

“I know this means we’re over.” Yoongi said in a defeated voice. “But I’m ok with it now. I couldn’t live with it before… Because… Of how it all went down between us, and what I did to you. I couldn’t live with the guilt, and I couldn’t live without you. But I can live with this. If this is the reason why… Then I can live with that. And I promise I won’t bother you anymore.”

Jimin was motionless in front of him. A breathtaking vision in white. Yoongi drank in his visual hungrily, realizing with sadness that this was probably the last time he would ever lay eyes on the younger again.

Well, I’ll still have my dreams and my hand.

Jimin brought out Yoongi’s house key and placed it on the counter, slowly, while Yoongi’s heart shattered in his chest. He held his breath and willed himself not to shed any tears.

Yoongi was no bitch.

But he was the softest bitch in the world for Jimin. There was just no denying that.

Jimin approached him, and Yoongi’s mind fluttered to the whereabouts of the steak knife.

Holy shit, maybe the kid was gonna fucking stab him, after all…

And then there was nothing.

Nothing but the feel of Jimin’s lips on his, kissing him softly.

Jimin pulled back after a moment, and Yoongi blinked at him with a blank and stupid face.

He hadn’t even closed his eyes when Jimin kissed him. He was just staring at the kid.

The younger ignored him and placed his arms on either side of the countertop behind Yoongi, encircling the elder. He brought his mouth to Yoongi’s again and continued the one-sided kiss, sucking on his bottom lip gently.

Yoongi finally released a shaky breath, purely because his body made him do it.

Words. I need to speak words.

“Jumin, what are you do-”

But Jimin was back on him again, drowning his question in another kiss, more urgent this time, but still achingly soft. Yoongi could taste his tongue now, and he could feel Jimin’s need growing harder against him at the point where their bodies met.

Jimin retreated a millimeter. “Kiss me back, hyung.” He whispered into Yoongi’s mouth.

Trembling, he gently placed his hands on Jimin’s buff arms, pushing him away slightly, effectively stopping him from any further kissing.

He looked at the floor, trying to ignore the hurt in the younger’s eyes.

“Jimin-ah… I can’t…”
How many of you correctly guessed how Yoongi found out about Tony? Lemme know!! :) ;)

Chapter End Notes
Yoongi was still rigidly holding Jimin at arms length and it was giving him a sick feeling in his stomach. He felt like he was betraying his own body by denying himself the beauty standing in front of him.

And hell, maybe he was.

Yoongi shook his head trying to assemble his thoughts.

OF COURSE he wanted to kiss Jimin.

Jesus, that was all he could think about for nearly 3 months now.

But shit was weird between them right now- really weird. And the last time things were weird and Jimin had gotten all hot and bothered, things didn’t end well for his cock.

Yoongi’s mind flashed involuntarily to the day when Jimin had attempted to jerk him to the death in the laundry room, only to turn tail and run when it was all over.

His body, mind, and soul had been left in shambles that day.

Fuck, he might still have some bruises and bite marks.

“Why not, Yoongi…?” Jimin was straining against Yoongi’s arms, trying to move near him again. “You don’t…?” Pain was pooling in Jimin’s eyes from his words left unspoken.

Yoongi sighed, heavily.

“Shit, Jimin-ah… You know I do. I always do. But last time… You- you fucking tried to KILL ME and then you just fucking left. You were so angry…” Yoongi inhaled sharply at the memory, before continuing.

“You wouldn’t look at me. And when you did- the look in your eyes… Jesus Christ, Jimin-ah. It’s like you hated me. I can’t take that again. If you’re leaving, you need to just go. You can’t- we can’t… Do that shit again… And then I’m left sitting here like a dumb ass.”

Yoongi heaved another deep sigh.

“I know I fucked up, baby. I let you go… I shouldn’t have, and I’m sorry. I’m so fucking sorry- but no man deserves to be messed with like that. It’s… Inhumane. I can’t do it.”

Yoongi crossed his arms, defiantly, but he was feeling anything but defiant.

He felt weak.

Helpless.

Jumin had control over him that made no type of sense.

He would kill for the kid. He would die for him, too… But he was goddamned if he was gonna get his dick ripped off again.

No fucking way.
“It’s not like that now, Yoongi.” Jimin whispered, desperately. “It’s not like that day… I promise. I just- I need you. Please.”

Aw, Jesus…

Deep down in his heart, Yoongi already knew his resistance was just a burnt pile of ashes, fried by the heat of Jimin’s sexiness.

The kid had won before they even started playing the fucking game.

But still- he had to try… He needed to be sure…

Yoongi gathered the strength of a hundred men, and spoke again.

“Jimin, you’re saying that now. But I did unspeakable things. What happens when that realization hits you tomorrow? Or next week? Next month? I need to know where you stand on this now. Right now. Before anything else.”

Jimin had finally broken through Yoongi’s stronghold and pressed his body fully against the elder’s, pinning him to the counter.

Yoongi bit his lip in restraint, and looked at the ceiling.

Nope. Don’t look at him, Yoongi.

Don’t fucking look.

But Christ, he could FEEL Jimin on every part of him.

And he felt like a miracle.

Nope. That’s how it starts. All cute and sexy, then BOOM!

Your dick gets torn off.

“Look at me.” Jimin demanded, softly.

Yoongi groaned inwardly, avoiding his eyes.

He knew Jimin was going to plead some kind of case to him, but he couldn’t think of a single thing Jimin could say that would convince him that this wasn’t just angry sex, or pity sex, or thank-you-for-beating-up-my-would-be-rapist sex, or whatever weird kind of fucking the younger was into these days.

If they were going to do this, it had to be for real and it had to be forever, goddammit.

Jimin’s small hands were on his face now, holding him gently.

Fuck. Fucking unfair tactics.

“Look at me, Yoongi.”

Yoongi obliged and stared at Jimin head on.

“I know I’ve been hard to read, and… I know I confused you last time. But- believe in me when I say- I will never wake up one day and hate you for this. NEVER. You saved me. You came for me.
Like you always do…”

“How do I know that, Jimin?” Yoongi said tightly, trying with all his might to ignore the younger’s hands and body all over him.

Jimin smiled beautifully and brilliantly at him. God, it had been too long since he’d seen that.

It was like sweet sunrise after the darkest of nights.

“Because, Yoongi…” Jimin whispered sexily, almost directly into the elder’s mouth. “A very wise woman once told me, that when my oppa wants to protect me, I shouldn’t fight him.”

Yoongi stilled, as he felt the blood rush straight to his cock, engorging it to the point of painful pressure.

Holy fucking shit.

“Umm… That was… Ok, that was actually a pretty… good answer…” Yoongi said, stiffly.

Fuck, it was like the kid had studied for this, or something.

Jimin didn’t reply, but instead had found Yoongi’s bruised knuckles on his punching hand and busied himself with placing soft kisses there.

Yoongi concentrated on inhaling and exhaling, as Jimin slowly pulled Yoongi’s arms around him, placing the elder’s hands on his whitewashed, denim-clad ass.

“God…” Yoongi breathed in awe, as he squeezed him there.

He could barely move now, but Jimin seemed to be doing just fine on his own, kissing and sucking on Yoongi’s neck.

Yoongi knew he had nothing left. No more argument.

He was standing there frozen and panting, solely because it had been so fucking long since he’d been touched this way. He was overwhelmed and almost didn’t know what the hell to do.

Jimin’s searching mouth found the soft skin beneath his earlobe, and slowly licked his way into the shell of Yoongi’s ear, as the elder trembled and huffed with sharp, shaky breaths.

Jimin whispered just one word, with his tongue still in his ear.

“Daddy…”

Yoongi faintly registered the world turning on its axis, as he spun Jimin with lightning reflexes, reversing their positions so the younger was now the one pinned against the counter. The force of the movement was so great, that Jimin was nearly laying flat on his back, and Yoongi moved quickly to dominate him with a deep, possessive kiss.

Jimin was whimpering his name into the kiss, and it was driving Yoongi insane, as his hands rubbed up and down the entire length of the younger’s body. His hands snaked behind Jimin’s back to find the knife and move it safely out of the way. He managed to knock over every single thing on the counter in the process, but he found the sharp object eventually, and blindly stuffed it into a drawer while still frantically kissing Jimin the entire time.

“Didn’t I tell you that you’re mine, baby? That I won’t let anyone hurt you?” Yoongi asked into the
younger’s mouth, dazed and lightheaded from their sudden intimacy.

Jimin had moved his legs up and around Yoongi’s waist as he confirmed this fact in the affirmative.

“Yes, daddyyyy…” Jimin shrieked, tightening his legs and giving Yoongi access to his neck.

Yoongi took full advantage of this by licking a moist path up and down the exposed tanned skin.

“Who do you belong to, angel?”

Jimin was making unintelligible sounds that sounded like horny baby babble, as he rocked his hips against Yoongi’s waist, awakening the beast that was waiting for him within.

“I said who the… Fuck do you belong to, Jimin-ah?!” Yoongi questioned again as he lifted the boy entirely off the counter and into his arms.

Jimin was clinging on to him now, arms and legs tightly coiled around the elder, with his head lolled back like he was ready to faint.

“Y-you, Yoongi- hyung… Yours, I’m yours!!” Jimin was screeching almost painfully.

You’re goddamn right.

Satisfied, Yoongi clutched him by the ass and carried him with every intention of taking him to the bedroom, when he spied the kitchen table looking particularly inviting.

It was the absolute perfect height, and much closer than the original destination…

Jimin’s eyes widened with surprise, then darkened with a savage lust, as Yoongi laid him gently on the table top, which was thankfully clear, smooth, and ready for them.

“Hyung-”

Yoongi’s hands slammed upon the wood surface on both sides of Jimin’s head, cutting the younger off. His small yelp of surprise was swiftly muted by the invasion of the elder’s tongue in his mouth.

He didn’t mean to scare the kid, but Jimin wanted to get kissed, and that’s what the fuck he was gonna get.

“Open…” Yoongi demanded, beckoning Jimin to open his mouth, giving the elder freedom to suckle and bite each plump lip, then dart into his warm, sweet mouth to suck on Jimin’s tongue.

Jimin was all moans, and his eyes were threatening to roll back into his head, as he clutched at Yoongi’s hair and let his hyung play in his mouth.

Finally, Yoongi retreated with the wet sound of their lips parting, and pulled his shirt off in one liquid movement, tossing the garment behind him. Jimin reached for his chest, but Yoongi caught the hem of the younger’s shirt instead and slowly peeled the fitted cloth off of him, and simply stood there, momentarily stunned by the washboard stomach he hadn’t seen in too goddamn long.

“Y-yoongi…?” Jimin inquired softly, when the elder still hadn’t moved.

“Just-just wait…” Yoongi said brokenly, as he gently moved a large hand over Jimin’s smooth, supple, but ripped mid-section.

“Ok…” Jimin said breathlessly, as he sat there obediently.
Yoongi had both hands on Jimin’s chest now, tracing soft lines from his rose gold nipples down his muscular stomach and back up again. Jimin was writhing on the table, and in an instant, Yoongi was bent over him again, capturing each pert bud in his teeth, while the other was twisted gently in his fingertips.

“Daddy…” Jimin called for him again, like he was lost and needed rescuing.

The sound of it was unbearable for Yoongi’s erection.

“I’m here, baby…” He reassured the younger between kisses that trailed down his bare stomach to his jeans.

They locked eyes, as Yoongi unfastened and pulled them down, quickly moving to bury his face in every square inch of Jimin’s milky thighs, before he’d even taken the pants off fully.

Yoongi pulled up a chair and sat down facing Jimin’s crotch, which was temporarily covered in tight boxer briefs that happened to be the most sinful shade of red he’d ever seen.

*Dinner time…*

Jimin was propped up on his elbows, staring down his own body and into Yoongi’s hungry eyes.

“Ohhh m-my g-gawwddd, Yoongi!”

Jimin’s stammering became long shuddering breaths, as he watched Yoongi graze his teeth along the younger’s tense, muscular thigh and carefully bite the hem of his underwear, pulling them down with a deliberate, aching slowness.

Yoongi moaned, a low, guttural sound, as Jimin’s rock hard cock was freed from its cloth barrier, trailing sticky lines of precum between his dripping head and the fabric.

“Ohhhh…” Jimin moaned, awestruck, as if this was the very first time he was seeing his own naked figure.

Yoongi stared adoringly at him, as he sank to his knees on the cold tile floor.

“I love you, Yoongiiii…..” Jimin breathed, almost too faint to hear.

The elder hummed in response, as he gently nipped at Jimin’s impossibly tight sack. The younger’s declarations of love for him came more frantically and higher pitched, as Yoongi moved to stroke his dick while sucking his balls wholly into his warm, waiting mouth.

Yoongi was experiencing nirvana now, with Jimin’s legs wrapped around his neck, as he devoured every inch of him within licking distance.

Yoongi closed his eyes, and let his senses bask in Jimin’s beautifully soft ass.

He licked his way straight to Jimin’s tight hole, impatient to delve his tongue into that delicious heat again and again.

Jimin sounded like he was crying now. Hell, maybe he was.

Yoongi felt like shedding a few fucking tears of his own, as his tongue slid, hot and heavily, into Jimin’s abyss of sweetness. The younger’s powerful thighs were shaking and shuddering around him. He couldn’t help but continuously remove his tongue just to stare at his damp, pulsing hole, while kissing and licking it softly. His kneeling position felt appropriate for the circumstances.
Jimin’s taste was worthy of praise.

He used his hands to guide the younger’s body on a slow ride directly onto his tongue. Soon, Jimin was setting his own pace, grunting and bouncing lightly against Yoongi’s face, thoroughly enjoying the deep tongue fucking.

Yoongi couldn’t see or hear anything in his heavenly haze of plush flesh, and slick, slippery heat all around him, but he vaguely started to realize that his tongue action plus stroking was about to make Jimin climax.

“H-hyung… I’m-hyung!” Jimin wailed, wildly, confirming his suspicions.

He slowed his ministrations, and gently dislodged his face.

“No… No-no-no, Yoongi! Please!”

Jimin had resorted to begging to have the elder’s attention back up his ass, but Yoongi knew what was good for him right now.

“Sshh… Spread for daddy, baby.” Yoongi crooned, slapping his thighs lightly.

Jimin’s pleadings died immediately, as he obeyed. Yoongi had darted off to grab his one, solitary bottle of lubricant, which hadn’t been used since the weekend the pair had spent together.

Yoongi nearly tripped over his own feet when he returned to find Jimin fingering himself shamelessly, moaning his name.

*Well, shit…*

Fuck, he’d only been gone for maybe 12 seconds.

He never needed to fuck Jimin so badly, but he was mesmerized watching his cute little fingers doing such dirty things to himself.

“How are you so gorgeous, baby…?” He whispered, encouragingly, lubing his cock slowly as he watched.

Like a magnet, he was drawn to Jimin’s hand, and before he knew it, he was back on his knees, kissing and sucking on the younger’s fingers as Jimin alternated dipping them into himself and Yoongi’s mouth.

“My dick… Please, daddy…” Jimin shivered and mumbled feverishly, as he fingered himself faster.

“Ok, angel.” He murmured, obligingly sucking Jimin’s cock into his mouth, as he simultaneously added one of his lubed fingers to help with the younger’s masturbation efforts.

“Good…” He asked around Jimin’s flushed and leaking head.

Jimin was back to the noise making with no talking thing, but Yoongi reasoned that his violent bucking and slamming on the table, probably meant that it was indeed, very good.

After a few more long licks, and some deep sucking, he stood up, and pulled Jimin’s hand out of himself.

“Hyuuunnnnggg…” Jimin squealed in protest.
“Enough, angel. Let daddy take care of you now.”

But, fuck, his knees were killing him from the cold, unforgiving tiles of the kitchen floor. Goddammit, why can’t kitchens be carpeted?

He kicked off his jeans and boxers, and sat on the chair, just needing a second to lube up, when Jimin bolted from the table and damn near swan dived onto his cock, as he was still seated.

“Jimin-ah!” He yelled, in surprise.

But Jimin was on a fucking mission, lining Yoongi’s dick up to his wet hole all by himself and beginning to bear down right on it.

“Angel- let me lube-”

“I’m wet, hyung… Your tongue… Already!” Jimin was possessed and impatient, and before Yoongi could argue he jerked back in the chair, violently, as his hardness was surrounded by Jimin’s clenching hole.

“Oh-OH, fuck! Fuck! Fuck, baby….”

Yoongi was shaking. It was like magic. One moment his dick was there, and the next second it was gone. There was no slow, steady entry.

Jimin had SWALLOWED him into his ass.

“Yessssss…” Jimin hissed, as he slid down into Yoongi’s lap, while the last of Yoongi’s cock disappeared inside his body.

He couldn’t thrust. He couldn’t move.

Jimin seemed to sense this, and immediately started bouncing crazily up and down on Yoongi, like there was no fucking tomorrow.

“I l-love y-you, hyunng….” Jimin yelled, between his movements.

Yoongi wanted to say it, too. God, he really did, but he could only stutter and scream at the moment.

Instinctively, he grabbed Jimin’s hips, holding him tightly, as the younger rolled, and gyrated, working Yoongi’s cock in every direction.

Deep in the back of his conscious mind, Yoongi found a new appreciation for Jimin’s strength. His thighs weren’t just sexy, bulging muscle for nothing. He could see every single tendon working to support the younger as he lifted and slammed directly onto his dick.

The feeling was unimaginable. It was like his cock was being pulled by a hot, wet, vacuum, on the highest setting.

Jimin kissed him, if one could call it that.

His jerking motions meant that their tongues could only just meet and slap against each other, but Yoongi took all that he could get, grabbing and smacking Jimin’s perfect ass while the younger fucked into him like a pogo stick.

Finally, Jimin tired out, sweaty and spent, and rested back against the table, and Yoongi noticed the younger’s dick for the first time since they started their joyride. Numbly, he squeezed a bit of lube
into his hand and grasped Jimin, stroking him in strong, fast movements, while bucking up into him.

Jimin gasped, and clutched at the edge of that table, and just like that his legs were up and balancing lightly on Yoongi’s shoulders.

Relieved of Jimin’s full weight, Yoongi found it quite easy to fuck the shit out of his angel, by thrusting upwards hard, while continuously jerking him off.

Noise.

There was a lot of it.

Jimin was full on screaming, and he was shrieking the younger’s name like a prayer.

The table was tipping back and forth with every thrust, scraping and banging against the floor. The chair Yoongi was seated on was also taking a beating, as he bounced up and down forcefully, in order to reach Jimin’s spot.

“Daddyyyy, there! More… Yoongi!!” Jimin’s voice was cracked and hoarse, but the intensity of it only made Yoongi want to work harder.

Groaning, he lifted himself up, careful to stay inside Jimin, and laid the younger properly on the table. From here, he grabbed Jimin’s legs wheelbarrow style and buried himself to the hilt inside the younger’s tightness.

Jimin’s small fists were banging the table top and Yoongi wondered vaguely if he’d ever be able to use the thing again.

“Is it right there baby…?” He repeated, breathlessly. “Tell me.”

“YESSS!!” Jimin screamed, and Yoongi knew there wasn’t a soul in that complex that hadn’t heard him.

But he was lost now. Jimin was his torture and his salvation. His religion.

“Daddy loves you, Jiminnie…”

He was happy he could finally get that out.

“I LOVE YOU, HYUNG!!” Jimin hit his climax, and literally looked like he was dying.

Yoongi leaned over and locked their mouths, and Jimin bit his lip savagely, as he spurted heavily between their bodies.

Despite the pain, and it was pretty fucking painful, Yoongi had no problem cumming deep inside Jimin’s ass a moment later.

He came for so long, that he was shocked it didn’t squirt out of Jimin’s ears.

They stared at each other, gulping and trying to breathe, before slowly disengaging.

Yoongi slid his fingers into Jimin’s thick, white secretion and slowly rubbed it on the younger’s nipples, coating them thoroughly. Gently, he licked them clean, biting each one playfully, as Jimin wriggled and giggled shyly beneath him.

“Mmmmm.” He hummed happily, as he continued to lick Jimin’s torso, while Jimin rubbed his neck.
“Let’s go to bed, baby.” He declared softly, when he was done.

It was obvious neither of them were in any shape to take a shower.

Jimin nodded, sleepily, as Yoongi pulled him off the table, eager to get him into the comfortable bed after nearly an hour of pounding him against a slab of wood.

They didn’t bother with climbing in on opposite sides. Jimin simply collapsed on top of Yoongi, making the elder laugh and hold him tight.

Jimin promptly fell asleep, but it wasn’t as easy for Yoongi. His head was buzzing with adrenaline and… Well, happiness.

Looking down, he kissed the top of the younger’s fluffy blonde hair. After a moment’s pause, he leaned over to his drawer and pulled out his ring. Careful not to wake Jimin, he gently slipped it on the younger’s finger.

He was too nervous to try and give it to him at any other time, so this would have to do.

His heart pounded erratically, when Jimin squeezed his hand gently.

“Thank you, daddy…” The younger muttered, thickly, before settling back into sleep.

Yoongi’s eyes were wide in the darkness, and he laid there shocked for a long while.

Eventually, he slept, without loosening his grip on Jimin’s body.
Jimin had been up for a long time, laying in bed, reading and re-reading the brief email Yeri had sent him in the early hours of the morning.

*Jimin ssi- Tony is returning to the US early after his tragic home invasion. Will you consider taking over as head of the hip-hop unit? We know you were expecting a couple more months of training, but in light of these sudden circumstances, the studio needs to have all classes covered. Also, Sana and I are so happy with your progress and Tony left you a glowing recommendation as his replacement! We know you can do it! Take a couple days to think about it and let us know by Wednesday.*

_Yours in dance,_

_Yeri & Sana_

He had tried to be as still as possible while sorting out his feelings, so as not to disturb Yoongi who was still sleeping behind him with an arm and leg wrapped protectively around the younger- but, eventually he shifted the tiniest bit, and that was enough to stir his boyfriend.

“What’s wrong?” Yoongi asked in a husky morning voice that was sending shivers down to Jimin’s secret places.

Jemin’s eyes bulged, and he was glad his face was turned away in their spooning position.

“Nothing! What do you mean?” Jimin said with a small laugh.

Yoongi unwrapped himself and stretched luxuriously.

“What have I told you about trying to fool me?” The elder teased.

Jimin put down his phone and turned around, opting to climb on top of Yoongi rather than answer his question.

He kissed him softly, and continued to place light pecks down his face and neck, and eventually his chest and stomach as he kept sliding lower down his hyung’s body.

“Shouldn’t you-ah!” Yoongi’s breath hitched, and his words broke apart, as Jimin’s lips nipped and tugged at his dusting of pubic hair. “Don’t you-Jesus, Jimin- what about work today?”

“Sshhh…” Jimin shushed him, as he pulled the elder’s impressive morning wood into his warm, pliant mouth.

Yoongi’s questions morphed into long, deep moans, and he aggressively threw the covers off his body to get an uninterrupted view of Jimin sucking him off.
“I can taste myself on you…” Jimin whispered up to him sexily, kissing the pre-cum soaked head and licking it off his own lips.

The stricken look on his hyung’s face was worth a million dollars.

“Jesus Christ, I love you, baby…” Yoongi admitted in a tense, tight voice.

Jumin smiled back at him slowly. “Mmhmm… I love you, too….” And then he was back between Yoongi’s legs.

“Oh, sweetheart…” Yoongi’s head was thrown back in senseless abandon, as Jimin moved to suckle his sack hungrily.

Jumin was in a daze, moving his hands softly into Yoongi’s crevice, parting his cheeks to taste him there.

He couldn’t believe that in another scenario, he would have been on his way to work to face a monster.

But instead he was here. Making love to his soulmate on a Monday morning without a care in the world, and a promotion waiting for him at the studio.

Yoongi’s hands were scrambling to grab Jimin’s hair, as his tongue glided smoothly into the elder’s body, with a small, shaky moan.

Yoongi moaned back at him, and they conversed like this, moaning back and forth, for several delicious moments.

Jumin needed him to know how he felt and how grateful he was. Words alone didn’t seem nearly sufficient, so he used his probing, wriggling tongue to tell Yoongi how much loved him with every stroke of his wet muscle.

“Babyyyy…” Yoongi groaned, distraught as he pumped down on to Jimin’s tongue.

Jimin replaced his tongue with his forefinger, entering Yoongi slowly, and kissing his thigh soothingly, when Yoongi yelped and clutched the pillows.

“I know it’s been a while, daddy…” Jimin said in a hushed whisper. “Remember to relax. I’ll take care of you.”

He didn’t want to take the elder too far too soon, but his painfully throbbing cock disagreed. Ever since the first time Yoongi had allowed him to experience penetration, he’d been praying for the chance to do it again, never giving up hope entirely, even when all seemed lost between them.

Yoongi took a deep, shuddering breath, and opened wide for Jimin to finger him further. The younger stroked inside him slowly, rubbing his hard-on, and whispering sweet encouragement to his boyfriend, until the tenseness passed and Yoongi had started to enjoy himself.

“Is it good now?”

“Yessss, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi hissed in response.

“Mmmm… You’re feeling ready for me, hyung…” Jimin had moved to lay over Yoongi now, and was fucking him with two fingers, and kissing him softly.

Jumin sat up and reached for the lubricant, realizing that they were going to need to buy some more.
A lot more.

Horny and inspired, Jimin crawled upwards until he was straddling Yoongi’s face, and shamelessly rubbed his unbelievably hard erection over the elder’s lips.

Yoongi hadn’t missed a beat, and was actually already pulling Jimin’s into his mouth sucking hungrily, and moaning wildly.

“Hyunnnng!” Jimin wailed, entranced, watching his cock getting devoured, and loving Yoongi’s large hands rubbing and squeezing his ass lightly, as he took him in deeper.

The elder gagged a little, as Jimin’s flushed head nudged him in the back of the throat, and Jimin nearly climaxed straight into Yoongi’s mouth right then and there.

He pulled out, reluctantly, and applied lubricant to himself with trembling hands, unable to meet Yoongi’s piercing, steady gaze. The act of entering the elder was still a terrifyingly beautiful thing for him.

“O-okay…” He whispered, shakily, moving into position on top of Yoongi. “Ready?” He asked, nervously, not even feeling ready himself.

Yoongi looked steadily back at him, brushing Jimin’s hair aside with a gentle hand.

“Of course I’m ready, baby. I’ve been dying for you.”

Jimin closed his eyes, feeling awfully shy and unsure of himself, but instantly forgot his own name, as soon as he felt his dick getting cocooned inside Yoongi’s impossibly tight, impossibly warm, impossibly slick walls.

Wowww.

Jimin had never been a drug user, but imagined that this had to be close to a psychedelic trip. Even with his eyes shut, he was seeing sounds and feeling colors, as he buried himself inside the elder, not even daring to take a single breath.

“It’s s-s-so fucking gooood, Yoongiiii….” Jimin heard himself stammering, but wasn’t sure if he was talking out loud or not.

He could hear angels singing, and it felt like those same angels were using their soft, wet wings to tightly squeeze his cock.

“Jimin-ah!”

Jimin’s eyes flew open and he suddenly remembered who he was and what planet he was on.

“We really need to-to work on your-fuck-your entry, baby.” Yoongi squeaked, as he blinked away painful tears.

“I-I’m-sorry-hyung-I-”

“JESUS, Jimin, just move already!”

“Ok! Ok, ok… I’m sorry… I love you…”

Jimin gathered his wits, forcing himself to thrust once. Then twice… And on the third time, he lost the fragile grip on his own sanity.
His shy awkwardness disappeared as he shifted into a more dominant position over Yoongi, grunting barbarically. The elder had a slightly frightened look on his face as he stared back into Jimin’s dark eyes.

“I said *I love you, Yoongi.*” Jimin grunted, as he slammed his boyfriend into the mattress with the full force of his muscular body.

Yoongi yelped at the impact, and stared open-mouthed and wide-eyed at the younger.

“Jimin-ah-please baby can you-”

“TELL ME YOU LOVE ME, YOONGI!!”

Jimin lifted Yoongi’s legs and slammed into him again, cutting the elder’s protest off. Deep down somewhere, he knew he should slow down, and give Yoongi time to adjust, but he simply was unable to think rationally.

He just wanted to fuck him hard and hear how much Yoongi loved him.

Yoongi swallowed and grasped Jimin’s face with sweaty, shaky hands, breathing like he was winded.

“Ok! I love you, Jiminnie, my beautiful angel…” Yoongi said, with some difficulty.

Jimin moaned, satisfied, and began pumping at a more regulated pace.

“You’re so gorgeous and I’m the-luckiest motherfucker in the world.” Yoongi continued, as his pain started to ease into pleasure with Jimin’s consistent pounding.

“Oh, hyunnnngg…” Jimin pinned Yoongi’s hands above his head, and kissed him wildly as he sank in deeper and faster.

It felt absolutely amazing.

But he wanted just a little more…

Jimin suddenly yanked out, and stared directly into Yoongi’s surprised eyes.

“Turn over.” He commanded his boyfriend.

“Jimin-?”

“*Turn over.*”

Yoongi inhaled sharply, and slowly rotated till he was on his stomach.

Jimin grabbed his waist and pulled him up onto his knees, swiftly.

Yoongi started to say something but abandoned his sentence when Jimin buried his face in his ass, sliding his tongue inside him quickly.

Jimin held Yoongi’s ass open with his thumbs and assaulted his tight hole, which was now slightly wider thanks to the pounding he’d already given the elder.

Moaning shamelessly, Yoongi snaked his hand around and pulled Jimin’s face deeper into himself. Jimin could barely breathe, but was happy to be suffocated in this way.
Drunk on Yoongi’s taste, Jimin quickly lined up and penetrated the elder again with enough force to slam them both against the headboard.

“CHRIST!” Yoongi screamed, and for a second Jimin thought the elder didn’t like this position.

“Harder, Jimin-ah!” Yoongi shrieked, when he noticed the younger had slowed momentarily.

Oh.

Oh.

Jimin did as he was told, grunting with every snap of his hips, delirious from the image of Min Yoongi kneeling before him on all fours, taking his cock like a pro.

“You take it so g-good, daddy…” He was gripping Yoongi’s trim waist, pulling him further onto his cock as he pumped into him.

Again, Jimin wasn’t sure if he was thinking it or speaking out loud, until Yoongi replied him in a thick voice, punctuated by breathless pants, every time Jimin slammed into him.

“You give it to-to daddy so fuck-ah-fucking good, baby.”

Jimin slid his hands down Yoongi’s back, now slick with sweat and exertion, and grabbed his hair to anchor himself to better hit the elder’s prostate gland.

Yoongi gasped and shot up so he was kneeling upright, one hand on the headboard for support, while the other wrapped around his own aching erection, as Jimin’s dick reached his most sensitive spot.

“Stroke it, daddy... While I fuck you… Do it!”

Yoongi was roused to action by Jimin yelling in his ear, and obediently started masturbating, while Jimin somehow found the strength to fuck him even harder.

“Jimin-ah… don’t stop-don’t…”

The sight of his hyung touching himself, while begging him not to stop was igniting the fire deep inside Jimin. He wrapped his muscular arm around the elder’s chest, pulling him close so their skin shared the hot sweat between them.

They were literally up against the wall now, with the abused headboard sounding it like it might break in half from the continuous impact.

“I’m g-gonna cum all inside you, hyung…” Jimin warned in a dark whisper, right in Yoongi’s ear, as he brought his free hand down on top of the elder’s, helping him to stroke his big cock harder and faster.

Jimin’s body was working like a machine, and he knew he was nearly spent, but in that moment he felt invincible, as his whole being prepared to eject his seed into Yoongi.

“Fuck- Jimin- babyyyyyyyy!” Yoongi howled, as he shot his load directly onto the headboard in front of them.

Jimin watched for 2 long seconds, as the thick liquid dripped slowly down onto the pillows, before pinning Yoongi to the wall and crying out his name as he came deep inside him. He continued to hump him softly, letting his dick slide out naturally.
He didn’t want to lose a second of being inside Yoongi.

They collapsed backwards, finally, laying with their feet intertwined at the head of the bed. Yoongi was slightly on top of Jimin, facing the ceiling, and the younger wrapped both arms around him, so his fingers could play with the elder’s tight and sensitive nipples.

“I’m not washing these sheets, hyung. Next time, blow into your hand.” Jimin murmured with a smile, as he lightly kissed the back of Yoongi’s neck.

Yoongi moaned softly, as Jimin started pinching his nipples gently.

“What were you reading on your phone, Jimin-ah?” He asked, suddenly.

Jimin’s heart thudded.

_Dammit. I really can’t get anything past him._

“Just an email, hyung. My boss-she… She wants me to replace, um… Tony. Thanks to you.” He said, shyly, all his previous dominance now long gone.

Yoongi turned and looked piercingly at the younger.

“No. That’s thanks to you.” Yoongi smiled at Jimin’s confused expression, before continuing.

“Yea, I may have…” The elder paused, searching for the right word. “Handled Tony for you… But if you weren’t so good at what you do, so passionate, so hard working, they wouldn’t have offered you that job, Jimin-ah. They’d just find a fucking replacement from somewhere else.”

Jimin shifted uncomfortably, as he contemplated this. Yoongi’s words were sweet, but he didn’t know if they were entirely accurate. He had spent so much time worrying about Yoongi, and Chen, and Tony, and money, that he never stopped to assess whether he was really ready to take over as head of a dance form that he’s only been learning for the last 2 to 3 months.

What if he fails? What if he gets _fired_?

“Jimin-ah, if it’s not what you wanna do, then don’t do it. You can leave that job. Leave that shithole apartment. Take your time and find something else. Or just take a break from the whole work thing. Whatever you wanna do, baby, I’m here.” Yoongi said slowly, kissing Jimin’s sweaty shoulder.

Jimin inhaled sharply. He knew there was a huge implied meaning in between those lines.

“Hyung… I”

“Hang on, baby.” Yoongi interrupted, swiftly. “Let me clarify, so you don’t take this the wrong way. I'm not trying to take your independence away at all. I just want you happy. I don’t have everything perfectly planned out the way I used to anymore, and that scares the piss out of me. I can’t say for sure that things are gonna be great. But I’ve learned now that, good or bad, I just want you to be here with me. We’ll figure it out together. I won’t be calling all the shots, I swear.”

Jimin didn’t want to cry, but he couldn’t help a couple tears stinging the back of his eyes at Yoongi’s words.

He nodded stiffly and tried to focus on the ceiling, unable to respond without bursting into tears, so he decided to say nothing for the moment.

Yoongi sat up and exhaled uncomfortably, like he was about to say something extremely difficult.
“Jimin-ah… I, um. I used to look down on my father for being poor. And I also looked down on my mother for accepting such low standards. I thought I was better than them—but I know now that I was just naïve and blind, and proud. I never noticed that, no matter how fucking hard things were, they were always happy. They smiled everyday, because they loved each other and that was enough for them. I never understood it before, but… Now I get it. Because that's how I love you.” Yoongi finished quietly, staring intently at his foot.

Jimin couldn’t hold it anymore, and started weeping softly, his face buried into the crook of his arm. He felt stupid shedding tears, after going all macho and pounding his hyung against the wall, but he couldn’t help it. The beautiful things Yoongi was saying were making his heart swell and overflow with too many pent up emotions.

He appreciated that Yoongi didn’t try to stop him from crying, and didn’t try to smother him with hugs or kisses. He simply held Jimin’s hand and let him cry his fucking eyes out, until he was good and done.

“Hungry?” Yoongi asked, gently, when Jimin started regaining his composure.

Jimin nodded with a shy smile, still feeling foolish. Yoongi kissed his hand and stood up quickly, throwing on some sweats and a shirt, tossing some comfy clothes on the bed for Jimin.

“I’ll go make you something, then.” The elder said, heading out of the room.

“JESUS, HOBI!” Yoongi screamed at the top of his lungs.

Jimin jerked up from the bed to see the commotion, and tried to make sense of what he was looking at.

Yoongi had opened the bedroom door, and was standing there clutching his chest from shock, while Hobi stood there wide-eyed with panic, holding a metal baseball bat in both hands.

“What- what the FUCK is going on with you!” Hobi shrieked back.

Yoongi looked at him incredulously.

“Are you CRAZY?!! What the fuck are you doing sneaking in here, swinging a goddamn bat in my house?!”

Hobi looked around wildly, as if searching for some type of threat.

“I still have a key! I came in to check on you and the fucking kitchen’s upside down. I thought you were attacked, man!!”

Jimin was quietly trying to put some clothes on, but tripped and banged into the bedside table as he was pulling on Yoongi’s sweatpants.

Hobi’s eyes snapped over Yoongi’s shoulder and stared at Jimin. He lowered his bat, slowly, as his eyes scanned back and forth between Yoongi and Jimin in shock.

“Oh…” He uttered faintly in surprise.

Jimin smiled weakly back at him, but he was sure it came out looking more like a sickened grimace.

“Are you done now, Hobi-yah?” Yoongi asked, pushing his friend away from the room, so Jimin could dress up.
Jimin washed his face and emerged from the room a few minutes later to find Yoongi cleaning up the mess they made in the kitchen last night, while Hobi paced around the living room, erratically. Jimin tried to help his boyfriend, but Yoongi waved him away with the broom handle.

Jimin made his way to the couch and sat down, blushing furiously, and watching Hobi zig-zag his way around the television.

“Hobi-yah, sit down.” Yoongi grumbled.

“Where, hyung?” Hobi snapped back. “Can you show me something you haven’t FUCKED ON?” His friend replied, eyeing the strewn table and chairs with a grossed out look.

Yoongi only chuckled at this, as he fixed breakfast, but Jimin was burning with shame now. He looked nervously up at Hobi and noticed a wound on his upper arm that looked like it needed cleaning.

“Umm… Hobi hyung? I have some med stuff here. Can I clean that wound for you?” He asked, timidly, desperate for something to say and something to do.

Hobi glanced carelessly at his arm.

“Oh, this? A flesh wound.” He announced, airily. “You should see Tony’s punk ass.” The red haired man declared with an evil grin.

Horror coursed through Jimin’s veins, and his blood went cold.

Yoongi hadn’t acted alone. Hobi had helped him.

Jimin’s eyes dilated, as realization hit him hard. Of course. It made perfect sense. Yoongi would never have been able to overpower Tony on his own. He glanced at Yoongi for confirmation, but the elder hadn’t turned around from the eggs he was cooking. Though his back did look a bit tense.

Jimin shot up from the couch and fetched the first aid kit. He HAD to clean that wound now. He owed Hobi so much.

“Sit down, hyung. Come on.” Jimin beckoned.

Hobi looked surprised, but sat down gingerly on one of the arm chairs. He perched on the edge of the seat, as if he might jump up at the first sight of cooties.

He worked silently for a few minutes, noting how strong and toned Hobi’s arms were. He was a funny guy, but he was obviously nothing to mess with.

“How did you guys do… Do what you did to him?” Jimin asked Hobi, quietly, recalling the horrific details of the police report.

“Easily.” Hobi replied. “Although, your oppa did dry heave a few times during the more, ah, intimate parts.” Hobi added with his famous maniacal smile.

Jimin inhaled shakily, and finished patching up Hobi’s arm. He stepped back and looked down at Yoongi’s friend.

“I don’t know how to thank you, hyung.” Jimin whispered.

Hobi stood up and looked at his bandaged arm, nodding with approval.
“You’re with Yoongi. You’re my family.” Hobi replied, hitting one fist against his chest twice, making him look like a tribal warrior of some sort.

The words flooded Jimin’s body with gooey warmth.

Family.

He had a family now.

“You’re my family, too.” Jimin answered, choosing to smile instead of banging his chest. “I’ll be there anytime you need-”

“Dance lessons?” Hobi interjected teasingly, with his own brilliant smile.

Jimin giggled at that.

“You never know, hyung. You look like a ballet guy to me.”

Hobi pulled a grimace on his sunny features and laughed.

“What the fuck were you thinking not telling Yoongi about Tony? Did you just want to get raped?” Hobi asked, suddenly serious.

Jimin’s face burned. He wasn’t used to being around someone so blunt.

“Whatever he was thinking, he won’t ever think it again, Hobi-yah. Leave him alone.” Yoongi said protectively, placing plates of eggs and bacon on the coffee table and taking a seat on the couch.

Hobi nodded, obediently, but Jimin didn’t think it was fair. They had risked their lives for his well being. They deserved answers.

“I wasn’t planning on getting raped at all, Hobi hyung.” Jimin said tensely, sitting next to Yoongi. “I- um-I had a plan.”

Hobi sat across from them and crossed his legs, dramatically. “Do tell!” He asked with a raised eyebrows.

Jimin looked over at Yoongi next to him, who was staring back at him quizzically.

“Daddy… Don’t get mad…” Jimin asked his boyfriend, quietly, placing a hand on Yoongi’s thigh.

Yoongi looked totally confused at this point.

Jimin sighed heavily and got up to grab his duffel bag from the bedroom. He returned to find both men looking at him warily.

He smiled weakly at them and pulled a gun carefully from his bag, showing the weapon fully to them.

“I was gonna shoot him.” Jimin admitted to their shocked faces.

If the room wasn’t so tense he might have laughed at their expressions.

Yoongi reacted first by leaping from the couch like a frog.

“A GUN!? Where the FUCK? Give it to me! GIVE IT TO ME!!” Yoongi was shaking and yelling,
holding his hands out to Jimin.

Hobi, on the other hand, appeared amused.

“That’s not just any gun, hyung. That’s YOURS.” Hobi said with a laugh, peering in to look at the pistol closely.

“What?” Yoongi spat, in disbelief. “No fucking way!”

“It is yours, Yoongi.” Jimin said, nodding sadly. “The first night I showed up here, you had it. And- when you left it in the kitchen- I took it when you weren’t looking. I was scared-I didn’t know what else to do. I was scared.”

“It’s ok, baby, I forgive you!! Just fucking give it to me!” Yoongi had crossed the room now, and was looking at Jimin like he was a dangerous psychopath.

Jimin handed it over, and moved to kiss Yoongi, but the elder just shot him a scared look and bolted for the bedroom to hide the weapon.

“Personally, I’m impressed.” Hobi said happily.

“FUCK YOU, HOBI!” Yoongi’s voice filtered in faintly from somewhere deep in his closet.

“Fuck that.” Hobi continued, unperturbed. “You saw a threat and you made moves to neutralize it. I’m proud of you, kid. Anytime you need lessons or anything, just let me know.”

Jimin nodded, bewildered. He had absolutely NO intention of ever touching a gun again in his life, but decided not to say this.

“Thank you, hyung.” He replied, softly, wondering what Yoongi was doing now.

The elder swooped in at that moment, grabbing his shoes hurriedly.

“Daddy- where are you going!” Jimin wailed after him, as Yoongi grabbed his keys.

Hobi could barely contain his laughter, as he sat down lazily, eating his eggs.

“Yoongi!!” Jimin called again, as the elder yanked open the door.

“I’m going to buy a fucking safe!” Yoongi snapped, before slamming door behind him.

Jimin sat down helplessly watching Hobi eat.

“I’m an idiot, right?” He asked a still giggling Hobi.

“Yes. But I admire your balls, kid.” Hobi said, laughing uproariously, now.

Jimin raised his eyebrows, playfully.

“Yoongi wouldn’t like you looking at my balls, hyung.”

Jimin couldn’t help the joke, and the way the laughter died on Hobi’s face was totally worth it.

He left the red head sitting there, and went to take a shower, still chuckling to himself.
Yoongi was in his kitchen feeling absolutely murderous.

“So… Do you want sugar, or do you not want sugar?” He asked slowly for third time, trying not to sound as dangerous as he felt.

Taehyung knitted his brows in deep consternation, as if the fate of the very universe depended on how he drank his coffee.

Yoongi sighed, heavily, not caring if it was rude as hell to his house guest.

Jimin had spent the last few weeks getting acclimated to his new position at work, and so far, he was enjoying it. The kid was staying over every night, so it didn’t take long for Yoongi to convince him to just get his shit and move in, already.

The younger was nervous about breaking his lease early with Chen, so Yoongi sent Hobi along with his boyfriend in case the landlord got stupid. And apparently, he did.

Yoongi wasn’t there to witness it firsthand, but according to a very shaken Jimin, Hobi had kicked the door into the landlord’s face when Chen tried to lock Jimin out in a (failed) attempt to stop him from retrieving his things.

When Chen recovered from the attack, he had tried to call the police, and Hobi’s response to this was to pull out his phone and show the landlord a few choice pictures of Tony in various states of torture, claiming that that’s what happened to snitches.

Chen didn’t make the call.

However, Jimin was able to see the pics on Hobi’s phone, as well, and it took Yoongi two days to get his angel to eat after the trauma.

Despite this little snafu, Jimin was settling in well, but Yoongi still sensed a certain level of discomfort in the younger. Home was a new concept for Jimin, and so was a live in partner, and Yoongi knew his boyfriend was out of his element staying under someone else’s roof.

In order to make him feel more at ease, Yoongi had tried all sorts of tactics. He completely changed out his furniture, going on shopping adventures with Jimin and giving the younger full design authority over the styles and colors.

He even let Jimin pick out some weird, fucking, cosmic space shuttle bed sheets. But the younger still seemed out of it.

Next, Yoongi made sure Jimin was hardly ever alone. He dropped him off at work everyday and picked him up in the evenings. He brought him lunch most days, too, if he wasn’t too busy working on his music. They cooked together, went on dates, made love, and STILL, it seemed like something was missing.

Thinking that Jimin wanted more independence, Yoongi bought him a brand new car, so he could travel on his own without needing the elder to chauffeur him around, though he didn’t mind it. Jimin, however, refused to touch the keys, until Yoongi, grudgingly, put half of their utility bills in Jimin’s name, so he could contribute to their home expenses.
The younger wanted to pay rent, as well, but Yoongi had to draw the goddamn line somewhere.

Even then, Jimin was still not a hundred percent happy.

Yoongi was getting distraught. He had made so much progress with his music ever since Jimin moved in, and had even set up his launch venue and date. Things were falling into place for him, and he wanted to share the happiness with Jimin, but it seemed like the better he did, the sadder Jimin became.

Finally, one weekend afternoon, Yoongi was watching a movie and holding Jimin close, while Namjoon napped in the guest room and Hobi stared intently at the screen, trying his damndest not to look at the two cuddling men. Then, out of nowhere, realization hit him like a bolt of lightning.

Yoongi’s friends were always over.

And Jimin had no friends at all.

The kid was just fucking lonely.

Yoongi whispered to Jimin later that night in bed, asking if the younger wanted to invite Taehyung over, and he could tell from the way Jimin’s eyes lit up that he’d solved the younger’s problem.

And he had never fucking regretted anything so badly in his life.

“Hmm… Is it raw cane suga, processed suga, or artificial suga?” The beautiful, but infuriating brunette countered, with a playful box-like smile and wiggling eyebrows.

“No.” Yoongi replied, coldly.

He was not about to be a fucking barista for this kid, and the “suga” joke wasn’t funny.

“Wait- which kind of suga, is it?” Tae repeated, still smiling.

“No.” The elder repeated, stone faced.

Tae blinked at him.

“When will Jiminie be home?” He asked Yoongi after a moment.

“No.”

“Umm. Ok, I’ll take any sugar, then…” Tae replied, bewildered.

“Perfect!” Yoongi sang, sarcastically, as he stabbed the spoon into the sugar bowl, stirring it into the coffee so viciously, he might have cracked the cup.

Jimin entered the door at that moment, returning home from work.

Yoongi was instantly relieved to see him, not just because he missed him, but so he can take his weird ass friend far, far away from the kitchen.

“Oh, hyung… Hey…” Jimin said, carelessly, and then: “TAE TAAAAEEE!!” The younger practically screamed and jumped on his friend.

Yoongi turned towards the younger waiting for his kiss, and was flabbergasted when Jimin sailed past him like he didn’t even exist.
“CHIMINIIIIIEEEEE!!” Tae roared in his surprising baritone, knocking over his chair to meet Jimin half-way, squealing in delight.

“Did he pick you up from the station on time?” Jimin asked his friend, waving a floppy hand in the general direction of where Yoongi was standing.

Yoongi looked around him, wondering who this “he” was that Jimin was referring to in such a fucking nonchalant manner.

Oh.

It’s me.

Yoongi’s shoulders drooped as his boyfriend continued to ignore his very existence.

“Yea, he came like three minutes late, but it was ok.” Tae said, airily, brushing his perfect bangs off his flawless face.

Jimin rounded on Yoongi like a t-rex.

“YOONGI! Didn’t I tell you the exact time Tae’s train was arriving!?”

Yoongi’s mouth opened and shut again in shock.

“I… Baby, there was traffic…” Yoongi stuttered back, not even understanding why the hell he was explaining a 3 minute delay.

Jimin made a rude sound in the back of his throat and rolled his eyes, turning his full attention back to his friend.

Yoongi picked up the fallen chair, wondering what dimension he was living in.

“Have you eaten?” Jimin asked, softly.

Yoongi was about to reply when he realized that Jimin wasn’t speaking to him.

“Not yet, but I’m ok for now, Chim. How are you liking your new job?” Tae responded, sitting back in the chair that Yoongi just picked up.

“No, it’s not ok, Tae! It’s late! Yoongi~”

Yoongi put up a hand in protest, before Jimin could start chewing his ass off again.

“I ordered Thai. It’s on its way, and I made him some fu-I made him some coffee.” Yoongi said tightly, trying to maintain his composure for Jimin’s sake.

He knew this meant a lot to him, but SHIT.

“Why are you still holding the cup, hyung? Taehyungie, you don’t want it?” Jimin interrogated, as his eyes cut between Yoongi and Tae.

Yoongi looked down at the coffee mug that was still in his hand.

Jesus.

“I wasn’t sure what kind of suga he was using!” Tae said, wiggling his amazing eyebrows
annoyingly.

Yoongi watched in disbelief as Taehyung and Jimin dissolved into laughter at what had to be the worst fucking joke he’d ever heard.

“Well? Is it raw, processed, or artificial?” Jimin demanded from Yoongi, when his laughter subsided.

“I-I don’t know…” Yoongi replied, looking down at the cup stupidly.

Jimin made that incredibly rude sound again, and waved Yoongi out of his own kitchen to make coffee for his friend.

After changing the guest room sheets twice (Jimin declared that the thread count wasn’t high enough for the fucking crown prince Taehyung), running to the store to get Tae’s preference of bottled water, and finding a nightlight for his bedroom, Yoongi finally dragged himself to bed, exhausted and hating himself for ever inviting that kid into his home.

“I hope Taehyungie’s completely comfortable for the night, as you’re getting into bed, hyung.” Jimin yelled accusingly from their shared master bathroom.

This is why I was always single.

Yoongi balled his fists and pretended he was crushing Tae’s head. The thought calmed him a little.

“Tae’s comfortable, baby. Can I go to bed now, or should I just sleep outside?” Yoongi shot back, tiredly.

Jimin emerged from the bathroom topless and wearing Yoongi’s boxers, a few drops of water still clinging to his abs and rosy nipples. The boxers, a size smaller than Jimin, hugged the younger’s ass beautifully, and were sitting so low on his hips…

Yoongi could imagine just gently sliding them off right now…

He took a breath and cursed his cock silently for going hard, when he was so frustrated.

“So dramatic.” Jimin scoffed, as he dried his hair, and sprayed something that smelled delicious on himself before climbing into their spaceship themed bed.

Yoongi pulled his boyfriend close, roughly, making sure that Jimin could feel his hard-on in his backside.

“Call me what you want, just take these off…” Yoongi murmured, licking Jimin’s ear and clutching at the boxers.

Jimin giggled and blessed Yoongi with a deep kiss, exploring the elder’s mouth so sexily that Yoongi instantly forgave him for everything that happened that night and every future night of their lives.

Yoongi moaned and grabbed Jimin’s ass softly, then to his horror, Jimin abruptly ended the kiss, and all the touching, and moved over to the other end of the bed.

Yoongi blinked stupidly at him.

“Do I fucking smell, Jimin-ah?”

Jimin shot him a look and rolled his eyes.
“Come on, Yoongi, we can wait a couple nights. We can’t let Tae hear us!”

Yoongi sat up, incensed.

HELL no.

“Jimin-ah- If Tae doesn’t know that we fuck, hard and often, I’m happy to go inform him.”

“You’re being nasty, hyung…” Jimin complained, with his back turned to him.

“It wasn’t nasty when I tongued you out in the kitchen, while monnie slept on the couch last week?” Yoongi asked, argumentatively.

Jimin sat up and looked at Yoongi like he was 6 years old, and he honestly didn’t give a shit.

No guest was going to stay in his house and disrupt his sex life, thank you very fucking much.

“Monnie hyung is a deep sleeper, Yoongi. Now stop making a fuss. I’ll take care of you when Tae leaves.”

And with that, Jimin turned off the light and laid back down.

Yoongi stared at the ceiling in the dark, wanting to cry, punch something, and jack off all at the same time.

After a few minutes, Jimin shifted over to him under the covers, and placed a gentle hand between his legs.

Yoongi lifted the sheet and peered at Jimin's hand rubbing his cock.

“Is that really you?” He asked the younger, teasingly.

Yoongi could feel Jimin’s blush even if he couldn’t see it.

“Don’t moan too loud, daddy.” Jimin giggled back, his warm breath fanning against Yoongi’s neck which was miraculously making him hard again.

Yoongi’s smart ass response was lost in his throat when Jimin added some lubricant and started pumping his dripping erection.

They made love slowly, and quietly, much to Yoongi’s annoyance. But the soft moans and silent screams, were actually turning him on more than anything. He would never admit it to his boyfriend, but it was immensely sexy watching Jimin covering his mouth to stop from yelling out loud when the elder started pounding into him from behind.

Eventually, he fell asleep, with an arm firmly around Jimin, blissfully content with his whole life—even Taehyung.
Hi, everyone! I just want to thank you for the trillionth time for staying with me through this saga of a story. I made a double update tonight, and I wanted to give you fair warning that there will be 3, maybe 4, chapters left in this fic. I intend to end it with a bang, and I hope you all enjoy it. If you would like to read more of my crap, kindly sub my page, as I will be uploading 2 more fics, that I've already started working on. One of them will explore the ABO universe for those who are into that. I feel like I'm watching my child grow up and go off to college, as this story draws to an end. In fact, I have a child, and when she goes to college, I doubt I will miss her as much as this story!

I love you guys!!
-M

“Tae Tae thinks you should wear something red for your launch tonight, hyung.” Jimin mused, as he put that smoky thing on his eyes that made Yoongi’s dick cry.

Yoongi hated his life at the moment.

He was already jumpy and nervous for the launch this evening. The venue was expensive as hell, and if he didn’t draw a big enough crowd to make a return on the investment, he would essentially be bankrupt.

He didn’t need Taehyung’s fashion advice right now.

He needed a fucking miracle.

“Wanna know what I think Tae Tae should do?” Yoongi asked, dangerously.

Yoongi actually loved red, but starting from this moment, he suddenly had a problem with it.

Jimin glanced at him quickly, but didn’t respond. Yoongi felt that was a very wise decision. Taehyung had been with them for days now, ever since Jimin invited the sandy haired bastard to stay with them up until Yoongi’s debut show.

Since then, Tae had offered his nuggets of wisdom on everything from the food they ate to what color Yoongi should dye his hair, and now, what clothes he should fucking wear.

Still, Jimin had been happier than ever, so maybe it was worth it a little. Jimin had also proven to be indispensable when it came to planning his launch, covering all sorts of little details that Yoongi had never even thought of. So, he was willing to let this one pass.

“Aww, you’re tense, daddy.” Jimin said, walking over and caressing Yoongi’s face. “You’re gonna kill it tonight. I’m proud of you, and I love you so much.”

Yoongi sighed and allowed himself to melt into the younger’s touch. This type of babying wasn’t helping his swag game at all, but it was nice to know Jimin cared.
“I love you too, baby.”

Jimin kissed him sweetly on the cheek.

“Good, hyung. Now stop being a dick and wear this.” Jimin tossed a red Kangol hat directly in his face, and returned to the bathroom to finish his make-up.

A knock on the door distracted Yoongi from casting a fucking hex on Taehyung.

“Hey- can I come in? Or will I turn to stone if I look in there?” Hobi asked warily from the other side of the door.

Jimin immediately began making a series of very loud, very convincing moaning noises, before doubling over the sink in silent laughter.

Yoongi yanked open the bedroom door to find a pale looking Hobi staring back at him in terror.

“He was kidding, man.” Yoongi said flatly to his friend.

Hobi’s face relaxed visibly.

Jesus, how long was it gonna take for Hobi to get used to the idea of their relationship?

“What do you think?” Hobi questioned, motioning at his outfit.

Yoongi stepped back and took a look.

There was a shit ton of red.

“That big eyed kid said I should wear red.” Hobi said, watching Yoongi’s expression.

Yoongi’s eyes snapped from Hobi’s red Vans back up to his face.

“And you listened??”

Hobi shrugged.

“Why not? He’s weird, sure, but he’s got great taste.”

“Thank you, Hobi hyung. And you look amazing.” Jimin said, walking out of the bathroom looking like sex on legs, himself.

How the fuck was he supposed to concentrate on stage? Jimin had decided to wear all black in solidarity with Yoongi, but his leather pants just looked painted on his thick thighs.

He barely registered Jimin walking over and putting the damn hat on his head, and he knew his shameless staring was probably making Hobi sick, but fuck him.

“You look perfect now, hyung.” Jimin whispered, biting his plump bottom lip, and giving Yoongi a little smoky eyed wink.

For a wild second, Yoongi considered dragging Jimin for a quick bathroom fuck before heading out, but Tae shattered his dream to pieces a second later.

“We should get going, guys.” The little shit called out in his achingly, beautifully deep voice.

Hobi was already edging nervously out of the room, obviously uncomfortable with the pure sexual
tension settling between the two lovers.

Yoongi sighed.

Showtime.

It was hot.

And dark.

Yoongi couldn’t see past his own hand, let alone pick out a single face in the crowd. The atmosphere was heavy with sweat and smoke and a crazy kind of energy that can’t be explained.

The venue was filled to capacity and pulsing like a gigantic, throbbing heartbeat. And this was a good thing. A very good thing.

But also a bad thing.

He couldn’t see Jimin anywhere. The crowd was just a sea of faces, blended and melted together in a throng of bobbing heads and flailing arms.

Next to him, Hobi was lost in the sound of the beat, completely transformed as he performed. He was smooth and assured, just like in real life. Yoongi wanted to get into the same headspace- needed to.

But even as he closed his eyes and belted out the lyrics he’d written for so long, practiced for so long, on this night that he had dreamed of for so long, all he kept asking himself was where the fuck is Jimin?

The set closed and they gave the stage back to the opening act. If the thunderous screams were any indication, then Yoongi was pretty sure he’d just officially launched his music career.

Hobi was giddy and wired up, jumping around like he was high on everything. Namjoon actually WAS high on everything, and even though he’d only performed one number with them, he shared the same feeling of purpose and achievement, having written and mixed many of the songs himself.

“Hyung! Come sit with us!!!” Hobi hollered from the middle of about 7 girls fawning all over him.

Yoongi walked over to them dubiously.

“Where’s Jimin!!???” He roared back in his friend’s face.

“Huhh?” Hobi couldn’t hear over the music, and one of the girls just pulled his face into her tits for an intense motor-boating session.

Yoongi waited patiently for Hobi to come up for air, before trying again.

“Jiiiimiiin!! Where is he!!??”

“Joonieee?” Hobi replied, incorrectly.

Miss motorboat was pulling Yoongi in now, probably to try and give him the same experience, while her friend was tugging at his other arm, and yet another was pulling him from behind. The cloud of extra strong perfume was suffocating him from every direction.
Jesus, they were *everywhere*.

He pushed them off, not very gently, and tried to walk a different route. One by one, he found everybody he knew, except for the one he was looking for. Namjoon was walking around in a zombie-like state, glassy eyed, and propped up by Taehyung, who was laughing maniacally and singing at the top of his lungs. The pair collapsed onto a couch full of women, who promptly started playing with their hair.

All of Yoongi’s other friends, collaborators, and supporters were equally drunk, high, or both, partying and having a good time.

He stepped outside and looked around, pointlessly. It was a mess out there, too.

*I need my phone.*

Yoongi threaded his way through the crowd to the back rooms, and after squeezing past more partiers, finally made it to the tiny dressing room he was given to get ready backstage.

He busted through the door, immediately looking for his bag which held the phone, and froze when he saw Jimin sitting quietly in the make-up chair, looking at him expectantly.

“You came.” Jimin murmured, smiling softly.

“Oh my GOD, Jimin-ah, I thought you-”

He cut off his own sentence, realizing that he had NO IDEA what he thought. He had just panicked, when he noticed Jimin wasn’t close.

“You thought what?” Jimin asked.

Yoongi paused.

“Uhh. I don’t know. I just didn’t see you. I’ve been looking everywhere.”

Jimin nodded.

The air was tense. He desperately wanted to know if Jimin enjoyed his set, but was way too embarrassed to ask.

“You were amazing out there, Yoongi. I-I’ve never seen anything like it. I’ll remember tonight forever, I swear.” Jimin said, smiling, apparently reading the elder’s mind.

Yoongi breathed easy again. This was the one opinion he needed. The only one that counted.

But right now it didn’t seem like the most important thing.

“Jimin-ah, why couldn’t I find you? If you watched the whole thing, why didn’t I see you after?” Yoongi inquired, moving from the door to stand close to the younger.

Jimin shifted uncomfortably on the small chair.

“Afterwards, it was just crazy… And dark, too.” Jimin wasn’t quite looking at him anymore.

Yoongi wasn’t buying the scared of the dark story.

“Is that all?” He asked Jimin in a doubtful voice. “Did someone hurt you? Touch you?? Do I need to
talk to someone?”

Yoongi knew how crazy these events could get. It was possible someone had done something fucked up.

“No, oh my God, hyung!” Jimin replied with a crazed look. “Nothing even close to that! This is your night, and you did so well. Let’s go celebrate!”

Yoongi leaned in with both hands on the armrests of Jimin’s chair, clearly sending the message that he was not in the mood for this shit.

“Tell me.”

Jimin’s eyes went wide. “Ok, Yoongi, please! Chill!” Jimin shrieked. “It’s nothing, like I said. It’s just- there-there are girls everywhere…” Jimin finished in a quiet, uneasy voice, while staring at the floor.

Yoongi backed up, confused.

“Girls?” He repeated the word like it was a foreign language.

Jimin glanced at him, then shook his head, like he was upset with himself for saying anything at all.

“What, Jimin? You think I’m gonna jump into the crowd and have an orgy?” Yoongi said, almost laughing out loud.

Jimin looked back at him, without a trace of humor.

“Hobi hyung practically is. Namjoon hyung, too. Even Tae… And it’s what you’re used to…”

Yoongi clucked his tongue and held Jimin’s face, gently.

“Angel-”

“No, hyung-wait.” Jimin interrupted, moving his hand away. “I know I’m being sensitive, but… I didn’t just see them all over, I heard them, too. Making plans to get with all of you. Arguing over who would suck you off first… Placing bets on who would get to fuck the man I love.”

Placing bets?? Christ…

“Jimin, this business is like that.” Yoongi said gently. “It’s fucking overrun with hoes, baby. But I can’t even look at a woman. Not since you. I swear to God and all the angels.”

Jimin sighed, tensely.

“I know that, hyung. Why do you think I came to sit back here? I decided to just wait it out and let you party and do your thing. I was gonna find you when it was all done and drive us home. It’s your night- I’m not gonna ruin it for you.”

“What kind of idiot are you, Jimin-ah?” Yoongi asked, bluntly.

Jimin’s head snapped back at the sudden insult.

“How can I enjoy this night-or any night-without you? I could barely get my song out, cus I was scanning the whole crowd for you. I nearly had a fucking heart attack when I couldn’t find you on the floor. Let’s not forget I took a bullet for you, once upon a time, too. And you’re getting all
flustered over some dumb, slutty bitches?”

Yoongi paused to laugh, even though Jimin looked near tears.

“Jimin—I didn’t even care for pussy before I met you, and now I’m breaking my furniture fucking you all over the place. Please, just let this go and enjoy tonight with me. This is stupid.”

Yoongi crossed his arms and stared down at him.

Jemin looked totally taken aback, and was pouting like never before, but eventually, he laughed softly, as Yoongi lovingly stroked his hair.

“You’re right, hyung. I’m stupid. I’m sorry.”

“Good.” Yoongi said, nodding. “Now, the girl that wanted to suck my dick, was she pretty?” Yoongi asked, grinning playfully.

Jemin laughed.

“Not as pretty as me.” The younger replied, seductively.

Now it was Yoongi’s turn to laugh.

“No one is as pretty as you, baby.” Yoongi leaned over again, this time to kiss Jemin, long and slow. “Come dance with me.” He asked into the younger’s mouth.

Jemin pulled back from his mouth, and licked him a little, sending shock waves to his cock.

“Can I suck you off first, hyung? I bet I can get it before anyone else.” Jemin said, giggling into another kiss.

Yoongi laughed and slowly backed against the closed door, as Jemin approached him and dropped to his knees.

“Better make it good, Jimin-ah. There’s bitches lining up out there to jump on this.”

Jemin could barely contain his laughter, as he pulled Yoongi’s jeans and boxers down. Each small giggle against his dick felt like heaven was raining mercies on him.

“I’ll make it good, hyung.”
Hi- I'm Back!

I hate adding fake chapters, but I just wanted to let you guys know that I was on a work trip for the past week and just returned! I missed you all, and I missed this fic! I will be updating as much as I can this weekend, and it will likely be ending this weekend, too! Don't forget to stay with me for my new fics! I'll be releasing the next one as soon as this one ends! I'll be deleting this note and updating with the new chapter later on. Thanks, guys! Yoonmin forever!!

-Mizzteek
Hi, guys! ^_^

“Jimin. Let’s go.”

Even with his back turned, Jimin could tell from Yoongi’s voice that his patience was wearing thin.

They were all packed for the weekend visit to his parent’s house and Jimin knew this was a huge, monumental, life-altering step, not only for the elder, but for their relationship. He didn’t want to be late anymore than Yoongi did, but he was having a full scale emergency.

“Just five minutes, hyung. Please!” Jimin begged, as he frantically searched under the bed.

It had been a month since Yoongi’s debut and his subsequent rise to success had been nothing short of meteoric. He wasn’t dodging fans and paparazzi quite yet, but everybody who was anybody in the underground industry knew his name now.

Yoongi had been on calls day and night, having meetings with his friends, making plans, and receiving offers from industry leaders and producers. But he was steadfast in his resolve to continue producing his own work under his fledgling Swag Nation label.

Jimin couldn’t have been prouder if it was his own achievement. He had even started taking personal days from work to drive Yoongi to meetings and venues, when the elder was too tired from staying up all night working on his music.

And now, he was supporting him in the homecoming visit of a lifetime, where Yoongi would face his parents after almost 10 years, as a reformed drug dealer and an openly gay man. Jimin knew that under that cool, alpha male façade, Yoongi was probably freaking out, and he didn’t mean to add to his stress, but this was serious.

“Jimin-ah. Enough.”

Jimin looked up suddenly at Yoongi’s sharp tone. He knew that whenever his boyfriend said “enough” playtime was officially over.

“I-I can’t leave without it.” Jimin stuttered in a helpless whisper.

Some way, somehow, by the devil’s own handiwork, Jimin had managed to lose his ring between last night and this morning. They had just returned from Busan late last night, where Yoongi had a show. He wasn’t the headlining act, and for all intents and purposes, they could have skipped this performance- except for the fact that some powerhouse producers from the states were in attendance.

It made sense for Yoongi to leverage the opportunity to display his talents at this venue, in hopes of having a shot in hell at breaking into the international music scene and collaborating with more experienced artists.

“Jimin-ah, for God’s sake! We’re both exhausted, there is no way you’re in any shape to find it now.
Besides, we’ll be late!”

Yoongi was right. The trip had nearly killed them both.

Jimin was working harder and longer than ever at the studio, picking up all of Tony’s classes, as well as taking on managerial duties, such as giving assessments to pass and fail students.

After a particularly grueling day yesterday, he had to go straight from work to make the 3 hour drive with Yoongi to Busan, while the elder, who’d been up practicing all night, got a couple hours of sleep in the passenger seat.

The plan was to get a hotel after the show and head to Daegu from there in the morning, but in their haste and exhaustion, they’d forgotten all their luggage back at the apartment in Seoul. Tired and frustrated, they made the drive back to Seoul and had barely gotten any sleep before having to hit the road again.

And now Jimin’s ring was gone.

“Hyung- if we could just take the afternoon train, it’ll give me time to find it AND we won’t have to drive again!”

Jimin was frantic. Ever since the hospital episode, he literally went into manic fits if the ring wasn’t on him or close by. Now they were going to Yoongi’s parent’s place, and he had to wear it- he had to show them that they were serious. That this was real.

Yoongi crossed the room with his usual superhuman speed, and held Jimin’s face lovingly, but with a gentle firmness in his voice.

“Look at me, baby.”

Jimin shook his head, stubbornly

“No. No- there’s nothing you can say! I won’t leave without it. The first 24 hours are critical when-when you lose something. I have to find it. I have to.”

“Jimin-ah. That rule is for missing people. Not objects!” Yoongi reasoned with thinly veiled impatience. “You saw it last night before your shower, and that’s all we need to know! As long as it’s somewhere in the house, we’ll find it!”

Jimin knew Yoongi was making sense, but he still felt naked and afraid without his boyfriend’s ring. He also couldn’t understand why they had to be so punctual just to see his parents. They were going to be there all weekend, anyway.

He made a final attempt at buying time.

“Hyung, if we could just take the train-”

“WE’RE NOT TAKING THE FUCKING TRAIN!”

Jimin inhaled sharply and stepped back, shrinking away from Yoongi’s elevated voice.

They stood there for a moment, until Yoongi sighed and inched towards him, cautiously.

“I’m sorry.” The elder whispered.

Jimin nodded jerkily, and moved to grab his bags.
“No. Don’t do that silent thing. Not today. Please, baby. I’m so sorry.” Yoongi was on him in a second, pulling Jimin close and wrapping his arms around him.

Jimin swallowed thickly and reminded himself again how stressed out Yoongi must be right now. He had to support his hyung. Not just in the good times, but in the rough times, too.

“It’s ok, Yoongi. I’m being dramatic. I’ll find it when we get back.” Jimin whispered.

He could almost feel the relief rolling off Yoongi in waves.

“We will find it, Jimin-ah. I’ll cancel every show and look for it myself. I just- we can’t be late. There’s so much riding on this…”

“I know, hyung.”

“And I know I’m the reason why you’re so obsessive over that old ring, it’s all my fucking fault.”

“Hyung…”

“I’m sorry baby, please. I need you right now- and not here. I need you there. We need to leave.”

“DAMMIT HYUNG!”

Yoongi snapped out of his monologue and stared at Jimin in surprise.

“If you’re just gonna sit here rambling, then I’m gonna start looking for it again!”

Yoongi sighed and nodded.

“Right. Let’s roll.”

They loaded up Jimin’s car (Jimin refused to take the charger, since Yoongi hadn’t washed it in weeks) and headed out quickly.

“Should I drive?” He asked the elder as they pulled out of the driveway.

Yoongi shook his head, decisively.

“No, angel. You drove last night. Get some rest.”

That was music to Jimin’s tired ears. He turned around to throw his jacket in the backseat, and froze as if he’d seen a ghost.

“Min Yoongi. What the FUCK is that doing here?”

“What?”

“What?” Jimin repeated, incredulously. “WHAT?? THERE’S A WEAPON, THAT’S WHAT!!”

Yoongi went silent for a moment.

“It’s just a crowbar, Jimin-ah.”

Jemin was holding on to the door handle, trying to breathe. If they weren’t already speeding down the street, he would have gotten out of the car.

“I know what it is, Yoongi. Why is it HERE?”
Yoongi gave him a quick, side glance.

“Jesus, baby. Relax. I take Excalibur with me everywhere- as a rule and as a precaution. I had it with me on our very first fucking date. It’s no big deal.”

Jimin looked straight out of the windshield in disbelief. He had a crowbar on their first date?

“E-excalibur?” He repeated, faintly, rolling the foreign word around in his mouth.

“Yea. Like in King Arthur? Lancelot? Sword in the stone?”

Jimin was certain his boyfriend was losing his mind.

“I don’t want it here, Yoongi. We’re going to your parents, for God’s sake.”

Jimin looked at the backseat fearfully, as if the thing would jump up and try to attack them.

What on earth was Yoongi thinking? That thing was nearly a murderer weapon. It was evidence from the scene of a crime for fuck’s sake.

“Baby.” Yoongi said, calmly. “You realize that crowbars have other uses, right?”

Jimin blinked at him. All he would ever associate crowbars with for the rest of his life, was merciless ass whoopings.

And breaking hands.

“I-I don’t-” He started, uneasily, but the elder cut him off.

“Prying out nails? Opening crates? Pulling up floorboards? It’s one of the most useful tools in the world, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin stared at him, wildly.

“I guess, but-”

“And it has the extra benefit of getting me laid.” Yoongi added, with a smug smile.

Jimin turned his entire body in the seat to stare at the elder fully. He had half a mind to run them off the road.

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me.” Yoongi replied, lightly.

“I’m sure I didn’t.” Jimin spat back, acidly.

Yoongi laughed in response, still watching the road, while the younger bored holes into the side of his head.

“You wanna tell me what’s so goddamn funny?” Jimin asked, dangerously, as Yoongi laughed harder and harder.

“Think about it, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi said, with a wide grin. “Every time I’ve used that thing, you’ve crawled onto my dick. It’s a fucking lucky rabbit’s foot for getting ass.”

Jimin wasn’t laughing.
“Your ass, baby—no one else’s.” Yoongi clarified, quickly, still giggling.

Jimin considered this and decided Yoongi was high.

“You’re crazy, hyung. You only get my ass when I let you have it.” Jimin shot back, tired of Yoongi’s stupid laughter.

“Oh, I beg to differ.” Yoongi drawled. “Remember the Men’s Suits Emporium? You fucked me so hard after I knocked those guys out for you.”

Jimin went stone silent, as the burn reached his face.

Shit.

He had a point.

“I was traumatized!” Jimin said defensively, not ready to accept what Yoongi was saying, but not quite able to deny it, either.

“Traumatized right on to daddy’s cock.” Yoongi said, turning his face from the road to smile smugly at him.

Jimin’s face flushed and he was feeling decidedly harassed. So what if it was a teeny, tiny, little bit hot when Yoongi fought someone to protect him? Yoongi didn’t have to humiliate him over it.

“I hate you.” Jimin replied, not having anything else better to offer.

Another scoff from the elder.

“I messed Jackson and his bodyguard up just to find you. I saw a little hand action from that.” Yoongi continued, chummily.

“Just shut the fuck up, Yoongi!”

Jimin was staring out of his window now, trying and failing to hide his blush.

But he could tell the elder was on a roll and having the time of his life at Jimin’s expense.

“And let’s not forget Tony.” Yoongi said playfully.

Jimin shot a warning look at him. How dare he go there? It was WAY too soon.

Yoongi’s free hand was caressing Jimin’s thigh now, momentarily making Jimin forget what they were talking about.

“You were really traumatized over that one, weren’t you baby?”

Jimin sighed deeply and looked from the hand on his leg up to Yoongi’s face.

“Do you feel better now, hyung? You feel manly now?” Jimin asked, teasingly.

Yoongi shrugged, as he rubbed Jimin continuously.

“You obviously have a kink for me kicking ass. It’s nothing to be ashamed of, Jiminie.” Yoongi said, merging smoothly into the next lane with that smug smile plastered all over his face.

Jimin sulked in silence, stubbornly upset over how quickly Yoongi turned him into a blushing mess,
and even more upset because he was right about all of it.

His sulking was disturbed by Yoongi’s hand trailing slowly up his thigh, as the elder continued to touch him gently with his free hand.

“Keep your eyes on the road.” Jimin said, coldly, while secretly enjoying the massage.

“They are.” Yoongi responded, huskily.

“Then keep your hands on the damn wheel.”

Yoongi smirked.

“Tell me how much you like it when I defend you, and I’ll leave you alone- that is- if you want me to leave you alone.”

The elder’s hand had crept up to where it was basically grazing directly on Jimin’s crotch. The younger sucked in his breath, sharply. He was wearing a track suit. One of his nicer ones, chosen for comfort and style. They had been on the road a lot, and he was tired of squeezing in and out out of tight jeans while driving for elongated periods.

He was starting to regret the decision. The soft, silky material offered very little barrier to Yoongi’s large roaming hand. And with a pang of horror, he felt himself going hard at the touch. They had been too busy for intimacy lately, and Jimin’s dick was reminding him just how long it had been.

Jimin tried to sit up stiffly, but the movement only served to press his growing hard-on more firmly into Yoongi’s waiting hand. The elder was watching the road, patiently, even as he gave Jimin a gentle squeeze that sent the younger’s mind tumbling into a red haze of nothing but pure sex.

Jimin was furious with himself.

All these years, nearly his entire lifetime, of training his body to leap, twist, and soar, pushing himself to the limits and beyond- and here he was- melting, unable to stop himself from getting hopelessly hard at one touch from the elder.

He took a shuddering breath and had to physically restrain himself from bucking upwards into Yoongi’s hand again.

“Just say it.” Yoongi drawled, obviously enjoying Jimin’s torture.

Jimin was still being obstinately silent, until Yoongi’s thumb traced the entire length of his erection, resting at his head. The younger couldn’t help letting out a small “ah” of pleasure, when Yoongi started rubbing him there, moving the wetness beneath the fabric.

God, he needed this, but they were on the freeway now, and there was nowhere to pull over. Their lives were worth more than a hand job.

Sort of.

“Ok! Ok…” Jimin hissed, when Yoongi grasped him fully, as if his dick was the gear shift.

“I like it, ok!”

“You like what?” Yoongi asked, innocently, still squeezing him gently.

Jimin’s head was spinning and he instinctively widened his legs as much as possible in his seat.
“I like it when you defend me.” Jimin said tensely through gritted teeth.

Yoongi laughed and Jimin felt an immediate surge of anger at the ringing sound.

“I like it, too.” Yoongi said softly, cupping him one last time, before letting go.

Despite his annoyance, Jimin missed his touch. He was truly, very horny, and even with Yoongi’s hand gone, his erection hadn’t gone down a millimeter.

Maybe he could just…?

A slow, evil smile spread across Jimin’s face.

Jimin leaned back and brought his hand down between his legs, shamelessly. He yawned, comfortably, as he began to palm himself with slow, deliberate motions.

Yoongi’s head snapped towards him so hard, he could have sworn he heard his neck crack.

“What are you doing?” Yoongi demanded.

Jimin ignored him. Yoongi could see damn well what he was doing.

He stretched again, and pulled down his pants and boxers, allowing his erection to spring free. He licked his hand seductively, while staring at the elder.

Yoongi went rigidly tense beside him.

“You think that’s funny, don’t you?” Yoongi asked with zero humor.

In his peripheral vision, Jimin could see Yoongi’s head was shifting back and forth from the road to his cock, which the younger was now pumping slowly.

Jimin turned to him and smiled, languidly.

“You know, hyung… I was just thinking of how sexy it is when you... Mmmm.” Jimin paused dramatically to moan and jerk himself faster. “Start kicking ass, and mmmm… Couldn’t help but touch myself…”

Yoongi was stock still, except for a small vein that was pulsing erratically in his neck.

“Stop it, Jimin. I’m-I’m fucking driving.”

Jimin released the seat, so he was laying all the way back now, and jacking off straight to the roof of the car. He loved the fact that the tables had turned, but he was almost too lost in the guilty pleasure of his masturbation to care about that. The fact that Yoongi was in turmoil, stealing glances at him when he could, was turning Jimin on incredibly.

He forced himself to carry on the charade, even as he felt his climax approaching.

“Can’t help it… Hyung… I just have a kink, you know? It’s the… Mmmm… It’s the trauma of it all…”

Yoongi’s breathing was labored, even moreso than Jimin’s, whose eyes were closed in wanton abandon as he stroked himself endlessly.

“Goddamn you, Jimin-ah. What the fuck…”
“Yoongi!!” Jimin wailed, his voice laced with ridiculous dramatic effect. “Oh, Yoongi, DEFEND MEEEEEE!”

Jimin wished badly that he could record this to playback in Yoongi’s face later, but he was seconds away from erupting, and his head was filled with white noise.

Suddenly, Yoongi’s hand was around his dick, pumping him hard, and Jimin jumped straight into his climax, yelping for real this time, as he came violently on himself. His eyes flew open in shock.

They were at a red light.

Of course.

Jimin rolled his eyes, and brought the seat back up.

“A little help?” Yoongi asked, smugly wiggling his long fingers. There was thick white cum coating his hand.

“You should have thought of that before you touched me, idiot.” Jimin spat, yanking open the glove compartment, and shoving a fistful of tissues at the elder.

Yoongi shrugged, carelessly.

“You looked like you could use a hand, you little shit.”

The pair laughed at this, as Jimin re-dressed himself. His release had suddenly made him very tired. After cleaning up, he put the seat back into position and curled up for a nap.

“I still hate that you have that thing in my car, hyung.” Jimin said, drowsily.

Yoongi hummed his acknowledgement.

“I’ll throw it in the trunk, when we stop for gas, ok baby? I promise you’ll never see it again. Now, kiss me before you go to sleep.”

Jimin turned and looked at him.

“Green light, hyung.” He said, with a smug smile of his own, before laying back down.
Jimin knew that Yoongi had grown up poor, but he wasn’t mentally prepared for how rural the elder’s childhood home was.

He had slept most of the way there, but was awakened sharply by the change of terrain. Unlike the smooth highways and main roads, the village streets leading to Yoongi’s parent’s place were broken and uneven.

Jimin bounced along uncomfortably until he finally cracked an eye open to see where the hell they were.

“Hang on to something, sleeping beauty.” Yoongi said flatly, as he concentrated on negotiating his way around an enormous pothole.

Jimin adjusted his seat and sat up. Looking out of the window in shock, he noticed that much of the road was gone. It was just a pile of rubble with gravel used to fill the gaping holes. The car’s undercarriage was scraping and grinding against the rocky ground, as it dipped and dropped, banging along the unparalleled surface.

He wondered distantly if his car would even survive this little off-road adventure- then suddenly, an even bigger, far more serious question suddenly took over his mind.

Or rather, his nose.

“What is that smell, hyung???

Yoongi smiled thinly.

“Welcome to the stinking fish town.” The elder declared with mock cheerfulness.

Jimin didn’t want to be rude, but stinking fish town was totally accurate. He liked fish. LOVED fish, even. But the smell was absolutely overpowering. All encompassing. He was used to the delicious aroma of cooked fish, not raw, gutted, fish in various states of freshness or decay.

The stench was EVERYWHERE.

He could almost see the scent curling around him, seeping in through the vents, like a malignant, smelly spirit oozing into the car.

“It-I-I, fuck, hyung…”

Jimin couldn’t hide the disgust in his face or his voice anymore. He wanted to jump into a bathtub and drown himself in the soapy bubbles.

“You’ll get used to it, Jimin-ah. Give it a few hours.”

He nodded, mutely, not trusting himself to speak, for fear of tasting the smell in his mouth. He turned to the elder, and made a series of hand gestures, trying desperately to communicate via sign language.

“What?” Yoongi asked, confused.

Jimin gesticulated wildly at him.
“Fucking talk, Jimin-ah!”

Jimin gasped from holding his breath for so long.

“ARE WE THERE YET!??” He shrieked in a little whisper.

Yoongi ignored him, turning back to the road where he was now carefully driving through a bunch of wild chickens.

Jimin got the hint and decided to keep quiet, watching the scenery around him. He counted exactly 1 gas station, 1 bank, a police station that appeared to be abandoned, and a tiny, battered looking mart.

It seemed that the main activity in this town occurred on the streets. It was a bustling thoroughfare of pop-up markets for fresh produce, meat, and of course, fish, as well as clothes, shoes, and well, more fish.

The sound of voices heckling and bargaining were all around him, and many small children turned to follow the path of Jimin’s Nissan, as if it was a presidential motorcade.

After a century, that was actually about 10 minutes, Yoongi came to a bouncing, bucking, screeching halt in front of a small home. A very small home.

Even calling it a home, seemed like a stretch.

Jimin remembered Umma’s house. THAT was a home. It was small, but cosy- like a cottage. This was just… small and cold looking. The roof was patched in many places, and it looked like the house had been updated over the years, but only in bits and pieces, so it was like a standing patchwork quilt.

“This is… cute, hyung.” Jimin said encouragingly, rubbing Yoongi’s arm, which was taut from how hard he was gripping the steering wheel.

Yoongi swallowed and shut off the engine.

“We should have booked a hotel.” The elder said, softly.

Jimin’s mind was screaming YES, but he forced his mouth to speak words of disagreement.

“No, Yoongi. Umma said your mother is thrilled to see you. We can’t go to a hotel. We’re gonna stay here, and it’s gonna be great. Come on, daddy…”

He felt a kiss would be helpful, but there were still a few kids eyeing the sparkly silver car like they’d never seen one before. Come to think of it, the only cars Jimin saw in the tiny town were rusty work trucks and dusty little cabs. His Nissan was a late model, but definitely not a head turner.

The people here seemed to think differently, though.

Yoongi sighed and nodded. He had a look of resignation on his handsome features as he exited the driver’s side and grabbed their bags from the trunk.

They approached the dusty walkway to the front door. It was actually a nice, rich, mahogany color, with a pretty silver knocker. The new door stood in stark contrast with the rest of the aging, browning structure. He was surprised to see Yoongi drop the bags at the door and start walking around to the back.

Jimin scampered after him.
“Hey! Where are you going?’”

Yoongi looked back and seemed to remember Jimin was there.

“Oh. No one is ever at the front of the house- not at this time of the day.’”

He continued to stalk around and Jimin followed him until they got to the backyard.

Once there, Jimin could only stare.

It was like a different world.

There was a gorgeous lake that came right to the edge of a deck lined with blossoming trees. Jimin looked behind him to where the dusty road and running chickens were, then looked back at the stunning oasis and couldn’t believe it was the same place. The fish smell was still strong, and there were baskets of fresh catch everywhere- but the crisp, lakeside breeze was ventilating the area well.

A small boat was slicing through the calm surface of the water and he saw the strong back and shoulders of a man standing straight up with impeccable balance, holding a fishing rod with serious concentration.

“Yoongi?” A breathless whisper said from the backdoor of the house.

Jimin whipped around to see a pretty woman who looked exactly like Yoongi with a black shoulder length bob. He cut his eyes between his boyfriend and the lady, completely baffled. They were TWINS.

Yoongi looked thunderstruck and didn’t seem to be able to speak.

“Uh... Hello!” Jimin said, trying to break the awkward silence. “Annyeonghaseyo!” He said again, bowing low and smiling at her, and was rewarded with a gummy smile in return. He recognized Yoongi’s signature grin, and while it was cute on him, it was beautiful on his young mother.

She stepped down the few wobbly steps and came towards them. Her movements were dainty and pretty, and her light spring dress swung around her calves. She was thinly built, and pale as porcelain, with raven black hair.

She looked like a Korean snow white.

“You must be… Jimin? My mother was right. You have kind eyes.” She said, quietly. Every word was a breathy whisper. Her voice was as soft as gossamer. Jimin wouldn’t have been surprised if she started singing to the birds and they flocked all around her like she was a princess in a Disney movie- more than a princess.

A queen.

Yoongi - the male Yoongi- moved suddenly.

“Eomeoni.” The elder said, quietly, but his voice was deep with emotion. “How are you?”

“Come!” She said brightly, ignoring her son’s question. She grasped them both with her feather like hands and led them into the small house, skipping along like a happy child.

The interior was as unforgiving as the outside of the house. The furniture was hard with very little cushioning, and everything in the home looked like it was chosen without a single thought towards comfort. The colors were dark or just colorless, and there wasn’t a hint of decoration.
Not even a welcome mat.

Still, Yoongi’s mother was like a shining star, totally untouched by her drab surroundings. Even the fish smell wasn’t on her. She was in some kind of impenetrable bubble of beauty and happiness.

“You’re- I mean- it’s really lovely. It’s lovely here.” Jimin gushed, correcting himself quickly.

She just smiled and touched his face, softly, before returning to the food she was cooking. Instinctively, he brought his hand to where she had placed hers on his cheek, and he knew he was blushing.

Yoongi rolled his eyes, and went to the front door to bring the bags in.

“I’ll go put these in my room.” Yoongi said, pointlessly.

Jimin wasn’t listening or even looking in his direction.

“Can I help you?” He asked Mrs. Min, ignoring Yoongi completely.

She looked at him with the sweetest smile, and shook her head softly.

“I insist! Please!” He asked, again, completely mesmerized by the woman.

This time she brought her finger to her lips gently, and made a shushing sound at him.

A moment later, he understood why, as the backdoor swung open and a small, but very strong looking man stumped into the kitchen.

Immediately, she dropped her cooking spoon and dashed to help him out of his heavy boots and gloves. Mr. Min stood there quietly, with an expressionless face that Jimin knew all too well. It appeared that Yoongi had inherited his winning personality from his father.

Jimin didn’t know how he felt about seeing Mrs. Min behaving like an obedient servant, stripping her husband out of his work gear, while the man stood there like an entitled statue. But suddenly, the scene changed so quickly, that Jimin’s brain could barely keep up with what he was seeing.

Mr. Min, now free of his gloves, held Yoongi’s mother closely, then lifted her right into his arms, bridal style, nuzzling her hair and inhaling deeply. He hummed in pleasure with his eyes closed, and she giggled, and he laughed in response, with a deep, warm rumbling sound.

Jimin was broiling with embarrassment now, as he witnessed the lovers not exactly being nasty, but just too damn intimate. He averted his eyes, and let his body drift towards wherever the hell Yoongi might be, when Mr. Min spoke up.

“Wait.” He said in a deep, commanding voice.

Jimin halted, and looked back at the couple.

But the man just continued to kiss and snuggle his wife, who was still giggling like a schoolgirl in his muscular arms. She whispered to her husband in a light, breathy voice and he spoke quietly back to her, cooing at her like a baby.

Jimin stared at them red faced, until Mr. Min finally put his wife down, very slowly and reluctantly, before turning to Jimin like he was an afterthought.

“Welcome to our home, Park Jimin.” He said tonelessly, and without a smile.
Jimin opened his mouth but had no words.

Before he could speak a proper greeting, Mr. Min stumped off and out of sight.

Yoongi’s mom busied herself with dishing out portions of great smelling food, humming happily, while Jimin stood there, shell shocked and speechless.

“Here. For you boys.” She chirped at him, pushing two heaping bowls his way.

Jimin looked down at them and back at her stupidly, but she was already walking away with a tray and bottle of wine.

She stopped and smiled her darling smile at him.

“Mr. Min and I always eat privately.” She explained in her sweet voice. “Go find your oppa.”

And then she was gone.

Well, then.

Jimin tiptoed throughout the tiny home with the bowls in hand, trying to find Yoongi’s quarters. Even though it was little more than a one level shack, it was surprisingly roomy and quite maze-like. Finally, he located his boyfriend by his snoring, and opened the door to find him fast asleep on the small bed in his room.

Jimin sighed and placed the food down on the rickety little desk, and checked his watch.

4pm.

So, this is what he had rushed his ass off for? To watch the Min’s cuddle and go eat privately, while Yoongi passed out?

He scoffed, irritated, and laid down next to Yoongi trying hard not to think about what the Min’s were doing right now. That bottle of wine did not seem innocent. In fact, everything the couple did seemed pretty damn erotic. Is that how all parents behaved? Just pawing all over each other all the time?

Maybe there were some perks to being orphaned, after all.

He nestled closer to Yoongi and kissed him, but the elder just grunted and turned around.

Jimin yawned.

The bed was small, and hard, but so much better than sleeping in the car…

“Jimin-ah.”

Yoongi was laughing now. Holding Jimin in his arms and nuzzling his hair…

All around them, was crisp lake breeze…

“JIMIN!!” Yoongi bellowed, smacking his cheek lightly.

Jimin woke with a start, as his dream dissolved. Yoongi was leaning over the younger with a scowl, and there was no lake breeze anywhere.
“Get up, baby. There’s food.”

Jimin stretched, with a confused look.

“Food? Hyung, lunch is still… here?” He looked around and didn’t see the bowls anywhere.

Where did they go?

“They were right here, hyung!”

Yoongi looked at him, strangely.

“It’s 9pm, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin jerked upwards, shocked, and looked outside for proof.

Sure enough, it was pitch dark out there. Glancing at his watch, he saw that Yoongi was right.

“We were tired, angel.” Yoongi said, gently. “We needed the rest.”

Jimin’s stomach growled, and he realized he had slept off before eating. He grabbed a plate of fish and rice.

“Will we eat with your parents now?” He asked the elder.

A dark look clouded Yoongi’s face.

“They eat alone.” He answered, tightly.

“All the time?” Jimin pressed, between mouthfuls. “You haven’t even seen your dad yet, hyung.”

“Not all the time- but most of the time. And I’ll see him when I see him, Jimin-ah.”

Yoongi was tense and seemed extremely jumpy.

Jimin thought it was pretty funny how big, bad Min Yoongi was so nervous from being back home.

“So, when they say “eat alone”, is that just code for fucking?” The younger asked, bluntly.

Yoongi was putting his belt on, and stopped completely to stare at Jimin with a terrified expression.

Jimin laughed at him.

“They’re fucking, hyung. A lot. I thought they were gonna start right in front of me!”

“Enough, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi choked out.

But Jimin was having way too much fun to stop now.

“Come on, Yoongi. Your mom is a supermodel and she looks 25. I swear I turned straight for a minute, when I first saw her. There’s no way Mr. Min isn’t all over that-”

“Seriously?” Yoongi interjected, with a bored voice.

“You don’t think every friend and male teacher I ever had hasn’t jacked off thinking about my mom? Join the club, Jimin-ah. Hobi used to write her love letters for fuck’s sake, and you won’t even believe the shit Monnie did.”
Jimin was laughing into his food now.

Imagining a stone faced, teenaged Yoongi fighting off a bunch of hormonal boys all hot for his mother was just too hilarious.

“You look just like her, hyung. And you act just like your dad.”

“I’m nothing like him.” Yoongi retorted, sharply.

“Well, you should be.” Jimin taunted. “He melts for her. It’s magical to watch, even if it’s a little weird. I guess I know how Hobi feels now.”

“I fucking melt for you, Jimin-ah! Where’s all this coming from, anyway?”

Yoongi paused and looked at the younger quizzically.

“Oh, no… You saw him come in and pick her up, didn’t you? Jesus, I can’t believe they still do that shit.”

“It’s beautiful, hyung!”

“It’s gross.”

“No, what’s gross is what happens after they drink that wine.” Jimin said, between peals of laughter.

Yoongi ignored him, and that was when Jimin realized the elder was fully dressed. He had obviously showered at some point, and he’d eaten already, too.

“Are we going somewhere, hyung?”

“I am.” Yoongi said, carefully. “I won’t be long.”

Jimin put down his plate, as his appetite vanished.

“You’re leaving me here?”

“It’s not a lions den, Jimin! Relax. I’m meeting up with some friends, that’s all.”

Jimin tried to be reasonable, but he couldn’t help the rage building inside of him. They just drove hours away from home on a weekend that Jimin could be using to rest, and now Yoongi was just going to abandon him to go see FRIENDS?

Deep down, there was also a pang of hurt. Why couldn’t Yoongi introduce Jimin to his friends? He already knew Hobi and Monnie?

“I mean- if I had known you were going out to have fun, I could have made my own plans for tonight, hyung.” It was difficult to hide the pain in his voice.

He was already scheduled to see Taehyung tomorrow, but had assumed him and Yoongi would be tied up tonight, perhaps having dinner with the elder’s parents.

It was obvious that he was dead wrong.

Yoongi pulled on his jacket and came close to him.

“Baby. I won’t even be two fucking hours. And I never said anything about fun. There’s no show,
there’s no girls. It’s just a brief meet-up with some friends to discuss some music stuff at Hobi’s place. You don’t know them, and you wouldn’t be comfortable. Don’t make this into more than what it is. Please, angel.”

Jimin sighed and nodded. He wasn’t ready to give in, but he didn’t want to look like a clingy mess, either. He was fine, perfectly fine, staying home alone, but in their home, not Yoongi’s parent’s house.

“Two hours, Yoongi, and not a second more. It’s awkward being here by myself. What do I tell your parents if they ask for you?”

Yoongi snorted at him.

“I’m not twelve. Just say I’m out. Besides, they don’t leave their room after 8pm.”

Jimin contemplated that statement and decided not to ask.

Yoongi suddenly kissed him softly, and Jimin stubbornly didn’t return it. Yoongi held his face and kissed him again, even softer this time, and Jimin finally kissed him back.

“I love you.” The elder whispered, kissing him again.

Jimin raised an eyebrow at him.

“Of course you do, hyung. I can really feel all that love right now.”

“Jimin... I love you.”

Yoongi was staring at him so piercingly, it was almost uncomfortable.

“I love you, too, hyung. You know that.”

Satisfied, Yoongi nodded and left the room.

Jimin sighed and ran through his entertainment options, mentally. He didn’t see a TV anywhere in the house, and he wasn’t prepared to wander around looking for one.

He pulled out his phone and decided to find something to watch.

It was going to be a long two hours.
Yoongi and Hobi exchanged an uneasy look.

“Should we just tell him, hyung? We need to.” Hobi said, seriously.

They were seated in Hobi’s car outside of a grandly lit restaurant. It wasn’t much by big city standards, but for this part of town, it was a pretty decent place. Yoongi had rendezvoused with his best friend deep in the back alleyways of the establishment, according to their plan.

Between them, on the center console, was Yoongi’s phone. It was currently on speaker, and set to ‘mute’ so the caller couldn’t hear the friends talking.

Guys? Hello??

Hobi glanced at Yoongi again. The elder nodded, decisively, then took the phone off mute.

“We’re here, Monnie hyung.” Yoongi said, finally.

Shit. Ok, cool. I thought I lost you guys.

“Nope, we can hear you loud and clear, hyung.” Hobi said, scratching his neck, nervously.

Alright. Where the fuck are you, anyway? Should I order something for you while you’re on the way?

Hobi motioned at the phone, signaling for Yoongi to speak up.

Yoongi pointed back at him, frantically.

Hobi then flicked him off, and pointed at the phone again.

Hello??

Yoongi cleared his throat.

“So, um, hyung… Actually-”

Hang on, Yoongs, lemme see what the steak is all about- HEY!

Hobi and Yoongi listened as Namjoon flagged down a waiter and discussed the steak options.

The thought of food was actually hurting Yoongi’s stomach.
The steak sounds pretty good, guys. Takes a while to cook though, so I’ll put our orders in now.
Why the hell aren’t you here yet?

Hobi shot a warning look at Yoongi and tapped his wrist rapidly.

Yoongi got the point. They were running out of time.

And timing was everything right now.

He exhaled and tried again.

“Hyung, I need you to do somethi-”

Hang on. I’m gonna check the drink menu-

“Namjoon!” Yoongi said sharply, dropping honorifics to get his friend’s attention off the fucking drink menu.

It worked.

That’s HYUNG to you, assface. What? Are you here?

”Monnie hyung, I need you to very carefully, and very tactfully, look at the back of the restaurant and tell me if you see a red door.” Yoongi said, quickly.

The line went completely silent as Namjoon processed this request.

What did you say???

Namjoon’s voice had climbed several octaves higher than normal.

Yoongi knew in that moment that this was a bad idea. A REALLY bad idea.

But it was their only shot.

Hobi stared at him in the car and motioned him to continue.

“Look, hyung… Imagine that you’re checking out a hot chick, but you don’t want her to know you’re looking?

Okayyyyy…?

“That’s how I need you to check if you see a red fucking door.” Yoongi finished, impatiently.

WHY??

“Dammit, hyung, COME ON!” Hobi yelled into the phone, unable to hold back any longer.

What the fuck? The whole back wall is fucking red!!

“Good! Now, do you see a DOOR?” Hobi pressed.

Silence again, from Namjoon. And then:

We’re not having dinner, are we? We were NEVER fucking having dinner! You bitch asses are using me for something!!
Hobi and Yoongi both went quiet, completely caught red-handed.

**Man, FUCK you guys!**

“I said we should tell him- I told you!” Hobi said, pointing at Yoongi accusingly.

Yoongi smacked his friend’s finger away, before yelling back at him.

“He would never have agreed to it if we did, genius! That’s why *I* make the fucking plans!”

*I’m outta here! Screw you both and your plans!*

“WAIT!!” Hobi and Yoongi screamed in unison.

“It’s important, hyung,” Yoongi added softly, “It’s really fucking important.”

**Important to YOU, means dangerous for ME. I’m LEAVING.**

Namjoon’s voice had dropped to a terrified whisper.

“Hyung- wait. Seriously! Wait!” Hobi pleaded. “You can’t just walk out looking like you’re scared shitless. You’re gonna draw attention to yourself. Just follow my instructions and you’ll be fine, hyung. We wouldn’t put you in harm’s way. I swear.”

**FUCK you, Hobi. I hate you both, and I swear if I die here, I’m gonna fucking KILL YOU. Now, what the fuck do I do?**

“Alright.” Yoongi said, completely ignoring Namjoon’s hate speech. “That door? Do you see it?”

**Yes, you dick!**

“Is there anyone standing in front of it? And remember- be subtle! Be VERY subtle.”

Namjoon took a series of very deep, unsteady breaths, as the two friends waited for his information.

**There’s one guy. And he looks very fucking harmful, by the way.**

“One guy? Are you sure, Monnie?” Hobi pressed.

**YES. Can I go now??**

“Fuck it, hyung, let’s rock.” Hobi said, snapping his new leather gloves on, hurriedly.

“Wait, Hobi-yah.” Yoongi said, placing a hand on his friend’s shoulder.

Something wasn’t right.

“Monnie hyung, check again.”

**No! I’m not looking back there again. Fuck you! I can’t believe you just got back into town and you’re pulling this shit. Have you both lost your minds? Where’s Jimin??**

Yoongi paused at Monnie’s words. Maybe he *had* lost his mind.

He thought about Jimin laying there in his childhood bed, totally unaware that Yoongi had lied to his face.
Maybe they should call this whole thing off…

Hobi, through the psychic connection of their life long friendship, sensed Yoongi’s unease and put a gloved hand on his neck.

“Focus, hyung.” His friend whispered to him.

Yoongi blinked like he was waking from a trance.

Hobi was right.

This wouldn’t work if he let himself get distracted.

“Monnie, hyung.” Hobi said, speaking into the phone now. “The napkin holders are reflective. Pick one up and use it to look behind you. What do you see??”

Surprisingly, Namjoon did as he was told without raining a litany of curses upon them.

*Ok. Wait. Wait… Another guy is walking up to the first guy and… Um… Shit. Ok, the first guy is leaving and the second guy just took his place.*

“Where’s he going? Use the napkin holder. Follow him slowly.” Hobi prompted.

*I don’t fucking know! Oh wait, wait, wait!! He went to the shitter. Yea, definitely the shit house.*

“He’s on a bathroom break. I’m going in.” Hobi declared. “Monnie, when you see me, you can leave. And for fuck’s sake don’t run out like a bitch- just walk.”

*Hurry up, man!*

Hobi was already stepping out of the car, when Yoongi pulled him back.

“Hobi-yah!”

His friend looked at him, impatiently.

“Yea?”

Yoongi’s mouth was dry. This shit was really going down.

“Maybe I should go?” He offered.

Hobi shook his head in the negative.

“Save your strength, brother. I got this.”

“Wait!” Yoongi called again.

Hobi turned around with an exasperated sigh.

“B-be careful.” Yoongi stammered like an 8 year old girl.

Hobi cocked his head at him.

“Wanna kiss me goodbye, hyung? I’ll be back in three fucking minutes.”

Yoongi nodded mutely, admiring his friend’s fearlessness.
He used to be like that once—before he had Jimin to live for.

Hobi jogged to the entrance, and slowed to a stroll as he walked in the building. He looked around, casually, then made his way to the men’s restroom.

Before the door had swung fully closed, Yoongi saw Namjoon get up and head for the exit, then awkwardly turn around for no reason. His sudden movement made him bump into not one, but TWO waiters, causing them to drop about a dozen plates between them.

Yoongi watched in silent horror as Namjoon set off a cascade of destruction, slipping on the broken plates, then trying to balance himself on a nearby table, which flipped over from his weight, sending even more plates of food crashing to the floor.

Every head was turned towards the tall blonde, who was bowing repeatedly, trying to apologize to everyone at once.

Hobi stepped out of the restroom at that moment, took one quick look at the floor, then up to his friend, and swiftly walked out of the restaurant as if he didn’t know him.

“Well, the good news is, Monnie’s noise distracted our guy, so I could take him out.” Hobi said, cheerfully, when he got back into the car. “I swear, I don’t know why we keep bringing him to these things, hyung.”

Yoongi didn’t reply. He was too busy being relieved that Hobi had emerged from the restroom unscathed. For some reason, he felt that this entire operation was cursed. Even though they had meticulously gone over every last detail, he had a terrible sense of foreboding that something was going to go horribly wrong. He felt like a cat who had already spent 8 of its 9 lives, managing to survive a decade worth of dangerous situations.

But tonight, on the last and most dangerous mission of all, he couldn’t help but have the premonition that his luck was about to run out.

*It’s just nerves, Yoongi. Get it together!*

“Take me the fuck home.” Namjoon ordered, as soon as he got in the backseat.

“Where’s your car?” Hobi asked. “Did you destroy that, too?”

“No. I cabbed here, cus I thought I’d be riding with you guys, you fucking big nosed motherfuck-”

“Monnie, we can’t leave.” Yoongi interjected, while still watching the restaurant carefully.

Namjoon made a choking sound in the back of the car.

“Listen to me you skinny bastard. I REFUSE to fucking stay he-”

“Yoongi hyung!” Hobi said sharply, interrupting Namjoon again, and pointing at the restaurant.

“I see it, Hobi-yah.”

The second guard had noticed his partner’s bathroom break was taking too long. They could tell by the way he kept checking his watch and craning his neck towards the restroom.

“We’ll wait for him to go in and check, then I’ll go take him out.” Hobi said, with his hand resting on the car door handle.
Namjoon had started whimpering pathetically now.

“No.” Yoongi said, decisively, as he removed his seatbelt. “I’m going in.”

“Hyung, let me-”

“I’m going, Hobi.”

He couldn’t shake the bad news feeling. If something was about to go down, he wasn’t going to send his best friend right into the middle of it.

The guard was walking towards the restroom.

It was now or never.

Yoongi hopped out and walked briskly to the entrance. Like Hobi, he stepped inside casually, looking at a menu on the wall. From the corner of his eye he saw the guard enter the bathroom, and drifted in after him.

There was only one other man at the urinal, thank goodness. The guard was looking around carefully, and rounded the corner of the large bathroom to where the stalls were.

Yoongi followed him.

At the same time, both men saw a foot sticking out from under the furthest stall. The guard glanced back at Yoongi with a wary expression, as he opened the door to see what had become of his co-worker.

“Hey- do you need help man?” Yoongi asked, kindly.

“No, just get outta here.” The guard replied, taking out his phone.

Yoongi flashed his way over until he was standing right behind him. He couldn’t let that guard make a call.

“Oh my God! What the hell happened? Do you know him???” Yoongi questioned with fake concern.

Hobi had clocked the fucker pretty hard. The man’s pants were still down, and his belt was used to tie his hands and feet together.

“Hey, back up man!” The guard roared at Yoongi. “I said get outta-”

The guard’s last words were cut off when Yoongi brought a taser to his neck. The man rattled for a few seconds and dropped to his knees, but he wasn’t quite knocked out yet.

Yoongi heard footsteps approaching and loud laughter.

Shit.

He quickly grabbed the guard’s hair and pounded his face against the porcelain seat, trying to knock him unconscious.

The laughter was getting closer.

With a final gurgle, the guard slid to the floor, motionless.
Yoongi picked up the guard’s phone and scurried out of the stall, and came face to face with three young men.

All their laughter died when they saw two sets of feet sticking out of from under the stall.

“Drunken.” Yoongi said, laughing nervously, while trying frantically to think on his feet. “Those two could never handle their liquor, man. They both just fucking puked and passed out. I’m trying to call their wives now.” He finished, with a helpless shrug.

The three men blinked at him.

“The drinks here are pretty strong.” One young man said, nodding. The other two laughed in agreement.

“I’m almost on my ass right now!” Yoongi replied, eliciting more laughter from the trio.

“Did you drink the special?” Another kid asked, with a wide smile.

Fuck.

“Of course! I had doubles of the, uh, of that. The special. It was… It was strong. Way too strong for those two bitches.” Yoongi lied, desperately.

The kid nodded, knowingly.

“It was the splash of strawberry puree that really did the trick. It masked the taste of the rum, you know?”

Yoongi stared at him.

Strawberry puree? What kind of pussy bitch drinkers were they?

“Yeaaa…” Yoongi said, uncertainly. “Yup, that-that did it.”

“Always leave the lightweights at home when you go out.” The kid continued, solemnly, as if he was an old, weathered man delivering the greatest wisdom.

“I wish someone had told me that three hours ago!” Yoongi quipped with a painful grin.

More laughter from the young men.

“Can we help you?” The tallest of the three inquired, stepping forward.

Yoongi’s heart nearly exploded. It would be tough to push the drunk story, if they see one man tied up in a belt.

“Nah, no-no-no. It’s not pretty in there, man. But-uh-do you have a pen and some paper?” Yoongi asked, cheerfully, hoping he didn’t have to take out all three of these kids.

The trio fumbled in their pockets and between them, were able to produce a wrinkled piece of paper and a marker. Yoongi accepted them with a smile, and wrote a quick “out of order” note.

“Any gum?” He asked the kids.
The tallest one procured a piece, before going into another stall. The other two kids wandered over to
the urinals.

He chewed happily for a few seconds, pretending to chat on the phone with one of the wives, then
tacked the out of service note to the stall door. Before leaving, he carefully arranged the guard’s
bodies so their feet wouldn’t show.

“Easy on those shots, man!” The kids yelled out to him, as he exited the restroom. He waved at them
and hauled ass out of the restaurant, breaking through the front doors like a man freed from captivity.

Hobi was staring at him as soon as he was outside.

“Tooled you fucking long enough.” Hobi barked.

“Yea, I’m fine thanks, Hobi-yah.” Yoongi retorted.

Hobi folded his arms.

“I didn’t fucking ask, hyung. You’re getting slow as shit, too. What’s the move now?”

Yoongi was messing around with the guard’s phone, while doggedly ignoring Hobi. Miraculously,
the thing was unlocked and he was able to reply a text sent by another guard, and tell him that things
were fine and they didn’t need to be relieved anytime soon.

This was amazing. It was as if lady luck was riding with them the whole time. Even though Yoongi
still had a black cloud of doom hanging over his head, it appeared that everything was going fucking
perfectly, so far.

Yoongi quickly recounted all his good fortune.

Jin was at the restaurant, just like he had hoped and expected. He always knew that the Pink Panther
came here every Saturday night to discuss business with his close contacts. But the fucker could have
decided not to come tonight, or had a stomach ache, or been out of town- but no. He was here.

He was fucking here.

And he only had two guards upstairs, which they’d already taken care of. Piece of cake. And
Yoongi had also been able to effectively fool those kids, without any drama.

As a bonus, he got into a guard’s phone, enabling him to send fake texts. And as a SUPER bonus,
the code for the fucking door that led downstairs to Jin’s private dining room was actually taped to
the back of the phone.

And Jin only ate with one guard.

Just one fucking guard.

Could shit get any better? God himself seemed to be paving the way for this mission to be successful.

“Hyung!” Hobi repeated, impatiently.

Yoongi looked at him, snapping out of his reverie.

“I’m not slow, Hobi. I covered my tracks and yours. You’re just getting sloppy.”

Hobi snorted and spat on the ground, rudely.
“Excuse me, hyung. I went in bare handed, like a man. *You* took a rape whistle.”

“It’s a *taser*, Hobi. And watch your mouth before I shove it up your ass.”

Hobi laughed.

“What’s the next move, hyung?”

“I got the code for the door. I’m going downstairs.” Yoongi replied, looking at the back of the phone for reassurance.

“We’re going downstairs.” Hobi corrected.

Yoongi glanced at his watch, waiting for the exact moment to strike. He needed to be down there in time for phase 2, not a moment too soon or too late.

“No, Hobi-yah. Not this time. I’ll be ok, brother. Just- wait for me. And no matter what, don’t call the cops.”

Jin had almost fatally wounded Yoongi once. He would never live with himself if something like that happened to his best friend.

Hobi stared at him.

“What if Jin has more than one guard, Yoongi? There could be ten fucking men down there!”

“Hobi, please-”

Yoongi didn’t have time to start considering every eventuality. All he could do was trust in his information.

And pray.

“No, hyung. I CANNOT face Park Jimin and explain to him how something happened to you, while I was sitting here with my thumb up my ass.” Hobi said heatedly, pointing a gloved finger at him.

“We go in *together*. We come out *together*. Or we don’t come out at all.”

Yoongi hissed in annoyance.


The friends stood there in tense silence for a long moment that Yoongi didn’t have to waste.

“Why are we talking like we’re planning to die tonight?” Hobi asked, finally.

Yoongi rubbed his face, tiredly. He suddenly felt 97 years old.

“No one ever plans for that, Hobi. But it happens.”

Hobi moved closer to him. His normally happy face was downcast and somber.

“If everything goes as planned, hyung, then this is the last time we’ll ever have to do something like this. It’s our final run, man. Our last blaze of glory. We started together. We’ll *finish* together.”
“He almost killed me, Hobi.” Yoongi replied forcefully, willing his friend to understand.

“Cus I wasn’t there, hyung.” Hobi shot back, stubbornly.

Yoongi sighed in defeat.

There would never be another Jung Hoseok. Not in this world or the next.

“I don’t know what to say, man. I just…” Yoongi trailed off, unable to find the right words to describe how much he loved his friend.

Hobi placed both hands on Yoongi’s shoulders, and pulled him into a strong embrace. Yoongi held him, and they slapped each other on the back with affection. He was grateful that they could use touch when words failed them.

“Don’t get any ideas, hyung. Keep your hands where I can see them.” Hobi chided.

The pair laughed. It was tense, nervous laughter, but it still felt good.

“Let’s roll. It’s time.” Hobi declared, releasing him and heading for the door. “And don’t look at my ass.” He shot over his shoulder.

“What ass?” Yoongi quipped, as he followed his friend.

“Yoongi?!”

Hobi and Yoongi twisted around.

The person in front of them looked like Jimin. It sounded like Jimin.

But Yoongi’s mind rejected the fact that the younger was really there. That was simply IMPOSSIBLE.

A few diners left the building and walked past them, slicing through the thick silence with jokes and merriment. The restaurant was closing soon.

Time was running out.

“Oh, hey! It’s the bathroom dude! Hey man! You doing ok? Need a ride home?”

Yoongi turned to the speaking voice and recognized the group of young men from the bathroom. He smiled weakly at them, as they sailed past waving and laughing.

Jimin’s eyes were saucer shaped, snapping from the trio of boys, to an ashen faced Hobi, and finally settling back on Yoongi.

“Yoongi, what the fuck is going on?” Jimin demanded.

Yoongi was speechless. His tongue seemed to have tripled in size, and his brain had turned to liquid, sloshing around stupidly in his skull.

“We were… Getting dinner…” Hobi supplied, in a very unconvincing voice.

Jimin’s laser beam eyes focused on the redhead.

“Dinner?” The younger repeated. “Right now?”
Hobi nodded stiffly, opting not to speak any further.

“Yoongi? Are you going to say anything??” Jimin spat, rounding on his boyfriend again.

*Oh, fuck.*

Yoongi swallowed and cleared his throat.

“Um…”

Jimin took a step forward and crossed his arms, expectantly. He was wearing the same, soft gray track suit. A lifting breeze was ruffling his feathery blonde hair. Yoongi was suddenly reminded of the first night they met, way back at the docks a million years ago.

“We’re going to… dinner.” Yoongi said tensely.

Questions were whizzing through his head at a hundred miles an hour.

How did Jimin find them? What does he know? What has he heard? How did he even GET here?

But he shifted all of this away, to focus on the most important thing:

*Jimin can’t be here. He has to leave.*

“We’re just going to dinner, baby.” Yoongi repeated, in a more natural voice. “I’ll see you at home.”

Jimin glanced between the friends again, and then down at the unfamiliar phone in Yoongi’s hand.

“Alright, then.” The younger said, suddenly, with a hard glint in his eyes. “I’m coming with you.”
I'm trying, guys, I'm trying. I know I keep threatening to end this story, and I swear it IS ending soon. IT REALLY IS. It's just so harrrrrrrrddd! I don't want to rush it!!!

AHHHHHH the torture!!! I'm so tired. ;/

And now, a few public service announcements:

1. BTS IS GOING ON FUCKING TOUR. OH MY GOD. OH MY GOD. SOMEONE SLAP ME, PLEASE. I'M DREAMING. I'M DREAMING!!!! AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!! OMFG OMFG!!!! *stops to cry like a bitch* OMG OMG OMG OMG!!!!

2. Bts is going on tour. (I know everyone knows this already, but it's just a big deal for me.) I am planning to print out this fic and throw it on the stage while crying.

Thank you.

-M

Amidst the slamming of car doors in the parking lot, happy voices content after a nice meal, and the rustling of paper bags carrying leftovers, it sounded like an ordinary night outside of a soon closing restaurant.

Nobody would have guessed the crisis that was taking place between the three men standing near the front door.

Yoongi was physically frozen, but his mind was in overdrive. Quickly, he assessed the relative distances between him and the door, him and Jimin, and between Jimin and Hobi. Hobi was closest to the door. Yoongi was a few feet behind him, and Jimin was a few feet farther back, on the curb where the sidewalk met the street.

Next, Yoongi calculated how long it would take to simply run past Hobi into the restaurant, and key in the 8 digit code to get passage through the door and down to where Jin was probably wrapping up his dinner.

He concluded that it would take too long.

Despite being mostly lazy, Yoongi knew he could be pretty fast when he needed to. Lightning fast. But Jimin was no slob. He was quick, too. And strong. He decided that this would have to be resolved with wits.

But how?

He glanced at his watch. 5 minutes till closing. He had to get in that door before the restaurant locked up for the night.

*Ok, Yoongi. Nice and easy. Just tell him a story and make him go home.*
But before he could speak, heavy footsteps jogged towards them.

“Why are you guys still standing here? Are you done with your black ops shit yet?” Namjoon demanded, breathlessly. “You know what? Don’t answer that, because I don’t fucking wanna know. Just gimme your keys, man, I left my phone in your-oh- Jimin! How the fuck did you get here?” The elder asked incredulously, when his eyes fell on the younger blonde.

Hobi planted his face into his palm with a groan, at the same time Yoongi’s heart deflated with the realization that Namjoon had just ruined EVERYTHING.

“Fucking hell, hyung…” Hobi screeched in exasperation, shaking his head at their tall friend.

Jimin turned slowly to look at Yoongi again, the expression in his eyes was equal parts fury and fear- but there was actually no surprise in them.

Namjoon was looking at all three of them in turn.

“What?? What’d I say??” The elder shrieked.

“Yoongi! I knew it. I knew it!!” Jimin gasped.

Yoongi pried his mouth open and forced it to speak.

“Jimin-ah, you don’t underst-”

“DON’T even try that, Yoongi!” Jimin said in a dangerous voice. “And I didn’t need him to tell me what’s going on either!” Jimin jerked a thumb in Namjoon’s direction. “You were so OBVIOUS! Racing here at the speed of light just to watch your parents go to sleep at 8? Saying you have a meeting about your music?? I’ve been cutting work to take you to every meeting, every practice, every fucking show! And SUDDENLY, you have to go to this one all alone? I knew it! You’ve been planning this!!”

Yoongi swallowed thickly. It appeared that he wasn’t as discreet as he’d thought. Admittedly, yes, he HAD planned it- but not weeks or days in advance. When his Umma called him to say his parents were inviting him and Jimin over, he initially wanted to take them all out to this exact restaurant for dinner tonight. He’d called to make a reservation and was told that they aren’t offering private rooms on Saturdays any longer. Yoongi didn’t need a private room, but the comment had hit him like an anvil. It was only when Jin was frequenting the place that they would close all room reservations to the public. Yoongi asked Hobi to do some digging, and through his contacts they confirmed that Jin had been eating there every fucking Saturday for the last few weeks, with light security. And just like that, the plan came together in moments. Seconds, even.

It had been 2, maybe 3 years since Jin had been a regular there. Yoongi remembered having a few dinner meetings in the basement dining room reserved exclusively for the Pink Panther. He knew it was fucking fate that after ALL this time, Jin just happened to resume eating at the same damn restaurant Yoongi was planning to visit on his very first weekend back in Daegu.

It made Yoongi physically sick to imagine what might have happened if Jin had walked out to find Yoongi eating at a table with his whole entire fucking family.

That’s when he decided that this world wasn’t big enough for him and Seokjin any longer.

One of them had to go.
Preferably Jin.

“Say something, Yoongi!” Jimin shrieked, pulling him back into the moment.

But there wasn’t nearly enough time to explain all of this to his boyfriend.

“You have to go now, Jimin-ah. It’s just that simple.” Yoongi answered, quietly.

Jimin’s mouth hung open in shock.

“No.” The younger said defiantly. “I’m not going anywhere and you’re not going in there- whatever the fuck is going on, I don’t care. YOU’RE NOT GOING IN THERE.”

“Actually, kid, that wasn’t a fucking request.” Hobi said menacingly, stepping away from the door to stand between Yoongi and Jimin. “And just how the fuck did you get here, anyway?”

“Aw, hell…” Namjoon breathed.

Jimin bristled like a wild animal preparing to attack, and faced the redhead.

“My car is GPS enabled. I can trace it anytime I want to. Yoongi should know, since he bought it.” Jimin said acidly. “And don’t call me a kid, asshole.” He added, dangerously.

Hobi sucked in his breath, shocked by the outburst, and made a very visible effort to restrain himself from speaking further.

Yoongi was stunned by Jimin’s insult to Hobi. He was even more stunned that he had completely forgotten about the fancy navigation package he’d purchased for Jimin’s car. When he first made this plan, he’d assumed that he would be driving his charger.

Shit.

“Ok-ok- maybe we should ALL go home and just do this another night.” Namjoon intervened, with a nervous voice.

“No! This is BULLSHIT!” Hobi spat, looking at Yoongi emphatically. “We took out those goons already, hyung! We have the door code. And we know he’s down there. If we let him get away tonight, he won’t even take a SHIT without 20 men protecting him. This is it! Our only chance!”

Jimin let out a soft “no” and moved forward towards Yoongi, staring at him beseechingly from around Hobi, who was still standing like a sentinel between them.

“What goons, Yoongi?? What have you done?? Is it Jin?? Oh my God. Oh my GOD! Just come home, hyung. Please! Come home with me right now!!” Jimin’s voice had taken a fearful edge and his eyes were wide and pleading.

Yoongi swiveled his head desperately between his boyfriend and best friend. He looked again at his watch.

3 minutes.

There were no patrons left in the restaurant. And any second now, a manager will come and lock the doors. It was unbelievable that Jin hadn’t left already.

Hobi was right.
They had experienced ridiculously good fortune tonight. But once Jin finds out that his upstairs guard was infiltrated, he’ll beef up his security and never come back to this restaurant again. Also, the Pink Panther had NO CLUE Yoongi was here. The element of surprise was on his side now, and it might never happen again.

This was, quite literally, a once in a lifetime shot.

He licked his parched lips and looked at Jimin, his heart beating nearly out of his body as he regarded his beautiful face.

“I hope to God that one day you’ll understand, Jimin-ah. But we have to do this. Monnie hyung, here–” Yoongi tossed his keys to Namjoon, who watched them fall at his feet stupidly, before picking them up and staring at them in his hand. “Take him home to my parents, hyung. Please. NOW.”

Hobi muttered something about wasted time and moved towards the door, but Jimin didn’t budge.

“If you take just one step in there, Min Yoongi, we’re through.” Jimin said quietly, his eyes shining with tears. “I don’t care if you come out of this alive and unhurt. Even if you don’t have a single scratch on you, we’re done.” His voice trembled at the end, but his face was hard and resolute.

Yoongi sighed and shook his head.

Why did this kid never UNDERSTAND!?

“You realize he’s doing this for you, too, right?” Hobi said, defensively, staring Jimin down. “We don’t do this shit for our health! Every performance we do is a fucking target on our backs. Don’t you get it!!? Our locations are posted ONLINE right now. On POSTERS everywhere. And guess what? You’re there, too.”

Jemin shook his head, stubbornly.

“Yoongi! Yoongi, look at me! We’ll leave. WE’LL JUST LEAVE!!” The younger said frantically, moving past Hobi to grasp at his boyfriend.

“We don’t RUN.” Hobi roared, throwing out his arm to block the younger’s way.

Namjoon wailed and pulled at his hair in the background.

“Hobi-yah!” Yoongi said, in a tight scared voice.

“I’m not fucking hurting him, hyung!” Hobi replied, impatiently. “But I’m done playing games! Either he leaves, or I MAKE HIM leave!”

At that moment something snapped in Jimin’s eyes. Yoongi wasn’t sure what it was, but he knew instantly that this situation was about to reach a whole new level of fucked up.

Jemin was in Hobi’s face now. Nose to nose with the redhead.

“Get out of my way, Jung Hoseok.”

Hobi stared at the younger, momentarily speechless at both the threat in Jimin’s voice and the rudeness of using his full name.

And then he laughed.

He laughed so hard, he was doubled over, slapping his knee uncontrollably.
“Hobi—” Yoongi started to say something warily, but Hobi was laughing so hard now, he was literally screaming at the sky like a psychopath.

Yoongi had a bad feeling about the way Jimin was staring at the redhead.

Namjoon seemed to feel the same way. He unclutched his hair and grasped Jimin by the shoulder.

“Come on, kid, let’s just go—”

But the elder’s voice was cut off when Jimin twirled and punched him directly in the fucking throat. Yoongi yelled in shock, and wasn’t sure if Jimin hit him there because he was SHORT or because he really meant to, but either way, Namjoon was kneeling on the ground choking and clutching his neck.

Jimin calmly turned back to Hobi, who had suddenly stopped laughing, and was now ogling Namjoon spluttering on the ground.

“Are you serious, Monnie?” Hobi shrieked. “That was a fucking love tap! Get up!”

Namjoon showed no sign of being able to fulfil that request, as he was still struggling to breathe.

“I went easy on him. I won’t on you. Now get the fuck out of my way.” Jimin warned, lowly.

Hobi glanced back at Yoongi with an incredulous look.

Yoongi begged with his eyes, before begging with his voice.

“Hobi, please… I’ll go in alone. You just take care of him- and please, please God, don’t hurt him.”

“No, hyung! You can’t go alone, goddammit! Jimin go HOME!” Hobi pushed Jimin roughly in the direction of the parking lot, and that was when the younger lost his entire mind.

All Yoongi knew was that Hobi was standing up before, but now he was on the ground.

Jimin moved so fast, his eyes couldn’t register how quickly the younger had punched Hobi first on the side of the face, and again in the stomach, before shoving the redhead onto the pavement.

From the corner of his eye, Yoongi saw a manager approaching.

Shit.

He was out of time, and his boyfriend had just dropped Hobi like a fucking punching bag.

SHIT.

Jimin was walking towards him determinedly, and Yoongi felt ice cold terror grip his entire being. He didn’t know if Jimin was coming to kick his ass or drag him away, or both, but all he could think to do at this point was make a run for it. He lunged for the door and yanked it open, even as he heard Jimin’s ragged breath right behind him. He jumped inside the building, waiting to feel Jimin’s muscular arms pulling him back.

But suddenly, Jimin yelped.

Yoongi- now fully inside the restaurant- watched in agony through the glass door, as Hobi pulled his boyfriend by the ankle from his position on the ground, causing Jimin to topple over. Jimin kicked ferociously, but Hobi simply grabbed his other leg and pulled Jimin back towards him, then
scrambled on top of his back, pinning the younger to the ground with his full weight.

In an instant, Hobi whipped out his trusty wire cord and tied Jimin’s hands up behind his back, while simultaneously slapping a hand over his mouth, cutting off the younger's steady stream of curses and threats.

Yoongi felt his heart breaking, as he witnessed the point of no return for all of them.

The friends looked at each other briefly through the glass. Hobi dipped his head in shame, looking broken inside, as Jimin flailed and fought beneath him for freedom. Finally, he nodded sadly, signaling Yoongi to continue alone.

It was a moment Yoongi would never forget.

“Sir, we’re closed for the night.”

Yoongi jumped a foot in the air, when the employee spoke from behind him.

He saw Hobi dragging a subdued Jimin away, and steeled his nerves.

Jimin was safe now.

Everything was ok.

“I’m going downstairs.” He said, importantly, holding the phone and its code up for the manager to see.

The manager looked him up and down.

“Yes, sir. Please go ahead.”

Yoongi moved quickly, but once he was at the keypad, it took him several attempts to enter the code, because his hands were trembling so badly. He was still so shaken from the scene that had just unfolded outside, and even more shaken for what was awaiting him downstairs.

The door finally clicked, as the correct code unlocked it. The sound brought back Yoongi’s premonition that something horrendous was going to happen, despite his run of good luck. He gulped a few breaths, and rolled his neck around on his shoulders.

He was ready to fight.

But he wasn’t ready to die.

The restaurant manager was eyeing him curiously, probably wondering why the hell Yoongi was just standing there.

Yoongi raised a weak hand of greeting to him, before stepping into the dark, narrow staircase. The heavy, metal door swung shut behind him with an ominously heavy clang. He took one step down and immediately after, he heard another click.

But it was different from the sound the door made a moment ago.

It sounded… dangerous.

Yoongi stood rooted to the spot for a moment, until he rationalized that he had to keep going. He took a deep breath and moved down to the second step. Now there was a tiny rapid beeping sound
that was scaring the shit out of him, when suddenly he felt a slight breeze as something whizzed behind his head, followed by a thump in the wall next to him.

He looked behind him, frightened, and noticed something that looked like a small spear was sticking out of the wall just above his head. Turning fully in the narrow staircase, he took in the whole scene.

What he saw made his dinner start churning dangerously in his stomach.

The staircase was fucking booby trapped.

It was obviously designed to deter unauthorized people from piggy-backing on another guard’s code. And in this case, “deter” meant kill.

Yoongi took a shuddering breath as the realization hit him hard in the gut. Each door code only cleared one person to enter. If the second man didn’t come in with his own, separate entry code, he would instantly be killed by a fucking spear blasting through the side of his head as soon as he took the first step.

No wonder that fucker taped the code to his phone. He was risking his life every time he opened the goddamn door.

Yoongi leaned against the wall, panting heavily, as if he was in labor. He was never in danger because he had a code.

But Hobi…

That second man would have been Hobi.

If Jimin hadn’t put up such a fight, forcing his best friend to stay outside, Hobi would have walked straight through this door, right behind Yoongi, and…

And then…

Yoongi huffed, unable to even complete the thought, as bile roared straight up through his oesophagus.

I’m going to be sick.

I can’t do this.

I have to turn back.

But at that moment, he heard him.

Jin.

Motherfucking Kim Seokjin.

He couldn’t make out the words, but his voice was unmistakable. Yoongi stood with his eyes closed and listened, letting his hatred anchor him back to reality. Jin had caused all of this. All of it.

Yoongi opened his eyes.

He scanned the rest of the wall leading downstairs, but couldn’t see any signs of more traps. Or maybe they just weren’t meant to be seen? The bad feeling was back now. The heavy sense of foreboding. He was the cat who had spent 8 lives, and was now gambling everything on the last one.
One life left.

Make it count.

Yoongi took a deep breath and fled down the staircase, two at a time, straining his ears for even the slightest sound of beeping.

He jumped the last couple of steps and landed directly in the small room.

“Don’t move.”
Hi, everyone! So, this chap is quite long. DOUBLE the length of my normal chaps. I considered slicing it, but there was no good place to do that, so please enjoy. :)

The dining room was just as Yoongi had remembered it- small and mostly bare. The walls were all reinforced in metal to hide the windows, and it gave the place a vibe that was similar to a war bunker or an underground storm shelter. Something seemed different, though. It was niggling in his mind, but his heart was pounding so hard in his ears that he didn’t have time to dwell on it.

Jin looked up from his delicious looking salmon in a brief second of pure astonishment.

“Don’t fucking move.” Yoongi warned again, training his gun point blank between Jin’s eyes. “And you- drop your weapon.” He ordered, pointing his SECOND gun at the guard standing to the right of Jin’s small, private table.

Jin’s momentary shock had passed, and he looked back at Yoongi with a small smile, as if a long lost friend had come to visit.

“WOWWW! Min Yoongi! As I live and breathe!” Jin said, heartily.

Yoongi’s eyes were like a chameleon’s, roving and rolling around the entire room trying to identify if there were any more threats.

“It’s just the three of us, Yoongi.” Jin said, easily. “Have a seat.”

Yoongi cocked both guns, letting the two men know that he wasn’t fucking around, but it appeared that Jin was telling the truth.

There was no one else there.

Luckily, there wasn’t much furniture for anyone to hide behind; just a little 2 person dining table in the middle of the room where Jin was seated, and to the right, a couple of wooden chairs against the wall, where his security sat. Behind the chairs was another tiny room that looked to be a small kitchen where Jin’s food was probably prepared.

And that was it.

It looked like lady luck was still on his side.

Yoongi crept around the room, guns still drawn like a sheriff, and checked every fucking corner just to be certain there weren’t any surprises. He peeked into the small kitchen. It was utterly empty, apart from the few pots and pans used to make the pink panther’s meal.

“I would have ordered a plate for you, but I didn’t know you’d be joining me!” Jin sang happily, as Yoongi circled back in front of him.

Yoongi sat down carefully on the second chair in front of the kingpin and stared at him stone faced.
Anyone would have thought they were having a pleasant dinner- except of course, for the fact that Yoongi had him at gunpoint.

He had imagined this meeting a million times, but simply couldn’t come up with the words to describe his hatred.

Jin, on the other hand, was quite chatty.

“You look well, all things considered.” The elder, remarked slyly. “You’re almost glowing!”

He was in his favorite color, as usual. A pale pink suit, expertly tailored. The shade was actually quite lovely- one might think it was beige or nude- but when the light hit it just right, the blushing undertones emerged. His crisp, black, silk shirt stood in beautiful contrast with the rest of the outfit.

Yoongi had an unimaginably strong urge to pistol whip the bastard right in his perfect face. But that would require him taking his eyes off the guard. He knew that’s what Jin wanted, so he had to be extra careful not to take the bait.

“I’ve been resting.” Yoongi replied, sarcastically.

Jin smiled, brilliantly.

“Oh, I know you have, Yoongi. That new apartment of yours looks quite comfortable. And pricey, too! I guess the music launch went well for you? Or are you just using all the money that you owe me?”

Yoongi’s blood went cold in his veins.

Jin had fucking found him.

Of course, he had. It was expected. Now that Yoongi was blowing up in the music scene, it wouldn’t have taken long to trace his address. This was why he had to face the fucker head on. He couldn’t let himself and Jimin just hang around like sitting ducks, waiting for Jin to strike.

“Is everything ok? You look a little pale.” Jin asked kindly, watching Yoongi’s stricken face. “I mean, come on, Yoongi. I know exactly where you are at all times. I actually wanted to send a house warming gift to congratulate you on moving in with your boyfriend, but-” Jin paused here to sigh, regretfully. “I couldn’t decide between a coffee pot or a toaster. And it’s so embarrassing to get the wrong gift.”

Yoongi knew his concrete expression was gone now. He actually had to remind himself that HE was the one with the guns, not Jin. The elder was clearly launching psychological warfare on him, trying to break his concentration.

The scary part was that it was almost working.

“You obviously don’t always know where I am, do you, Seokjin?” Yoongi drawled, trying his best to sound bored, even as he fought to speak around the lump in his throat. “You almost choked on your fish, when you saw my face.”

Uncertainty flashed through the kingpin’s eyes. It was so quick, that Yoongi almost didn’t catch it.

It looked like Jin’s cool façade was cracking a little.

“Agreed. You caught me off guard.” Jin said, tightly, a new hard edge creeping into his usually
happy voice. “So, can I ask why you’re here, or are you just going to keep me in suspense?”

Jin folded his hands patiently, waiting for the response.

Yoongi sat up straighter. His arms were starting to burn from holding two weapons at the same damn time in 2 different directions. He was also starting to get a headache from flicking his eyes between Jin and the guard every 3 fucking seconds. How long had he been down here already? 7-8 minutes, maybe?

_It’s almost time._

_Stay focused._

“A truce.” Yoongi declared, quietly.

Jin’s small, pretty eyes widened.

“Truce??” The elder, repeated, with a small laugh.

Yoongi couldn’t understand what was so goddamn funny. Jin wasn’t exactly in a bargaining position. It infuriated him how the elder always felt he had the upper hand even when he SO CLEARLY didn’t.

“Mhmm.” Yoongi confirmed with a nod. “I want your word that me, Jimin, Hobi, and everyone I know and love will be safe from you. And I, will in turn, promise YOU, that you will be safe from me.”

Jin stared at him for a full 5 seconds, before breaking out into a barking type of hyena laugh.

Yoongi looked at him calmly, waiting for the windshield wiper noise to stop.

Jin made a big show of clearing his throat, even taking a few shaky sips of water, as he recovered from his laughter.

“Counter-offer.” The elder said with a wide smile. “You come work for me as the head of my ground operations. Your man Hoseok is tough- he can be my chief of security. You’ll both make ten times more money than before, and your Jimin will live like a king. Everyone is safe! Everyone is happy!” Jin concluded by clapping his hands together, as if the deal was already signed, sealed, and delivered.

Yoongi was so shocked by Jin’s offer that he almost didn’t see the nearly imperceptible movement in the corner of his eye.

Almost.

Without lowering his other weapon from Jin’s face, he shot at the guard, striking him in the shin. The explosion from the pistol reverberated in the small room, bouncing and echoing off the metal walls. The noise was made 100 times worse when the man howled in anguish, dropping the weapon he was about to fire at Yoongi to clutch his wounded, bleeding leg.

“FUUCCCKKKING JESUS!!!” The guard screamed in total agony, cursing and yelling at the top of his lungs.

Jin stared at his associate with zero sympathy. He was clearly furious that the man had missed his chance at taking Yoongi out. The elder glanced back at Yoongi, or rather, at the gun in Yoongi’s
hand, and a faint cloud of unease came over his well proportioned features, as he watched his only protection sobbing on the floor.

“What’s wrong, Jin? You look a little pale.” Yoongi asked with mock concern.

The guard was still crying loudly, and it was making Yoongi’s headache worse.

“Shut him up!” He ordered Jin, harshly.

Jin sighed and looked at the suffering man with complete disdain.

“Quiet yourself, Daesung.” The kingpin drawled, rolling his eyes.

Yoongi’s heart rate quickened to a superhuman speed.

_Daesung??_

He stood up so abruptly, that Jin flinched at the sudden movement. Still watching the elder closely, he walked over to stand above Daesung.

“Show me your face.” He asked the sobbing man.

Daesung, now silenced by his boss, stared at the ground resolutely, refusing to obey the command. Yoongi stepped on his wounded shin and ground his heel into it slowly, staining his boot with the man’s blood.

The man shrieked in pain and jerked his face upward, involuntarily.

It was him.

The man who groped Jimin in his apartment.

“P-please-PLE-NO!!” Daesung’s pleadings were cut off by the second shot Yoongi lodged into his opposite shin, sending small bone fragments scattering on the floor around them.

This shot rang even louder than the first one, and Daesung’s delirious wails were bordering on madness now.

But Yoongi didn’t hear any of it.

“J-jin-please-help, _help me! HELP ME!!_” Daesung begged, trying to hold both of his bleeding legs at the same time.

“Oh, leave me out of this.” Jin said, carelessly, waving a hand in the air.

Daesung gulped and stared up at Yoongi beseechingly.

“I’m so-sorry. I’m SORRY! I-please-I’m SOR-”

“Promise to never assault anyone again and I’ll leave you alone.” Yoongi said, coldly.

“I PROMISE! I’ll NEVER-”

“Put your right hand to the Lord and swear it.”

Daesung struggled into a sitting position, and raised a shaky, bloodstained hand.
“I s-swear-I-”

Yoongi shot his hand straight through the palm, eliciting a bloodcurdling scream from the wounded man, which ended in him fainting from an overload of pain and blood loss.

*Just kidding.*

Yoongi stepped over the blood splatter carefully, making his way back to Jin. The elder yawned, dramatically, patting a dainty hand to his full, rouged lips, as if he was bored.

“Well, now that *that’s* over.” Jin said, smoothly, totally disregarding the fact that his associate was just shot three times. “Have you thought about my offer?”

If Yoongi’s coldblooded rampage had bothered the kingpin at all, he was making damn sure not to show it.

Yoongi walked straight past him to the back wall of the dining room, ignoring his question. The very fact that Jin was making him an offer at all, was evidence of the fact that the man was scared.

Good.

He should be.

“Looking for something?” Jin asked, helpfully, as Yoongi walked back and forth along the wall with growing agitation.

*Where the fuck is it??*

“Maybe I can hel-“

“SHUT UP!” Yoongi bellowed.

He was frantic now and desperately trying not to show it.

*WHERE THE FUCK IS THE DOOR?*

“There’s no other exit, Yoongi.” Jin said gently, like a father explaining to his child that Santa Clause isn’t real.

Yoongi felt his heart stop, re-start, then stop again.

He forced himself to breathe.

*He’s lying.*

“Very funny, Seokjin. Where is it? And before you answer with some stupid shit, take a look at your friend.” Yoongi said acidly, pointing at the passed out, and possibly dead, Daesung.

Jin crossed his legs lightly.

“There’s only one way in and one way out. Honest to goodness!” Jin sang happily, pointing at the hellish door at the top of the stairs.

“I closed off this back exit a long time ago as part of my security upgrade. The door you see outside is a decoy. If you open it, all you’ll find is a solid wall. You’re free to use my fancy door upstairs, but you’ll need an exit code if you want to make it to the other side alive.”
Jin smiled broadly at him now.

“Do you have an exit code, Yoongi?”

Yoongi inhaled sharply. He looked around the room again, even though he’d already triple checked it. Dammit, he KNEW something was different about this room. He couldn’t put his finger on it at first, but now it was undeniably clear: the back door was gone.

Jin was telling the fucking truth.

The only way out, was the same way he came in.

Oh, God. Please, God, no…

EVERYTHING was riding on the exit plan.

In that moment, Yoongi understood the bad feeling he’d been having all day long.

This was it. This was the colossal tragedy that he had been expecting. This was the awful burning in the pit of his stomach telling him that something was going to go horribly, horribly wrong. He had seen the door from outside a thousand times. He had planned everything to the last detail, but he never dreamed in a million years that the exit would no longer be functional.

Phase 2 required him opening the back door. He NEEDED that back door.

But it was gone.

Jin was one step ahead of him.

Yoongi realized with a sick feeling that Lady Luck had finally left him, stranded outside in the freezing rain.

He only had one thought now.

Jimin…

Out of nowhere, Jin’s shot soared above his ear.

The bullet flew so close that he felt the heat sear past his hairline.

FUCK.

He’d dropped his guard for too long.

He threw himself on the ground, as Jin turned over his dining table to use as a shield, shooting from behind it, like it was a military blockade.

Yoongi slithered along the floor until he reached the tiny kitchen, and crawled behind the heavy iron door.

Jin shot round after round frantically, but the bullets would just ricochet off the metal door, then bounce and ping back into the dining room.

Eventually, Jin realized this was bad for him and stopped shooting.

“I thought you wanted us to be partners, Jin?!” Yoongi yelled out, trying to distract the elder while
he figured a way out of this mess.

Yoongi took a second to analyze his circumstances. He had lost his phone and one of his pistols in the scuffle. He’d already wasted three rounds on Daesung with his remaining weapon, and couldn’t afford to waste anymore bullets.

And now there was no way to call Hobi or anyone else and tell them the latest development: that he was fucking trapped down here.

He tried to think as another three shots hit the door he was hiding behind, one of them even gaining access into the kitchen and striking a blender, blowing the appliance apart.

SHIT!

Yoongi grasped a block of knives and started throwing them one by one at the elder, snaking his hand around the door in order to expose as little of himself as humanly possible. The only aiming experience he really had was playing darts half-drunk with Monnie and Hobi, so all he could do was throw as many of the fucking things as he could, and pray to Jesus that one of them hits Jin.

He was on knife number 6 or 7, he’d lost count, when he finally heard Jin yelp in pain. He darted his head out from behind the door and sure as shit, the pink panther was clutching his wrist, which was bleeding profusely.

But that wasn’t the best part.

*Jin had also dropped his gun.*

Yoongi flew out from behind the door and nearly jumped on top of the elder, striking him hard with the butt of his gun before pointing it at his head. The kingpin tried to reach for his weapon feebly, but Yoongi kicked the stupid looking pink beretta to the far side of the room, way out of Jin’s reach.

Both men were breathing hard and staring at each other.

Suddenly, Jin laughed softly, as if this whole thing was just a silly game they were playing. Slowly, the elder stood up and sat down heavily on the one chair that was still upright. He looked around at his table which was still flipped over, and the remnants of his dinner strewn all over the floor.

Finally, he dusted off his suit, and smoothed down the wrinkles.

Yoongi watched him carefully, ready to shoot if he made even one wrong move.

Hell, he was ready to kill him even if he *didn’t* make a wrong move.

But Jin had the exit code.

SHIT.

Jin wrapped his bleeding wrist in his luxurious pocket handkerchief, taking his sweet fucking time, before looking back up at Yoongi.

“I always admired you, Yoongi, you know that?”

Yoongi was silent, staring back at him venomously.

“You’re strong, smart, decisive, calculating- everything a man needs to be successful.” Jin continued, in a light conversational tone. “I always saw you as a less attractive, slightly less intelligent, younger brother to me.”
Yoongi scoffed.

“Cut the shit and give me the code, Jin.” He demanded. “I can just kill you right now and simply wait for someone to open the door. Your only hope of survival is to cooperate with me. And even then, it’s a slim chance, but it’s the only fucking chance you’ve got.”

Jin laughed again. Less delicately, this time, and more like a coughing donkey.

“As I was saying.” The kingpin continued, airily. “I always admired you. That is, until you got soft. Your ability to think critically has been completely hindered. Your senses are dulled. You don’t have the same grit anymore.”

Yoongi licked his lips, nervously.

He needed to come up with a plan B. And FAST.

But he could barely hear himself think with Jin trying to confuse him.

“Jin, stop testing my fucking patience—”

“Take tonight for instance.” Jin went on, ignoring Yoongi totally. “The OLD Yoongi would have seen the many, many flaws in this little plan of yours. But this NEW Yoongi. Wowww! It’s like you’re blind!”

The room went very quiet as Yoongi considered his words.

Flaws?

No! Don’t let him get in your head!

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Yoongi whispered, in spite of himself.

Jin readjusted the napkin on his wrist, inhaling shakily at the pain.

“Ok. Since I have to break it down for you. First, I can understand the whole “get me before I get you” concept. But if you really look at this situation, you’ll see that you’re woefully stuck. All I was doing tonight was innocently enjoying a meal at my favorite restaurant. YOU stormed in here, disarmed my upstairs guard, then breached your way into my private quarters, shot up my other guard, threw knives at me, and then proceeded to hold me captive against my will. Am I making sense yet?” Jin asked like a school teacher explaining how 1 plus 1 equals 2 to an idiot student.

Yoongi blinked at him.

Jin threw his good hand up in exasperation.

“Min Yoongi! Come on! How dense can you be? If I kill YOU right now, it’s just self defense. But if you kill ME, it’s capital murder on top of the other 15 crimes you just committed. What will you tell the cops once the restaurant alerts the authorities? That you just didn't like me? You have no evidence on me for doing anything to you! You’ll go straight to jail! Your only way out of this is if I GET OUT ALIVE.”

Jin was leaning forward in his chair now, eyes twinkling with glee.

“You have two choices now, Yoongi: wait for my back up security to get here and kill you, OR, kill
me and the only way you see your boyfriend is through the cold bars of a jail cell. Luckily for you, there’s a bonus option! You can take my offer of employment, and walk away a free man with all your problems solved.”

Yoongi was struggling to regulate his breathing, inhaling the lingering smoke from the multiple gun casings.

*This can’t be happening.*

_It can’t fucking be happening._

“You have much to learn still, Yoongi.” Jin said, kindly. “Stick with me and I can teach you. Lesson number one: _don’t fall in love_. LOVE is what brought you down here on this suicide mission. Love is what has been clouding your judgement for months now. Look at me!” Jin waved his uninjured hand across his face, emphatically. “As handsome as I am, I always stay alone! Why? Because love is a LIABILITY.”

Yoongi’s hand was trembling on the trigger of his weapon. Anytime Jin even referenced Jimin, it enraged him. He had to think, but he couldn’t. He was completely braindead and unable to focus.

Jin was looking carefully at Yoongi’s shaking hands, with a trace of nervousness in his calm composure.

“Shoot me and you might as well turn that gun on yourself, Yoongi. Because your life will be as good as over.” Jin warned.

The bang was deafening.

Jin screamed and snapped his head back in terrified shock.

Yoongi, however, swiveled his head to the kitchen where the noise came from, and felt his stomach drop.

*Jin's guards were here.*

Multiple thuds of boots hit the ground, as at least a dozen armed men poured into the room, swarming around Yoongi, before he could grab Jin as a hostage or even take a step toward their boss.

“You’re early, guys!” Jin cackled, maniacally, standing up from his seat. The relief on his face was unmistakable. “Now kill him so I can go home.”

It took a few seconds for Yoongi to realize that the guns were all pointing at Jin.

The elder apparently noticed it, too.

“What is this?” Jin hissed, fear lacing his voice.

“Yoongs!” Hobi yelled, frantically.

Yoongi craned his neck through the throng of men surrounding him, his jaw dropping to the floor when he saw his friend.

“Oh, thank FUCK, hyung.” The redhead ran up to him, heaving a sigh of relief, and then: “Holy shit!” Hobi roared staring at Daesung’s limp body. “What the fuck did you do to this guy?”
Yoongi couldn’t speak quite yet, as he tried to absorb the situation. Of course, he knew about the backup team. That was Phase 2 of the plan. They were supposed to storm through the back door after Yoongi opened it. But since there was no door anymore, he had pretty much given up hope on this critical part of the operation.

But some way, somehow, they were here...

How the FUCK did they get in?

Meanwhile, Jin was staring all around him in terror.

“What the fuck is this!? KILL HIM!!” He screamed, all evidence of his composure gone.

Hobi walked up to him with his crazy smile plastered from one end of his face to the other.

“You can’t even tell that these aren’t your men?” The redhead said, laughing into Jin’s face.

Jin’s eyes were wide with fear and confusion, as two of the armed men started to cuff his hands.

Yoongi shook his head, still unable to process everything.

“There’s no door, Hobi… He-Jin-he walled it off. I checked for it—it was gone…” He said faintly to his friend.

“No shit, hyung. I fucking pissed myself when I realized it.” Hobi retorted. “We had to break the skylight over the kitchen and jump down.”

The world stopped spinning for a moment as Hobi’s words sunk in.

“Skylight?” Yoongi repeated, confused.

Hobi leaned forward and peered at him like he was mentally challenged.

“Yea. Skylight. It’s a window on the roof, hyung. We’re not in a fucking coal mine.”

Yoongi looked around him at the metal walls covering all the windows. He had actually forgotten that he was above ground. This part of the building was an addition and didn’t sit directly under the restaurant. There were WINDOWS.

And a skylight in the kitchen.

OF COURSE.

Yoongi kicked himself mentally, despite his euphoria. He had been cowering in the kitchen just a few moments before, dodging Jin’s bullets.

All he had to do was look up, for fuck’s sake.

“I’ll draw you a diagram, later, hyung.” Hobi said, sarcastically. “Are you doing ok??”

Yoongi nodded and allowed himself to smile.

“I’m fucking fantastic, Hobi.”

The friends watched Jin losing his grip on reality, as shackles were being placed on his ankles.

“Are you the police?? I demand access to my lawyer! I haven’t done anything!!” Jin shrieked.
Yoongi grinned at the kingpin.

“They’re not the police. They’re much worse than that.” Yoongi replied, smiling even wider now.

“They’re with me, actually.” An older gentleman said, walking out of the kitchen and clapping Yoongi on the shoulder. All the men stood rigidly at attention as soon as they saw him.

Jin’s face went whiter than chalk.

“Oh, you remember Jeon Baekhyun, right?” Yoongi asked Jin, happily. “Jungkook’s dad?”

Jin was pitifully silent.

Yoongi had spent weeks distraught over the Jin problem ever since he learned of his release. As soon as the opportunity to take him down arose, he turned to the only person who understood how much of a threat the pink panther was. Baekhyun had also suffered at Jin’s hand, almost losing his own son to the maniac, and Yoongi knew that the man would do anything for Jungkook, just like Yoongi would for Jimin. He and Baekhyun decided that if their families were ever going to live peacefully, they had to work together to exterminate Jin.

“I’m not quite as dense as you think.” Yoongi continued. “I never had any intention of killing you— at least not myself. I’m sure as fuck not going to jail and I’m not gonna risk putting you back in a cell, just so your lawyers can get you out again. So I chatted with kook’s dad, and he’s gonna take good care of you. You probably should have accepted my truce— but I’m sure you know by now that I was lying about that, anyway.”

“But how?? How can you work with him?!” Jin spluttered, eyeing both men, crazily. “His son set you up! You said he stole from me using your name!”

Yoongi shrugged.

“An enemy of an enemy is a friend.”

Jin was stricken by the revelation, disbelief etched all over his flawless face.

“They’ll look for me!” Jin screamed, still pale with terror. “My people will search this whole fucking city! They’ll be in your homes by morning!”

“What people??” Yoongi asked, incredulously. “Mr. Jeon and I are here because you keep fucking with the people we love. But love is just a liability to you. By morning, your men will be working for someone else. No one is coming for you. NO ONE. But what the fuck do I know? My judgement is so clouded these days.” He concluded with a smirk.

Jin’s face was taut with fear, but his response was cut off by the black cloth bag thrown over his head. He fought against the men who had blindfolded him, but there were too many.

“Well said, hyung.” Hobi said, clapping his hands with a snicker. “Encore!”

“Fuck off, Hobi.”

Baekhyun smiled thinly and signaled his team to start clearing out.

“Let’s move before his backup comes. And is that one dead?” The older man asked briskly, motioning to Daesung.

At that moment, the wounded guard groaned and rolled over, then spotted his blown off index finger
lying on the floor, and promptly passed out again.

“Guess not, but I hope to God that’s his jacking hand.” Hobi said, laughing. "Should we move him?"

“Leave him. We’ll take care of everything here. You boys go home.” Baekhyun said, commandingly. “And Yoongi- thank you. My Jungkook can come home now, because of you.”

Yoongi wanted to tell him that his Jungkook can go fuck himself, but instead he nodded and shook Baekhyun’s outstretched hand. He wouldn’t have been able to pull this off without the man’s help, after all.

“Thank you for working with me, Sir.”

Baekhyun nodded, solemnly, and returned to his team.

Yoongi shuffled off to grab his things. He desperately needed to get home and see Jimin.

“Hey- is this the way out?” Hobi yelled, pointing at the staircase.

Yoongi’s mind went numb with horror.

“NOOOO HOBI!!!” He screamed, literally at the top of his lungs.

Hobi looked back at him, confused.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Yoongi had to stop and catch his breath before speaking.

“NOBODY use that door! It’s spring-loaded with knives or arrows or something!” Yoongi roared, making sure everybody could hear him.

Hobi gaped at him, wide-eyed.

“You tell me that shit NOW, hyung?!!”

“Let’s just go, Hobi-yah.” He retorted, dragging his friend as far away from the stairs as possible.

Baekhyun’s men made quick work of lowering a ladder through the broken skylight, so everyone could climb out. Yoongi inhaled the crisp nighttime air, appreciating it in a way he never has before.

“Jimin?” He said to his best friend, who was walking alongside him to the car.

That was all he could manage to say for the moment. He had a very vivid recollection of the younger’s tear stained face, telling him that they were done.

Hobi shook his head, sadly, like a doctor delivering bad news.

“I managed to get him off the premises and into my car. I told Monnie to just fucking drive around in circles, and only take him home when he gets the word from me. I just texted him now.”

Yoongi wondered if Namjoon was still alive.

“Hyung, I wanted to stay with him, I really did!” Hobi wailed, brokenly. “But then I had to meet up with Baekhyun’s men for Phase 2, and… Fuck. After hearing nothing from you, we cut open that back door and saw a goddamn brick wall- it was pure fucking panic. We didn’t know how to get in.
We didn’t know how to get you out. It was pandemonium, brother. I-I didn’t have time to deal with Jimin.”

Yoongi rubbed his temples. His headache was raging and his whole body ached.

“Hyung—”

“It’s ok, Hobi-yah. You couldn’t be in two places at once and I was in a fucking bind down there. You made the right choice, man.”

“I know, hyung… It’s just—I hate myself for what happened with Jimin. I fucking hate myself.” Hobi said quietly, in a rare moment of sadness.

Yoongi knew exactly what his friend was referring to.

“It’s not like you fought my grandma, Hobi. Jimin was holding his own pretty damn well.”

“Yea, but, still, hyung! That’s like you fighting my girl, man!”

“Except that he’s a guy who knocked you on your ass.” Yoongi replied, exasperated. “Besides, it’s a miracle that you didn’t walk in there with me tonight. Your fight with Jimin saved your fucking life, Hobi-yah. There’s no way I can ever be upset about it. No way.”

Hobi exhaled, noisily. “Alright, man.”

They entered Yoongi’s car, which was really Jimin’s car, and Yoongi felt a crushing weight on his chest as he started the ignition. Jimin’s aura was all around him. His sunglasses were hanging from the visor. Shit, his cum might still be on the passenger seat.

“You wanna crash at my place?” Hobi asked, sitting exactly where Jimin had masturbated just yesterday.

If his life didn’t feel like it was over, he might have laughed.

Yoongi shook his painfully throbbing head and pulled out of the parking lot. If there was any chance Jimin was at his parent’s place, he had to go there.

The friends drove in tense and tired silence, until Yoongi arrived at Hobi’s complex. The redhead yawned and opened the door, but turned back to Yoongi before getting out.

“You did the right thing tonight, hyung. Don’t fucking let ANYONE tell you otherwise. What you did at the hospital- now THAT shit was seriously fucked up. But tonight, you did the right thing. Jimin can sleep easy now because of you. You hear me?”

Yoongi laughed an empty, hollow laugh.

“Yea, but it’s because of me that he couldn’t sleep easy in the first place, Hobi.”

Hobi grasped his shoulder in the darkness.

“That was because of kook, not you. You’ve done everything and more to make things right. This is just how we live. Maybe you need someone who understands that, or maybe Jimin needs someone that’s less badass than you. Like, an accountant or something.”

Yoongi laughed for real this time.
“Yea? And how’s that working out for you? Where’s your understanding girlfriend?” He asked Hobi, rubbing his eyes, tiredly.

“Waiting for me in bed.” Hobi shot back with a grin, as he stepped out and slammed the door.

“Sucks for her.” Yoongi teased through the window. “See you tomorrow.”

He watched his friend walk away, and sent a silent prayer of thanks up to heaven that he wasn’t planning Hobi’s funeral right now.

God, life would be so easy if Jimin was just waiting in bed for him, blissfully unaware of the night’s adventures. Arms wide open, and soft lips ready to ease all of Yoongi’s aches away. How does Hobi get all the fucking luck?

Yoongi waited until his friend was safely inside, before sighing and starting the drive home.
Guys- I am sorry for the break in writing, but I am a nervous wreck over this concert. I got my shit together money-wise and now it's the fight of my life for tickets. I went to the wings concert and I am still in therapy over the ticket buying experience. Writing about my yoonmin ship in such a deep and intimate/erotic way has brought me so much closer to these boys, I swear. I think I might piss myself when I see hobi, and if yoongi even breathes in jiminie's direction, I might pass out, cus for real, the whole time I will be fantasizing about them acting out this story. Ok, so tix go on sale for me in ONE DAMN DAY. So, please, please just bear with me as I sort out my midlife crisis and I will be right back to update this. I just need 48 hours.

I love you, guys.
Whew! Can I get an AMEN and a HALLELUJAH! Yes, LAWD, I got tickets to both Newark shows. Initially, I only got a ticket for one show, then I had a dream that Jimin asked me for an update to this fic, and it made me buy another ticket for the 2nd show!! First, thank you to everyone who prayed for me- it really helped. I know it's hard to not get any tix, but rest assured, tix are out there. It's absurd how many seats are left and FUCK Ticketbastard.com, go to FB and join a group for your location of choice- I got my P1 reserved for the Friday show from there. Or just wait a few weeks for the scalpers to realize nobody is buying their shit, and the prices will drop.

Lastly, if BTS isn't coming to your area, be strong! Remember that Europe and Canada were in that same boat for the Wings tour, and now they are getting shows!

Finally, thank you for your support of this fic, even during the intermission phase. The ticket pressure was too much and I couldn't concentrate. Be open minded as you read this next chapter, please, and remember: YOONGI AND JIMIN ARE IN THE SAME, TINY ASS HOUSE RIGHT NOW. It's a different dynamic from when they fell out before and lived apart. Pray for them! I truly think we are at the last 3-4 chapter stretch now, but who knows, I'll probably still be writing this shit from the retirement home.

But I am eager to wrap it up and move on with new material- even though this will forever be my favorite.

Question for you, my lovelies: is a one shot or short story that maybe includes a 3some out of line? I know it's not morally out of line- I have seen WAY worse than that on here (mmmhhmm, y'all nasty, but I still love it). But I know that most, if not all of us are deep yoonmin shippers, and I don't want it to sit badly with people, even though it will be done as skillfully as I can to preserve the ship.

Shout out to Landon for being a true friend during hard ticket times! Also to Z and Maniko Suin- you guys are awesome! A lot of cool people showed up to give me ticket strength- thank you!! Sorry for this long intro. Enjoy the story!

With love,
M.

The house was pitch dark and quiet when Yoongi walked in.

But that didn’t mean anything.

His parent’s home lacked even the most basic levels of technology. No televisions, no radios, no music.

Nothing.

Complete and utter silence was the norm, so he had no way of knowing where Jimin was, or if he
was even there at all.

He tiptoed first to the single, central bathroom and took a very fast, very cold shower. Besides the rushing of the water and the muted sounds of him brushing his teeth, he completed his cleansing process noiselessly.

Instantly, he was transported back to his younger days when he first started dabbling in music.

He remembered hiding under the covers making as little sound as possible when he created beats or practiced his rapping, and even then, his parents constantly complained about him bringing down the house.

Once finished, Yoongi dried off and padded quietly to his room, not exactly sure of what he would find there.

His feet felt like lead with every step of the short walk, as if he was a condemned man going to his own execution.

Yoongi reasoned that the worst thing that could happen is Jimin would be waiting for him, ready to beat his ass the moment he saw him. Or, he could be crying and packing up his shit preparing to leave him and never come back.

Yoongi didn’t know which one was worse.

He didn’t know anything at all.

Jimin was such a mix of emotions and characteristics. He was soft, but strong when he needed to be. Sweet, but scary when he wanted to be.

It left Yoongi’s head in a dense fog of confusion. He simply NEVER knew what angle the kid was going to come at him from.

Yoongi inhaled sharply when he opened his room door, and saw Jimin laying in his bed, completely still.

He had been expecting the unexpected…. But he wasn’t expecting to see his boyfriend (ex-boyfriend?) resting peacefully and looking so damn angelic that he might as well have a halo over his blonde wavy hair.

He crept forward soundlessly and peered down at the younger. He looked to be sleeping. Yoongi knew it was best for him to grab his pajamas and leave, and avoid a late night confrontation, but he couldn’t help but stare.

Jimin’s soft features melted beautifully into his chiseled jawline, and his skin was golden and gleaming in the pale moonlight.

Yoongi touched him.

He didn’t know why or even how he made that decision. He also knew it was an exceedingly stupid idea, but goddammit, the boy was irresistible. Jimin was the trophy of a lifetime.

How could he not fucking touch him?

His hand grazed softly along Jimin’s cheek and he felt the younger’s breath on his hand, warm and
And then Jimin’s eyes flew open.

Yoongi’s hand froze and his stomach clenched into a tight knot of nervousness. Of course he knew he was playing with fire and that Jimin could wake up at any second- but he didn’t fully understand how deeply in shit he was until he saw the younger’s eyes.

Fuck, he had been shot at multiple times just an hour ago, and THAT was less frightening than the look Jimin was currently giving him.

Maybe it was the way the filtered moonlight fell upon his face, or maybe it was something far more sinister- Yoongi wasn’t sure- but for some reason the kid’s eyes were glowing demonically at him.

Yoongi stood there with his hand still hovering somewhere around Jimin’s sweet mouth, totally unsure of what to do with himself. Jimin sat up sharply, staring at Yoongi in the dark room, as if the elder was an intruder.

He retracted his hand swiftly, but couldn’t seem to uproot himself from the spot. His mind kept screaming for him to leave, but his body just wouldn’t do it.

Jimin’s eyes were freakishly wide, and raking up, down, and over Yoongi’s entire body, starting from the top of his head all the way down to his toes. It created an unfamiliar heat that crawled up Yoongi’s neck and into his face and ears.

Fucking hell, he was blushing under the younger’s gaze, which was still scanning him like some kind of human x-ray machine.

He knew he had to speak, or else he’d combust from the tension.

“Um-I’m alright, Jimin. I’m fine… I’m ok.” Yoongi muttered, for lack of anything better to say. He was feeling decidedly flustered standing there in nothing but a towel, and could only rationalize that Jimin was staring at him to check if he was hurt.

“I’m not blind.” The younger replied, quietly, not taking his eyes off him.

Ouch.

Alrighty, then.

Yoongi swallowed.

“Are you not happy to see me at all?” He asked Jimin in a broken whisper.

Holy shit.

He knew the kid was pissed, but it seemed very unlike Jimin to not care if Yoongi was dead or alive. Jimin regarded him warily, as if Yoongi was dangerous.

“I knew you would come back. Like you always do.”

Yoongi wasn’t sure if the younger’s statement was good or bad at this point, and he had no idea how to respond to it.

“Yes. I always do.” Yoongi echoed, repeating Jimin’s words, while searching desperately for words.
of his own. “And I always will.”

The silence had a palpable thickness to it now. Yoongi was still standing right up against the edge of the bed, and Jimin was sitting up, with his weight resting on one arm, not even a foot away from him.

So close.

Jimin was so close to him. And he was here in his bed. Not at a hotel, or Tae’s house, or on the midnight train back to Seoul.

_He was in his bed._

Yoongi dared to hope that maybe, just maybe, Jimin wanted to be here.

Some combination of recklessness, need, and downright mindless stupidity, made Yoongi lean onto the bed with his knees, effectively closing the already small distance between the two of them.

Jimin stared at the elder’s towel, swallowing hard, and looking like he was preparing to either speak or pass out, but before he could do any of them, Yoongi moved closer and kissed him.

The kiss was searching. Suggestive, more than dominant. It was a kiss that was asking for permission to kiss him at all. Jimin inhaled sharply and went rigidly still at the touch, and while Yoongi was aware of the awkwardness, he was too lost in the softness of Jimin’s mouth.

The younger didn’t open up an inch to him, but Yoongi determinedly continued to place one gentle kiss after another against his lips, patiently waiting for Jimin to let him in.

He pulled away slightly to watch him, snaking his hand around Jimin’s neck and holding him there, partially so he could just touch him, and partially to try and keep him from running away.

Jimin’s eyes, which were wide and staring just a few moments before, were now squeezed shut, as if he would vaporize from one glance in Yoongi’s direction. He was trembling slightly, and breathing hard, and generally had every appearance of being under extreme physical stress.

Yoongi kissed him again, hoping to break through Jimin’s obvious discomfort.

This time he traced his tongue slowly over the plush curves of the younger’s full lips, until he was wetting the line where Jimin’s mouth was fused shut. He licked him softly there. Once, twice, three times, and then gently, gently bit down on his lower lip, pulling it apart from the other, so his tongue could taste it’s way inside of Jimin’s sweet warmth.

Faintly, way, way back in his subconscious mind, Yoongi wondered if he was coming on too strong. He didn’t want to make the younger uncomfortable at all, and he was well aware of the fact that he had hurt his lover deeply and they probably needed to talk things out.

But right now, he just needed Jimin so fucking desperately that it ached right from his heart, down into the marrow of his bones. Yet, at the same time, he wasn’t sure if Jimin needed or even wanted him in the same way anymore.

Yoongi’s question, however, was answered when his back hit the thin mattress so hard, that he could feel the wooden struts of the bed slam into his spine.

He tried to wheeze, in order to release the rush of air that was struggling to escape his winded body, but Jimin’s mouth had covered his and trapped it all inside of him.
Yoongi’s eyes blew wide with surprise, and he was feeling many sensations at once. It was strange, and scary, and exhilarating all at the same time.

First, his body was pinned down like a rag doll’s, from the weight of Jimin’s muscular physique. The last thing he wanted was to escape, and he would have wrapped his arms around the younger, if Jimin’s arm wasn’t pressing both of his hands into the mattress above his head.

Next, the younger had abandoned the soft questioning kisses Yoongi was giving him earlier, for a full scale assault into the elder’s mouth, tonguing, sucking, and biting him as if it was the kiss was somehow a fight.

Finally, and most curiously of all, Jimin appeared to be trying to choke him. Yoongi was finding it quite difficult to suck in a full breath of air, with the younger’s hand wrapped around his throat and squeezing. Luckily, Jimin’s fingers were so fucking small, that he couldn’t get too far around the elder’s neck column, but his death grip was making up for that shortcoming.

Is he trying to kiss me or fucking kill me?

Yoongi decided to match Jimin’s aggressive tempo, fighting back for dominance in their kiss which had now turned fervent, hot, and messy; both of them seemingly intent on eating the face off the other. He freed his hands from where Jimin’s forearm held them captive, and roughly pulled the younger even closer to him.

Jimin moaned for the first time since their lips touched- a shaky, pained and needy mewl that was drowned in the noisy wetness of their tongues, before it even fully formed. Yoongi could only pant harshly and kiss him harder, as vocal sounds weren’t too easy to make with Jimin’s hand still trying to squeeze the life out of him.

It was in that moment that the whole scene started to make some type of crazy sense to Yoongi. Jimin wasn’t trying to hurt him- at least not right now- but he was trying to before. The younger’s posture was purely on the offense, and it was clear that Jimin had body slammed Yoongi with a choke hold out of anger- probably because the elder had dared to kiss him. But somewhere in the half second that it took for Yoongi’s back to hit the mattress, Jimin had changed his mind and given in to lust instead.

This was a good thing, he reasoned in his mind, and as much as Yoongi wanted to keep touching and tasting Jimin, he was becoming slightly lightheaded with the lack of sufficient oxygen to his lungs.

“Stop, baby… Enough.” Yoongi squeaked out of his crushed air pipe.

Jimin froze and stared at him, his mouth and chin literally soaking wet from their hot and sloppy kisses. Yoongi held his gaze, and gently grasped Jimin’s fingers where they were digging into his neck and pulled them away with a firm hand.

After sucking in some much needed air, he moved to kiss Jimin again, but the younger’s eyes weren’t on him anymore; they were staring down at his cock, which had managed to pop out of his towel like a goddamn jack-in-the-box, completely erect and ready for action.

The towel itself had become largely useless and just hung slack around his waist, rendering him naked for all practical purposes. Yoongi was shocked, but he wasn’t entirely sure why. He and Jimin had been making out for the last ten minutes, so it only made sense that he was hard, and it was no surprise that his towel had come apart from all the movement.
But instead of feeling normal and natural about it, he felt more like a sex offender, who had thoughtlessly flashed an innocent bystander.

“Um… Jimin-ah?” He said, hesitantly.

The kid was still staring at his crotch and Yoongi couldn’t figure out what the fuck was happening. Gone were the days when they could happily get butt ass naked in front of each other, without a care in the world.

Goddammit.

Should I apologize?

Before he could figure this out, Jimin slowly removed the scrap of towel that was still clinging pointlessly to his body. Without looking up, the younger pulled down his own sleepwear sweats, revealing that he was wearing nothing—NOTHING—underneath. Jimin’s slightly smaller erection sprang joyously free, with a moistened tip that made Yoongi’s heart race and his mouth water.

Ok. Ok…

We’re naked.

This isn’t new, Yoongi, get it together.

Yoongi ripped his gaze away from Jimin’s cock and fixed it on Jimin’s face, but had to look away from there, too.

Fuck, he had no idea know where to look now. He didn’t want to come off as a smug prick, strolling in here with a towel on, as if they didn’t just have one of the worst nights in the history of their relationship.

But, GOD, the kid had just pulled his dick out for heaven’s sake. A message like that is the same in every fucking language.

Right??

Jimin was completely still now, as if he didn’t know what step came next after two people get naked in a bed together.

Fuck it.

Yoongi pulled Jimin back on top of him, sliding his hands under the younger’s white tee shirt, riding the material up and off of him. He was careful to set a new, slower pace, kissing Jimin gently on each shoulder, before moving upwards lazily to suck on his neck.

He knew Jimin loved to be touched this way, but the younger wasn’t making a sound— it felt like he was holding himself back. Or trying to, at least, and from the looks of it, Jimin wasn’t winning that battle. He was shaking like he was in a freezer, and the more places Yoongi put his tongue, the harder it was for the younger to control himself.

Determined to break him, Yoongi licked his way into Jimin’s ear, while sliding his hands down his back to get a firm grasp on his ass. Jimin whined in response and Yoongi caught it with his mouth, then devoured it with a kiss, still pressing and kneading his fingers into his backside.

“Relax for me, Jimin-ah…” He whispered between kisses, trying to get him into the right headspace-
and Jimin was almost there, moaning softly and capturing Yoongi’s tongue whenever it came within reach.

Almost there, but not quite.

Jimin’s body was still too tense. It was fighting against him, instead of moving in unison with him.

Yoongi decided to solve this by pulling Jimin into him by the ass, and rubbing their cocks together sinfully. A moan ripped through him as soon as he felt the damp touch of Jimin’s pre-cum along his shaft, but his moan quickly turned to a shocked yelp when Jimin jolted upwards, as if he’d been stung by something.

“Baby…?” Yoongi inquired with concern, but Jimin was back on him in an instant bucking and grinding his dick onto Yoongi in a primal way. What made it even more primal were the barbaric grunts the younger was making with every movement.

Uh oh.

“Baby-” Yoongi tried again, but was cut off when Jimin grabbed his hair and yanked his head back for a ferocious make out session, that left the elder gasping for air, and his lips bruised and battered.

When Jimin released his skull and spat into his hand, Yoongi knew he was in trouble.

With trembling hands, the younger pinned him down with a palm on his chest, while the other lubed his erection.

Admittedly, Yoongi loved getting fucked by his boyfriend, but he had a very bad feeling about how this was going down.

He bit his lip as Jimin parted his thighs and slid a not so very gentle finger into his unprepared entrance, stroking him roughly. It hurt. FUCK, it hurt, and this was really just one small step above assault, but he knew he couldn’t stop Jimin.

Sure he could push the younger off and walk- or run- away, but that wasn’t the issue. The issue was that Yoongi wasn’t expecting Jimin to even be at the house, and not only was he there, but he was lying naked on top of him, about to have SEX with him. This was a shocking turn of events, and there was no way he could mess it up by chickening out over a little pain.

He could take the pain.

But he couldn’t lose Jimin.

Normally, Jimin would be kissing him softly and asking if he was ready, with that sweet, shy look he always got whenever he was about to enter the elder- but there was none of that tonight. Hell, the kid didn’t even bother getting the lube from their luggage which was only 2 feet away from the bed.

Jimin held him down and lined up to Yoongi’s hole in a business-like manner that was almost clinically detached.

Yoongi prepared himself for the attack on his asshole, telling himself that this was better than not having Jimin at all. At least this way, maybe the younger would be willing to talk to him afterwards.

They were staring at each other now, their faces barely an inch apart. Yoongi was holding his breath and Jimin seemed to be struggling with his own, as he panted over him.
“Do it.” He encouraged Jimin, gently.

After a long moment in which Jimin looked extremely conflicted, the younger abruptly stood up from the bed and adjusted his sweats back to their former position.

Yoongi’s chest tightened as he scrambled for his towel.

“Why, Jimin?”

That was all he could splutter, as he wrapped the cloth around his waist. Just a few seconds ago he had been dreading the moment when Jimin would penetrate him, and now, all he wanted was for Jimin to take his clothes off and get back into the fucking bed.

Jimin just shook his head and reached for his shirt, but Yoongi grabbed it first and held it out of the younger’s reach in a move that he knew was extraordinarily childish.

But it was the only option he had.

“Give it to me.” Jimin growled, stepping forward in a way that made Yoongi want to protect himself.

But Yoongi was never one to cave to intimidation, and he wasn’t about to start now.

“I was waiting for you to give it to me, but you left the bed.” Yoongi replied, evenly.

Jimin’s face settled into a concrete slab of anger.

“Fuck you, Yoongi!”

There was a pun in that, too, but Yoongi opted to switch tactics and beg. He figured that was better than making a scene that his parents might hear.

“Please don’t go, baby, ok?” He whispered. “I’m sorry… Let’s just lay down and talk.”

Jimin’s eyes widened with sarcastic interest.

“Talk about what, Yoongi? How you let your friend treat me like an animal and then left me on the fucking sidewalk alone? Abandoning me for the SECOND time?”

“It was different this time-”

“NOTHING IS EVER DIFFERENT WITH YOU!”

They both paused, breathing hard and knowing that they were being way too loud. Yoongi waited to see if his father would come bounding into the room, but there was nothing.

He stepped closer to Jimin.

“No…” Jimin hissed, raising a hand in warning to him. “You had a choice, Yoongi. And you made it. I hope you and Jin and Hobi have a long and happy life together.”

Yoongi couldn’t believe his eyes and ears.

“Jimin-ah, it’s late. I know you’re tired, and I’m tired, too. Can we please, please not do this right now, so we don’t say something we’ll regret later?”

Jimin laughed, humorlessly.
“Regret is for you, Yoongi.” Jimin spat. “You’ll have a lifetime of it, but since you’re always trying to DIE, maybe you won’t have to live with it for too long.”

He stalked up to Yoongi and grabbed the shirt from his limp hands, easily. Yoongi was too stunned to even speak, let alone stop him.

“I’m going to the couch tonight.” Jimin continued, facing him calmly. “Don’t offer me your bed, cus I don’t want it. And first thing tomorrow, I’m going back to Seoul to pack up my things. No discussion.”

“So why did you wait for me here?” Yoongi asked, finally finding his voice, even though it was weak and trembling.

Jimin flinched slightly, and looked away, but quickly caught himself and met Yoongi’s gaze with defiance.

“I waited so I could tell you this to your face.” He whispered in response. “Goodnight, Yoongi.”

Jimin’s exit was hushed and quiet, much like their argument was. He closed the door behind him with a soft finality that was somehow worse than slamming it.

Yoongi nodded to himself in the room, willing his tears to defy gravity and reverse their direction back into his eyes. Unable to face the prospect of passing by Jimin to get to the bathroom, he settled into bed with a tear streaked face that he couldn’t wash.

It’s not like he wasn’t expecting this.

But the high of being intimate with Jimin, only to crash and burn with Jimin’s final words was a blow that was impossible to absorb. It became painfully clear to him that after fighting for his life, he would have been better off dying, after all.

Eventually, Yoongi’s exhaustion took over and he fell into fitful slumber on his small bed, feeling every bit as misunderstood as he did when he lived there as a child.
Perspective

Chapter Notes

Sigh...
That's all I can say.
-M

Yoongi awoke in a haze of euphoria.
He was ALIVE goddammit, and no longer burdened by the oppressive threat of Seokjin that had plagued him for longer than he cared to remember.

This was a new day and Yoongi felt like a free man.
He stretched luxuriously and closed his eyes, listening to the sweet sounds of the birds that were singing to announce the arrival of summer.

Jimin.
Yoongi’s bright light of happiness exploded when the younger’s name flashed through his head, and his weightless feeling of joy was immediately replaced by crushing sorrow.

There was nothing to be thankful for.
The sunny day dimmed, and the birdsong stuttered and died.
Beside him was an empty bed, and by now Jimin had probably already made good on his promise and left for good.

Yoongi pulled himself into a sitting position with a pitiful groan after checking the time. It was past 3pm. He had slept the entire fucking day away, and even with all that rest, absolutely every part of his body hurt in one way or another.

There was a stabbing pang in the side of his neck, his back was sore as hell- even his feet and ankles hurt, and he had sustained several small cuts and bruises that were all currently lighting him on fire.

He shuffled painfully to the other side of the room to hunt for some aspirin, but froze mid-stride when he saw that there were still two duffel bags on the floor.

Jimin was still here???

No.
His SHIT is still here.
That doesn’t mean that HE’s still here.
Yoongi looked around, as if the gray walls could tell him where the younger was.
He checked his desk, and sure as shit, the car keys were sitting there, untouched. Yoongi couldn’t see how Jimin could have left without a car or his bag.

He quickly grabbed a change of clothes and made his way to the bathroom, eyeing every inch of the small house for any sign of the younger. The entire place was eerily quiet, as usual, but there were literally no signs of life anywhere.

“Eomeoni??” Yoongi called out.

Nothing.

He knew better than to shout for his father, so he opted to wash up quickly before resuming his search.

As soon as he stepped out of the restroom he found himself face to face with his dad. This was actually the first time Yoongi had laid eyes on the man since he arrived yesterday.

Fuck.

It was awkward enough being back in this house after so long- but it was even worse that the main intention of the trip was to introduce Jimin as his serious boyfriend, and now he didn’t even know where the fuck the kid was.

“Abeoji.” Yoongi said bowing stiffly and suddenly feeling 10 years old.

“Adeul.” The man replied, tonelessly.

This had always been the extent of their conversational skills. Unless of course, his dad wanted to lay into him for being too loud or unsuccessful. There was no ‘how have you been?’ Or ‘what are you up to these days?’ Or ‘are you hungry?’ Just hello father and hello son.

His father was wearing his customary khaki cargo pants, plaid work shirt and thick boots. He didn’t speak another word, apart from a faint grunt as he dropped a load of bloody, smelly bait hooks directly on the floor between them.

Yoongi looked down at them and back up at his father with a sigh of resignation. It was Sunday, and every Sunday was spent cleaning the fishing supplies in preparation for the upcoming week. Apparently, this custom hadn’t changed one bit, and his dad was asking- no- ORDERING him to help.

Yoongi nodded and moved to pick up the hooks, as his dad pulled out an extra set of gloves for him.

“Where’s Eomma?” He inquired from the elder, as he pulled on the gloves and debated if he should ask about Jimin, too.

There was a pause, as Mr. Min’s back tensed.

“Tending to the dock, as she does every Sunday.” The man answered, quietly. “Except today your Jimin is helping her.”

He said the last words with a slight tinge of acid, and Yoongi nearly dropped the hooks on the floor in surprise.

Jimin was outside? *With his mother??*
“W-what is he doing out there??” Yoongi stammered, hoping his father didn’t notice the color draining from his face.

They had reached the postage stamp sized washroom and Yoongi, skinny as he was, had to squeeze himself into the corner, as there was barely enough space for both of them in there.

His father made a great effort to turn and stare at him in the tight quarters.

“Tending to the dock.” The elder repeated, slowly. “Like I just said.”

Yoongi’s heart raced erratically, and he had to force himself to breathe and try to at least APPEAR calm.

The next few minutes were spent filling up the two basins with soapy water and soaking the disgusting fishing hooks, before the fun part of cleaning them began.

Every fiber in Yoongi’s being wanted to tear out of the small, suffocating room and run to find Jimin, but he knew it would be safer to wear a steak necklace into a den of lions than walk out on his father in the middle of a task.

Still, his mind was crawling with unanswered questions.

Why was Jimin still here? Did he have a change of heart??

Is he talking to his mother about their issues??

The last thought reverberated through his skull.

His parents had been married for how long now? A hundred years, maybe? And he had never once witnessed them fight or even have a brief disagreement.

Yet, he and Jimin argued all the time, over every little possible thing. Food, bills, what TV show to watch… And sure, they made up quickly enough- they even had a bit of an unspoken rule to never go to sleep upset, but it might not be a bad idea to get some advice from a veteran.

Yoongi glanced at his father, who was scrubbing a particulary nasty looking treble hook with a determined face.

“Uh… Appa?” Yoongi said, timidly.

His father tensed and stilled, probably shocked that Yoongi had used such an informal term to address him.

Silence was the answer.

Yoongi decided to press on, anyway, as he scraped a piece of worm off a small hook.

Gross.

“You and Eomma. You never fight. How do you manage that?”

Mr. Min resumed his scrubbing for a long while, and then finally:

“She lets me do what I do best, and I let her do what she does best.”

Yoongi blinked at the hook in his hand.
Wow.

SO enlightening.

He waited patiently to see if his father had any more advice that was longer than one sentence, but they just settled back into silence and continued with their slave labor.

After a grueling two hours, the pair had finally gotten through all the rods. His father strung them up with a “humph” of approval for the job well done, but not a single word of thanks.

Yoongi couldn’t care less. He needed to get the hell out of there and find Jimin.

But his path out of the washroom was blocked by his father’s small but strong figure. The elder was watching him closely.

Yoongi stared back with a confused look. Just what the hell was this about?

“That your mother and I do argue, Yoongi. But we handle those things privately.” Mr. Min said stiffly, then paused for a brief moment, before continuing. “At the worst of times, we just imagine how life would be without each other, and that usually brings things back into perspective. I’m sure it works the same way for two men.”

With that, the elder nodded and stumped out of the room, leaving Yoongi shell shocked.

That had to have been at least 50 words. He didn’t really know what they meant exactly, but the fact that he said them AT ALL, and even acknowledged Yoongi’s relationship with Jimin, was nothing short of unbelievable.

After a few more shocked seconds, Yoongi came to his senses and scrambled out of the room, mildly aware of his faintly fishy smell. He quickly scanned the living area and kitchen, but there was no one there.

Next, he jogged back to his room, bursting through the door breathlessly, but found it empty also.

What the fuck?

Finally, he stalked back to the kitchen, and that’s when he saw him. From the window, he could make out the unmistakable figures of Jimin and his mother.

They were STILL out there?

And from their bright, giggly faces, it looked like they were having a grand time.

After a few fretful moments, in which Yoongi almost didn’t have the guts to leave the house, he finally stepped out into the warm sunshine and made the short, but terrifying walk to the edge of the water. Admittedly, the dock looked very clean. From experience, Yoongi knew it could get crusted over with dead fish parts, old bait, and other trash that carry bacteria and could infect the catch.

He used to clean the deck with his mother every Sunday a lifetime and a half ago- but today, it looked like she and Jimin had it all under fucking control.

His mother stopped in the act of placing a flower in Jimin’s hair (her raven bob was already adorned with a crown of them) and beamed a radiant smile at her son.

“Yoongi! You woke up finally! Come and get a flower!!”
Yoongi stared at her.

“I’m ok, thank you, Eomma…” He said, tensely. He loved her to death, but he really needed to be alone with Jimin right now.

She nodded happily, and wrinkled her nose at him.

“You’ve cleaned the fishing rods with your father!” She sang joyfully, as if the fact that he smelled like fish ass was wonderful news.

Yoongi nodded distantly, and turned his attention to Jimin- but the younger had turned his back to him, and was looking out over the water.

“Can I make you some food or do you want to wait for our special dinner? Everyone should be here in the next hour or two?”

Yoongi snapped his face back to his mother.

“Everyone?” He asked, confused.

She smiled and did that cheek touching thing that gave his friends boners.

“I’ll go prepare.” She said without answering his question, before skipping off into the house, as if it was a palace in the clouds.

He took a few steps forward, so he was beside Jimin at the water’s edge. They were alone at last, and he realized that he had no idea what to actually say.

Jimin was wearing a loose pair of shorts and a simple t-shirt, and looking effortless gorgeous. The slight breeze was carrying his alluring scent into Yoongi’s nostrils, and he suddenly regretted not showering after his cleaning episode.

As he prepared his first sentence, Jimin beat him to it and spoke up first.

“Last night when you were… Away… Your mom set up a dinner party for tonight, to honor our last day here.” Jimin said in a tight voice, his eyes still on the water. “She told Umma and your friends, and I invited Taehyung. It means a lot to her, and that’s why I’m still here. I didn’t want to ruin this for her.”

Yoongi exhaled, sadly.

So THAT explained why Jimin had stayed.

“Thank you for… For that.” He said quietly.

Jimin just shook his head, all traces of his previous happiness gone.

“It doesn’t change anything, Yoongi.” Jimin said in a hushed voice that still had a hard edge to it. “I’m leaving as soon as we get back.”

The words felt like a spear in Yoongi’s chest, and even though they weren’t technically a surprise, the pain was still unbearable.

But even as he struggled to absorb the hurt, it began to morph into something else. Something different. His skin suddenly felt like it was on fire, and his hands were trembling slightly in the pockets of his sweats.
“You really think you’re so fucking perfect, don’t you?” Yoongi said in a low voice that was shaking with rage.

Jimin ripped his eyes away from the water to stare wildly at him.

“What did you just say to me??” Jimin whispered, incredulously.

He turned to face the younger, fully.

“I didn’t stutter.” Yoongi replied, coldly. “Fucking Park Jimin. I bet you walk on water like Jesus Christ, himself. I bet you can turn water into fucking wine, too.”

Jimin’s mouth was hanging open now.

“Are you crazy, Yoongi?”

Yoongi nodded vigorously at him.

“YES.” He hissed in response, eliciting a shocked look from the younger. “Yes, I am. Because YOU drive me fucking crazy! You think you know shit that you don’t understand! You refuse to see any reason apart from your own! AND you’re a fucking hypocrite!”

Jimin’s surprised look hardened into something close to hatred.

“Watch what you’re calling me, Min Yoongi.” He warned, dangerously. “You’ll regret it.”

Yoongi laughed scathingly at him. He’d been to hell and back already. It would take a lot more than Jimin to scare him at this point. Besides, the kid couldn’t hurt him any more than he already had.

“Or else what? You’ll drop me, like you did to Hobi and Monnie??” Yoongi asked, sarcastically.

“Do you really wanna find out?” Jimin spat back, squaring his shoulders.

“Oh, sit the fuck down.” Yoongi replied, stepping toward the younger, fearlessly. “Hitting people who won’t hit you back is NOT a fight. It’s just FUCKED UP. So is trying to fuck me dry, by the way. That was really classy!”

Jimin’s face tightened with obvious shame, his gaze shifting downward so he wouldn’t have to look the elder in the eye.

“And, yes, you’re the WORST hypocrite, Jimin.” Yoongi shrieked, pointing an accusing finger at his lover. “I was in Tony’s house knifing words into his FACE! You had NO OBJECTION to that. But now, you won’t even look at me because of Jin? Tell me what the difference is???”

“Did I send you there??” Jimin shrieked back at him, rousing himself into action again. “Wasn’t I trying to hide the whole Tony thing from you???”

“Then why didn’t you leave me afterwards when you found out??” Yoongi retorted. “I know why! Because you approved of it. So now, I have to get your permission for shit??”

Jimin faltered and fell silent, but Yoongi could barely contain himself any longer.

“All I want AT ALL TIMES is for you to be safe! How can I do that when I’m terrified that Jin is at every show waiting to fucking snatch you while I’m on stage? Or break into our apartment while we’re sleeping? Or show up at your job? I did what I had to do, and I was assisted by people who care about you, and you FUCKING PUNCHED BOTH OF THEM!!!”
Jimin rounded on him with a crazed look.

“Yoongi- if you plan to risk your LIFE- don’t you think that I deserve to fucking know? You can’t just run off and leave me in the dark like a CHILD and assume all is well because you made it back home! You have to tell me!!” Jimin screeched, angrily.

“You don’t get it, Jimin!” Yoongi screamed, no longer caring if the whole goddamn village heard him. “I don’t HAVE TO DO SHIT! And I would tell you if you would act right, but you don’t! You try to make decisions for me, and I can’t have that! Not when it comes to shit you have no experience with!”

Jimin made a low guttural sound of pure anger.

“You’re so fucking selfish, Yoongi! You ignore how I feel and you silence me like I have no voice in the matter! And you think you’re justified because you’re making tough decisions?! Well, congratulations!! Now you’ll make every decision on your own! ALONE! All by yourself- just the way you want it!!”

Yoongi sighed, exhausted from the argument and exhausted with Jimin. This was going nowhere, and he was so pissed that he almost didn’t care if Jimin left that minute, anyway. He didn’t care about his mother’s dinner party. He didn’t care about anything anymore.

“This is pointless, Jimin. I can’t make you happy. It’s impossible. You hate happiness.”

Jimin was giving him a disgusted look now, but Yoongi wasn’t fazed.

“You resist anything that’s good for you, and you embrace everything that hurts you, and I don’t fucking understand it!! You work 90 hours a week at a job that’s killing you, you eat nothing, you get no sleep, and you love it! You love living like that!” Yoongi paused to rub his face, tiredly, before continuing.

“You’re miserable everyday at home, and I realized it’s because Seoul isn’t home for you. Daegu is your home. I tried to invite Tae over as much as I can to help you with the loneliness, but it’s not like he can fucking move in with us! I handled Jin so that we could come back home to Daegu. So that you could be happy. But I was wrong. You don’t want to be happy- you just want to live in your miserable little world and HATE ME!!”

Jimin was breathing quite heavily and looking at him with a broken expression.

“You don’t know what the hell you’re saying, Yoongi…”

“I know EXACTLY what I’m saying, Jimin-ah. And the point is this: I’ll always shoot first, and ask questions later. I’ll always fight- whether it’s a threat to our safety, or just some fucker who cuts us off in traffic, I will always fight. For you, for me, for… for our family, if we have one. That’s the fucking man that I am! But I see now that I’m not the right man for you. And you're not right for me, either. We’ve been wasting our time.”

Jimin look thunderstruck, and for a moment Yoongi wondered if he might fall over the edge and straight into the water. Daylight was fading now, waxing and waning, like the dying embers of a flame. The pair stared at each other in the growing darkness.

“I… I…” Jimin’s mouth was agape and trembling, and he seemed to be struggling to speak, but nothing was coming out.

Yoongi was numb. He had no feelings left, except for aching emptiness. He had tried for too long. It
was time to give up.

“I’m sorry, Jimin. For Jin and for everything else.” Yoongi admitted. “I’ll always love you and I hope you find the type of man you need. Maybe... Maybe an accountant or something…”

Jimin looked at him with hollow eyes. And for the first time since he’d met him, the younger looked older and worn.

“An accountant…?” Jimin echoed hoarsely, in disbelief, as if Yoongi had suggested an elephant.

The elder shifted uncomfortably, and nodded.

It sounded much better when Hobi said it.

“Yea... An accountant.” Yoongi repeated, sounding defeated. “Or a teacher or something, I don’t fucking know-”

“Dinner’s ready!” Mrs. Min said suddenly, popping up out of thin air. “Oh! Jimin!! Why are your eyes so red? Is it the pollen??”

The pair turned slowly to look at Yoongi’s mother with dead eyes. They hadn’t even heard her approaching.

Jimin didn't appear to be able to respond to her.

“We were just coming in, Eomeoni. Thank you.” Yoongi supplied, flatly, even though the thought of food was making him sick to his stomach.

She looked between the two of them and smiled as brilliantly as ever. Any other person seeing their pale, stricken faces would have demanded to know who died- but not his mother. She just kept right on smiling.

“Well, everyone is here now! Jimin, hurry and wash the pollen out of your eyes, and Yoongi, wash up and change quickly!! You know how your father is.”

She pecked them both on the cheek and twirled back towards the house.

Yoongi took a deep breath and faced Jimin again. His heart was broken and his life was basically over, but he knew those weren’t good enough excuses for being late to the table when his father was already seated.

“We should go inside, Jimin.”

Nothing.

Jimin looked completely and utterly lost.

Yoongi moved close to him, within kissing distance, and he could literally feel the tension vibrating between them in waves. Jimin's breath hitched in his throat, and he made a tragic squeaking sound, like a dying animal.

“I know you’re done with me, Jimin-ah. You made that more than clear. Let’s just make it through tonight, and then we can sort out your things tomorrow at the apartment. Ok?” Yoongi assured him.

Silence again.
Jimin was looking worse with every passing moment, to the point that Yoongi wasn’t sure if the kid could even sit for dinner at all.

He didn’t know what else to say or do. He wondered if they should hug or something, but he knew he wouldn’t be able to take the agony of touching him.

“Come on…” He beckoned to the younger, who followed him in a zombie like state

Slowly, the pair drifted towards the small house and Yoongi held the door open for Jimin, who stood there as if he was ready to die of old age before walking through it. Finally, they both awkwardly squeezed through the doorway at the same time.

Yoongi felt the familiar electricity from being close to him, but quickly quelled the feelings of desire building inside him. He was going to have to learn to live without that now.

Once inside, Yoongi separated from the younger and cleaned up in preparation for what he expected would be a long and boring dinner.

Little did he know how wrong he was.
Ok. I know this might be getting old, and long intro's are lame as fuck, but I still have to say it-I am so GRATEFUL for every reader/commenter who has joined me this far on this crazy yoonmin ship. I stayed up all night to write this chapter, and only finished when dawn had arrived. I slept for 3 hours, then got back up to edit and post. I wasn't tired or stressed out at all. I was focused. And for better or worse, whether you love it or hate it, whether you love me or hate me, I literally have ripped my heart from my chest and placed it in this chapter. I wrote it with my own blood.

I consider it some of my best work, even though my opinion is largely useless. Often, I will go back to re-read this from the beginning, just to make sure the form and flow are consistent. But when I read chaps 1-27 (before I met you all) it is VASTLY different from chaps 28-60 (after I met you all). You guys have shaped, formed, influenced, and IMPROVED my writing so MUCH, that the two parts almost look like they were written by different people. I just don't know how to thank you guys. You've all made me the writer that I am. And the friendships I have made here are priceless to me.

Oh yea: HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!!!!!

I love you, love you, love you... LOVE YOU.

Please enjoy the Last Supper and stay tuned for the next chapter.

-M

Anybody entering Yoongi’s parent’s home wouldn’t have noticed the dining room table.

That’s because there wasn’t a dining room table.

Or a dining room.

The limited space inside the little house didn’t provide for a designated area to eat, but for as long as Yoongi had remembered, they didn’t need one. His parents always ate alone in their room, and he spent the better part of his childhood in his own room, as far away from them as possible.

For tonight's occasion, however, the Min’s had cleared away the tiny two piece living room set, positioning it against the wall, and leaving an open area of floor where they placed their pop-up table. The pop-up table was literally a large, round table top and a base, stowed away for most of the year, then assembled and set-up in the rare instances that they had company.

Yoongi took his seat and concluded that he would rather be anywhere else in the fucking world than sitting at a goddamn pop-up table next to his ex-boyfriend.

Yet, that’s exactly where he was.

Yoongi sighed and looked around the table.
In a clockwise direction, starting from his left, sat Hobi, his father, his mother, Taehyung, Umma, Namjoon, and to his immediate right: Jimin.

Of course.

Since he and Jimin were the last two to sit down, they ended up sitting next to each other, which admittedly would be the normal thing to do if their relationship hadn’t gone up in flames just minutes before.

Yoongi tried to remind himself that all he had to do was pretend to eat, try to smile, make a little bit of polite conversation, then get the fuck out of there and maybe hit a bar to drink his problems away for the night, or perhaps the rest of his life, if the bar would let him stay that long.

He smiled weakly at his mother, as she laid out multiple platters of food, of which fish was unsurprisingly a huge part. It was all he could do not to vomit all over everything.

Meanwhile, Taehyung was beaming up at her with a smile that could bring down empires, and his father was pinging the sandy haired bombshell with a glare that Tae either didn’t see or didn’t care to acknowledge.

Yoongi turned to his left to nod at Hobi who was being uncharacteristically quiet, so much so, that he’d almost forgotten that his best friend was there, at all. Next, he flat out stared at Namjoon, who kept nervously smiling and moving his hands around like a mental patient. He’d already broken a pair of chopsticks, causing Mr. Min to unglue his eyes from Taehyung and fix a disgusted look on the tall blonde.

Yoongi sighed again.

It was going to be a long motherfucking night.

He was trying his damndest to ignore Jimin next to him, but it was difficult. The younger had changed into all black, as if he was attending his own funeral, and currently looked like he was trying to win first place in a mannequin challenge. Yoongi only chanced 1 or 2 quick glances at him, but he could barely see Jimin’s chest moving and wondered if the kid was breathing at all.

“So, how are you all doing?” Umma asked, brightly, looking closely at the boys.

Awwww, shyiiiiittt.

Yoongi knew his mother was too caught up in la la land to notice the awkward tension between Hobi, Monnie, himself, and Jimin- and his father just plain didn’t give a shit.

But Umma…

Fuck, that woman could smell a rat from halfway across a forest.

“I don’t know about them, but I’ve been doing really well!” Tae supplied, jovially, his square smile on full blast.

He had swapped his oversized clothes for nearly skin tight jeans, dark washed, with a matching denim shirt and an ostentatiously loud pair of red velvet loafers. His rose tinted, circular, statement glasses topped off the eclectic look with a touch of quirky class.

Yoongi ogled the boy in wonderment. Only fucking Kim Taehyung could dress like a cross between a hippy and a cowboy and STILL look amazing.
Jimin’s best friend smiled at everyone, and if the kid sensed that there was some heavy shit going on between the other young men at the table, he was doing a great job at ignoring it.

But knowing him, Yoongi was willing to bet his crowbar that things like that just went right over Taehyung’s perfect fucking head.

“This is the best fish presentation I’ve personally ever seen.” Tae continued in his soft baritone, and Yoongi was horrified to see a light blush stain his mother’s cheeks.

“Oh, from the looks of you, I’m sure you dine at some very fine places.” His mother replied, giggling into her hands.

Tae removed his glasses, folding them away with deliberate slowness, and turned his enormous doe eyes to Mrs. Min, without even blinking.

“I do dine at very fine places, indeed, Mrs. Min. But your place is better than all of them, by far.” Tae replied, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, as if this fact was a secret that existed just for the two of them.

Hobi gasped, and Yoongi prayed for a nuclear blast to hit the house at that exact moment, but unfortunately, God wasn’t listening. Namjoon, however, did hit them, or at least the table, by knocking over the soy sauce, so an inky black pool of liquid formed around his plate.

“Water, please.”

Yoongi’s father cut through his wife’s fresh set of giggles with a firm, and slightly flustered voice, while gripping his chopsticks like a lethal weapon.

Mrs. Min turned to him and quickly touched her husband’s cheek with light fingers.

“In the kitchen, dear! Please also get me a glass!” She sang happily, and immediately turned back to Taehyung to finish explaining her method of smoking snapper fish.

Tae was leaning in to listen intently, as though she was enlightening him on the meaning of life.

“And me, too!” Umma added, with a mischievous smile. “In fact, Hwan, why don’t you just get us all some water while you’re up?”

Mr. Min looked at her and went very still, before very slowly rising from the table.

“I’m not thirsty!” Hobi squeaked, speaking up for the first time that night.

The redhead carefully edged his seat a few inches away from the older man, and closer to Yoongi.

“Me neither!” Namjoon shouted, despite being RIGHT next to everyone. “I don’t drink water—but even if I DID drink water—which I don’t—I still wouldn’t want any water! Actually, I never drink anything. Right, Yoongs?! Tell him!” Namjoon demanded with a petrified look, while still wiping soy sauce from all around him.

Yoongi’s jaw dropped at his friend.

What the hell was THAT?

“I’d love some water.” Tae announced with a raised hand, completely unaware of the awkwardness surrounding the subject. “How about you, Jiminie?”
Jimin looked at him with distant, unfocused eyes, but before he could speak, Mr. Min stumped off to the kitchen without a backwards glance at the table.

Tae just shrugged and resumed chatting about all things fish related with Yoongi’s mother, while Yoongi started thinking of possible excuses he could use to leave the table early.

“You boys are all unusually quiet tonight.” Umma pointed out. “Especially you, Hobi.”

Hobi jumped at the sound of his name, with a guilty look all over his face.

“I trust all is well with you boys?” Umma continued, twisting her head to stare at each one of them in turn.

All four of them murmured unintelligible responses, but were saved by Mr. Min, of all people, when he returned with a tray of water glasses, slamming them one by one in front of each guest.

The next 20 minutes were spent in tense silence as they ate, and Yoongi almost dared to hope that they might just get through the meal without any further incidents.

As much as he tried, he couldn’t help brushing Jimin’s elbow every few seconds as he brought the chopsticks up to his mouth. Each touch was sending ripples of passion up and down his entire body, and his head was starting to hurt from the brainpower required just to concentrate on his food.

“I’ve never tasted snapper like this, Mrs. Min.” Tae commented warmly, while polishing off his third helping. “I won’t forget you for the rest of my life.”

_Fucking hell, can't he just SHUT UP??_

Yoongi started shoveling food faster into his mouth, in a pitiful attempt to finish before anyone else and simply run from the table.

“Oh, I’m just a simple housewife! It’s my Eomma who taught me everything I know!” Yoongi’s mother replied, blushing breathlessly, and leaning over Tae to beam at her mother.

Taehyung turned his entire body towards Umma, with a shocked expression.

“Mother??” Tae said, incredulously. “Stop insulting my intelligence! You two must be SISTERS!”

Both generations of women were now giggling uncontrollably, as Tae swiveled his smile between both of them.

"Just look at your skin!" Tae gushed at Umma first, holding the elderly woman's hand gently, then doing the same for Mrs. Min with his other hand. "Like a phantom's! You are both flawless!"

"Oh, stop, you scoundrel!" Umma squealed, delightfully, making Yoongi's stomach flip painfully. "I bet you say that to ALL of us old floozies!"

Tae gripped his chest dramatically, as if Yoongi's grandmother had shot him through the heart.

"Not even close! In fact, I can't wait to see you celebrate more years." Tae replied, sipping his water and glancing between both women. "Like fine wine, you grow more perfect with age."

Every man at the table was sending death glares his way, and Jimin was suddenly very interested in the ceiling. But Tae was too engrossed with holding hands and complementing the women’s "phantomlike" complexions to notice.
That’s it.

I’m done.

Yoongi dropped his chopsticks, but before he could lie to everyone that he was recently diagnosed with pelvic inflammatory disease, his Umma pinned him to his seat with a piercing look.

“So! Yoongi! Have you told your father about your music debut?”

Yoongi’s heart deflated faster than his getaway plan.

“Uhh…”

“I know that he plays music.” Mr. Min, interjected quietly, his eyes still fixed on Taehyung.

Yoongi glared at his father.

“Actually, I don’t play music, Abeoji.” He corrected, coolly. “I create it.”

“And I bet it’s wonderful, Yoongi!” Mrs. Min declared, joyfully. “Appa and I must come watch you sometime!”

“Oh, he’s the best! I love all his songs!” Taehyung chimed in, his beautiful eyes wide with emphasis. “We must go together; my car will fit us all.” He said decidedly to Mrs. Min, who was nodding vigorously in consent.

Mr. Min just glowered at Tae, and Yoongi began to fear for the kid’s life.

“And you love the songs, Jimin?” Umma asked, pointing her laser eyes at the statue sitting next to Yoongi.

Jimin nodded, mutely, while staring intently at one of his chopsticks.

“It must be a lot of work, putting those shows together, yes?” Umma asked, sweetly, looking at Hobi now.

Fuck.

Yoongi shrank a few inches in his chair. It was never good news when Umma whipped out her sweet voice.

Hobi, also aware of this, choked a bit on his food, while making a big performance of slapping his chest, as if he was about to die of asphyxiation.

“Oh, of course, Umma, of course!” Hobi stammered. “We just, you know- we, uh- work together, you know? And we-uh-make it happen.”

Yoongi gave his friend some water, before he passed out.

“Work together…” Umma echoed, quietly. “That’s so nice… Do you dance at your shows?” She questioned, this time turning her interrogation to Namjoon who was sitting right beside her.

Namjoon froze like a deer in headlights and stared at her.

“Oh, no, no, Umma. Not at all.” The blonde raked his hand through his moussed mohawk with an embarrassed smile full of dimples.
“Really???” Umma replied staring at Yoongi with fake surprise. “I was so sure you must be doing some VERY difficult dancing or acrobatics!!”

Yoongi shrank another inch lower in his seat, and he felt Jimin’s elbow go rigid beside him.

He had no idea where the hell this was going, but he didn’t like it.

“No, Umma, no acrobatics…” He assured his grandmother, shifting uneasily.

She smiled hugely at him.

“Oh!? Then why are you all injured?” Umma asked, swinging her eyes in a wide arc to look at all of them.

At once, Taehyung’s hushed conversation with Mrs. Min ceased, and even Mr. Min became interested in the exchange between Umma and the four young men.

The large round table was suddenly divided in half.

On one side, Yoongi’s mother, father, grandmother, and Taehyung were staring back expectantly at Namjoon, Jimin, Yoongi, and Hobi. All eyes were on them now, and Yoongi felt that they may as well have been under a fucking spotlight.

“Uhhhh…” Hobi said, looking rather pale.

“We…” Namjoon started, but trailed off, pitifully.

“Fell…” Yoongi finished, lamely.

Jimin just stared silently into his still nearly full plate of food.

Umma cocked her head, inquisitively.

“Fell?” She repeated, flatly. “ALL of you fell at the same time?”

Not one out of the four of them was brave enough to answer that.

Umma’s eyes were raking over each of them individually, now. Yoongi followed her gaze and realized why she was asking.

They ALL looked a hot fucking mess.

Namjoon’s pale neck had a huge purplish splotch where Jimin had karate chopped him in the jugular. Jimin’s wrists were marked with thin lines, where Hobi had tied him down. Yoongi still had a partial handprint on his own neck from Jimin’s choke hold, and Hobi was sporting a black eye where Jimin had clocked him in the face.

Mrs. Min suddenly remembered something and swiftly exited the table, and Mr. Min sat quietly, as he seemed to know better than to interrupt his mother-in-law. Even chatty ass Taehyung finally went mute as he surveyed his friends.

The four of them were as silent as an accused party, standing before a judge, waiting to be sentenced.

“Well, it’s nice to see that you boys are all taking good care of one another.” Umma said, with dripping sarcasm, her eyes flicking between their bumps and bruises, before finally settling on Yoongi.
Yoongi cleared his throat and attempted a pained smile at his grandmother.

She wasn’t smiling back.

“Uhh, we are, Umma.” He lied, feeling sick, and sounding it, too.

He could see Hobi nodding numbly in his peripheral vision. They had been in some pretty tight spots together over the years, but this was easily the worst of them all.

“Jimin, do you agree with your oppa?” Umma demanded, ignoring them.

Jimin stirred in his seat, as if he was waking from a particular nasty dream. Beside him, Namjoon scooched backwards looking extremely relieved that he wasn’t the object of Umma’s focus.

Jimin swallowed and nodded with a tiny "mhmm" that sounded more like a mouse than a man.

“I do.” The younger lied with hoarse voice, as if he’d never used it before. He quickly cleared his throat and tried again. “I do.” He repeated, a little stronger this time- but not by much.

Silence from Umma, as she studied Jimin closely.

“Dessert??” Mrs. Min said in a unusually tense voice, returning from the kitchen with a cake and some fruit.

“Ooh, cake!!” Tae exclaimed, happily.

Umma held a warning hand up to them, without removing her eyes from Jimin.

Mrs. Min sat down without another word, and Tae followed suit, eyeing the cake sadly.

“Do you boys want to tell your Umma anything? Anything at all?” She asked kindly, but Yoongi knew better.

What she meant was: *don’t lie to me, bitches.*

Yoongi begged God to let this whole night just be over. Everyone had finished dinner at this point, and NOBODY looked interested in dessert, except fucking Taehyung, and who gives a shit about him.

They all shook their heads, emphatically at her.

“Ok…” Umma replied, gently.

Yoongi let out a cautiously hopeful sigh of relief.

“Just one last thing.” The elderly lady added, with a steely glint in her eye.

Yoongi held his breath.

“Where is my husband’s ring, Jiminnie?” Umma questioned, softly.

*Oh, noooo...*

His head snapped involuntarily to Jimin, and the younger looked like he was about to go into cardiac arrest. He was pale as snow, and had a frozen look of terror on his beautiful face.
Hobi inhaled sharply, and Namjoon scooted his chair back even further, so that it appeared that he had almost left the table.

Umma stared at them patiently.

Tae leaned towards the cake, but Mrs. Min pushed him away, sharply.

“I…Um-I…” Jimin started, but then glanced at Yoongi with a fearful look that demolished the elder’s heart.

“Umma…” Jimin tried again, and his voice was so broken, Yoongi knew the kid wouldn’t be able to finish the sentence.

_Ah, fuck._

“I have it, Umma.” Yoongi admitted, as if he was confessing to a murder.

Jimin fixed a bug-eyed look on him, undoubtedly remembering how Yoongi had bold-faced denied knowing the ring’s whereabouts, while the younger tore their apartment to pieces trying to find it.

Shit.

He had taken the ring off Jimin 2 days ago in the same manner that he'd put it on him: while the younger was sleeping.

There was a good reason behind it, but that didn’t fucking matter anymore. Things were bad enough without Jimin having to tell his grandmother that he'd lost her irreplaceable heirloom. He can just give it to Jimin for now and clear this whole mess up, then take it back from him tomorrow.

“Yea- I just was gonna get it cleaned, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi lied, pulling the thing out of his pocket and handing it over to the younger with the most genuine smile he could muster. “Sorry, I didn’t tell you, I wanted it to be a surprise.”

_Nice save, Yoongs._

Jimin didn’t touch the ring and looked as if he actually WAS in cardiac arrest now.

Yoongi looked back at him with a silent plea in his eyes.

Why wouldn’t he just fucking take it???

_Did the kid really want to start drama right there??_

He nudged Jimin’s arm with his hand, urging him to TAKE the thing and was starting to get pissed at the younger's strange behavior.

_What the actual FUCK?_

“HYUNG!” Hobi breathed in a high pitched whisper, staring wide eyed at Yoongi's hand, as if it had turned into a tentacle.

Yoongi looked down and yelped in surprise, as his blood simultaneously turned to ice. He blinked hard, hoping that he was experiencing some kind of stress induced illusion.

But no…
This was really happening.

HE WAS HOLDING THE WRONG RING.

Yoongi looked around him slowly, with very labored breathing.

Everyone at the table was gawking at him, and Jimin’s mouth was hanging open.

He looked back at his hand- NO-at the black and white diamond encrusted, 24 karat gold engagement ring sitting IN his hand.

Time actually froze, as his mind tumbled backwards to the past events that led him here.

It was during one of Taehyung’s annoying and lengthy visits when it happened.

He had walked into the kitchen and found the two friends gushing over a page in a jewelry catalogue. He knew they were big on earrings and chokers and shit like that, so he didn’t think much of it. But when the pair left for a jog (after trying and failing to get Yoongi to come along) he noticed that the magazine was still opened to the page that they were reading.

And it wasn’t earrings.

Or chokers.

It was wedding bands. Lots of them.

At first, Yoongi had no clue which one Jimin preferred, but then he realized that all of the rings were for women, except one. He made the call and ordered it 5 minutes later.

He didn’t even have to think about it. There was no debating the topic in his mind or seeking advice from friends and family. No wondering if they were too young, or if it was too soon.

At that second, he knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was going to fucking marry Jimin, and that was it.

In fact, he kicked himself for not thinking of it sooner.

The only thing he had to consider was how to ask him. After agonizing over it for weeks, his Umma called him about his parents inviting him and Jimin over, and he made the decision right then and there. He was going to ask Jimin to marry him in front of his family, their family, after getting rid of Jin for good.

The Jin part went successfully enough, but it was painfully obvious that he couldn’t propose to Jimin any longer.

Afraid that the younger might find either one of the rings in their luggage or clothes, Yoongi had resorted to carrying both of them with him at all times.

And now, he just made the biggest mistake in the history of biggest mistakes.

He was so distraught and eager to end this horrible, uncomfortable night, that he completely forgot to check WHICH SHITTING RING he was handing Jimin.

You fucking IDIOT, Yoongi!!

“It’s BEAUTIFUL, YOONGI!!” His mother screamed, leaning over for a better look.
He opened his mouth, and shut it again, stupefied.

She was right.

With 4 rows of diamonds, snugly pressed into the thick gold band, the Bulgari engagement ring was gorgeous and had cost a fortune- but it was only the beginning of his plans for Jimin. He was going to buy the kid a new one every fucking year until the end of time.

But that was before their world ended outside at the edge of the lake.

Once again, the round table was divided. One half had joyful gasps of delight and surprise, as people fawned and cooed at the stunning piece of jewelry.

Even his father was almost smiling.

But on the other side, Hobi was holding his face, Namjoon was practically pulling his hair out, while Jimin looked like Yoongi had pointed a knife at him, and Yoongi himself, simply wanted to die in his chair.

“You got the EXACT one, Yoongi hyung!! That’s the engagement ring Chim Chim WANTED!!” Tae exclaimed, gleefully, almost crawling over the table to stare at his hand.

Mrs. Min screamed and clasped her husband's arm tightly, shaking him violently back and forth.

“Well don’t just SIT THERE, Yoongi!!” His grandmother screeched, her serious face now replaced with glowing happiness. “Get down and ask him!!”

Yoongi considered bringing out his grandfather’s ring and simply telling everyone that there had been a HUGE misunderstanding.

It was one thing to pretend that they were still together, but how the hell could he PRETEND TO F***ING PROPOSE???

"Don’t be shy like your father!” His mother encouraged, still shaking her husband to death. "Ask him!!”

Every muscle in Yoongi's body tensed.

Facing Jin was easier than this.

*Ok, Yoongi. Just pretend it’s a movie.*

*You’re an actor- you’re just acting.*

“Um…” Yoongi stood up, stiffly.

Jimin didn’t move or close his mouth.

Across the table, his Umma was pointing downwards frantically.

Yoongi sank down to one knee, more because he couldn’t hold his own weight up anymore, than for any other reason.

*Just pretend this is a k drama!*

But he couldn't think of a single drama that had a plot THIS fucked up.
Yoongi glanced up at Jimin and was certain the younger's mouth was going to be stuck permanently open for the rest of his life.

“Um… Jimin-ah…” Yoongi said, pathetically, taking one of the younger’s lifeless hands into his own.

_Oh, God…_

_Oh, God, oh God, oh God._

Holding Jimin’s hand now, Yoongi knew this was NOT a K drama. His heart felt like it had swelled to 100x its size, and he was actually near tears, as he looked up at Jimin’s wide open mouth and saucer shaped eyes.

He regarded the younger's face for a moment. Jimin had a slightly crooked front tooth, and there was a ghost of a pimple threatening to appear on his chin. His face was pale and oily, probably from stress; his eyes were red and puffy, and he didn't have a trace of makeup on.

Yoongi thought this was the most beautiful he'd ever seen him.

What an honor it would be, what a _miracle_, to be his husband.

This may never become real, but it felt real to Yoongi, and in that moment he was overwhelmed by the force of undying love and devotion that was drowning him.

He wanted Jimin to accept his ring.

He wanted Jimin to bear his name.

He wanted Jimin to be his forever.

“J-jimin…” Yoongi’s breath hitched in his throat and he had to take a moment to swallow the lump of emotion. His free hand came up quickly to wipe his eyes, before looking up into Jimin's soul.

_Oh my God, I love him._

_I love him…_

The air grew so silent and still, that it felt like they were floating in outer space. Every pair of eyes was locked on them now.

Youngi inhaled deeply.

“Marry me, Jimin.” He blurted in one rushed breath, trying to power through it, the way one might rip a Band-Aid off quickly to hasten the deed.

Jimin’s mouth snapped shut, and his adam’s apple, which was bobbing with the force of his swallowing, was the only indication that the kid was still alive. That and the bright tears shining in his eyes.

The longest silence of Yoongi’s life followed after that, and in that time his mind went completely blank.

There was nothing and no one else in this world, except him and Jimin at that very moment.

“Jiminnie…” Umma spoke gently from across the table. “Answer your oppa…”
Jimin cut his eyes towards her, looking as if he was on the edge of pure insanity.

He looked back down at Yoongi and closed his eyes, and took a shuddering breath through trembling lips.

Yoongi knelt before him, convinced that his heart had stopped beating, due to him holding his breath for so long.

Jimin finally opened his eyes and stared down at him.

“Yoongi...” He whispered tragically, as a tear trickled down his face.

Yoongi didn't move.

He simply waited- because, well, it was all he could do.

"I will..." Jimin answered so quietly, that he may as well have mouthed the words.

In fact, it was only because Jimin nodded his head in affirmation, that Yoongi knew he'd actually said yes.

And then they just kind of... eyeballed each other.

Yoongi didn’t know what to do next. He was strangely elated, but wasn’t sure if he should feel that way.

“Put the ring on him, Min Yoongi!!!” His mother, squealed.

Shit.

Right.

Fuck.

Yoongi slid the exquisite piece onto Jimin’s ring finger, pleased with how well it fit.

It was made for him.

But the notion that Jimin would soon take it off and return it to him filled Yoongi’s chest with unbearable anguish.

Yoongi nodded curtly, and then stood up, essentially an engaged man.

For now, at least.

He caught his father’s eye, and the elder gave him a very awkward looking thumbs up. Hobi kept trying to smile, but it wasn’t quite working out, and Namjoon had to excuse himself from the table.

“Kiss!!” Umma shouted, joyfully, while shedding tears. “Seal it with a kiss!”

Why the hell not?

Everything else had gone completely ape shit, anyway.

Yoongi sighed, and pulled a dazed Jimin up into his embrace.

They stood together unnaturally, like two planks of wood, and Jimin seemed unable to take his eyes
away from his own hand.

Tae and Umma had started chanting “kiss him, kiss him” clapping their hands together in time with their yelling.

*Fuck it.*

Yoongi pulled the younger close and planted a sweet kiss on his mouth, savoring the taste and the moment, unsure if it would be their last. Jimin went limp in his arms, as if Yoongi’s lips had sapped the last bit of strength from him, but then grabbed on to the elder’s back as though he was the only thing keeping him alive.

They parted slowly, and it took Yoongi a while to fully release him.

Jimin licked his lips and looked around blankly, as the whole table erupted into applause, except Hobi who was staring at the floor, and Namjoon who was still mysteriously missing.

Yoongi searched Jimin’s face, but all he saw was exhaustion and confusion— which was precisely what he was feeling at the moment. His gaze trailed down to their hands, which were still interlocked.

This had to be the strangest, most depressing proposal in the universe.

Yet, Yoongi didn’t know if he should dare to dream it into reality. Not only did they just have the fight of the century, but he had effectively ended their relationship tonight, after Jimin effectively ended it last night. Plus, he had said things to the younger that he couldn’t take back— and wouldn’t— because they were TRUE.

If Jimin refused to ever be happy, how could Yoongi then devote his life to a mission that was totally impossible?

He would always be a calculating man, and that meant that he only did things that made sense.

And right now, their love just didn’t add up.

“Yayyyyyyy!!” Taehyung cheered, interrupting Yoongi’s heavy thoughts. “LET'S EAT CAKE!!!!”
Jimin was no stranger to bad times.

In fact, he couldn’t remember a period of his life where he was ever truly happy and at peace with
the world- and while that might sound terrible- it had the benefit of always keeping him on his toes, ready for shitty situations.

While most people would crumble under the weight of their problems, Jimin would be calm and collected, simply because things were always rough for him, anyway.

He was just used to it.

But a lifetime of hardship could not have prepared him for that freak show of a dinner party.

Jimin tried desperately to gather his thoughts amidst the thick cloud of confusion in his head, but he kept losing himself further into it, like some kind of evil maze.

Umma had been in rare form that night. He already knew that she was quick witted, but her pointed and aggressive attack on all four of them was a whole new level of frightening.

Trying to withstand her onslaught while simultaneously trying to ignore Yoongi’s overwhelming presence right next to him, AND at the same time, attempting to understand just what in the fuck Taehyung was doing all night took a superhuman effort on Jimin’s part.

And that wasn’t even the worst of it.

*Yoongi wanted marry me.*

The weight of this revelation was pressing on Jimin’s brain like a cement block.

Yoongi… MIN YOONGI bought a ring from a catalogue that Jimin had been thumbing through casually on a Saturday morning, with the full intention of *asking Jimin to marry him.*

Jimin blinked, as wave after wave of emotion washed over him. First disbelief, then euphoria, then raw reality hit hard as he understood that Yoongi wasn’t just telling him to find another man during their fight outside…

He was telling him to find another *husband.*

Jimin huffed painfully, and tried to fight back tears.

Marriage fell under the category of family- something Jimin never had. Something Yoongi was trying to give him… And now the elder has obviously abandoned that quest.

Their life together was over and it hadn’t even begun yet.

Sitting on Yoongi’s bed now, Jimin felt helpless, shocked, saddened, scared, and strangest of all: hungry.

It seemed weird that he’d be starving after literally JUST being at dinner, but he was. He hadn’t touched a thing on his plate the whole time, and considered it a medical mystery that he hadn’t puked all over the table out of nervousness and horror.

He was exhausted, too, but sleep was a foreign word to him at the moment.

Jimin rubbed his face and checked the time.

It was late.

Dinner had ended over an hour ago, and Taehyung had left after jotting down phone numbers for
both Yoongi’s mother AND grandmother. In fairness, Tae *did* ask Mr. Min for his number, too, and the look that Yoongi’s dad gave Tae would have made Jimin laugh out loud if he still had any laughter in his soul.

Jimin slumped backwards onto the bed, but quickly sat back up when he heard something outside.

A car motor.

And voices…

He slinked his way over to the small, dingy window and watched Yoongi step out of Hobi’s car, which had just parked at the back of the house, not even 10 feet away from the bedroom window. Hobi and Namjoon got out also, and the three friends stood around in the dark, awkwardly.

Actually, Hobi and Yoongi stood around, while Namjoon sort of swayed unsteadily. He was very clearly drunk, high, or most likely, both.

Jimin’s heart pounded at the sight of them.

Yoongi and Jimin had been persuaded by Tae (and then forced by Umma) to take pictures after dinner, showing off their newly engaged status. It had been pure, unadulterated hell standing there, trying and failing to smile and hold hands, knowing that the whole proposal was a sham.

After an unbearable half hour of pictures, cheering, and more pictures, Yoongi took off with his friends without a word or a backwards glance. Pale faced and stricken, Jimin managed to help Mrs. Min clean up, as the lady tutted and joked about how Yoongi was already being a typical husband, running off and leaving Jimin at home.

Feeling decidedly ill, Jimin went to the room and tried to sort out his feelings and figure out what he might say to his ex-boyfriend/fake fiance when he returned.

And now Yoongi was back, and Jimin hadn’t come up with a SINGLE thing.

“What are you gonna do now, hyung?” Said a voice from outside.

It was Hobi.

Jimin pressed himself close to the window, listening hard.

Namjoon made a remark that was so slurred, Jimin couldn’t even make out the words.

“How the fuck would I know, Hobi?” Yoongi replied, stiffly.

Jimin’s chest tightened.

Yoongi sounded so *broken.*

“You-the wrong ring-you... Wrong ring!!” Namjoon chuckled, thickly, while wobbling so bad, Jimin wondered how the man was still standing.

Hobi pegged the tall blonde with a wicked look, then grabbed a bottle from the car and took a long swig. The way he scrunched up his face made it obvious that it was alcohol.

Namjoon made a grab for the bottle, but the redhead tossed it deftly to his other hand.

“How’s my ass, hyung.” Hobi said to a scowling Namjoon, like a parent scolding a child for
eating too much candy.

“Maybe you can just return the ring, Yoongi hyung. It has to have a return period, right?” Hobi reasoned, turning his attention back to Yoongi. “Imagine all the girls that say no to a proposal! Those rings have to go back, yea?”

Jimin had to stop himself from actually jumping out of the window.

Yoongi couldn’t take the ring back.

He wouldn’t.

Would he?

For the first time since entering the room, Jimin looked down at his hand which was clutching the engagement ring tightly. He had been trying to avoid getting attached to it, since he expected that he’d be returning it soon. But now, he couldn’t bear the thought of parting with it.

His eyes slid over the studded diamonds—too many of them to count. It was breathtaking. But even if it had been made of fucking tin foil, he STILL wouldn’t be ready to give it up.

It was his.

“I’d have to sell it privately, or have a jeweler work on it, Hobi-yah.” Yoongi said quietly, still staring at the ground. “It’s engraved on the inside. I can’t return a personalized item so easily. I didn’t think I’d ever have to…”

Yoongi’s voice was thick with bitterness on the last words.

With wide eyes of dread, Jimin spun the ring in his hand and peered into the inner band, under the dim light of the room’s single lamp.

And there it was. Etched into the gold, with a beautiful, flowing script.

For Jimin; Mine for eternity.

Jimin gasped so loudly that Namjoon actually turned to the bedroom window with foggy eyes at the sound. Luckily, the force of the movement caused the tall blonde to fall over, before anyone else could notice what he was looking at.

“I gotta get him home, Yoongs, he’s a fucking mess.” Hobi spat disgustedly, as he pulled Namjoon to his feet. “I’ll stop by in the morning before you leave, alright?”

Yoongi just shrugged and took the bottle from Hobi, not even bothering to help his friend hoist Namjoon into the car.

Jimin yelped softly, and scrambled back to the bed when he heard the front door scrape open.

You’re a MAN, Jimin!

Pull yourself together!!

But sitting there, hearing Yoongi as he entered the still and silent house, undoubtedly making his way toward the bedroom, Jimin felt like a child who had been called to the principal’s office.
He knew he was sweating; his palms were slick and slippery, his head was pounding, and he felt short of breath. How on earth was he supposed to speak to Yoongi when he was on the verge of a literal nervous breakdown?

_Maybe I should just run._

Jimin eyed the car keys on the table, and momentarily considered just driving away until the gas ran out.

Before he could come to a solid decision, the bedroom door banged open. Jimin jumped back involuntarily, and locked eyes on Yoongi’s cold, dead gaze. The elder’s alabaster skin was dewy in the soft light, and he looked tired, but beyond that Jimin couldn’t tell a thing else from his face.

“I…Um…” Jimin started, then trailed off. He clutched the ring tighter in his hand, half expecting Yoongi to run over and yank it from him.

But he didn’t.

Instead, the elder eyed him acidly, and took a long swig of amber colored liquid from the bottle in his hand. Then he made his way over to their luggage and rifled through some of the clothes.

“Yoongi..?” He whispered, almost too softly to hear.

But Yoongi simply stomped back out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Clearly, the elder didn’t care about waking anybody up.

_Fuck._

Jemin’s stomach twisted, painfully. As a couple, the pair actually argued a lot. But their fights never lasted long.

Jemin's mouth twitched in a ghost of smile, as he recalled how they reconciled their silly little spats. If Jemin was in the wrong, he’d find Yoongi wherever he was, and suggest that they go to bed. It didn’t matter what time of day it was- Yoongi would drop whatever he was doing and they’d simply go lay down.

And if Yoongi had messed up, he always came and offered Jimin food, despite the younger’s strict dietary preferences. And no matter what the elder gave him, whatever heart-attack inducing, fattening as FUCK food it was- Jimin would eat it all.

Every scenario always ended with noisy, mind blowing, makeup sex.

That was just their way.

But this- this was a different beast, entirely. And Jimin could tell that their current situation wouldn’t be resolved so easily.

Maybe not at all.

Jemin was starting to panic. If only he had more time to THINK- but before he knew it, he heard Yoongi walking back to the room.

He sat on the bed and gathered his courage, and nearly fell over when Yoongi walked in soaking wet, and wearing only a towel.
“Oh!” Jimin exclaimed, shooting up from the bed and turning around.

Yoongi didn’t even look his way, as he tossed off the towel carelessly, and dressed for bed.

Jimin waited a minute, then turned to face him, but the elder was still doggedly ignoring him, as he pulled on a shirt with one hand, and drank from his bottle with the other.

“Please look at me, Yoongi.”

However, the elder seemed dead set on doing the exact opposite. He put on some deodorant and headed for the door, as Jimin watched, helplessly.

“Yoongi!”

Nothing.

Yoongi’s hand was reaching for the knob now, and Jimin knew that he’d be gone in a second.

Probably forever...

His brain was going into meltdown mode, as he struggled to come up with the right words at the last possible moment.

“I DON’T WANT AN ACCOUNTANT!” Jimin blurted, stupidly.

Yoongi paused, turned, and fixed him with a look that made Jimin feel like pure filth.

But he had the elder’s attention. That was all that mattered.

Jimin swallowed.

“Um… Yoongi… Do you know how Tae and I became best friends?”

Yoongi’s eyebrow shot up at this question, but not with curiosity. He just looked bored and mildly disgusted.

Jimin licked his parched lips before continuing.

“Uhh… Ok, so his parents donated to my orphanage every month. And when they would come by for their charity visits, Tae and I would play, and… He would throw fits when it was time for them to leave. And just like that, I got a fully paid scholarship to Tae’s private school. Just because Tae wanted a playmate when he was 5 years old.”

Jimin paused. He never talked about his unlikely friendship with Taehyung. He and his best friend swore many years ago to never reveal the embarrassing way they had met. But now, he felt it was important for Yoongi to have this glimpse into his personal life.

“Even though I love Tae like a brother, growing up alongside him made me realize that I shouldn’t even bother wanting things for myself. Anything at all. Material things. Emotional things… It’s pointless. I just get what I’m given, and that’s it. I don’t know what it means to truly care about myself, so it never made sense that you care about me the way you do.”

Jimin stopped to breathe, fully aware of the fact that he was rambling.

Yoongi was out rightly staring at him now, with an expression that was NOT friendly.
Just don’t cry, Jimin.

DON’T CRY!

He didn’t want to turn into a blubbering mess. The last thing he needed was to look like he was trying to win Yoongi back by being a crybaby.

He wasn’t excited to tell Yoongi all about his deep rooted insecurities, either. But he prayed that somehow, maybe facing those demons by speaking them out loud would help correct all the damage he’d done.

“Hyung, look I don’t get why you do the CRAZY things you do- but that’s simply because I don’t love myself. That’s my problem Yoongi. You love me more than I love me. So, when you do things for me- I don’t understand it. That's why I never appreciated you the way you deserve.”

Jimin waited to see if the elder had anything to say, but he was stiller than a statue.

"Um.. All I know, Yoongi, is that when you walk out the door to go anywhere at all, you take EVERYTHING I have and love with you. And I get so fucking scared that you won’t come back. And then I… I lose my shit, I just…”

Yoongi’s eyebrow looked it might fly off his forehead at this point, while Jimin huffed deeply trying to fight tears and catch his breath at the same time.

Oh, God. I’m probably confusing him.

Shit, I’m confusing ME.

Jimin took a deep breath and stepped towards Yoongi. The elder tensed like he was ready to defend himself, and Jimin didn’t blame him. The bruises on Yoongi’s neck were still raw.

“Youngi...” Jimin said softly, like he was talking to a cobra that might strike if he made the wrong move. “I don’t want to work at Y&S studio. I don’t want the promotion. I don’t want to eat nothing and work 90 hour weeks. I don’t even want to live in Seoul... But I... I didn’t care about myself enough to fight for what I want. I’ve never cared about what I want. Not until now... And the only thing I really want and need is this.”

Jimin’s voice cracked, as he held up the dazzling ring in one sweat slicked hand for Yoongi to see.

The elder’s face was like a concrete slab of nothingness, and completely unreadable. The bottle of liquor was hanging loosely from one hand, and Yoongi glanced at the engagement ring as if it was something nasty Jimin just found under the bed.

“I know- it may not- I mean- I know things are fucked up… But I can be better, hyung. I WILL BE better. I’ll FIGHT for this ring and for you. I’ll earn it, no matter how long it takes… I swear to God…”

Jimin was drained now, and even though he was sure his speech had been completely incoherent, it was all he had. But Yoongi hadn’t moved an inch, except to put the liquor down on the table and cross his arms with a thoroughly unimpressed expression on his face.

The silence was suffocating, and Jimin wished Yoongi would speak, even if it was to curse him out.

“Please just talk to me, Yoongi…”
Jimin moved another couple of steps forward, so they were only about a foot apart now. Despite his blotchy face and heavy breathing, Jimin was actually quite proud of the fact that he had more or less held himself together. Sure, the back of his eyes felt like a water dam that was about to burst, but the point was, he was still somewhat in control of his emotions for the time being.

Meanwhile, Yoongi was simply emotionless. There was almost NO difference between the elder’s face and the wall that was behind him.

Just when Jimin felt he couldn’t take it anymore, Yoongi uncurled one of his folded arms and held out his hand.

Jimin stared at it, not quite understanding what it meant.

It didn’t look like he was inviting Jimin into an embrace, or to hold his hand.

It looked like he was demanding something.

Jimin’s pulse started race.

No… Not the ring.

Pure terror washed over him, and for a second, he actually wanted to swallow the fucking thing to make it impossible for Yoongi to take it away.

This couldn’t be happening.

Not again.

“Yoongi…” Jimin squeaked brokenly, staring into the elder’s eyes beseechingly. “Don’t give up on me, Yoongi… Please…”

But there was nothing in Yoongi’s eyes but ice, and his hand was still held out almost aggressively.

“Oh my God…” Jimin whimpered, as he brought his trembling hand up to the elder’s.

He simply couldn't believe that the worst night of his life was basically repeating itself. He was begging Yoongi not to take yet another ring from him.

And just like last time, Yoongi wasn't budging.

They stood there for a moment with Jimin’s shaking hand hovering over Yoongi’s wide open palm.

Just drop it, Jimin...

It’s over...

But he couldn’t drop it.

He couldn’t even breathe.

“No.” Jimin finally muttered, with weak defiance. "No, Yoongi, I-I won’t.”

Yoongi stared at him with flat, black eyes.

Jimin stood his ground, but was actually starting to feel a tiny bit afraid.

He knew the elder was beyond pissed, but why did he have to look at him with such EVIL??
And why the hell wouldn’t he SPEAK??

Jimin took a long shuddering breath. This was craziness.

They couldn’t go on like this anymore.

“Ok, Yoongi. Ok… T-tell me that you want it back.” Jimin stammered, hardly able to get the heartbreaking words out. “Tell me right now that you don’t want me. And… And I’ll-I’ll give it to you.”

Yoongi exhaled impatiently and rolled his eyes.

Then with a quickness that Jimin could barely follow, Yoongi grasped his wrist, pried open his hand, and snatched the ring from him.
Helloooo from the Outsiiiiiiiiiiide!!!!! (Fake Chapter)

Chapter Notes

:)

I just wanted to drop a few lines and apologize for the long silence! I totally thought that after my last update, things had stabilized enough for me to update regularly, but, welp, I was wrong. Anyway, I was overwhelmed with the number of people who stopped in just to check on me. I was so touched, and I thought about you all everyday! I missed you, and I missed this story!! I'll tell you this: the next chapter drops tomorrow, and I am soo nervous. I have re-written and added to it (thanks to inspiration from BTS Festa, lol) until it became a mammoth at over 6000 words! That is 2-3x longer than my normal chapters, but it had to be done. I hope you guys approve, cus damn I've been working on it for like a month, legit.

Anyway, enough about that.

1. My Europe peeps: how were your ticket sales??? I was praying for you guys???

2. Is everyone enjoying festa???? I have some cool army peeps (hi naughty noonas) who I watched the Prom with, and I'm still not ok. I mean, I woke up after like 4 hours sleep to watch that shit live.

3. JIKOOK DANCING TO MICHAEL JACKSON

4. TAEJIN DOING A DUET

5. RAPLINE PERFORMING DDAENG (aka cypher 6, cus outro tear is cypher 5)

6. I'm tired just thinking of it....

7. Kookies sheer top and harness belt (gulp)

8. Jimin's everything

9. Everyone's everything!!!!

10. ERRTHANG ERRHTANG ERRTHANG!!!

Anyway, please expect the next chap tomorrow and read with an open heart and mind. Again, it is extremely long, so I fully expect it to be riddled with typos. Bear with me.

Love you all!!! Thank you for being so patient. A few people asked me if I had abandoned this story- please know- I will NEVER do that. I love this story, for better or worse. I am eager to finish it and move on to new work, but I'll see it through to the bitter end. Fighting, y'all. <3
Found

Chapter Notes

Remember back in the day when I used to say that there were only 3-4 chapters left in this fic? I thought we all might get a laugh from that! I love everyone for the care and concern they showed. Got me right in the feelies. I missed you!! I am sorry for the wait-truly. Please try and re-read chapter 60 before diving into this beast- cus it's long. Like it or hate it, I am grateful to you for reading this far. <3

-M

It is the sweetness of our savagery
The way we're interwoven
In our threads of broken tapestry
I take you as my chosen
Both my treasure and my travesty
It's the colours of our sin
How you strip away my robes
And enter in my very skin
It is the way you speak my name
It is the softness of your hands
It is in all I cannot say
And what I'll never understand
It is the shadows on your face
It is the secret of your voice
That binds me here and seals my fate
It's knowing that I have no choice
- Park Ji Min

Jimin stared blankly at the smooth rectangle of the closed bedroom door that Yoongi had just walked
out of.

The elder left abruptly with the engagement ring, which Jimin now realized had never really belonged to him at all.

To say that the earth had stopped spinning on its axis was an understatement.

He had a feeling of weightlessness, but not the joyful kind. It was more like floating into oblivion, where every ragged breath was pulling him farther away from the light and taking him somewhere bleak and lonely.

“Yoongi…” Jimin whispered to the closed door, as if it might magically reply him.

It didn’t.

Jimin looked around the tiny room, like it was a deep, dark jungle from which there was no escape.

I’m ok…

Everything is going to be ok.

He ran a shaky hand through his hair and gave himself the same silent pep talk that he did when he was a kid.

Suddenly, he remembered those childhood days with aching clarity.

The days when parents would pick up their children from school in glittery cars, full of smiles and laughter, while Jimin was left behind to wait for the orphanage bus. Or when he invited his few friends to the arcade, only to find that they were jet setting out of the country for the weekend.

Or when he finally got the nerve to ask out his first boy, only to find that he’d completely misread the signs and the dude wasn’t even into guys.

Or- and this was a good one- how the whole school had heard about it… And after that, he wasn’t just the poor kid. He was the poor, queer kid.

Every time, and with each heartbreak, Jimin would persistently remind himself that everything was ok; that he would be fine. He was still alive.

Things could always be worse.

But those words which had once brought him so much comfort were now just empty syllables.

Meaningless.

Jimin looked at the hand he’d just raked through his hair and wasn’t surprised to see it trembling, clammy, and cold.

He had to go to bed, somehow. Or at least sit down, before he passed out from hunger and devastation.

Of course, sleep would be impossible, but even laying wide awake in Yoongi’s bed was a cruel joke.

Jimin sighed, mournfully

The floor it is, then.
The door reopened as he was halfway crouching to sit on the rough wooden floor.

Yoongi entered the room and Jimin quickly yanked back into a standing position, then lost his balance and fell backwards onto his ass with a crash.

The elder glowered at him, as Jimin shakily picked himself up. He’d landed quite hard, but he didn’t feel any pain. Blood was rushing loudly in his ears, and his heart was pounding away madly.

He was scared.

In fact, he was TERRIFIED.

Although Yoongi had a very violent streak in him, the elder had never been threatening towards him in the course of their relationship. Even during their worst fights, the most Yoongi would do is yell and walk away- never once exposing the younger to his more vicious tendencies.

Jimin wondered if that would be changing tonight, as he stared uneasily back at the elder.

He also wondered exactly how much Yoongi had to drink.

Jimin was pretty good at defending himself when he had a surge of blinding fury to propel him, but at any other time he was utterly useless.

Yoongi, on the other hand, was ALWAYS savage. And now he was probably drunk, too.

And angry…

“H-hyung…?” Jimin asked, nervously, hoping to keep things peaceful.

Yoongi closed the door and stalked towards him wordlessly, making Jimin gasp and scramble backwards, to where, he didn’t know, because there was absolutely nowhere to go. He had a very strong urge to run and wake the Min’s, but the elder was upon him now, and Jimin abandoned the idea, enveloped in Yoongi’s smell and dominating aura.

Every ounce of courage that Jimin had previously possessed when fearlessly attacking Hobi and Namjoon was long gone. He was literally quaking underneath the elder, despite the fact that there was barely an inch of difference in their height.

“Yoongi??” Jimin squeaked in a puny voice, alarmed as hell when the elder grabbed his arm. “C-can we just talk please-“

“Enough.”

Yoongi’s low command silenced Jimin mid-sentence.

Dark shadows were cast upon the elder’s face from the dim lighting, making him appear both beautiful and fearsome at the same time.

The quiet room was vibrating with tension, and as much as Jimin reminded himself that Yoongi would never hurt him, he was still wracked with nervous tremors.

“Stop shaking, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi ordered again, but softer this time. Gentler.

Jimin stilled, more out of surprise than submission.

Wait…
What’s happening, here?

Yoongi’s grip on his arm was rather tight, but loosened as the elder knelt down in front of him for the second time that night.

Jimin’s stomach lurched painfully.

This was impossible.

“Hyung-”

“Quiet.” Yoongi interrupted, bringing out the ring which was the current cause of all the joy and pain in Jimin’s life.

Holy shit.

Jimin’s already ruined stomach gave another excruciating flip. He had prayed and begged for this, but he wasn’t really expecting it.

Well, yes, he was certainly hoping, but he didn’t think it would be TONIGHT, just minutes after Yoongi had scorched him with satanic glares then walked out on him.

He had considered their future carefully, while he was alone in the room, and rationalized that the best case scenario was for Yoongi to permit them to just be friends for a while, until they could sort things out enough to move forward. Jimin would have considered it pure luck for Yoongi to continue dating him, but he didn’t even dare entertain the possibility of another proposal for… Months, at least.

Maybe years.

Yoongi looked a lot calmer than he had at dinner, only pausing to take one quick breath, before sliding the ring back on Jimin’s finger.

“Jimin-ah…” Yoongi said, clearly, like he was addressing an entire stadium audience and not one person in a little fishing village.

Earlier at dinner, this had put Jimin into a frozen state of shock; immobile and unbelieving. His body had temporarily stopped functioning- he had no thoughts, no feelings.

But it was different this time. He was in hyper drive. His heart was pumping faster, his head was spinning, and his thoughts were tumbling around with dozens of questions.

“Why??” Jimin breathed, looking down at Yoongi incredulously.

He couldn’t compose a proper sentence, so he did his best with one word.

Yoongi had told him earlier to basically fuck off and find someone else, and had looked right through him with HATRED just minutes ago.

And now this?

Jimin believed in miracles, but this disaster had seemed beyond salvation.

“Why??” Yoongi repeated, as if Jimin was insane. “Because dinner was a fucking shit show, that’s why.”
Jimin’s eyes were burning with a familiar heat that he was trying with all his might to keep at bay. He blinked rapidly, trying to push it away, but it only burned hotter. He desperately needed to understand what this meant and why it was happening.

“Yoongi—”

“Stop talking.” The elder interjected, softly.

A thickness lodged itself in Jimin’s throat, and the back of his eyes were on fire now.

“Jimin... By now, I guess you finally know what you mean to me—”

Yoongi’s voice had its characteristic toughness, but was now laced with a silky element; smooth and velvety, just like in his performances.

“We’ve been sharing a home, and now… I think it’s time we share our lives…”

Jimin was trying hard to listen to the elder’s words, but they became muffled and distant, and he felt the control that he’d worked so hard to maintain starting to crumble away.

His throat began to constrict and there were hot, molten tears burning through his eyes like lava.

Yoongi had been staring at Jimin’s hand during his monologue, but stopped and looked upwards sharply, when the younger made a pitiful, anguished sound.

“For God’s sake, Jimin-ah, stop crying.”

But it was too late.

The dam had finally burst.

Jimin had tried- he had really, really tried to keep it together all night long, but he was just a man and not a machine, after all.

Huge, body shaking sobs were ripping through him now, and if he’d been able see clearly through the waterfall of tears, he would have noticed Yoongi looking up at him with total exasperation.

“Jimin- can you- Jesus… Can you just relax?”

He couldn’t.

He’d endured a lifetime of rejection, but on this day, when he was so underserving of compassion, when he should have been thrown out and left in the cold, Yoongi had chosen to accept him; to forgive him.

Jimin was pressing his face into his forearm in an attempt to hide the never ending flow of tears and choking wails. His chest burned with the exertion and he knew that he was crying harder, louder, and uglier than he ever had in his entire life, and probably looked like a silly bitch, but it didn’t matter.

“Fucking hell, Jimin-ah…” Yoongi said, mystified, and still holding the younger’s free hand, uselessly. “Ok, let’s just… Let’s skip to the end. Yes or no?”

Jimin felt his face might be glued to his arm forever. Every attempt to move or speak only made him weep more. He felt completely unworthy, and a mixture of shame and elation was preventing him from showing himself.
The elder heaved a gigantic sigh.


Jimin hiccupped heavily, but managed to make the nearly imperceptible head motion, while still hiding his face.

“Done.” Yoongi said with relief as he stood up, rubbing his knee. “Thank FUCK I never have to do that again.”

The elder moved away and returned with a towel from their luggage which he handed to his fiancé soundlessly. Jimin snatched it, grateful for a new home to bury his face in. His sobbing had subsided to a degree, and he was gulping into the thick cloth now, trying to catch his breath.

“Look at me, Jimin.”

Jimin didn’t think he’d ever be able to do that again.

He flipped the towel over and stuffed his face into it, fully prepared to live out the rest of his life like this.

Yoongi, however, pulled Jimin in close, forcing the younger to stare at the floor between their bare feet.

“Jimin-ah, how the hell is this supposed to work, if you won’t look at me?” Yoongi asked, sternly.

He had a point there.

Jimin inhaled the deepest breath he’d ever taken and pulled his wet eyes from the floor to meet Yoongi’s. Immediately he felt lost, yet somehow found in the elder’s gaze, and the incredibly loving way Yoongi was staring back at him was making Jimin choke up all over again.

But before he could start a second round of crying, Yoongi kissed him. It was soft, but with an unmistakable undertone of possession that might have offended Jimin’s masculinity once upon a time, but right now was making him weak with need.

Yoongi pulled him closer, and Jimin could taste his own tears on the elder’s tongue as it slid past his lips into his mouth. The saltiness seemed to jolt Jimin back into reality, and he pulled away with a confused yelp.

This was madness.

The rollercoaster from this morning’s catastrophic fight, to the psycho dinner party, then the fake proposal, the REAL proposal, and now Yoongi’s advances had Jimin’s head spinning in dizzying circles.

“Hyung! M-maybe we can just- like- sit and *talk* for a sec-” Jimin stuttered, his throat still raspy from crying.

“No.” Yoongi growled, pushing Jimin back against the bed and swallowing the rest of his protests with another fiery, fervent kiss.

Jimin gasped when his back hit the mattress, rattling the thin frame against the wall. Instinctively, his body moved to get back up, but Yoongi had him pinned down with a strength that the elder didn’t usually display.
Jimin had a very vivid recollection of doing the same thing to him only the night before.

But boy, how the tables had turned.

Jimin, who was bigger, and often stronger than Yoongi, was feeling woozy, helpless, and totally unable to resist him.

Yoongi disengaged their mouths and ripped off his top quickly, unveiling his smooth, flat stomach and porcelain skin. Jimin seized the opportunity to suck in a breath, but hardly had a second to gather himself before Yoongi was pulling his shorts off, roughly.

“Yoongi! Wait-please!” Jimin squealed, feeling the cool air on his uncovered legs.

“Take your fucking shirt off.” Yoongi demanded, and it would have sounded like a threat, if the elder wasn’t slowly rubbing his hands up and down the younger’s bared thighs.

Jimin shivered with pleasure at the touch and felt his skin go taut with goosebumps.

It had been a while since they’d slept together properly. Their work schedules were so hectic, and the rare times when they weren’t working, they just barely crossed paths like two ships in the night, worn to the bone and too damn tired to do anything but pass out.

In fact, the little bit of fun they had in the car on the drive over, was the closest they’d come to lovemaking in almost a month.

He must have been hesitating too long, because Yoongi moved rapidly to take Jimin’s shirt off for him, making him gasp again in surprise when the fabric was pulled roughly over his head.

It’s not that he didn’t want Yoongi, but he could still hear the elder’s acidic words in his head, even as he wore his ring and laid nearly naked underneath him.

If they could just TALK about it, it would really help clear the air and his lingering doubts, but when Jimin tried to say this he ended up emitting a low, shuddering moan as Yoongi’s tongue blazed up his neck and into his mouth for a deep, slow kiss.

*Five seconds.*

Jimin decided that he’d let them kiss for just *five seconds*, and then demand that they have a mature and productive discussion to...

To discuss...

Discuss something...

Jimin’s thoughts became jumbled when he felt Yoongi parting his legs so he could nestle between them, pressing their erections closely together, and deepening their kiss impossibly further. The movement made Jimin’s whole body convulse, as he realized, that, yes, he now had a raging hard on.

Despite his unease, their kisses grew louder, wetter, and more frantic, and Yoongi only gave them the briefest fraction of a second to breathe before fusing their lips together again, intertwining their tongues into one tangled mess of sin.

Jimin was powerless now, and every poor attempt he made at speech was swiftly cut off by Yoongi sucking and biting his lips.
Finally, they parted for air, heaving like they’d run a marathon.

Jimin had barely refilled his lungs, before Yoongi pounced again, rubbing his undeniably hard cock against Jimin’s crotch, making the younger whimper and whine like a wounded puppy.

“Ok, ok, wait, Yoongi…” Jimin croaked, breathlessly, even as his hips drove upwards to feel more of the elder’s hardness between his legs. “Please- listen to me, hyung…”

“You listen to your husband.” Yoongi countered, in an admonishing, almost lecturing tone that was whispered directly into his ear.

Time froze for Jimin in that moment.

It shouldn’t have shocked him so much to hear Yoongi refer to himself that way. After all, they were engaged now, right? And engaged people got married, eventually, right??

And yet it WAS surprising…

Surprisingly sexy.

Min Yoongi was going to be his husband.

HUSBAND.

The word bounced back and forth in his brain, and he watched Yoongi with wide, unbelieving eyes as the elder licked a soaked trail down his body and settled upon a hard, sensitive nipple.

Jimin wheezed for air when Yoongi’s teeth clamped around his tightened nub of flesh, tugging at it delicately.

God, they hadn’t even gotten down to business yet, and Jimin was already slithering around on his back, totally unraveled by Yoongi’s tender nipple play. He grasped at the elder’s hair, but his hand was intercepted by Yoongi’s larger one, and their fingers interlaced, locking tightly.

The younger was battling against himself now, struggling not to make any noise, but it was difficult-bordering on impossible. Yoongi had brought their linked hands down to Jimin’s chest and was grazing his fingers along one nipple while still resolutely suckling the other.

Jimin couldn’t tell whose hand was touching on him anymore. Maybe it was Yoongi’s, maybe his own- he didn’t know, and he simply didn’t care. It had been so long for them, and he felt like he’d crawled through the very depths of hell to make it to this moment.

And what a glorious moment it was.

Every kiss was a shockwave, and every touch was 100 times the usual intensity.

Yoongi moved to his mouth once more, nibbling his swollen lips, and Jimin started babbling something incoherent about love, but the elder just ignored it and went back down, past his chest now, kissing along his stomach and lower.

In the innermost recesses of his mind, Jimin prayed that Yoongi wasn’t stupid enough to go anywhere near his cock right now. They might as well just knock on his parent’s door and tell them that they were fucking, because there was NO WAY they wouldn’t hear him dissolving into a mess on Yoongi’s bed.

Now, if he could only manage to say this without stammering on every letter.
“Y-yoongi hyung—we should—” Jimin began, but cried out when Yoongi pulled his boxer briefs down without a care in the fucking world.

His cock sprung free, heavy, thick, hard, almost dirty, and snapped back onto his stomach with a lewd plop.

Jimin stared at Yoongi, and Yoongi stared at his dick, and the next thing he knew, he was in the elder’s mouth and a sound that resembled a dying bunny was coming out of his own.

“Shut up, baby.” Yoongi murmured softly, from around Jimin’s shaft, and even the words added a sensation that only made Jimin’s scream climb an octave higher.

He felt a soft object hit him in the face, and realized that Yoongi had thrown a pillow at him. He bit down on it hard, and was pleased to note that it was actually helping. His shorter cock length made it easy for the elder to suck him off fully, and he let his eyes roll back as he was immersed in Yoongi’s warm mouth, reveling in the muscular tongue that was dancing across his head, and flicking in his slit.

This was almost ok.

He could almost bear this.

But the moment Yoongi moved lower to nip at his strained, tightened sack, Jimin knew they were going to have a problem. He barely contained a loud, plaintive wail, as Yoongi licked along the sensitive seam of skin that divided him from his balls down to his ass.

The mouthful of pillow between Jimin’s teeth was damp from saliva and he chomped down on it with everything he had, willing himself not to shriek at the top of his lungs.

It wasn’t working.

Next, Jimin tried squeezing his eyes shut, refusing to watch the elder literally swallowing his balls whole, hoping that blindness would help him maintain composure, while knowing damn well that it wouldn’t.

Yoongi released him, and traced his long fingers along Jimin’s inner thighs, parting them wide. So wide that his knees were nearly touching either side of the bed.

So wide that if he wasn’t naturally flexible, his hips might have dislocated.

”Yoooooongiiiiii….” Jimin wailed, in a pitiful warning. “I-I can’t…”

The elder gave no response, other than to lick light circles around his fully exposed ring of puckered flesh.

Jimin yelped and chewed on the pillow again, but it was in vain. Yoongi was literally making out with his asshole now, torturously slow, with languid, lapping licks and gentle sucking.

Jimin spat the pillow out and howled directly at the ceiling.

“Sshhh…”

Jimin thought that had to be some type of sick joke, because all Yoongi was doing by shushing him was blowing warm air into his pulsing core.

His body seized when the elder’s tongue darted dangerously inside him by the tiniest bit.
“Don’t- Yoongi!!”

But Yoongi did.

His tongue was probing it’s way inside now, pulling back to give Jimin’s contracting muscle time to widen, before pressing forward again, deeper every time, flittering and fluttering along his internal walls.

“Hyuuung… PLEASE!!”

Jimin was sure the Min’s were up now. They HAD to be… And they were going to be here any second, and it was all Yoongi’s fucking fault.

But rather than stopping, Yoongi made an impatient, annoyed noise from somewhere way down Jimin’s anal canal. It was probably frustration at Jimin’s lack of vocal restraint, but Jimin felt the vibrating sound go straight up his ass and into his leaking, throbbing cock.

Yoongi suddenly exited with a quick pop that made Jimin curse in a high, shrill voice.

“Be quiet, Jimin-ah!”

And then he dove right back in, tongue fucking him mercilessly, and spreading his legs absurdly wider, to the point that Jimin was sure Yoongi could SEE directly inside of him now.

The elder was switching from licking him lighter than a butterfly’s wings, to flattening his tongue completely against him, as if he was trying to paint Jimin’s hole with his taste buds.

Jimin counted to ten, then counted backwards. He breathed through his nose, then through his mouth, then tried not breathing at all. He used every calming technique he knew, but it was futile.

Like a kettle rising to the boiling point, Jimin’s whining started to reach a pitch that no longer sounded human. Yoongi was of zero help, and had grasped Jimin’s thighs, bouncing the younger on his mouth, back and forth with a quick, steady rhythm.

Each time their skin met with a shameless slap of Yoongi’s face against the flesh of Jimin’s ass, the younger would yelp with sharp squeaks of pure rapture, over and over. Yoongi was going so fast now, that Jimin had to clutch the sheets for support, and mindlessly wrapped one hand around his dick, using the momentum to jerk himself off without even having to move.

His punctuated screams had melted into one long, pulsating wail, rising and lowering like a siren, until everything in the universe shrank into one point, which happened to exist exactly where Yoongi’s tongue was assaulting him.

He craved death’s sweet release. An end to this suffering.

He couldn’t live like this any longer.

And then- there was nothing.

Nothing.

Jimin’s bellowing had quieted to a muted whimper and he looked around him in shock, as if he’d just walked out of a car crash that he’d miraculously survived.

Shaking and drenched in sweat, he glanced down his stomach and into the eyes of a very disgruntled looking Yoongi.
The elder sighed with irritation, staring back at him and shaking his head.

Jimin blinked with apologetic eyes, totally ashamed, while struggling to get back down from whatever galaxy he was on.

“I-I’m s-sorry, hyung… I couldn’t-”

“Get up. Put this on.”

Yoongi was already on his feet, heading for the door, and quickly tossed yet another towel at Jimin from wherever the hell he kept his stash of never ending clean towels.

Jimin staggered to his feet, wrapping the towel around his waist, obediently, and followed Yoongi out of the room.

“Hyung…?” He questioned, baffled, but Yoongi didn’t respond.

The shower didn’t seem like a wise destination to Jimin at all. For starters, he was certain that he wouldn’t be able to stand up, and furthermore, wasn’t the miniscule bathroom actually closer to the Min’s bedroom??

Jimin’s confusion doubled when the elder yanked open the main door and walked outside.

Uhhh...

Yoongi unlocked their car deftly, and opened the door for Jimin to get in the passenger side. Yoongi had moved so fast, that Jimin didn’t notice him swiping the car keys off the table in the room.

He took a seat, timidly, fully aware that he was in nothing but a towel. Were they going to a hotel, after all?

“Um… Hyung? I-I don’t have any clothes in the car…”

Silence.

Yoongi was only wearing basketball shorts, himself, but it was better than a fucking towel.

After a remarkably short drive, Yoongi stopped the car in the middle of… Well, nowhere, really. The grass was longer in this remote patch of land, and Jimin noticed that the lakeshore extended all the way here. A midnight breeze was swaying through the trees, and it would have been a really nice place to have a peaceful conversation about everything, but he had a feeling that Yoongi didn’t bring them there to talk.

He jumped when Yoongi ratcheted his seat fully backwards, with a loud clang.

Ok.

This is happening.

Shyness had settled over Jimin, suddenly, and he wasn’t entirely sure who was supposed to do what at this point.

He swallowed, and looked at the elder.

“So.. Sooo... Where are we, hyung?”
Yoongi stared at him with a longing that liquefied Jimin’s insides.

“Where were we, Jimin-ah?”

Jimin was unable to respond to that intelligently.

Yoongi sighed.

“I used to practice my music out here when my parents said I was too loud in the house.” The elder explained, quietly. “It’s where I would come so I wouldn’t be heard.” He looked at Jimin pointedly on the last words.

“Oh… Right.” Jimin breathed a small laugh, thoroughly embarrassed. “I tried, hyung, it’s just been so long, a-and we’ve had such a rough time-”

Yoongi killed his sentence by reaching across the center divide and sliding his hand under Jimin’s towel, slowly.

Jimin exhaled hard, as Yoongi unwrapped the cloth from around his waist and began palming his growing erection.

“I’ve missed you.” Yoongi declared, leaning over, derailing Jimin’s thoughts, and sending his heart into quick flutters of excitement.

Jimin mewled weakly, and huffed down at what Yoongi’s hand was doing to him. The elder’s lips were on his neck now, then trailing soft bites on his collar bone, then back up to Jimin’s mouth for a kiss that was flavored with the secret parts of his own body.

Yoongi returned to his seat, and Jimin’s eyes- which had been closed in senseless abandon from all the sweet kisses- flew open in distress, only to melt with lust when he saw Yoongi pushing his shorts and boxers down.

He reached for the elder, grasping his obscenely hard cock in his hand, and marveling at how difficult it was to actually wrap his fingers around it. Without a second’s hesitation, he bent over to take Yoongi in his mouth, and the elder moaned for the first time that night, clutching tightly at Jimin’s hair.

“Oh my God…” Yoongi cried, breathlessly, as if he’d already hit his orgasm, when in fact, Jimin had only just started to touch him. “More…”

Jimin’s couldn’t see very well, but he didn’t need to. His tongue was running up, down, and all over his hyung’s dick from pure memory.

Yoongi was calling Jimin’s name over and over, as though he had some message of supreme importance to tell him. He gathered much of the younger’s hair in his hands and was guiding him in a slow bobbing motion, up and down along his length.

Jimin’s jaw was straining from the workout, but the constant dribble of precum on his tongue was keeping him motivated. He was playing with Yoongi’s excretions, smearing it along his lips, when the elder abruptly pulled his shaft away.

“No…” Jimin whined, outraged by the emptiness in his mouth.

He reached for the elder pathetically, trying to taste him again, but Yoongi yanked him up and into his lap almost roughly, so that Jimin had to fold and flex his legs quickly, in order to climb over the
center console without banging his dick on the gear shift.

Immediately, Jimin started grinding on him, eager to be filled. Yoongi was groaning loudly, and reaching past him to the glove box, trying to bang the thing open with brute force.

“Hyung... What are you…?” Jimin asked, confused, but suddenly remembered the travel size lubricant they kept there for their frequent road trips when Yoongi was performing.

Of course.

In his haste to jump on Yoongi’s cock, he’d completely forgotten about it.

Both men suddenly were fumbling with the cursed compartment, hands slick with sweat and trembling with desire, unable to get a good hold on the latch to open the goddamn thing. Finally, after several tense seconds, Jimin managed to spring the lock, and Yoongi nearly knocked him over in his desperation to find the little bottle.

The mood turned thick with tension, as their free hands groped each other frantically; aroused and impatient to go further.

Yoongi’s hand rummaged blindly, feeling around for the item, while pelting Jimin with frenzied kisses. Jimin was almost crying with need now, biting Yoongi’s lips savagely, unable to wait much longer.

“Daddy, please… FIND IT.” Jimin begged, sucking on the elder’s neck, vaguely aware that if they would just stop making out and turn on the dome light, they’d probably be able to do just that.

However, Yoongi was ripping things out of the glove box now, trying to use the process of elimination to locate the lubricant.

“Why is there…” Yoongi paused to suck on Jimin’s tongue, with a low, rumbling moan. “…So much shit in here??”

There wasn’t enough oxygen in the car for Jimin anymore. He was lightheaded and overwhelmed and didn’t even understand Yoongi’s question.

“It’s the- just-it’s the-I don’t know, hyung!” He panted back, deliriously.

Yoongi gasped victoriously, holding the bottle as if it was sunken treasure they’d just dredged up from the ocean.

“Ok… Ok…” Jimin stuttered in immense relief.

They found it. The world was saved.

Yoongi turned the thing upside down and nearly emptied the bottle, squeezing far more than necessary and making quite a mess on both of their thighs and stomachs. All Jimin cared about was that enough of it was on Yoongi’s manhood, and he moved quickly to rub it in so he could slide himself onto the elder.

It was tricky business, though.

Jemin had never considered his nice sedan too small until this very moment.

The pair held each other with warmed, oily fingers, trying to find the perfect position in the cramped quarters.
Just when Jimin was about to give up and roll them out of the car and onto the grass outside, Yoongi took over with his characteristic situational control.

“Stop.”

Jimin halted, with his back hunched over uncomfortably.

“Back up a little…” The elder continued, as though he was directing traffic.

Jimin shimmied backwards, and Yoongi released the seat, lowering it a few inches to the floor, so Jimin could finally stretch his back. Then he laid it flat with the younger on top of him, and their mouths literally joined together through the entire process.

“Now come closer.” Yoongi instructed in a heavy whisper that was killing Jimin softly.

He moved forward again, slipping over Yoongi’s overly lubricated cock like a water slide. The elder anchored him with a firm grip on his waist, lining up carefully with Jimin’s opening, then pushed upwards, penetrating him with harsh, breathless gasps.

Jimin choked at the impact, and clutched at Yoongi’s shoulders, trying to hold on to something. He had become a pro at taking Yoongi in from every angle, but the massive amount of lube made it feel like he was rocketing onto the elder’s dick at 60 mph.

It also didn’t help that it had been so long since they last had sex.

“Yoongi…” Jimin squealed, trying to absorb the stretch like a man, but still huffing painfully from the quickness of the slippery entry.

Yoongi was moaning too loudly to hear anything. The elder’s pale, handsome face was nearly unrecognizable, twisted into a mask of ecstasy that was so beautiful, Jimin’s discomfort faded just so he could imprint that image into his memory forever.

They kissed passionately, tongues twisted together in a moving, dancing knot between them, and Jimin let himself relax and sink into Yoongi, melding their bodies together at his center. Yoongi was spluttering into Jimin’s mouth, struggling to say something that the younger couldn’t quite make out between their moans and the overwhelming feeling of fullness deep within him.

Finally, reluctantly, he pulled his bruised, battered lips away from Yoongi’s and looked at him, questioningly.

“W-what are you—what’d you say, hyung?”

“Ride me.” The elder answered in a shattered, pleading voice that Jimin had never heard before.

Jimin felt his whole body blush from head to toe, as if the whole world was watching them.

“O-ok…” Jimin tried to remind himself that he’d done this a hundred times before. This was no different from their bedroom, or sofa, or bathroom, or kitchen floor… Or any of the MANY other times and places they’d made love.

Then again, it was extremely different.

This was special… A consecration of their nearly failed relationship, which by some higher, mystical influence had been miraculously saved.

And from the way Yoongi was staring at him with dark, smoldering eyes, it was obvious that he
knew this, too.

Jimin blinked, struggling to understand how the night had started the way it had, but managed to end with Yoongi begging to be fucked.

But there was no time to ponder such things now.

The first thing Jimin noticed was that there was absolutely no resistance between their bodies thanks to the copious amounts of lube Yoongi had slathered on them.

Jimin laid flat against him, his strong thighs gripping the outside of the elder’s legs tightly and simply slid back and forth along the length of cock nestled inside him, dazed by the smooth movement along his inner pathways that was getting closer and closer to his spot…

“Faster, Jimin-ah!”

The words tumbled from Yoongi’s lips in broken pieces; like a final prayer from a dying man. Jimin was taken aback by the urgency in the elder’s voice. The commanding tone was long gone, and replaced by a hunger so great, Jimin wondered if he could even satisfy it.

But goddammit, he was going to try.

Using their greased skin to his advantage, Jimin grabbed the headrest behind Yoongi’s head and vaulted himself harder, back and forth, along the elder’s torso at turbo speed, not recognizing the wild noises coming out of his own mouth.

Instantly, he shifted into his mental work zone, grunting harshly with the physical labor in what he considered to be the most important performance of his life.

His efforts weren’t for nothing, however, and seemed to have unlocked some primal animal in Yoongi, who, under normal circumstances, was a quiet and careful lover, but tonight, in this remote lakeside field, was yelling obscenities that were frankly startling to Jimin’s ears.

Their movements were so intensified by the fervent, no friction pace of their fucking, that Jimin could feel Yoongi’s dick literally leave his body, then slam back up his ass with a deliciously wet squelch, before hitting his delicate prostate nerve over and over to the point of almost painful pleasure.

Drunk and entranced from this feeling, Jimin was only mildly aware of the fact that Yoongi was now smacking his ass, with heavy stinging slaps, and growling something about wanting to tear Jimin’s hole to pieces.

Breathing was difficult in the car that had now become an oven of heat, sweat, moisture, and a heavy smell of sex and mingled colognes, but Jimin was still riding like a champion jockey, slipping and sliding every which way.

“You’re so dirty for your daddy…” Yoongi screeched, spanking him so hard, Jimin couldn’t tell if his tears were from the onslaught to his prostate or the burn from the beating.

He tried to verbalize a response, but only ended up choking back a sobbing moan.

“Aren’t you? Aren’t you dirty for me??” Yoongi pressed, digging his fingers into the softest parts of Jimin’s ass and impaling him deeper.

Well, this was certainly new.
“Yes-y-yes…” Jimin replied in a meek, quivering voice.

Not only was he weak from desire and exhaustion, but he was nearing his climax, and hardly able to think, let alone speak.

“Fucking filthy for me… Dirty… Wet… Fucking hole… I can still… Fucking… Taste it…”

Every word from Yoongi’s mouth was accompanied by a thrust, so powerful, that Jimin couldn’t deal with it any longer in that position.

He scrambled upright again, so he was straddled across the elder’s lap, making Yoongi have to plunge upwards into him. Even then, the impact was so severe, he had to hang on to the small handle on the roof of the car just to keep his balance.

Jimin could feel his climax climbing, rising, rushing to the surface now, and the steady stream of Yoongi’s trash talk was throwing them both into a state of mania, as they bucked and jerked with a force that was rocking the entire car like an earthquake.

“Fuck- my- fuck my filthy hole, daddy!!” Jimin screamed, scarcely believing his own ears, even though the words were echoing back at him in the rocking car.

Yoongi was rising to the occasion, quite literally, rising up and throwing Jimin back against the steering wheel, pounding into him like a force of nature, while hollering back at the younger.

“Take it-Jimin-take it... Fucking take it-take it-TAKE IT!!”

But Jimin could take it no longer.

He came all over Yoongi in a torrential downpour, sweating, shaking, crying, and blaring the horn with his back, every time the elder plunged into him.

A grueling, almost unbearable 60 seconds later, Yoongi reached his own orgasm with a frightening barrage of high-pitched, shrieking curses, mixed with the car horn which was still ringing loudly into the night.

Yoongi collapsed backwards on the flattened seat, and Jimin tumbled forward on top of him, limp and lifeless, for all practical purposes.

And suddenly, after a protracted period of crazed screams and hot, sweaty bodies crashing together, there was a profound silence, punctuated only by their heavy breathing.

Jimin threw a hand out feebly, reaching for the car door, pawing at it pointlessly, until Yoongi moved to help him open it. The elder pushed the door open a few inches, with a grunt that sounded like he was moving a mountain.

They both sucked in the fresh air from outside, and Jimin turned his head to squint out of the fogged windows into the darkness- searching for signs of life - but only seeing a few chickens cluck by.

Despite the fact that they were literally in the middle of an empty field, he couldn’t believe that NOBODY had heard them. Secretly, he was half expecting to see a hundred villagers surrounding the car with torches and pitchforks, demanding the fornicators to get out and show themselves.

“Are you ok…?” Yoongi croaked, not sounding ok at all.

Jimin tore his mind away from the villager scene, and made an unintelligible “ngh” in response to the
elder’s inquiry. Yoongi groaned painfully as he brought the seat back up to it's normal position, and Jimin grimaced, not just from the jolt to his sore muscles, but the squishy wetness of his orgasm that was sandwiched between their stomachs.

“We should get to bed.” Yoongi continued, but didn’t move a single inch, much to Jimin's relief.

He was just fine with laying there listening to Yoongi’s heartbeat, because movement was currently beyond his range of capabilities. The cool air was ruffling his hair now, and the chirping crickets were singing a sort of midnight lullaby that was making him incredibly drowsy.

“Baby…?”

“Nngghhh.” Jimin grunted again, resorting to primitive language now.

He was stuck to Yoongi by the glue of his spilled seed, and clung happily to the elder, as his eyes grew heavier by the second.

“Jimin-ah, please don’t fucking fall asleep on me.”

And that was the last thing he heard.
The knocking was incessant, almost urgent.

The continuous rapping was stirring Jimin awake, but he wasn’t giving in without a fight. He held on to the last wisps of sleep for as long as he possibly could, but he knew he had to wake up…

Because of that damned KNOCKING.

“Whossit…?” Jimin grumbled, hating how his tongue felt thick and dry in his mouth, like a huge ball of cotton.

With great difficulty, he opened his eyes and immediately went cold with fear.

It was pitch black and his body was folded and compressed, painfully, as if he’d been buried alive.

He jerked fully awake with a start and shot up, then hit his back against something solid, only to hear the most bloodcurdling noise in the universe.

It was the car horn.

Memories of the night’s activities flooded his brain in seconds.

We’re still in the car.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Yoongi laughed, his long fingers stroking lightly on Jimin’s bare ass.

Jimin looked down at Yoongi, shocked that the elder was the last thing he noticed, considering that he was wrapped around him, quite naked, and had actually been sitting on top of him this whole time.

“There was… knocking…?” Jimin croaked, trying to look out of the window, but seeing nothing and no one.

“A chicken.” Yoongi supplied, flatly. “It was pecking at the car for a while.”

Chickens.
Always chickens.

“Why…?” Jimin asked, pointlessly, still half asleep.

“Maybe it wanted to give us eggs?? How the fuck would I know?” Yoongi joked.

“I would have shooed it away, but I couldn’t move.” He finished with lighthearted accusation, rubbing Jimin’s thigh gently.

Jimin looked down at Yoongi’s roaming hand, and saw the caked, white remnants of his orgasm now painted onto both of their stomachs like a dirty tattoo.

_Oh, God…_

They had sex.

Actually, that was an understatement.

They _redefined_ sex in this little car out in a goddamn field like… Like _cavemen_.

And Jimin still had no idea why.

He knew he should be counting his blessings, but the whiplash effect of Yoongi’s extreme anger magically turning to forgiveness, then lust, had left him confused and… Uneasy.

Something just seemed off…

“Were we out here all night?” Jimin asked, looking around for anything that told time.

Yoongi laughed again.

“It’s only been 15 minutes, Jimin-ah. You did one of those power nap things.”

_Fifteen minutes??_

Jimin was practically expecting to see the sun coming up. He felt like he’d been asleep for HOURS.

He shook his head to clear out the fuzziness.

Sleep was still beckoning to him, but he needed to focus.

“Come on, angel…” Yoongi cooed at him. “Hop off, so I can take us home. I'll rub you back to sleep.” He promised, pushing Jimin gently, trying to get the younger back in his seat.

Jimin didn’t budge.

“What’s going on, Yoongi?” He asked directly, ignoring the cue to leave the elder’s lap.

Yoongi’s forehead creased into a slight frown.

“What do you mean?” He replied, innocently, rubbing both of Jimin’s thighs now.

Jimin took hold of the elder’s hands, and carefully pushed them off his legs.

“You know what I mean, hyung.”

Yoongi appeared to be undisturbed by Jimin’s questions, and pulled the younger closer, kissing his
neck tenderly.

“Well, what do you wanna know then?” The elder asked sexily, with his gummy grin.” Should I re-cap our last hour for you?”

Jimin gawked at Yoongi in the dark car.

If he thought something was off before, well, he was SURE of it now.

The elder seemed joyful, giddy even.

And Yoongi didn’t do giddy.

“What are you so happy about?” Jimin asked, suspiciously.

Another unnatural giggle left Yoongi’s mouth, and Jimin realized with growing discomfort that this was the most laughter he’d ever heard from the elder in one sitting.

“What’s not to be happy about, Jimin-ah? You’ve made me the happiest man in the fucking world tonight.” Yoongi brought both of Jimin’s hands to his lips, kissing his small fingers softly.

Jimin yanked his hands away and stared at his fiancé in disbelief.

Aliens.

Yoongi had been abducted by aliens, and now they were controlling his thoughts and actions.

That HAD to be the explanation for this.

Ji

Jimin weighed his next words carefully.

“Yoongi- yes, there is cause for happiness- but earlier today-”

“Earlier today is over.” Yoongi interjected, swiftly, “We’re past all of that bullshit now.”

Ji

Jimin’s head was still ringing with everything that occurred from that morning up until the dinner. A lifetime wasn’t long enough to get past what they’d just been through.

“Hyung, please listen to me.” Jimin began again, calmly. “I AM happy- it’s just- this is sudden and confusing. You can’t deny that! I think we should-”

“Talk??” Yoongi said crisply, cutting him off.

The elder made the word sound ridiculous.


“Really, Jimin? Right now?” Yoongi pointed at their naked bodies.

Ji

Jimin knew the timing wasn’t ideal, but he wasn’t about to let this go now, only for Yoongi to ignore it later.

Sure, his knees ached from being bent for so long, and a slight cramp was building in his left thigh.

Not to mention, he was tired as all hell, and covered in old, flaky semen, but he’d just have to deal with it.

He was used to putting his body through the paces, anyway.
He could handle it.

“Here.” Jimin said, gruffly, grabbing his long forgotten towel from the passenger seat and arranging it over both of them, so at least their most sensitive areas were covered. “We’re decent now.”

Yoongi stared at the towel then back at Jimin, with a puzzled expression.

“Fucking hell, Jimi-”

“This morning you were DONE with me.” Jimin continued, relentlessly. “Not just pissed, but done. You told me to find someone else!”

Jimin’s voice broke at the end, the pain of that morning washing over him anew.

“So? You told me you were packing your things and leaving me for good.” Yoongi replied, with a careless shrug. “We BOTH said shit we didn’t mean.”

“I meant every word I said, Yoongi.”

Thick, ugly tension inserted itself between them, as Yoongi regarded him with flat black eyes.

“You did, did you?” The elder inquired, coldly.

Jimin shifted himself back, not really having anywhere to go, unless he wanted to jump out of the windshield.

“I did.” He repeated, nodding emphatically. “I love you, hyung, but I couldn’t bear the lies, or watching you risk yourself anymore. So, YES, I meant it. But what YOU said to me…”

Jimin’s voice thinned and faded away. He couldn’t even repeat the elder’s words.

Yoongi telling him to find another man was a blow that he simply couldn’t absorb.

Even if he HAD left Yoongi, he would never have entertained the thought of someone else.

That’s what happened with Tony, wasn’t it?

Before the American had revealed himself to be a demon, Jimin had liked and respected him. He was even attracted to him. But he still couldn’t do it.

He would NEVER have done it.

In fact, he was fully prepared to drift through life, depressed and dejected, and eventually die alone from a broken heart.

“Jimin, I need you to let this go, baby.” Yoongi, said sternly. “So we can fucking move ON with our lives.”

Jimin scoffed.

“Move on? How, hyung??” He shrieked. “You HATED me only hours ago. You left after dinner, you- you- got drunk, you came back, you wouldn’t fucking look at me, you took the ring away, you walked out on me!”

Yoongi clutched Jimin’s wrists, as if the younger was a deranged man that had to be protected from himself.
“And then I CAME BACK, Jimin-ah!”

“But WHY, Yoongi? WHY did you?” Jimin wailed, relieved that they had finally gotten to the heart of the matter.

The car was deathly silent now, as the men watched each other.

Yoongi broke the stillness.

“Because I love you, obviously. Because I refuse to fucking live without you- do you really need more reason than that??”

Jimin knew this answer should have been good enough.

Yet somehow, it just wasn’t.

“You told me to find another man. An accountant. You were ready to watch me love someone else, touch someone else... MARRY someone else.”

The words ripped out of Jimin like barbed wire; shredding his heart to pieces as he said them.

Yoongi exhaled, impatiently.

“Fuck, baby, is that what this is all about?” The elder gasped, with a relieved smile. “That was just the heat of the moment-”

“No, hyung.” Jimin interrupted, shaking his head in total disagreement. “It wasn’t. You spoke calmly. You weren’t yelling. You weren’t cursing. You were cold. CALLOUS.”

Yoongi went rigid underneath him, and Jimin knew he was finally onto something.

Why else would the elder get so uncomfortable?

“Is that what you wanted, Yoongi?” Jimin continued, doggedly.

The elder tensed even more.

“Answer me!”

Silence. And then:

“Do you not want my ring, Jimin?” The elder asked, stiffly.

Jimin’s heart thudded. He was totally caught off-guard by the pointed question.

“I want to feel good about it, hyung.” He admitted. “And right now I don’t. I NEVER will- not like this.”

Yoongi sighed deeply, and ran his hands over his face, as if he was debating a monumental decision.

After a prolonged, tense, silence, in which the pesky chicken had resumed it’s pecking, Yoongi finally spoke.

“I was talking with my dad this morning… If you can call that talking…” Yoongi said, suddenly, in a low, sad voice as if he was about to confess to murder. “He said something that made sense to me, kind of…”
Jimin waited, but had no idea where this was going.

“He said that… Him and my mom… They’ve stayed together for so long, because they know how fucked up they’d be without each other. Perspective, he called it.”

The elder looked at Jimin, but all he could do was stare back at him, blankly.

He shifted in the elder's lap, mildly aware of the cramp that was now raging in his leg.

“I… I don’t get it, Yoongi.”

He really didn’t.

Yoongi asked his father for relationship advice?

Jimin couldn't think of a more fruitless effort than that.

And what did that have to do with their current predicament, anyway?

Yoongi heaved another huge sigh, as if this whole conversation was sucking the life out of him.

“Hobi made the comment about you being better off with an accountant. It was sort of a joke, but not really a joke.” Yoongi continued, ignoring Jimin’s bewildered expression. “And it killed me. Just hearing him say it killed me.”

Jimin was thoroughly baffled now. Maybe it was the combination of his aching body and the late-night hour, but Yoongi was making zero sense.

“So… Why would you tell me…? If you…?” Jimin spluttered, trying desperately to put the puzzle together, but it felt like a major piece was missing.

Yoongi had fallen silent again, staring intently at the towel between them.

“Hyung…?”

“So it would kill you, too.” Yoongi finally said.

Jimin stared at him, more befuddled than ever before.

“That’s why I said what I said to you.” Yoongi explained, quietly. “So that it would kill you, too. And I DID mean it. Not for it to really happen, but for it to… Give you perspective. Don't you get it?”

“Perspective…?” Jimin repeated, dully.

Yoongi eyes closed, with a tired sigh.

“Jimin, when you said you were leaving, I knew you were upset- but you weren’t being fucking reasonable. You were emotional, and I just needed... I wanted you to know- to understand the consequences of what you were saying.”

Jimin could feel his own pulse pounding in his ears. It was racing so fast that he couldn’t count the beats.

“So you... You lied? You were bluffing?”
He knew the elder could be crafty, sly even, but was lying with the goal of triggering him into near heart failure really necessary?

Yoongi looked up from the towel.

“I didn’t lie, exactly. I gave you perspective. And it worked.”

Jimin suddenly wished he wasn’t sitting on top of Yoongi anymore.

“Even if that’s true, Yoongi- even if you wanted to give me perspective, it doesn’t explain the rest of it. The dinner disaster?? You leaving afterwards, then taking the ring back from me, then suddenly bringing me out here to the wilderness??”

Yoongi’s face had turned to stone.

“Tell me why you can’t just accept us being happy finally, Jimin-ah? You asked for forgiveness. I gave it to you! What is the fucking problem?”

Jimin flinched at the acid in the elder’s voice, but he’d come too far in this conversation to abort now.

“You were hasty, Yoongi.” Jimin hissed. “Impulsive! Maybe because I told you about Tae and my childhood and you felt bad, or something- I dunno, but this feels STRANGE. How do I know that you won’t refer back to this later on, because you never truly got over it??”

“What are you? A fucking psychologist now?” Yoongi quipped, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

“I don’t have to be one to see that this is crazy.” Jimin retorted.

“You told me you would fight for it!” Yoongi said hotly, cutting his eyes to the ring on Jimin’s finger. “But instead, I gave it to you willingly, and STILL, you’re not fucking happy!”

“Yoongi, you rushed the decision-”

“I didn’t fucking RUSH ANYTHING!” Yoongi bellowed, shocking Jimin into silence. “Do you even know me at all? I NEVER rush!

The visiting chicken squawked and ran off at the sound of Yoongi’s shouting.

Jimin had half a mind to follow it. He was barely holding back tears, and his breath was shuddering out of him, mingled with the elder’s, who was also panting after his outburst.

Just a short while ago, they had both been panting for very different reasons.

Jimin thought it was almost funny, in a sick, twisted way.

“I don’t believe you, hyung.” Jimin answered, quietly, trying to calm the atmosphere. “Maybe you usually aren’t impulsive, but you were tonight. I don’t know why, but- you’re not being yourself and it's worrying me.”

Yoongi was studying Jimin, carefully.

“What are you saying, then?” The elder asked, slowly. “Are you giving it back?”

Jimin didn’t have to ask what “it” was.

His hand fisted tightly, instinctively, not willing to let the ring go, but ready to do so if it came to that.
As far as he was concerned, the only things that came easily in life were death and bills.

Everything else, you had to earn, or it was never really yours to have.

“You know I love you, Yoongi.” Jimin confessed in a hushed voice that was still strong with resolve. “But my life has taught me that when something seems too good be true, it usually is.”

An iron curtain of silence had fallen between them now, so heavy that the chirping insects outside were almost deafening. Both men were staring at each other, as if they were waiting to see who would break first.

Finally, Yoongi sighed and hung his head in defeat.

“I told you to just fucking let it go, but you wouldn’t.” The elder said, bitterly. “I guess you do know me, after all.”

Jimin stirred with nervous expectation.

Something in Yoongi’s voice was chilling him to the bone.

“What are you talking about, hyung?” He whispered, not sure if he was ready to hear the answer.

Yoongi looked at him with empty eyes.

“Did you see the inscription on the ring?” The elder asked, mysteriously.

Jimin nodded, slowly, not seeing the point of this question.

Of course the inscription was heartwarming, but it wasn’t enough to convince him that this whole situation wasn’t nuts.

”Yes, I-I did. It was beyond beautiful, hyung, but what does that have to do with-”

“How did you find it?” Yoongi interrupted.

Jimin froze, as if he was being interrogated by the police.

He wasn’t prepared to admit that he’d been eavesdropping at the window earlier that night- but something in Yoongi’s eyes made lying seem like a bad option.

“Well? How did you?” Yoongi asked again, with the air of a man who knew something that no one else did.

Jimin gulped.

Maybe Yoongi had a hidden camera in his room?

Impossible.

That little closet of a bedroom had less tech in it than a cabin in the woods.

“I, umm… I overheard you say it.” Jimin conceded, deciding to go with the truth.

What difference did it make, anyway?

He still didn’t understand why the hell they were discussing this.
“You didn't overhear it.” Yoongi countered, in the same weird, cryptic voice. "You heard exactly what I wanted you to hear.”

A small jolt of electricity surged through Jimin’s heart, as if he'd been zapped with a defibrillator. He was still totally confused, but there was no mistaking the fact that a bombshell of information was hovering over the heads.

“What do you mean?” Jimin squeaked.

Yoongi had the hard look of a man with nothing left to lose.

“I mean that I planned it that way.”

Jimin blinked at him, stupidly.

“Planned?” He repeated the word, thinking he perhaps misheard the elder.

“Yes, planned.” Yoongi confirmed, erasing any hope of a misunderstanding. “I left for exactly two hours after dinner. I knew you'd probably offer to help my mother clean, and then of course, you would go back to the room. I timed it so it would be long enough for you to finish in the kitchen, but not so long that you would have fallen asleep. Exactly two hours.”

Jimin tried to assimilate this, but couldn’t.

“You’re crazy.” Jimin breathed, with a trembling voice. “There's no WAY you could have known that I would hear you!”

Yoongi barked, a short, soulless laugh.

“I grew up in that house, Jimin. The walls are fucking paper. Didn’t I tell you how I used to come out here to practice because my parents complained of the noise? I parked right next to that window, and talked about returning the ring with Hobi, so it would scare you. Then I mentioned the inscription, so you would see it. I KNEW you would hear everything.”

Jimin’s mind shot back to when he was in the bedroom listening to Yoongi and his friend’s outside. He really HAD been able to hear all of them clear as day.

“Hobi and Namjoon… They were in on this?” Jimin asked in a hollow, dead voice.

“Hobi, yes.” Yoongi supplied, quietly. “Namjoon was too fucked up.”

Jimin remembered Namjoon turning to look at him in the window with bleary eyes. He had thought the older blonde heard him gasp in shock from seeing the engraving in the ring, but no. Namjoon was looking at him because he knew Jimin was there.

They ALL knew.

Something hot was broiling in Jimin's chest, as he realized that Namjoon's drunk antics were the only part of that scene which wasn't completely scripted and produced by director Min Yoongi.

And he was the elder's ignorant, unwilling star.

More than anything, Jimin wanted to get up and go back to his seat. His legs felt like they would never work again, and he desperately needed more distance between him and Yoongi.

But there was still so much that didn’t make sense.
“Ok-ok, so y-you lied at the lake to give me... perspective.” Jimin summarized in a shaky voice. “And you, some way, somehow, predicted when I would be in the room, so I would hear you talking to Hobi... Fine. FINE. I can believe that. But there’s no way you planned this whole night, Yoongi. What happened at dinner was a complete accident. I KNOW you didn’t mean to propose to me. I don’t care WHAT you say!”

“Giving you that ring wasn’t a mistake.” Yoongi corrected, defiantly. “But- yes, bringing it out at that precise moment was unplanned, and it shocked me as much as you. I just had to fucking roll with it, and figure out my next move. But I assure you, everything I did afterwards was... Choreographed.”

Jimin’s eyes bulged in his head.

Choreographed?

Could Yoongi really have staged EVERYTHING after that dinner??

Quickly, Jimin recounted all of the night’s events in order, his heart hammering away the whole time.

Yoongi had left for two hours.

Then he came back, drunk and angry.

He was SO angry…

“Yoongi, you were drunk!” Jimin yelled, as if he’d just solved the world’s hardest riddle. “You were ANGRY, you’d been drinking, you-”

“Jimin, enough.” Yoongi commanded, holding up his hand. “I drove home tonight, didn’t I? I drove us out here, didn’t I? Of course I wasn’t fucking drunk. I just held the bottle so you would think I was.”

Jimin choked on his words.

Jesus alive, Yoongi was right.

The elder normally couldn’t operate the TOASTER drunk, let alone drive. Jimin had been so deep in his misery, that he missed this obvious sign.

“And about being angry…” Yoongi continued. “I only did that to make you suffer. Not a lot- but just enough, so you would think straight and come back home without a fight. Without me having to chase you all over Seoul again.”

Jimin leaned back gently against the steering wheel in a wide-eyed daze.

There was no doubt about it now.

Yoongi had played him like a fiddle.

Of course, he had. This is what he did best.

He calculated.

No wonder Yoongi was so eager to forgive and forget. He wasn't acting on impulse, at all. He was simply watching the chips fall into place, just the way he planned it. Because that was his endgame all along. He had orchestrated the whole thing, like some human version of a chess game, where
Jimin was just a small pawn, helplessly submitted to the elder’s superior wit and intelligence.

Disgust was rising like bile in his throat.

The bubbly, giddy joy at being with Yoongi again- at being engaged to him for real this time- dropped like a lead balloon in his chest, settling into a sickened feeling in the pit of his stomach.

“Jimin-ah…” Yoongi called his name, imploringly. “Look at me…”

Jimin laughed, mirthlessly.

“Wow, Yoongi. I guess you’re just a whole lot smarter than me.” He said, derisively.

Never in his life had Jimin felt so gullible. Being tricked by Tony was horrible, but somehow, this was worse.

He hadn't trusted the American with his entire life, like he trusted Yoongi.

“It’s not about who's smarter than who.” The elder held his hands, speaking gently. "I just didn’t have the time or patience to turn this Seokjin thing into another three month fucking dry spell for us. I want us to move back to Daegu. I want to marry you. I want you to be happy for once in your goddamn life, but you’re too fucking stubborn! So I-”

“So you manipulated me.” Jimin finished faintly, interrupting Yoongi’s spiel. “You played GOD and made me do whatever you wanted.”

“No! I saved us countless hours of heartache!”

Jimin shook his head, sadly.

No matter how Yoongi tried to paint it, it still felt downright predatory. Looking at the elder now, he didn't see the face of the man he loved. All he saw was a cunning spider, who wove an intricate web of deceitful, dramatic acting- then waited patiently for Jimin, the stupid, unsuspecting fly, to bumble his way straight into the trap, like an idiot.

And Yoongi had devoured him; had his way with him in an Olympic worthy sexcapade to celebrate his victory.

The scent of their lovemaking still hung in the air, like a trophy for the elder.

Jimin suddenly felt ill.

“Please take me home, Yoongi.”

Yoongi looked like he wanted to say more, but instead opened the door so Jimin could climb off him and out of the car.

His legs were useless, but he was too dazed to really feel it, as he limped barefoot around to the passenger side.

The drive back to the Min’s home was quiet and short.

“Just answer me this.” Yoongi declared, once he’d shut off the car. “Do you even fucking believe that I love you?”

Jimin sighed and looked at him with dull, glassy eyes.
“Of course, I do, Yoongi.”

Yoongi’s eyebrows shot up. The elder was obviously not expecting this answer, but Jimin had no problem telling him the honest truth.

He wasn’t a total fucking bull shitter like some people.

“Then come to bed with me.”

Well, that simply wasn’t going to happen.

“Do I have a choice in the matter?” Jimin retorted, sarcastically. “Or are you just gonna use reverse psychology to make me do it, anyway?”

Yoongi exhaled, sharply.

“You’re being fucking unfair, Jimin-ah. It’s THIS behavior that made me do what I did. You just refuse to be reasonable!”

“And you hate that, don’t you, hyung?” Jimin snapped, enraged. “Hate it when I don’t listen to you! So you have to trick me?? No wonder you love it when I call you daddy- you just don’t want me to forget who’s in charge!”

Yoongi was staring in open-mouthed wonder, as if Jimin had just slapped him.

“It has NEVER been like that, Jimin. NEVER. And you fucking know that.”

“I’m tired, Yoongi. That’s all I know right now.”

Jimin snaked his hand to the backseat and pulled out a bag of chips he kept for long road trips. He was absolutely ravenous, but this would have to do.

“And I’m going to bed. That is, if daddy will let me.” Jimin sang in a sarcastic baby voice.

Yoongi made an exasperated noise, and started to say something else- but Jimin was already out of the car- his legs still burning as a painful, ugly reminder of their debauchery.

They shuffled into the little house like ghosts, making almost no noise, and Jimin immediately found some clothes and washed up in the bathroom.

Yoongi was waiting by the couch when he got out.

“I’ll sleep here, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin took the pillows and blankets from the elder, careful not to make contact with his skin.

“It’s alright, Yoongi.” He said evenly. “Goodnight.”

Yoongi was unmoving.

“Jimin-”

“Please, hyung.” Jimin begged. “I can’t even see straight right now. I’m exhausted, ok?”

It was true.

His head was pounding painfully, and every muscle, nerve, and tendon in his body was sore.
He desperately needed to sleep.

And to think.

Yoongi clutched him in his arms, moving so goddamn fast, Jimin didn't know it was happening until it was done.

He huffed against Yoongi’s chest feeling faint.

Why did Yoongi have to smell so fucking good?

“Goodnight, then.” The elder whispered, sadly.

Jimin swallowed and stared at him, too weak to move away, but not really wanting to, and hating how Yoongi affected him, even now.

The elder kissed him chastely on the lips- in a move so bold that Jimin was too shocked to react- then released him slowly and left for the room.

Suddenly, Jimin was alone, feeling oddly relieved, yet heartsick at the same time.

He collapsed onto the sofa, a huge mistake, because it felt like diving into an empty swimming pool.

Jimin tried his best to adjust himself on the hard couch, and stared at the ceiling, too wound up to sleep.

Too tired to cry.

Too confused to think straight.

When he eventually did doze off, he was plagued with dark dreams, where hundreds of rings identical to his were flying above his head and he was hopelessly trying to catch one, but was too short to come close.

Umma was screeching from the sidelines, screaming at him to jump higher. But he couldn't reach...

Out of nowhere, Taehyung appeared and captured a glittering ring with ease, but when Jimin, overjoyed from the help, held out his hand for it, Tae laughed and proposed to Yoongi’s mother.

Jimin jumped up from the couch, looking around crazily, expecting Mr. Min to come charging at Tae with a fishing rod.

He heaved a gigantic sigh, comforted by the empty room and no signs of Tae, or Yoongi's father, or flying jewelry.

"Just a dream..." He mumbled to himself, trying to find a comfortable position on the concrete sofa.

More like a nightmare.

He laid awake for the rest of the night, typing out scattered poem lines on his phone, and trying to make sense of his frazzled feelings.

The ring felt heavy on his hand, and he traced each stunning gemstone, wondering if Yoongi was also awake and restless. Missing him...

Who fucking cares?
He made a fool out of me.

He finally dozed again just before morning, thinking bitter thoughts that oozed into more bizzare dreams.

The ring was in every one of them.

Chapter End Notes

How would you feel if you were Jimin? How about if you were Yoongi?? I am curious. :)


Yoongi sat in his lab doing absolutely nothing productive.

With his initial debut launch already over and done with, it was more important than ever for him to start releasing bigger, better material. The last thing he needed was to phase out like a one hit wonder.

Luckily, he, Hobi, and Monnie had no shortage of new music in various stages of production. Much of it was very promising, to the point that it was almost difficult to decide which tracks to feature on the new line up.

Nope, music wasn’t the problem.
Park Jimin was the fucking problem.

They had been home for a few days now, following the silent, 3 hour car ride back to Seoul. Luckily, Jimin had slept the whole time, so it wasn’t entirely awkward.

However, being back at their apartment was a whole different story.

Despite years of close calls and dangerous situations, Yoongi felt that his time apart from Jimin (back when he was wounded and knocking on death’s door) was the lowest point of his life.

But these days, he was questioning that.

At least then, the situation was pretty simple: he had fucked up, and Jimin hated him. His goal had been clear, maybe not easy, but he knew what he had to do- which was win Jimin back.

Unfortunately, things weren’t so straightforward in their current circumstances. In fact, things were downright strange.

He and Jimin were actually talking and behaving quite normally. Anyone looking in from the outside would have seen a young, busy couple who were constantly on the move, going about their daily business.

They cooked for each other, ate together, watched TV (if they had time), chatted about this and that, and even slept in the same bed every night.

But there was no denying the undercurrent of strangeness running through their relationship. They didn’t spend quite as long together when they ate, they didn’t discuss anything deep or important when they talked, nor did they sit nearly as close as they usually did on the couch.

And worse yet... They weren’t making love.

Yoongi sighed and dragged himself from his lab to the kitchen, on the hunt for a snack. He could smell traces of the younger’s cologne lingering in the air, and wished he could follow the trail to wherever the fuck he was.

It was Saturday, and Jimin had been gone since morning- and now it was almost 5pm. A small work schedule posted on the fridge showed that Jimin wasn’t supposed to go in today. Yoongi thought perhaps, the younger decided to go anyway, just to be away from home, but that wasn’t the case.

Yoongi had driven to the dance studio hours ago- partially to bring Jimin lunch, and partially to see if he was there- and learned that he hadn’t been there at all. Curious, Yoongi had asked the nice twin sisters if Jimin had been working late for the last couple of nights.

He hadn’t.

But he’s been coming home late...

For a brief, horrified moment, Yoongi wondered if Jimin was having an affair. He mulled this over in the kitchen, while munching on the sad looking sandwich he’d hastily thrown together. His gut wasn’t really accepting that theory. Or the sandwich.

Something else was going on, here…

Yoongi recalled the morning they’d left his parent’s home. He went to wake Jimin up and found the younger knocked out, with a scrap of paper lying on the floor, crumpled, as though Jimin had been
clutching it before falling asleep.

It was a poem.

The saddest, most fucking depressing poem Yoongi had ever read before. It was all about sorrow and misery, and how it basically ruled the younger’s life. And while it was beautifully written, the lines were so full of despair, it almost brought Yoongi to tears.

Recalling those tragic thoughts of Jimin’s had stopped Yoongi in his tracks every time he got the nerve to talk to the kid over the last couple of days. Even when they were tensely joking and laughing, he couldn’t bring himself to dredge up those feelings.

Yoongi decided that today- as soon as Jimin got back- they would figure this out. Not that there was anything special about today. It was just time. He would swear on his life to end the cloak and dagger stunts, if that’s what it took. And if Jimin could strive to be less emotionally unstable, then, well, they just might be able to make this shit work.

So, he waited.

And waited.

But Jimin hadn’t returned.

*Where the fuck is he??*

By 6pm, Yoongi was getting antsy. It didn’t make sense for the kid to be just fine for the last 5 days, then suddenly go missing today for no reason, at all. Yoongi didn’t want to admit it, even to himself, but Jimin’s absence hurt.

“Jesus...” He muttered, as he dialed Jimin’s number.

The phone went straight to voicemail, and the first pang of fear crept up Yoongi’s spine.

*Calm the fuck down, Yoongs. The phone’s probably just dead.*

Yoongi forced himself to sit down and be rational. Had Jimin said or done anything weird this morning when he left?

No…

Not that he could think of…

He considered calling Jimin again and maybe leaving a message, but ultimately decided against it.

He didn’t want to look like a pitiful wreck just because the younger wasn’t home for a few hours. Jimin was an adult after all. His own man; and he never let Yoongi forget it, either.

*But where’s he been the last two nights??*

Because he sure as hell wasn’t at work.

He switched on the TV and attempted to watch something, but the colors were blurred and the voices were muffled and melting together.

He couldn’t concentrate… Panic was slowly overtaking his mind now, no matter how hard he tried to keep it together.
Yoongi moved mechanically, almost without thinking, to the little table on Jimin’s side of the bed. He opened the drawer and found the kid’s latest and greatest notebook that he carried around for his writing.

He knew he shouldn’t read it, but what choice did he have? 

*What if I never looked during that Tony situation?*

*What the fuck would have happened then??*

Convinced that his snooping was justified, Yoongi flipped through the pages, noting that many had been ripped out, savagely. In fact, there was writing on only one page of the entire thing.

And it was dated that morning.

Yoongi blinked, his heart racing at the speed of light, and swiftly turned on the desk lamp in the gradually darkening room.

He knew for a fact that he’d been standing up before he read it, but by the time he finished, he’d slumped spinelessly onto the bed, and nearly slid all the way down to the floor.

In life, there were some things that were mildly disturbing.

Then there were some things that were really, really fucking disturbing.

And then there was THIS.

Jimin had abandoned his usual neat print for a hurried scrawl that would have been illegible, if Yoongi didn’t know his handwriting so well. The ‘sorrow’ poem had been sad, but this…

*This was scary.*

Swallowing hard to moisten his dry mouth, Yoongi read and re-read the words, hoping, PRAYING, that he was interpreting it wrong.

“Ok… I just need to… ” Yoongi mumbled crazily, as he ran full speed to his lab. Once there, he pounded out words on the keyboard, searching desperately, until his phone buzzed on the table, breaking his concentration.

Praying to heaven that it was Jimin, Yoongi answered without even reading the name on the caller ID.

*Jimin-ah??* Yoongi shrieked, like a parent searching for a lost child.

*Hyung?? What’s UP man??!!! What are you doing toni-*

Yoongi felt his heart drop like a bowling ball, upon hearing his best friend’s voice.
I can’t talk, Hobi! Have you heard from Jimin???

_Huh? Why would I-

_I think something might be wrong- I dunno-have you???

What?? Hyung? Do you need me there?

Yoongi stopped and considered this question. No. Three hours was too long to wait for Hobi to drive over, besides he really didn’t KNOW that anything was wrong. He just FELT it…

And his instincts were generally right.

_Hyung??

_Hobi-yah, listen to this and tell me if I should be freaked out or not…

_Okaaaayy....? Is it a new beat?

_No! Just listen!!

_I was born in black mountains
No warmth from a mother
My father, a face never seen by another
I’ve neither a sister, nor brother
No hope, no home, and a beast for a lover
I’ve broken my chains, and fled from my cage
The light in my eyes bid a silent goodbye
I have no more to give
No more tears left to cry

I go to the place where the dead have no name

To rest for always, in my shallow grave

The line went deathly silent after Yoongi finished reciting. And then:

Uhhhh…. Hyung? Are-are those rap bars??

Jimin wrote it, Hobi!!!

And… You wanna…. Use it??

Yoongi jerked in his chair, impatiently.

Fuck! Hobi listen! Jimin and I- we’re- there’s issues! He left this morning, without a goddamn word, and I saw this other poem he wrote about sorrow- and then I found this shit-and- what does it MEAN HOBI???

More silence.

Are you going through Jimin’s shit again, hyung??

Yoongi didn’t have time to discuss the morality of his actions, so he resorted to his one and only justification.

Remember Tony??? We wouldn’t have known if I didn’t-

Yea, but that’s different … You couldn’t just talk to Jimin then… You can now, right?

Well, he’s not fucking here!!!!
Hyung, why don’t I come over? Just calm down, we’ll have a fucking drink….

Yoongi wanted to throw the phone, but was upset that it would only hit the wall and not Hobi’s face.

You don’t FUCKING GET IT-

I do get it, hyung! I get that you’re losing your ALMIGHTY SHIT over a few empty words! Think of all the lyrics we write? Imagine if someone took those literally?? We’d be fucking locked up!

It’s more than that, Hobi... Born in black mountains?? Where the dead have no name?? There’s a place called Black Rock cemetery not far from here! I looked it up! No mother, no father, cus he’s an orphan, right?? So, maybe he was born there??

Yoongi… I-I don’t know, man-

A beast for a lover? I guess that’s fucking ME??

Yoongs… Chill the fuck out-

A shallow grave?? A GRAVE?? WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN??

YOONGI!! Listen to me, brother! Everything is FINE! Jimin is NOT in a shallow fucking grave! Just relax! It’s not even that late yet! Did you consider that maybe he went shopping??

Shopping?? If not for the seriousness of the situation, Yoongi would have laughed out loud. That was a ridiculous idea, and it was obvious that this call was a total waste of time.

It was best to cut it short now.
Ok, Hobi. You’re right… I’ll wait. I’ll give it an hour or two more.

Jesus! Thank you! Everything is fine. Call me when you see him, ok? FUCK.

Sure, bye.

Yoongi was already grabbing his keys and leaving, before the line was even dead.

Black Rock Cemetery was about a 15 minute drive away, and Yoongi tore the road to shreds, speeding his way over. He parked haphazardly, and jumped out of the car, swinging in a wide arc, trying to find someone, ANYONE to speak to.

But the place was utterly empty.

Yoongi didn’t expect to see a gravesite teeming with people, but it was seriously EMPTY.

He didn’t even see any headstones.

The sign for the cemetery was old and peeling, and it looked like it had been partially torn down.

Yoongi didn’t know if this was a good or bad thing.

On one hand, it was comforting that Jimin wasn’t there. This was the last place on earth he wanted to find the kid.

Then again, maybe the desolation and emptiness would be helpful if Jimin wanted to do something stupid…

Something like...

Like...

JESUS.

He quickened his steps, walking every which way around the damp soil, with very little light coming from the few overhead lamps that still worked.

In the distance, Yoongi spied a small figure and flashed over to see who it was. It turned out to be a very small, very, very old man, who was busy scraping through the earth with a rake of some sort.

It didn’t look like he was getting very much done.

“Annyeonghaseyo.” Yoongi called out loudly, with a hurried bow. “I’m looking for someone?”

The thousand year old man creaked his body towards Yoongi, moving slower than molasses.

“Everyone is gone, son.” He replied, without looking up from his useless labor.

“Gone??” Yoongi repeated, confusedly.
Did he mean everyone was *dead*? Because he kind of already fucking knew that.

“Sorry, but your loved ones aren’t here. They’ve moved the bodies- city bought this land. I’m planting now. It’s going to be a garden… I think. Eh, politicians. No respect for anything.” The elderly man explained, apologetically.

Yoongi stared at him.

“I’m looking for a *living* man, sir. My height. Blonde hair.”

Yoongi debated on whether he should add “pretty” but figured it wouldn’t help.

The old man turned a confused face to him.

“You’re in the wrong place, if you’re looking for the living.”

Yoongi huffed in exasperation at the riddle speech. Why did old people always have to fucking talk like that???

“Are you sure you haven’t seen him??” Yoongi pressed. “Maybe he came to visit a grave???”

The gardener shook his head, while throwing a few seeds to the ground from a dirty brown pouch on his hip.

“There's no one here to visit, son. The dead were moved weeks ago. Nobody comes here anymore.”

The gardener returned to scraping the soil, without offering anything further.

“Thank you…” Yoongi replied, dully, leaving out the “for nothing” that he really wanted to add.

He looked around some more on his own, until a light rain had started to fall. Between that and the darkness, there was nothing more he could see or do.

Convinced that there was no one there, dead OR alive, other than the ancient gardener, Yoongi set off for home, dejectedly.

Today wasn’t special.

But this was NOT how he’d expected to spend it.

He checked the time on the dash in Jimin’s car. They had switched vehicles, so he could get the younger’s brakes serviced, and there wasn’t a moment where he sat in the driver seat without remembering Jimin bouncing up and down on his cock, like it was his job.

The stains were still… Pretty fresh.

Yoongi sighed.

7:30pm.

It was getting later and later.

He decided to try Jimin’s phone again as he drove, only to realize that he’d forgotten his own phone at home in his rush to leave the house.

*Perfect.*
Yoongi screeched into the driveway, feeling hopeless, and very nearly had a car accident on his front lawn.

He squinted through the dark, wet windshield, scarcely believing his own eyes.

The Charger was there.

Parked right in front, like a black stallion.

So... Jimin was... Home?

Pulse racing, Yoongi leapt out of the car and studied the tires on the charger. No mud... It didn't seem like Jimin had been at the cemetery at all.

There was nowhere to park at the graveyard other than the wet, freshly turned earth, but there was *no mud* on the wheels of the car.

Maybe Jimin washed it off?

What in the FUCK was going on??

Yoongi opened the front door slowly, preparing himself for literally anything and everything, but was NOT ready for what he saw.

Colors.

Colors EVERYWHERE.

His pragmatically stark, ivory and marble apartment looked like a crayon box had exploded all over it.

Stepping further inside, Yoongi didn’t recognize his own home, as it was literally BURIED under all sorts of decorations.

Streamers, ribbons, little weird, fuzzy, flower looking things, tacked to the walls.

“You’re early…” Jimin called out, calmly, from behind a massive silver balloon. “I expected you to take longer, but I forgot how much you speed.”

The younger walked out, casually as fuck, in a beautiful, gray silk blouse that draped and flowed over him, tucked into a pair of distressed black jeans that Yoongi had always loved for its ass hugging aspects.

The blouse was loose and shifting, and the cuffs were stylishly oversized, so that only the very tips of Jimin's fingers were visible.

Yoongi's eyes slid down (involuntarily, or maybe voluntarily, he didn't even know anymore) and he noticed with a slight shortage of breath, that the neckline of Jimin's shirt was low as shit, baring his neck, a healthy portion of his upper chest, and an amazing view of his velvety black choker.

But even more shocking than all of this perfection was his freshly dyed hair.

Gone was the blonde, in favor of... *Silver*??

*Gray*??
Both???

Yoongi was speechless.

Christ, he’d been expecting to find Jimin lying facedown in the mud in some old ass cemetery, but here he was, resplendent and glowing, like a supermodel.

He desperately wanted to speak, but between the graveyard scare, the gazillion balloons, THE FUCKING HAIR, and the tight jeans, he couldn’t quite find his voice.

“You thought I forgot your birthday?” Jimin asked playfully, walking closer, so Yoongi could see his *come fuck me* makeup better.

Yoongi actually choked a bit when the younger came into full focus, knocking him nearly senseless with his sweet and heady scent.

Jimin generally used a bit of liner and shadow for going out, but tonight he looked like he’d been done up by a celebrity stylist.

His eyes were heavily traced in kohl like a goddamn Egyptian, and a dark onyx eyeshadow flared out from over AND under his eyes like a pair of brilliant, black wings.

And it didn't end there.

His lip color was the softest pastel pink, but just a bit bolder and rosier than his usual light tint, making his pout look absolutely injected with lushness.

Yoongi cleared his throat, failed to say anything at all, then tried again.

“You- you didn’t even *know* when my birthday is…” He answered, with difficulty.

“And you thought I wouldn’t find out?” Jimin countered, with a small laugh. “I just spent a whole weekend with the people who made you, remember?”

Yoongi blinked, completely lost, which is something he didn't experience often.

This was fucking CRAZY.

“Jimin, what-”

"Can you hand me that tape?"

It took Yoongi a few, long seconds to understand the request.

He lifted the tape and gave it Jimin like a zombie.

"Jimin- are you- *is everything okay???” Yoongi asked with concern, unable to forget the frightening and melancholy words of his poetry.

The younger ignored him, however, and appeared to be quite busy pasting and plastering shit all over the place, while Yoongi stood there absolutely stunned.

Deep, DEEP, down, he had wondered if Jimin somehow knew what today was.

He even had wild fantasies of the younger abandoning their fight so they could have sweet, slow sex in honor of his birthday.
But never in a million years did he think it could really happen.

Even when Hobi had tried to suggest that Jimin was birthday shopping for him, he didn't bother spending a second dwelling on the possibility.

Nobody ever did shit for his birthday.

He didn’t even do shit for himself.

“How did you know about Black Rock?” Jimin inquired, while assembling a particularly complicated center piece for the table.

Yoongi froze, his mind whizzing furiously, like an overheated computer, trying to process too much information at once.

"I... I read-"

"You read exactly what I wanted you to read." Jimin interjected, softly.

He turned his agonizingly gorgeous face to the elder and smiled. Yoongi couldn't help but follow every movement of his silvery hair and matching, fluid blouse.

“As soon as your darling, abnormally hot mom told me when your birthday was, and how you never, ever, celebrate it; I thought to myself, hmmm…” Jimin placed a finger on his chin, dramatically. “How can I get you out of the house long enough to decorate?”

Yoongi swung wide eyes around at his color bombed apartment.

Ok.

So, this wasn't playing out quite like it did in his fantasy.

“Tell me what's going on, here…” Yoongi breathed, still rooted at the front door.

Jimin flashed another perfect smile, and raked his hair back with his hand.

With a small shake of his head, every single strand glistened as it fell back into place, sleek and smooth once again.

Yoongi watched him, entranced.

It was like sorcery.

“I figured out how I could kill two birds with one stone, and let you know how much I love you on this special day, while making you PAY for fucking with my head.” The younger stated, as he tied another shiny balloon, blue this time, to the back of a dining room chair.

Jimin didn’t even have to finish his narration.

Yoongi’s brain had already raced to figure out that he’d been played.

Not just played- BEATEN- at his very own fucking game.

“You made it all up, Jimin-ah??” Yoongi asked in amazement, peering at the younger from between several red streamers.
“I learned from the best.” The younger replied, lightly, checking his watch.

Yoongi went silent, not even knowing where to begin.

“The poems…” Jimin grunted, as he lifted a huge cooler of beers onto the kitchen island, making his biceps flex beautifully under the liquid fabric. “Yea, I made those up. I wrote them in seconds and left them where I knew you'd look.”

He paused to pour a bag of ice into the large cooler of drinks, as Yoongi looked on uselessly, trying to absorb this impossible information.

"My melody is woebegone, sorrow is my song..." Jimin recited, with a laugh, while adding wine and champagne bottles to the cooler.

"Even I'm not that depressed, hyung. But you just can’t LIVE without going through my stuff, can you?”

Hot blooded shame flushed Yoongi’s face.

Ah, fuck.

“And I’m willing to bet your birthday cake that you went to my job….” Jimin went on relentlessly, as he laid out napkins and bottle openers. “But the funniest part is you actually went to that old, abandoned cemetery!”

Jimin was laughing uproariously now, his eyes disappearing completely, while Yoongi could only stand and stare.

How in the HELL did the kid even KNOW Yoongi had gone there??

But he ended up answering his own question, without even having to ask it out loud.

GPS on the car.

FUCK.

Another brilliant play.

There wasn’t a goddamn thing wrong with Jimin’s brakes, was there? That was all just part of the plan.

Jimin made them switch cars, so he could see where Yoongi was and when.

And if that was all fake… Then… What about…?

“Hobi…” Yoongi said, with a disgusting shake of his head.

Hobi was an accessory to this nonsense.

No wonder he was so calm, while Yoongi was breaking down.

That redheaded motherfucker DECAMPED on him.

Jimin nodded, with another triumphant smile.

“I needed to make sure you weren’t gonna do something crazy like report me missing to the police.”
Jimin explained. “So, I asked Hobi to call you, and he tried to make you see reason, but you wouldn’t listen. I was actually REALLY impressed with how quickly you figured out the graveyard location- but you’re a genius, after all, so…” Jimin’s sentence disintegrated into fresh giggles, pouring out of his beautiful, plump, rose petal lips.

Yoongi felt sickened with relief.

“Jimin, you scared the LIVING FUCK out of me…”

“Yea?? And how does it feel? Being lied to?” Jimin snapped, his lighthearted mood gone in an instant.

Yoongi opened his mouth to answer, but didn’t have anything to say.

If Jimin’s goal was to make him feel stupid, well, congratulations.

“So your parents… They aren’t… They're not really buried there, are they?”

Jimin checked his watch again.

“I have no idea where they’re buried hyung. I never knew them. But they’re definitely not in Seoul, no.”

Yoongi’s eyes had to be nearing the size of the balloons.

This was UNBELIEVABLE.

He stared at the younger, mystified, but couldn’t help but do a slow clap in his head at Jimin’s mastery of mind-fuckery.

“Why, Jimin?? I knew you were pissed, but, Jesus, WHY?”

Jimin clanged a few serving spoons onto the table, and turned to face him.

“I just want to be equal to you, hyung.” Jimin replied, abandoning his laughter for a serious tone. “I know I’ve been difficult, but I swear I haven’t been fighting you, I’ve been fighting myself. When you open a door for me, I think you’re calling me a woman. If you’re protective, then you’re treating me like a baby. I always attach something negative to the good things you do, because the truth is, I really LIKE IT. I LIKE you treating me that way- but then I feel like shit, because that means I have to give up my independence, and that’s all I have…”

Yoongi struggled to wrap his already blown mind around this.

“You don’t have to give that up, Jimin-

“Yes, I DO.” Jimin interrupted, with an impatient, glittery flap of his oversized cuff. “Not completely, of course, but in a way, yes, I do. And I'm at peace with it now, because I’m giving it up willingly. It's not like you’re taking it by force, and I need to stop acting like you are- that's been my problem this WHOLE time.”

Yoongi was shocked into silence for what felt like the hundredth time in the last 20 minutes. He hadn't realized that his natural dominance created such an internal struggle for Jimin.

He also didn't realize Jimin had such a twisted, fucking revenge streak.

“Jesus, Jimin... You are my equal... You’re BETTER than me, even.” He said, finally, eyeing the
massive amounts of food and snacks for the first time. His stomach gave a pitiful jolt, having only had the little sandwich all day long.

Was Jimin seriously going to throw a fucking party here??

Jimin glanced at his watch for the third time, and rested against the counter, finally done with his decorations.

“I don’t care to be BETTER. I just want to be EQUAL. You can lead, hyung, and I’ll follow you. It’s ok, because I know you’ll always be good to me. But the lying and the mind games make me feel inferior to you. Look at me and look at Taehyung… Can’t you see that I’ve felt inferior all my life?”

Taehyung??

"Jimin-ah... Taehyung has NOTHING on you. Nothing."

Jimin clucked his tongue irritably.

"Of course, YOU would think that, hyung! But Imagine my life before we met?" Jimin was gesticulating wildly with his hands, and looked like some type of exotic, shining bird.

"Besides, I'm not in a competition with my best friend! I'm just saying that you pull up all my old feelings of insecurity when you treat me like I'm less intelligent than you!"

Yoongi cursed himself internally.

24 short hours ago, he would have had no fucking idea what Jimin meant about feeling inferior or insecure. But standing there now, still reeling with embarrassment at how easily he’d been spun in circles by Jimin’s clever trickery, it really did make sense.

It SUCKED being made into a fool.

Before today, he'd literally never known the feeling.

An uncomfortable silence ensued, in which Yoongi simply couldn't stop ogling Jimin's face and body.

“So... Now what?” Yoongi asked, feeling quite feeble and small. He wasn’t a big conversationalist and didn’t really know how to navigate discussions like this.

Jimin sighed, like a tired mother.

“Talk to me, when you need to talk to me, hyung. We’ve been in the same house, in the same bed for God’s sake. And yet, you read my notebook instead of just TALKING to me. You don’t have to think like a drug dealer in this relationship. Or this… Marriage, I guess, I dunno…” Jimin trailed off, shyly, picking something invisible off his brilliant blouse.

"I can do that." Yoongi promised, gently.

He tried to find a delicate way to request that Jimin not be such a fucking, raging PSYCHOPATH all the damn time, but was coming up short.

“Ummm....”

Jimin was staring at him, expectantly.
“I… Um…”

“I know I need to let go and be happy, hyung... And a lot less fucking crazy.” Jimin supplied, knowingly. “You can say it.”

“I wasn’t gonna say that.” Yoongi lied, probably too quickly.

“Sure, you weren’t.” Jimin laughed, uncovering a professional grade cake. “Do you like it?”

Yoongi looked dubiously at the first birthday cake he’d ever received in his entire life. He was too poor for birthdays as a kid and didn’t care for them as an adult.

But his life was transitioning now, wasn’t it? He’d gone from an impoverished childhood, to a lonely adulthood, and now… There was Jimin.

Maybe today was kind of special after, all.

“My… Album.” That was all he could really say.

The cake was designed to mimic the artwork on his fucking debut album.

It was the most thoughtful thing anyone had ever done for him.

It also had a lot more red than the original.

“Tae Tae had it made.” Jimin announced, proudly.

Of course, he had.

Yoongi looked from the cake to the food to the glaring décor.

“Jimin-ah, how many people are actually coming...?”

The younger covered the cake back and looked around with a satisfied smirk at his handiwork.

"Not too, too many."

Yoongi looked around again, and wondered how true that was.

Jimin took his hand, gently.

"I'm sorry, hyung..."

His heart ricocheted in his chest from the younger's touch.

"Forget it, baby. I deserved it." Yoongi answered hurriedly, eager to bury that event forever.

"Not for that." Jimin corrected. "You absolutely DID deserve that... I meant for what I said back in Daegu in the car... How you don't want me forgetting who I belong to?"

Yoongi blinked.

Uhhh...

The only thing he really remembered from that night was fucking Jimin mercilessly into the steering wheel.
"You were upset, Jimin. It's ok..." He replied, trying his best to sound cool and collected, but Jimin kept moving closer and it was torturing him.

"No, it's not ok, hyung. I want to belong to you. It's an honor and I'm so lucky. I've been a prideful shit and I'm sorry."

"Ok... It's whatever, it's fine. " Yoongi accepted the apology with a hasty, breathless whisper. He literally couldn't even hear Jimin anymore.

Blood was rushing through him and straight down to his dick at this point.

The plunge on that shirt's neckline was criminal. Yoongi was sure he could lick half of Jimin's chest without even having to take it off.

The younger smiled, brightly.

"Thank you, hyung." Jimin squeezed his hand softly, and Yoongi went rigid as a statue.

He wasn't sure if this was an invitation to rip that blouse off or not, and he didn't want to make the wrong move just yet.

"Do you want your present now, or later?" Jimin asked, with a shy smile.

He was standing so close to the elder, that he was nearly asking right into Yoongi's mouth.

Well, THAT certainly sounded like a goddamn invitation to me.

Suddenly, Yoongi was reminded of their many, messy kitchen sex scenes. He looked around at the exquisitely decorated room.

Oh, well.

Maybe we can clean up before anyone gets here.

He pulled Jimin in and slowly touched a few strands of his mystical looking hair, studying them closely, before letting them slide between his fingers.

The shade was mind-boggling.

He almost NEEDED to touch it, just to be sure it was real.

"God, I wanna unwrap you right now..." Yoongi moaned, moving in to claim the Jimin's mouth for his own.

But the younger stopped short and stared at Yoongi with a harassed look on his face.

"I didn't mean sex, Yoongi." Jimin stated dryly, rolling his eyes. "I ACTUALLY have a present for you. A real, tangible present."

Yoongi snapped his head back, in surprise.

Oh.

Shit...

Misread that.
"You.. Do...?" He asked, stupidly.

Presents, of any variety, were another first for Yoongi.

And the list of firsts seemed to be getting longer every passing second.

"Mnhhm." Jimin confirmed.

Yoongi kissed him, anyway.

The kid looked too fucking good for him NOT to.

Jemin leaned in this time without complaint, his hands creeping slowly up and around the elder's neck.

Whatever he had on his lips tasted pretty, as Yoongi gently tongued his way into Jimin's mouth, elevating their sweet kiss to the next level.

Jemin nipped at him, and Yoongi clutched at his waist, pressing him close. The shirt felt like water in his hands. He imagined how easily it would just glide off the younger's body...

Yoongi tried, but couldn't figure out what present Jimin might have for him that was better than this.

He took a hold of the younger's bottom lip between his teeth, tugging at it, teasingly.

"Ah... Hyung..." Jimin moaned, eyes half closed in pleasure.

This kiss felt different.

In fact, Jimin, himself, actually seemed very different.

Lighter, maybe? Like a weight had been lifted?

But what weight was that?

Reconciliation wasn't new for them. They'd fought and made up many times before- but something about tonight was just... Different.

Yoongi pondered this, as he deepened the kiss, enjoying the taste of Jimin's tongue after their long, painful week of zero physical contact.

He had a funny feeling that on this day, which was already chock full of surprises, Jimin just might have one more shocker in store for him.

The doorbell rang at that moment, though the door could barely be seen behind all the fucking balloons.

Yoongi pulled away reluctantly; annoyed by the interruption and hyper aware of the fact that he was hard as stone in his jeans.

He didn't want a house full of guests.

He wanted Jimin, naked, sweating and screaming under him.

On top of him

All over him.
He sighed, as he adjusted his pants.

Life wasn't fair.

Jimin took a quick moment to reset his hair and catch his breath, before running his thumb gently across the elder's mouth, wiping away the traces of lip color.

"Guess you'll have to wait to see what I got you..." He said, mysteriously, once he finished his cleaning. "Now go change into something nice."
Lately, I've been reading this story from the beginning to check for consistency. All I can say is, WOW, you guys all deserve a round of applause for making it through this rough ride! I think I would have passed out permanently around chapter 24.

You guys rock. Love you.

-M

Taehyung arrived first.

He was wading in a pair of pants that looked like they were made for a 500 pound man, cropped at the bottom, so they didn’t even reach his ankles in length. He coupled this with a tee shirt that featured some kind of renaissance style painting, and a pair of deceptively cheap looking sandals.

Yoongi stared at him for a full 10 seconds trying to make sense of the outfit, and was totally at a loss to understand how the kid managed to look so good in it.

“Hyung!” Tae yelled, throwing his arms around Yoongi as if they hugged all the fucking time.

“Here! This is for you.”

Yoongi disentangled himself uncomfortably and took the large red bag that Tae offered him.

More presents.

Jesus.

“Uhh... Thank you. And for the cake, too…” Yoongi said, awkwardly.

He’d just emerged from the bedroom after a shower and a second outfit change, after Jimin disapproved of his all black ensemble.

Ordinarily, Yoongi would have told his lover to fuck off and leave him alone, but tonight he happily put on the pure white turtleneck and stonewashed jeans Jimin threw at him.

Yoongi was quite sure Jimin could get him to cut off his own hand as long as he asked nicely with that makeup and chest-exposing blouse.

“I had my personal chef create it from your album art- but I took the liberty of making some improvements. Did you notice?” Tae asked, beaming at him.

Yoongi blinked at this statement and glanced at Jimin for help.

The younger swooped in smoothly.

“Of course, he noticed, Taehyungie! He absolutely ADORED it.” Jimin gushed, taking the gift bag from Yoongi and placing it in on a cleared part of the table.”
Tae nodded in self-satisfaction, eyeing the cake proudly, when the doorbell rang again.

“Hyung. Door.” Jimin commanded, as he fiddled with the music.

Yoongi sighed and slinked to the entrance, yanking the door open, carelessly.

“Who the fuck put that turtleneck on you?” Hobi jeered, in greeting. “Your Umma?”

Yoongi bristled at the jab. The outfit may have been uncharacteristically bright for him, but it was stylish as fuck, and quite expensive, thank you very much.

“None of your fucking business, traitor.” Yoongi replied, acidly.

Hobi’s smile, however, only spread wider, taking on the maniacal element he was known for.

“Hey- I’m a free fucking agent, man.” Hobi answered, simply, as he shoved past the elder into the apartment, with Namjoon close on his heels and laughing at both of them.

Despite his lingering frustration, Yoongi was happy to see his best friends. He hadn’t spent a birthday in the last decade without them.

“Jeeezus…” Namjoon breathed, staring at the decorated apartment in amazement. “Who did all this??”

Hobi swung the gallon sized bottle of alcohol he brought as a gift, as he looked around the room with wide eyes.

“Is there a petting zoo in here, too!??” The redhead squealed, giggling wildly.

His laughter ceased completely when Jimin walked into view, looking nothing less than runway ready.

“Thanks for making it.” Jimin said with an easy smile. “Let me put that on ice for you?” The younger asked, pointing at the bottle.

The two friends ogled Jimin for a long moment of silence, until Namjoon finally spoke up.

“Wow, Jimin… You look… Wow…” The older blonde breathed, awestruck.

Hobi was still silently gaping at the younger, as if Jimin had galloped in on horseback.

Yoongi watched the whole scene in humorous amazement.

Precious few things in life could render Hobi speechless.

But Yoongi wasn’t surprised that Jimin was one of them.

Jimin approached slowly, and gently retrieved the huge bottle hanging limply from the redhead’s hand.

“Are you ok, hyung?” Jimin asked, smugly.

Hobi shook his head, dazedly, as he collected himself.

“What’d you do???” He asked, faintly, his eyes scanning Jimin from head to toe, then back up again.

“Dyed my hair.” Jimin answered, shrugging nonchalantly. “Do you like it?”
“I think he more than likes it.” Tae said with a sharp laugh, while still gazing lovingly at his cake creation.

Namjoon laughed out loud, and Yoongi even found himself chuckling at that one, despite his hatred of sharing moments with Taehyung.

“Oh, that’s enough!” Hobi announced, his hands waving and pointing at everyone at once. “Jimin-ah, you look nice, ok?? FUCK.”

“Why, thank you, hyung.” Jimin whispered, with a sexy wink.

“DON’T fucking do that!” Hobi roared, looking assaulted as he grabbed the alcohol back from Jimin. But instead of letting the bottle go, Jimin clutched Hobi’s hand and pulled him close, making the elder gasp in horror.

“Do what?” Jimin asked innocently, staring the redhead deep in the eyes, barely an inch from his face.

Hobi’s face turned a more brilliant shade than his hair, and Yoongi decided it was time to intervene, before his best friend seriously lost his shit.

He also wasn’t on board with Jimin being so seductive, even it WAS all for fun.

“Calm down, Hobi-yah. He’s just messing with you; stop being such a baby.” He reassured his friend, with a lazy grin. “But if you ARE interested, I’m sure Jackson wouldn’t mind showing you a thing or two.” He finished with an evil snicker.

He couldn’t help himself.

This was too fucking priceless.

Hobi stared at his best friend with a mixture of hatred and revulsion.

Jemin and Tae had to hold on to each other, as they were laughing too hysterically to stand up straight.

Namjoon was out of sight, but the sound of his giggling was coming from somewhere in the kitchen—followed by the unmistakable sound of a bottle breaking.

“I swear to God…” The redhead muttered, wrenching his hand from Jimin’s grasp violently and moving to the furthest corner of the room. “Sleep with one eye open. All of you bitches.”

Jemin walked over to him, still laughing and dabbing his tears delicately to preserve his impeccable makeup.

“Hobi hyung.” The younger declared, loudly, the mirth leaving his voice in favor of a solemn tone. “Namjoon hyung, too… I just want to apologize- for what happened in Daegu. I was out of line and I’m sorry. You guys are family, and there’s no excuse. Please… Forgive me.”

Yoongi folded his arms, tensely, wondering how this would play out, but not prepared to step in and influence anything.

His friends had come over to see him and Jimin off when they left his parent’s house last weekend. And while everyone was more or less cordial, that night in front of the restaurant was still pretty fucking hard to forget.
It was big of Jimin to admit his faults in front of everyone like this.

Namjoon put down the broken glass shards he was trying to clean up, and came over to Jimin, embracing the younger in a motherly hug.

“Let it go, kid. We have.” The elder said, with a dimple flashing smile. “I only needed seven chiropractor visits to fix my neck. No big deal.”

Tae tore himself away from the cake and stood next to Yoongi, placing a large, beautiful hand on his shoulder.

Yoongi pushed it off, rudely. “Don’t touch me, Taehyung.”

“This is nice.” The brunette said in that deep, lulling voice- completely unfazed by Yoongi’s words or actions, as usual. “Jimin’s been so guilty about that night.”

Jimin and Namjoon turned to Hobi, who was eyeing the pair warily from the little corner he was hiding in.

The redhead took a long, defiant swig from his bottle.

“I’m not fucking hugging you guys, so fuck off.”

Namjoon rolled his eyes and returned to his mess in the kitchen, stepping on the glass as he did so, creating even more broken pieces everywhere.

But Jimin didn’t move.

“Come on, hyung. Please?” Jimin stretched out his arms to the elder, invitingly.

Yoongi thought they looked like an angel and a devil facing off against each other; Hobi drinking with a scowl, and Jimin waiting for a hug like a perfect, creature from heaven.

“Jimin-ah, look, you saw a threat and you moved to neutralize it- just like before.” Hobi said, calmly, not moving an inch towards the younger. “And that night, I was the threat. You did what you felt you had do. Let’s drop it. Ok?”

Jimin was pouting worse than Yoongi had ever seen before, and he was actually beginning to feel anxious at seeing the younger so upset.

What the fuck was the big deal in a hug, anyway?

“Come on, Hobi hyung!” Tae encouraged, placing his hand on Yoongi’s shoulder again and squeezing gently.

Yoongi stared at it, wondering how those gorgeous, long fingers would look broken.

Hobi sighed in exaggerated defeat and swung his arms out, making the bottle’s contents slosh around from the movement.

Jimin ran to him like a child seeing his father return from war.

“Ok… We’re good.” Hobi said, gruffly, after a few seconds.

But Jimin wouldn’t let go.
“Jimin-ah? I said we’re good.” Hobi repeated, trying to squirm out of the younger’s death grip.

Yoongi watched in horror as his fiancé nuzzled into his best friend’s neck and moaned for fuck’s sake.

Hobi may as well have been bitten by a shark. He thrashed against a laughing Jimin so hard, that he knocked the younger to the floor.

Jimin simply laid there, laughing uncontrollably, and was joined by Tae who stumbled over and fell on top of his friend, completely wracked with giggles.

Yoongi sighed, tiredly.

Jimin had been faking.

Jesus, what was this kid’s problem today???

“Very funny.” Hobi shrieked, pointing his bottle at the laughing pair, accusingly. “VERY. FUCKING. FUNNY!”

“You thought he-he wanted to hug you!” Tae whimpered, writhing on top of a convulsing Jimin, both of them weak from laughter.

Yoongi brought a tray of food to the coffee table and tried to get this fucked up joke of a party back on track.

“Come on Hobi-yah, eat something.” He urged, pointing at the tray.

“Fuck you, Yoongi.” Hobi spat, plopping down on the couch. “So FUCKING rude- I can’t believe you’d just LET HIM behave like this…”

The rest of Hobi’s rant was lost as he stuffed his face angrily.

“Guys… I’m gonna need a Band-Aid.” Namjoon said meekly, showing them a nasty gash he doubtlessly received while failing to clean the broken beer bottle.

Yoongi sighed again.

All he wanted was to go to bed, preferably with Jimin, and preferably naked.

Instead, he felt like a fucking babysitter at his own goddamn celebration.

Despite the rocky start, the 5 of them started to relax and have a pretty good time, once Jimin had patched up Namjoon’s hand.

The food was excellent and there were almost too many drinks to go around. Before long, Yoongi was pretty buzzed and watching Jimin’s drunk antics in silent amusement- most of which consisted of the younger winking and making kissy faces at a harassed looking Hobi.

If anyone would have told him a year ago, that one day he’d be having fun at a birthday party in his honor, while engaged to another man, he probably would have shot the fucker in his face.

And yet, here he was.

Happier than he’s ever been.
Yoongi was smiling and watching the group play a terrible game of charades (Jimin’s slurred and sloppy suggestion of truth or dare was shot down by a petrified Hobi) when the doorbell rang, unexpectedly.

Immediately, Yoongi was on his feet, stone cold sober.

Anything unexpected always made him uneasy.

That was one street habit that would never leave him.

Jimin, however, lit up at the sound and sailed towards the door before Yoongi could stop him.

“Noonas!” Jimin exclaimed, happily, moving aside so his twin bosses could enter.

Well.

Ok...

Living life without watching his back was something that was going to take a long time getting used to.

Yoongi relaxed and greeted the ladies. He’d met them several times before, and they were actually really cool and insanely talented.

“Happy birthday, Yoongi-ssi!” Yeri practically screamed, thrusting a gift bag into his hands.

Oh, God.

Yoongi smiled, nervously and bowed in thanks.

He would never get used to this gift thing.

Or this party thing.

Or anything.

Sana full on hugged him, squeezing him tight, and handing him a gift bag of her own.

“Jimin-ah…” Yoongi called, hopelessly, handing his fiancé the presents.

Jimin grabbed the bags and stowed them with the others, clucking his tongue at Yoongi, jokingly.

“Wowwww, Jimin-ssi, looking so beautiful!” Sana complimented, making the younger blush adorably. “You’re so lucky, Yoongi!” She said, looking directly at him.

Yoongi swelled with pride, till he thought he might burst.

“Yes, I’m incredibly lucky.” He agreed, pulling Jimin down to sit beside him on the loveseat, and holding his hand.

“You are, indeed.” Yeri echoed, glancing at Hobi and who was boldfaced staring at her with a lovesick expression. “We were so happy to hear of your engagement. Truly.”

“Thank you.” Jimin said, shyly, rubbing Yoongi’s leg, affectionately. “It’s really me who’s the lucky one. He’s everything to me.”

Yoongi smiled, thinly, while trying not to focus too much on Jimin’s roaming hand on his thigh.
“Have you heard our music?” Hobi asked, aggressively, inserting himself between Sana and Tae on the couch.

“We have, actually!” Yeri supplied, from her position on the armchair. “Jimin plays it all the time and we love it!”

Namjoon stumbled in from the bathroom at that moment, and looked like he’d walked into a dream come true.

“Holy shit. Who the hell are they?” He asked, mystified.

Yoongi nearly choked on his scotch.

Yeri and Sana smirked and exchanged a knowing look.

Apparently, men acting like horny assholes was not new to them.

“They’re choreographers. I work for them.” Jimin answered, snuggling into Yoongi’s side.

“You should dance for me.” Namjoon said without hesitation.

Yoongi actually DID choke on that one.

“Excuse me?” Sana asked, cocking her head to the side.

“For our videos, he meant!” Hobi explained, throwing Namjoon a dirty look. “We’ll be shooting some soon and you should dance for us. Please.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes, as Jimin giggled beside him.

“Noonas, we’re just a fledgling group.” He interjected, cutting his friends off before they said anything more stupid, if that was even possible. “We can’t afford your level of expertise quite yet—but we hope to one day.”

Hobi’s face fell at this, and Namjoon looked like Christmas had been cancelled.

“Well, we’ll still consider it, ok? For Jimin-ah.” Yeri promised, patting Hobi’s knee, kindly.

The redhead grasped her hand, holding it romantically.

“Then, I’ll have to find another way to pay you.” He crooned, seductively.

Yeri laughed and yanked her hand back, before noticing Tae engrossed in his phone.

“Hey- what’s your name?” She inquired, brightly.

Tae glanced up with wide, blank eyes and stared for a couple seconds, before returning to his phone.

“Kim Taehyung.” He answered, without looking up again.

“Hi, Kim Taehyung!” Sana said, flicking the back of his phone playfully. “What are you watching?”

Tae looked at Sana, then at Yeri, then back at Sana.

“Memes.” He answered, shortly, gluing his eyes back to the screen.

Yeri moved so she was sitting next to Tae, much to Hobi’s shock and horror.
“What kind of memes, Kim Taehyung?” Yeri asked.

“Yes, tell us, Kim Taehyung!” Sana sang, brushing past Namjoon to sit on Tae’s other side.

Tae looked at both of them again, as if he had no idea how they got there. Then he smiled widely, and turned his phone so they could all watch together.

Before long, the sisters were joking and laughing along with Tae who was happily sandwiched between them.

Hobi and Namjoon had drifted to the kitchen where they were downing shots and watching the brunette with thinly veiled contempt.

Yoongi didn’t think he would ever witness something so fucking crazy, yet hilarious, for the rest of his natural life.

“Should we cut the cake?” Jimin asked quietly, rubbing his leg again.

“Can I cut that shirt off you?” Yoongi whispered back.

Jimin laughed beautifully, trailing a finger dangerously high up Yoongi’s thigh.

“You can carefully remove my shirt later…”

Yoongi grimaced, jokingly.

“I’m not interested, then.”

“You can cut my jeans off, if that helps?” Jimin suggested, with a smile.

“Jimin-ah,” Yoongi answered, smugly, “I think that might be the only way to get your jeans off.”

“Did someone say cake?” Tae asked, sitting up abruptly, interrupting their secret conversation.

Jimin grinned and stood up.

“I’ll get it.”

Ten minutes later, Yoongi had survived the group singing him happy birthday, and though he’d never admit it to the brunette, the producer in him was blown away by Tae’s baritone vocals intermingled with Jimin’s breathy soprano.

They sounded great together.

“Make a wish!!!” Taehyung bellowed in his right eardrum.

Yoongi didn’t appreciate the baritone anymore.

“What’d you wish for?” Jimin asked, leaning down to give him a kiss which Yoongi swallowed hungrily.

“Please fucking stop.” Hobi chimed in, sounding depressed.

Yoongi chuckled and flicked his best friend off, before kissing the younger again, but dammit Jimin was turning the chaste kiss into porn, and Yoongi had to pull away out of embarrassment.

Jesus, there were half a dozen people in there.
Luckily, Yeri and Sana had started an impromptu dance off, which turned into everyone jumping around and bumping into each other. Hobi and Namjoon were dancing as close as possible to the girls, who in turn, were dancing only with Taehyung.

Jimin was perched on Yoongi’s lap taking pictures of everyone, and he took the opportunity to kiss the back of the younger’s neck softly, while everyone was occupied. He’d gotten as far as nibbling on Jimin’s choker, before the younger forced him to join the rest of the group for pictures.

Yoongi heaved his hundredth sigh of the evening.

It was pure torture having the bedroom so close by and not be able to drag Jimin into it.

Eventually, Yeri and Sana declared that it was time for them to go, since they were heading out of town the following morning.

Hobi and Namjoon looked dejected.

Tae was still dancing on his own, and hadn’t even heard the women.

And although he thought they were awesome, Yoongi was secretly elated they were leaving. The faster everyone cleared out, the better.

“Yoongi hyung, you didn’t open your presents!” Tae yelled from the middle of the living room, as if it was a matter of national security.

Yoongi glared at the brunette, while he was walking the ladies to the door.

“Here, hyung…” Jimin said, grabbing the two gift bags from his bosses. “You can open these quickly before the noona’s leave.”

_Ah, hell._

_What if I don’t like them??_

Yoongi wasn’t very good at pretending.

He opened the first bag, shoving the tissue paper into Jimin’s hands, and pulled out a medium sized glass box, with a velvet inner lining.

It was totally empty.

What the fuck was it?

“A shadow box!” Yeri and Sana said in unison.

A what??

Yoongi blinked and flipped the box around, stupidly, while trying to figure out how to arrange his face to look excited.

“For music awards you’ll win one day.” Sana explained, beaming at him. “You hang the box on the wall and put the awards inside. It has interior lights, too!”

“Wow…” Jimin breathed, taking the box from Yoongi to admire it close up. “So thoughtful, Sana noona. I know hyung will be putting this to good use, soon!”
Yoongi smiled, wide and genuine. It really was an incredibly thoughtful gift.

And they barely even fucking knew him.

“Thank you. I-um... This is... Thank you.” Yoongi said, awed, and hugged each sister in turn.

“Open the second one!!!” Tae yelled, still dancing and eating cake.

The elder sighed and counted backwards from 5, as he usually did whenever Tae was being…

Well, being Tae.

He yanked out the decorative tissue, preparing to reveal the next present, when Yeri stopped him.

“Oh, sorry! But that one isn’t for you, Yoongi-ssi!”

Yoongi froze and stared at her.

If it wasn’t for him, then who the fuck was it for?

Yeri yanked the pretty gold bag from him and handed it to Jimin, who accepted it with slightly widened eyes.

Yoongi glanced at Jimin, but the younger didn’t look half as confused as he was.

Actually, Jimin didn’t look confused at all.

It almost seemed like he’d sort of expected this to happen.

*What the hell?*

“You shouldn’t have, Yeri noona…” Jimin said, quietly.

“Stop that! Of course, we should have! We’re so proud!” She replied, brusquely.

Yoongi put his hands up, causing Jimin and the two sisters to stop and look at him.

“Sorry, but- am I missing something, here?” He asked, glancing round at them.

The twins regarded him with wide, pretty eyes of surprise.

“Jimin-ssi? Doesn’t he know?” Sana asked, incredulously.

Jimin looked at Yoongi nervously, before turning back to answer his boss.

“No. I, um… We haven’t had much time to talk this past week. So, I-I haven’t told him yet.”

All three of them looked at Yoongi guiltily, as if he’d caught them stealing.

*What. The. Fuck.*

“You haven’t told me what?” Yoongi asked, unable to mask his alarm and not giving a damn about it.

His heart was pounding hard.

He didn’t like surprises.
Especially surprises that were hidden- because those were usually bad.

Tragic thoughts started swarming Yoongi’s head without warning.

Did jimin get some super promotion?

Was he being transferred somewhere else?

Somewhere far???

*What if this whole party is a set up?*

Yoongi’s mind shuddered to a screeching halt, as he considered this terrible scenario.

Jimin had planned this elaborate party, hadn’t he? And even bought some fancy, secret gift.

The hair, the make-up, the food, that *shirt*…

Maybe the kid did all of this just to prepare him for a bombshell of bad news.

Yoongi’s mouth went dry with fear.

*Please God, not now.*

*Not right after we just figured everything out.*

Jimin faced him again, taking his hand gently.

Yoongi tried to search his warm brown eyes for a sign, any kind of sign, that everything was ok, but all he saw was unease in the younger’s face.

“Hyung, maybe we should talk about this later? Privately?”

*That can’t be fucking good.*

“Actually, I’d like to know right now, Jimin-ah…” Yoongi said in a tight voice, trying not to lose control in front of Jimin’s bosses.

In the background, Hobi and Tae were in a heated debate over which beer tasted most organic. Yoongi could hear them, but it sounded like their voices were filtering in from mars.

Jimin was staring at him with wide eyes full of silent meaning.

“Yoongi, please just relax-”

“I AM relaxed.” Yoongi snapped, in a very un-relaxed manner. “Now, what is it?? What don’t I know?”

“Sorry, Jimin-ah…” Yeri said in a quivering voice, obviously startled by Yoongi’s sudden change in attitude. “We-we shouldn’t have said anyth-“

“You’re fine.” Yoongi interrupted, with an impatient flick of his hand, before turning back to Jimin. “*What is it, for fuck’s sake???”*

Jimin’s face tensed, and his eyes hardened.

Yoongi didn’t like the look.
“We’ll just go-” Sana started to say, as she pulled her sister to the door.

“No,” Jimin countered, cutting off the nervous looking woman, with a gentle hand on her shoulder. “You got this for me, and I’m going to open it right now- while you’re here.”

Jimin put the bag down, and faced the elder again with his arms crossed.

Yoongi steeled himself for the worst, as he tried desperately to ignore the sounds of Tae forcing Hobi to taste test a different beer.

“You really wanna know right now, hyung?” Jimin asked, icily. “Fine, then. I’ll tell you.”
LY: ANSWER!!

Chapter Notes

Sigh.

You guys know how I hate fake chapters, but I like chatting with you all, so....

-LY: Answer- do these boys ever rest? Summer package! OMG!

-The concert is drawing ever nearer for us. Can you feel it???

-I have missed you guys, and as always people have checked up on me and as always, I am so touched.

-I'd like to endorse a magnificent story for you: It's called Thirsty by N_oir. She's a close friend, a reader of mine, and a MAGICAL AUTHOR. Please drop everything you are doing and go read it.

I am updating tomorrow, but I felt it was important that I give you some updates about this update, lol.

First: Sorry it took so long. I have this house that I have to pay for, and a child to feed... ugh.

I have been working on this chapter EVERYDAY since my last update. When I finally finished it yesterday, I realized that it's 15,000 words long. FIFTEEN THOUSAND MOTHERFUCKING WORDS, GUYS.

Let me put this into perspective: My chaps are usually around 3000 words long. A longer one can be up to 4000 words. The longest, craziest chapter I EVER wrote was Last Supper, at a little over 6000 words.

This chapter is over 100% longer than THAT one.

There is A LOT going on. Eat your Wheaties.

I tried to cut it into 5 parts, then 3 parts, then 2 parts.

Finally, I asked myself: HAVEN'T THESE GUYS BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH????????

People basically have to put on mountain climbing gear to read this fic, cus of all the CLIFFS! The plot twists, the turns, the shockers!!

These are the things that MAKE A STORY GOOD, but too much of anything isn't good for us, is it?

So, I have decided NOT to slice this whale of a chapter, and instead present it to you in all its 15,000 word glory.

It's not quite the end yet... But it's close. (pfft, I've said that before.)
It's something of a gift to you, for being so patient and supportive all this time. But it's not really a gift, because my writing is not a gift at all. The real gift is YOU READING IT.

I pray you enjoy it, anyway, and that it isn’t too much to absorb all at once. I hope you all write to me and tell me what you think of it.

Finally, a request: please TRY to read the last chapter again before jumping into the next one, so it flows correctly.

Please expect to see the update, titled: "Reflections" tomorrow.

You guys are the best...

Forever yours in Yoonmin love,

-M
Reflections

Chapter Notes

Should have dropped yesterday- my bad. Took a bit longer to edit than I anticipated.

Please enjoy.

-M

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The shrill laughter from Hobi and Tae halted, as though someone had pressed a mute button on the festivities; meanwhile, Namjoon was sprawled on the floor, passed out and blissfully unaware of the anxious energy that had overtaken the room.

All eyes were on the two men and two women who were standing in a tense, silent circle by the doorway.

Yeri and Sana had matching looks of guilt and discomfort spread across their fine, smooth skin and pretty features, while Jimin was visibly upset, and glaring at Yoongi, ominously.

Yoongi stared at them all and waited for the anvil to drop and destroy his short-lived happiness.

He had been rooting for Jimin to get this promotion- fuck, he’d even forced that piece of shit, Tony, to write the kid a recommendation at gunpoint, for God’s sake.

He’d done it out of guilt and shame. After all, it was his fault that Jimin moved to Seoul alone only to suffer at the hands of a molester.

He felt he had to make things right.

But he’d never truly considered the consequences of Jimin actually getting the promotion. The kid was already never home, always so tired, stressed out, unhappy, underfed…

Even with the threat of Tony gone, that fucking job was a curse to their relationship, and the promotion would be a death sentence.

But Yoongi knew better than to dare tell Jimin that. That would be a kamikaze move.

Standing there, quiet and sullen, Yoongi was absolutely convinced that with his fucked up luck, Jimin would probably start travelling all over the country, training and performing in his new role.

Meeting new people.

Maybe even meeting new men… And not just any men.

Lithe, lean, toned men in tiny, tight fucking shorts, dancing all over the goddamn place.

Suddenly, Yoongi didn’t want to hear the good news anymore- and he was sure he was experiencing a panic attack from the way his throat was constricting, making breathing difficult.
“I quit my job.”

Jimin’s voice, soft, yet sharp, punctuated Yoongi’s thoughts, and the elder laughed internally, because, for a wild, crazy second, he could have sworn he just heard Jimin say that he had *quit his fucking job.*

But that couldn’t be right.

It just couldn’t…

“I quit my job, Yoongi.” Jimin repeated, tightly, while staring at Yoongi like he was the smallest, most childish human being on the planet.

Yoongi blinked at the floor for several seconds, trying to collect himself.

Finally, he looked up at Jimin, head cocked, as if he hadn’t quite heard him.

“You *what*?” He asked, hoarsely.

Sana shifted slightly and nodded.

“It’s true, Yoongi-ssi.” His boss (ex-boss?) confirmed. “Jimin resigned at the beginning of this week as soon as he got back from your vacation. Yesterday was his last day.”

Yoongi glanced at her then focused back on Jimin, in utter disbelief.

*He’s fucking with me again.*

They ALL are.

“We’re so sorry- we thought you knew!” Yeri added, with a nervous giggle. “Jimin told us that he wanted to be with you when you travel for shows, now that you’re engaged, and all? That’s why we said you were so lucky earlier! And this is our parting gift for him!” She picked up the forgotten gift bag from the floor and placed it in Jimin’s hands again.

Yoongi swallowed, at a loss for words.

Well… They HAD said he was lucky- but he didn’t bother questioning why.

Naturally, he just assumed it was because Jimin looked like sex on legs tonight- but apparently, it was because the kid had quit his dream job to be closer to him.

“It was supposed to be a surprise.” Jimin supplied in a flat, dead voice, avoiding Yoongi’s eyes. “Hyung wants us to move back to Daegu, so it was an obvious choice.”

“Ohhh.” Sana said, softly, looking stricken.

"Surprise...” Yeri added, weakly, wiggling her fingers in the air.

Tae had moved to the door with wide eyes and a gaping mouth, happiness written all over his flawless face. He was holding 3 beers in each massive hand, which he’d been trying to drink all at once.

“Chim, you’re coming back home!?” Tae nearly screamed, incredulously, giving his best friend a bear hug, with all the bottles clinking together.
“Thank you!” Tae shrieked to the two women, as if they'd just released Jimin from prison. He pulled them into hugs, too, and Hobi shot over like a bullet, when he saw the brunette embracing the sisters.

Yoongi stepped back, feeling thoroughly embarrassed.

Christ, how many times was Jimin going to make a fool of him today?

But before this question could settle in his mind, he was rocked by the true gravity of Jimin’s decision.

For sure, he wanted them to move back home, and he’d told Jimin as much; but Yoongi expected a long, protracted delay, sprinkled with fights here and there, before the younger actually agreed to it.

Jemin’s career was EVERYTHING to him. It was the cornerstone of his independence; the sole means to his survival and self-sufficiency.

And he just gave it all away.

To be with me.

Yoongi felt like the walls were closing in on him, as he watched everybody hugging and chattering in joyous celebration.

He was responsible for Jimin now.

Jesus alive, the kid had just put his life and livelihood into Yoongi’s hands.

Without question.

Without a fight.

He rubbed a hand against his chest half expecting to feel himself explode from the surge of pride running through him.

“Come on, Yoongi hyung!” Tae called him over, each arm surrounding a sister’s waist. “Jemin’s gonna open the present!!”

Yoongi moved like he was wearing iron boots, and dragged himself back to the group.

I should be working.

I should be putting the tracks together for the next album.

Yoongi realized in a blind panic, that he didn’t have fucking TIME to waste with birthday parties and gift giving.

He was the sole provider for his family now.

The fucking breadwinner.

Suddenly, he understood the overwhelming sense of duty that kept his father balls deep in fish guts every godforsaken day of his life.

“Look, hyung!” Tae released one sister, in favor of yanking Yoongi forcibly to stand next to Jimin.

He would have slapped the kid for manhandling him like that, if he wasn’t in the middle of a crisis.
I haven’t been working hard enough.

He needed to do more, starting NOW, and all he wanted was for everyone to clear the fuck out of his house.

Jimin carefully removed the fancy tissue from the bag, without acknowledging Yoongi’s existence, even though the elder was standing right next to him, shoulder to shoulder.

He pushed his silvery hair back out of his eyes, just to have it fan over his face again, and Yoongi thought his heart might give out and beat its last just from the sight.

“OH MY GOD!” Jimin gasped, his cold, irritated expression breaking into a huge smile. “NOONA’S!! OH MY GOD!!!”

“What is it???” Hobi asked, curiously, sliding between Tae and Yeri and grabbing the small item from Jimin’s hands.

The younger snatched it back, violently, and held it up to the light in astonishment.

Yoongi peered at it.

It was just a fucking CD.

So what??

“It’s SIGNED!” Tae squealed, dropping his beers in the kitchen, and scurrying back to hold the thing together with Jimin. “By Big Bang!!”

Sana laughed, while staring directly at Tae’s face.

“We always saw you gawking at it in our office, Jimin-ah. It’s yours now!” She said, clapping her hands, happily.

“We put some specially autographed photos in there, too. They’re exclusive and really sexy!” Yeri added. “Enjoy them!”

Jimin’s mouth was shaped in a beautiful, blush red circle of surprise.

“Yeri noona… Sana noona… I-I don’t have words.” Jimin breathed, in a mystified voice.

Yoongi and Hobi exchanged a grossed out look.

Big Bang was ohhhkay.

It’s not like their music had substance and meaning like his.

And they weren’t even that sexy.

Yoongi crossed his arms in silent obstinacy.

Jimin shouldn’t be fanboying over male idols on his birthday for fuck’s sake.

Or ANY DAY, really.

“What’s this one???” Tae dove back into the bag and brought out another CD.

“Oh that’s nothing special.” Sana explained. “It’s just a compilation of practice footage of us dancing
with Jimin.”

Yeri nodded in affirmation, and put a friendly arm on Jimin’s shoulder.

“We don’t know what you’re moving on to next, Jimin-ssi, but if you want to do anything in the dancing industry, you’ll always have proof that you trained with us!”

Jimin stared at the second disc in his hands with tearing eyes, then hugged the twins close, huffing with emotion.

“It is special then, because you’re in it.” Tae said seriously to the sisters, who immediately melted into shy giggles.

Hobi glowered at the brunette, menacingly.

“We’re really going to miss you, Jimin.” Sana admitted, sadly. “I feel like our hip-hop division is cursed. First, we lost Tony to that terrible home invasion, and now you’re leaving us, too!”

Hobi snorted so loudly at ‘home invasion’ that the sisters stopped and turned to him.

“Did you hear about that?” Yeri inquired, with wide, scared eyes fixed on the redhead. “It was barbaric!”

“Oh, I heard.” Hobi replied, dangerously, leaning back against the door. “I heard all about it.”

The sisters blinked, and Jimin went pale, as he clutched his gifts.

“In the news.” Yoongi explained quickly, staring daggers at his friend. “We heard about in the news.”

“Ohhh. Well, anyway, we should go. Thank you for having us!” Yeri turned to Yoongi who was back to cowering away from the group. “Happy birthday, Yoongi-ssi!!”

The sisters lunged forward and dragged him into a spine-cracking group hug.

Yoongi opened the door for them, trying to smile through the pain in his vertebrae.

“Can you text me some more memes, Taehyung??” Sana turned to ask with wide, innocent eyes, batting suggestively at him, as they were walking out.

Tae gave her a brilliant, box smile, but it quickly disappeared, replaced with a confused look.

“But I don’t have your number…??” The brunette frowned in thought for a moment. “Oh, I know! I’ll send them to Jimin, then he can forward them to you!”

Sana looked like her dog had been shot.

“Yea, ok… Sure…” She smiled, thinly, before her sister yanked her to their car.

Hobi slammed the door behind them, and stared at Taehyung.

Taehyung blinked back at him.

“What??” The brunette asked, finally. “Are we going back to drinking??” He lifted a beer to hand to the redhead.
Hobi slapped Tae's hand aggressively, making the drink spill a little.

“Were you born this way, man, or did something HAPPEN to you?” The redhead demanded.

“Don’t bother, Hobi hyung.” Jimin said, dully, moving to pick up trash from around the room. “I’ve been trying to figure that out for almost twenty years.”

Yoongi hovered away from his corner, trying to help Jimin, but the younger still wouldn’t look at him.

“I’m not stupid, you know.” Tae said, softly, carefully stepping over Namjoon to get back to his seat. His wide pants legs swayed like a skirt when he walked. “I can’t possibly choose between two sisters; one of them would get hurt, and it would probably create a life-long feud of sibling rivalry.”

Hobi stepped directly on Namjoon’s stomach to get to his seat, making the elder cough and turn over. The redhead sat across from Tae and ogled the younger in astonishment, completely thrown by his rare moment of wisdom.

“Well, I CAN choose!” Hobi retorted, with his hands in the air. “Toss one my way for fuck’s sake! My game goes to shit whenever you’re around.”

“Not true.” Tae countered, kindly, sipping a beer from each of his hands. “I think Yeri likes you.”

Hobi’s eyes went wild.

“Really?? Which one is Yeri??”

“The one that’s not Sana.” Tae replied, simply.

Hobi glared at Tae for several seconds.

“I fucking hate you, Taehyung.”

Yoongi was entertained to see Tae torturing someone other than himself for a change, but as much as he wanted to stay and watch the brunette snap the fragile balance of Hobi’s sanity, he was too preoccupied with trying to get Jimin to speak to him.

“You can’t treat me like this on my birthday, Jimin-ah.”

Yoongi had cornered the younger in the kitchen and resorted to whining.

Jimin was washing dishes in stony silence.

Yoongi inched a little closer, and looked more like he was approaching an active volcano than his own fiancé.

“In fairness…” The elder reasoned. “You mind f**ked me so hard today that I couldn’t help but expect the worst. So, it’s really your fault.”

The younger glanced at him with immense disgust then returned to his washing.

Unable to bear the tension any longer, Yoongi reached over and turned off the sink faucet.

Jimin set down the dish in his hand very slowly, and turned to face the elder.

Yoongi wondered vaguely if he was about to get bitch slapped.
“You ruined the surprise, hyung. And then you acted like a total psycho in front of our guests.” Jimin said, evenly.

Psycho?? Me?

Yoongi wanted to point out that the younger pretended to be in a goddamn CEMETERY, but thought better of it.

“You said your gift was an actual, tangible present.” Yoongi replied instead, rising to his own defense. “So how the hell was I supposed to know that this was it?”

“IT WAS PART OF IT, HYUNG!”

“I love you.”

Jimin was about to retort when his mouth snapped shut.

“What did you say?” The younger asked, staring at Yoongi as though he might be ill.

“I said I love you, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi echoed, not caring that he sounded softer than a baby’s ass. “I love you so much.”

Yoongi knew he didn’t normally make such proclamations unless it was a very private, intimate setting- but the fact that the kid had dumped his overly demanding job to better support the elder’s dreams definitely called for an exception.

Fighting was simply not an option.

Not tonight.

Hopefully, not ever.

He silently handed Jimin a dish towel to wipe off his hands, and the younger accepted it numbly, obviously caught off guard by Yoongi’s words.

Jimin took a long moment to dry himself, before chuckling lightly, shaking his head at the towel in his hand.

“Wow, hyung.” Jimin said, finally, looking at him with amusement. “That was a desperate move.”

“But is it working?” Yoongi asked, hopefully, reaching for Jimin’s hand and stroking it gently. ”Because I really need the other part of my present tonight.”

Jimin rolled his eyes, but didn’t retract his hand.

“I’ve already told you, Yoongi. It’s not sex!”

“Maybe sex is part of it?”

“IT ISN’T!” Jimin spat, his gorgeous face looking flustered.

Yoongi grinned, and moved into Jimin’s personal space.

“I’ll believe that when my cock isn’t buried inside you.” He answered with a low voice.

“It won’t be.” Jimin replied, darkly, making the elder recoil slightly in surprise.
“HEY!! *Mom! Dad??*” Hobi interrupted, rudely, before Yoongi could question Jimin’s statement. “We’re about to take shots, so put your big boy balls on and let’s go.”

Jimin tossed the towel aside, with a final glance at the elder, before grabbing one of the many bottles of alcohol from the counter and heading to the living room.

Yoongi followed and sat down, glad that he had the spot next to Jimin, facing opposite Hobi and Tae.

“We’re playing never have I ever.” Tae said with a grin, slamming 4 shot glasses on the table, so hard that sleeping Namjoon flinched and groaned.

Yoongi scoffed and sank back into the cushions.

He’d never understood the purpose of drinking games.

He just fucking drank.

“You always play this stupid game, Tae Tae!” Jimin complained, grabbing a glass and shifting so that his weight was resting nicely against Yoongi.

“No surprise there.” Hobi spat, mockingly. “This game was fucking invented for schoolgirls.”

Tae beamed at the redhead, as if Hobi had paid him a compliment, and continued pouring out drinks in all the glasses.

“Never have I ever swallowed a frog.” Tae said in his deep, melodic voice, looking round at all of them.

Yoongi and Hobi stared at the brunette, as he calmly downed his glass, and Yoongi nearly jumped when he saw his beloved fiancé drink to the question.

“What is the *damage* with you two?” Hobi breathed in shock.

Jimin giggled and shrugged.

“We were kids, it’s not like it happened yesterday.”

“Whatever.” Hobi said, dismissively, still eyeing them strangely. “Never have I ever shot a man.” The redhead declared proudly, downing his drink immediately after, then slamming the empty glass on the table, so that Namjoon groaned and shifted again.

Yoongi quietly picked up his glass and took a small sip.

“Min Yoongi!” Jimin screamed. “You said you never killed anyone!?”

“I didn’t kill them.” Was his quiet response.

“*THEM??*” Jimin rounded on him, nearly falling off the couch.

Tae was looking between Hobi and Yoongi like they were heroes.

“What’s it like, hyungs? Shooting someone??”

“Do you really wanna know?” Hobi replied, smiling dangerously, one hand straying to his hip.
Tae’s generous and gorgeous mouth turned down at the corners slightly. He shook his head swiftly in the negative, and Yoongi couldn’t help laughing out loud.

“You’re goddamn right, you don’t, princess.” The redhead confirmed, before turning to Jimin. “It’s your go, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin hummed thoughtfully, and refilled the glasses.

“Never have I ever kissed a boy.” He said, with a sly smile at the redhead.

Hobi grimaced as every man at the table drank their alcohol.


“Me.” Jimin answered, smugly.

Yoongi spat a portion of his drink back into the glass.

What the FUCK?

“On a dare, about a year ago.” Tae said, easily, and without a trace of discomfort. “But it was nice.”

He glanced at his best friend, who smirked back at him.

A FUCKING YEAR AGO???

Yoongi began to calculate furiously.

That was just a couple MONTHS before he met Jimin, for fuck’s sake!

“Your turn, Yoongi hyung.” Tae said, with the MOUTH HE USED TO KISS JIMIN.

Yoongi’s eyes hadn’t returned to normal size yet.

The thought of Tae and Jimin together was actually…

Kinda fucking hot.

Jesus.

Jesus, Allah, and Buddha.

“I don’t wanna play anymore.” He said, tersely, pushing his drink aside.

That information was just too fucking scandalous for his battered soul.

“Fine, then.” Tae shrugged, unperturbed as usual. “Never have I ever had a threesome.”

The brunette swung his large, beautiful eyes round at all the men sitting frozen in their spots, then casually downed his drink in one shot, smacking his lips dramatically when he was done.

“Somebody kill me.” Hobi begged, in a faint voice. “Just do it, Yoongs. I don’t wanna live anymore.”

Yoongi wasn’t even listening, as he fixed a terrified look at Jimin next to him.

“I wasn’t a part of it, Yoongi.” Jimin said in a bored voice, waving his hand at his untouched glass.
Yoongi heaved the biggest sigh of relief.

“Do you just have another personality that you use around girls?” Hobi asked, nastily. “One that isn’t... You?”

Tae snickered, and only seemed to get more and more amused as Hobi got more and more upset.

Yoongi shook his head, sadly.

Taehyung was going to be the death of all of them.

Jimin shrugged and laughed, placing a warm hand on Yoongi’s thigh that the elder was now staring at.

“That’s my Tae Tae.” He sang proudly, shaking his stunning, glowing hair out of his eyes with a few quick movements of his head. “He probably could have had Yeri and Sana tonight if he wanted.”

“Not probably. Definitely.” Tae corrected, with an evil smile.

Hobi sighed heavily, and turned the bottle upside down, emptying much of its contents directly into his mouth.

The next hour progressed somewhat smoothly, and without any further games, after Hobi threatened to make everyone play Russian roulette if they didn’t stop.

The group had taken Hobi’s lead, drinking liquor straight from the bottles and chasing it with food, as the redhead regaled them with sensational stories of some of the near-death experiences he and Yoongi encountered on the streets.

Yoongi noted that much of it was total bullshit.

Then again, he wasn’t drinking as much as everyone else. He was far too focused on how touchy feely Jimin had become, as he got steadily more intoxicated.

In fact, Yoongi couldn’t remember ever seeing the younger quite this plastered before- he normally held his alcohol pretty well.

But not tonight.

“Really, Yoongi hyung???” Taehyung questioned in wide eyed amazement, halfway through whatever crock of shit story Hobi was telling. “You guys jumped from the fifth floor and landed on a BUS?!”

Actually, he and Hobi had used the elevator, like normal fucking people, and WALKED onto the bus.

But Yoongi wasn’t capable of saying this, because Jimin had dissolved into a giggling heap in his lap, and was literally rubbing his whole body against the elder’s crotch.

“Sure, Tae... We-we jumped.” Yoongi agreed distractedly, trying to pull Jimin off the floor now.

“Told you!” Hobi exclaimed, weakly, halfway as sleep on the couch.

When Jimin tried to pour himself a drink, then missed, tipping half the bottle onto the TV remote, Yoongi decided it was time to call it a night.
“Ok, we’re going to bed.” Yoongi commanded, to his still giggling fiancé. “Now.”

“Finally!” Namjoon said, waking suddenly, and picking himself from the rug just to deposit himself onto the couch, while simultaneously kicking Hobi and Tae off. “Thought you guys would never shut the fuck up.”

“Where are YOU going?” Hobi demanded sleepily from Tae who was on his way to the spare bedroom.

Tae pointed his thumb at the door, as if Hobi didn’t know what it was.

“To bed.”

“The fuck, you are!” The redhead shrieked. “I’m taking that room! Yoongs! TELL HIM!”

Yoongi groaned in exasperation.

Jimin had gone ahead of him, and was in the bedroom, beckoning Yoongi to follow.

Christ.

With an abundance of strength, he tore his eyes from the younger and back to Hobi and Tae.

“You guys need to figure this shit out.” Yoongi replied, hastily, his eyes snapping back and forth to his bedroom at the end of the hallway, as if Jimin might disappear if he lost sight of him.

Hobi faced Tae, swaying drunkenly, left and right, and still drinking from his bottle.

“I have seniority and this is my best friend’s house, so GET THE FUCK OUT OF THERE.” The redhead commanded.

“Why can’t we just share it?” Tae replied, his words slurred, and his big eyes drooping with sleep.

Yoongi thought this was a fabulous idea.

Jimin had shucked his jeans off now, and was pouting at him, and Yoongi honestly didn’t care if they slept on the lawn at this point.

He turned back to the two friends, impatiently,

But where he expected to see a look of fierce resilience on Hobi’s face, there was only resignation.

It was the look of a man who was tired of fighting the inevitable, and was just ready to accept his fate.

Tae had finally snapped him.

“Fine. Fuck it.” Hobi said tiredly, and disappeared into the spare room behind a triumphantly grinning Taehyung. “You snore, I shoot. Touch me, I shoot. Think too loud, I shoot.”

Yoongi waited a half second to make sure the house was finally still, before nearly sprinting down the hall to his own room, and slamming the door behind him, locking it firmly.

Jimin was sitting back on the bed in his gray underwear, his eyes so hooded, they were almost closed. He had unbuttoned his blouse, but left it on, so it was dangling around him like a shimmery cape.
Yoongi froze.

After rushing to get here, he wasn’t entirely sure what to do now.

Jimin was well and truly WASTED- like, wasted, wasted.

Maybe they should wait till morning?

“Come here, hyung.” Jimin whispered.

Or not.

Yoongi swallowed and walked forward in a trance.

Once there, he held Jimin’s face gently, and bent down to taste his mouth, alcohol, and all.

Sharp, tangy, sweet… Soft.

Jimin moaned and permitted a few more seconds of this, before pulling away and standing up from the bed, wavering slightly with imbalance.

“Did you enjoy your party?” The younger asked softly, speaking directly into his ear.

Yoongi didn’t have time to answer, before Jimin helped him out of his sweater. He’d barely registered his face popping out of the fabric, before the younger pulled his undershirt off, too, leaving him bare-chested and breathless.

“I did…” Yoongi replied in a hushed voice, as Jimin slid down his body, his mouth and hands trailing along Yoongi’s chest as he went.

Jimin was on his knees now, giggling against his stomach, as if the elder’s answer was somehow hilarious.

“Really?” The younger chuckled, his silver hair tickling Yoongi’s pelvis, as he peeled off every last bit of the elder’s remaining clothing. “What was the best part?”

Yoongi wondered if that was a trick question, then stopped thinking anything at all, when Jimin started sucking at his belly button.

His erection bobbed obscenely against the younger’s chin, and he was resisting an incredible urge to shove it down his throat.

“You.” Yoongi answered with more than a little difficulty, as Jimin began peppering his cock with sweet little kisses.

He wanted to grab at his stunning hair, and on any other occasion he would have, but tonight he was staring at the gray halo reverently, as if maybe it was too precious to touch.

Jimin rocked back onto his heels with another little laugh, Yoongi’s dick held securely in one of his small hands.

“Not even Tae’s cake?” He asked, jokingly, glancing up at Yoongi with a slow, sexy smile.

Yoongi’s reply died, when Jimin swallowed his cock in one go, the very next second.

It was just… gone.
Yoongi had no choice but to clutch at the hair he was too apprehensive to touch just a moment before. He seized it tightly, grunting and trying to keep himself from falling back onto the bed.

Instinctively, he began fucking into Jimin's face, while the younger hollowed and squeezed his mouth around his cock with unbelievable suction.

Yoongi was already having an out of body experience, mouth hanging open, and head thrown back to the ceiling- but when he felt the warm, pliant flesh of Jimin’s throat nudge against his throbbing head, he forgot everything that transpired that day.

There was no poem.

No cemetery.

No party.

No presents.

Just Jimin deep throating THE FUCK out his leaking cock.

The sensation was gone too soon, and Yoongi groaned in outrage, staring down at the younger pleadingly.

He was only just beginning to fully appreciate the tight warmth of the younger’s mouth, when suddenly cool air was settling on his wet and lonely boner.

Jimin had stood up again, and it was a grand effort, as the kid nearly tripped twice in the process.

Yoongi was staring at him with a mixture of lust and amusement.

_God_, the kid was so fucking drunk.

“Baby, why don’t we just go to sle-”

“Get on your knees.” Jimin directed, cutting him off, and pointing at the bed. “Please.”

Jimin could get rather bossy and aggressive in the bedroom, but tonight his voice was different.

It was low and slow, with a strange accented tilt- but still loving, as if Yoongi was a tiny, fragile egg.

Yoongi turned and looked at the bed, then back at his fiancé.

“On my knees? On the bed??” He inquired, confused, even as his dick got harder at the thought of it.

Jimin only nodded and then: “Should I help you?”

Yoongi bristled and scowled.

He didn’t need _help._

Jesus, he only turned 26 today.

Jimin moved in a blur, pressing a kiss to Yoongi’s mouth, and using his hands to revolve the elder gently, until he was facing the opposite wall.

Yoongi sighed, his inner swag protesting slightly at all of this, but still hopped onto the bed in the requested position, knees spread, ass basically wide open, and his cock hanging heavily between his
legs.

He closed his eyes and waited with building anticipation.

Jimin placed a wet kiss on his back and licked agonizingly slow, wet stripes up his crevice, and over his clenched, tight hole.

“Fuck…” Yoongi muttered, small chills running up and down his spine.

Again, he was just beginning to enjoy the small licks Jimin was tasting him with, when again, the younger’s touch disappeared without warning.

This was just wrong.

“Jimin-ah…?” Yoongi called, pitifully, craning his neck around to try and see exactly where the fuck the younger had gone off to this time.

Jimin rubbed a hand along his back and murmured for him to hold on, which was easier fucking said than done.

He heard Jimin rifling around in the bedside drawer, and figured that their toy was probably going to make an appearance, which he was totally fine with.

It had been a while since they’d played with the vibrator.

Actually, it had been a while since they’d done a lot of things.

Yoongi readied himself for what was promising to be a great night, but was surprised to see Jimin teeter around the bed and stand in front of him still in his flowing shirt and mercilessly tight underwear, which was now strained with the outline of his erection.

“Hi.” Jimin greeted, leaning in for a kiss that Yoongi accepted hungrily, despite being thoroughly confused about what was coming next.

The kiss quickly turned from sweet to feverish, and Yoongi’s head started spinning, getting drunk in his own way, as Jimin kneeled on the bed himself, hands cradling the elder’s face.

Really, he could have gone all night like this.

Jimin’s beautifully made up face attached to his at the mouth, tongues swirling and teasing and sucking, fighting against each other in some moments, and in other moments, dancing in perfect unison.

Jimin broke the kiss and Yoongi could tell it pained him to do so, by the wanting look in his big brown eyes.

He was about to say fuck it and pull the younger down, so they could just lay there and continue making out, but Jimin abruptly flipped onto his back and was underneath Yoongi in an instant.

He looked down stupidly, but all he saw was a delicious expanse of chiseled stomach, as Jimin wiggled and slid his way along the bed until his face was directly under Yoongi’s dick, which he greeted with a soft kiss, before sucking it hungrily into his mouth.

Yoongi bucked at the feeling, and very nearly toppled over, but managed to steel himself. Jimin was giving him everything and more that he’d been missing for far too long.
He moaned quietly, trying to be mindful of sleeping guests, but Jimin was pulling him down by the hips and forcing his cock ridiculously far into his mouth, and Yoongi wasn’t sure he could go on this way much longer.

The younger had turned his attention to Yoongi’s heavy, needy balls, alternating between licking fervently and gently, literally slapping them around with his tongue, while his hands rubbed up and down the elder’s legs.

Yoongi was horrified to hear himself squeal, and quickly clamped his mouth shut.

Little did he know that was only the first of many more to come.

After what seemed like a very long time of the younger’s ministrations, Yoongi opened his eyes, which had been closed in rapture, and realized that he was nearly face down between Jimin’s sexy, thick thighs, and the hard dick nestled between them.

He stretched a trembling hand to grab and squeeze Jimin’s hard on, which forced the younger to jerk and moan beautifully, sending shockwaves through Yoongi’s sack which was stuffed into Jimin’s mouth now.

Yoongi took a steadying breath and stared at the gray fabric that was acting as a barrier between him and the younger’s skin, like it was an enemy, which it fucking was.

Before he could get his life together enough to take them off, Jimin had moved further along the bed, until he was in line with Yoongi’s ass, and literally buried his face in it with a moan so loud that Yoongi glanced at the door fearfully, expecting to see a sleepy Taehyung burst in at the noise.

But interruptions were the furthest thing from his mind now.

He was making throaty, choking noises now, literally unravelling from the deep plunging motions Jimin was killing and saving him with at the same time.

Jimin had wrapped his arms around Yoongi’s legs now, with his hands squeezing the elder at the hips, and simply lifted himself to taste his way deeper into him.

Yoongi gasped at the invasion and grappled with the bedsheets, trying not to rock back completely onto Jimin’s face, but it was difficult with the kid literally pulling him from the backside.

And Jimin’s tongue was everywhere...

EVERYWHERE.

Yoongi gave up on his mission to fully undress the younger, and simply let himself go to the indescribable sensation of Jimin lapping at his rim like a rabid dog; literally panting with the effort, his small fingers parting Yoongi’s cheeks wide open.

“Jimin…” Yoongi called, for no reason.

The name fell from his lips in broken pieces, as he gazed longingly at the younger’s erection, still hiding hard and proud, beneath those fucking boxer briefs. Jimin’s hands were rotating gently on his ass now, kneading and massaging in a way that Yoongi didn’t feel his ass really warranted.

It’s not like it was as plump and pretty as the younger’s.

He pulled forward again, making another valiant effort at getting Jimin’s cock in his mouth, but it
was like fighting the force of gravity, as the younger kept pulling him back and sinking his tongue into Yoongi's hole.

He'd make it a few inches, till he was so close to the younger's throbbing erection, then he'd stop, panting harshly, due to his cock being on the edge of explosion. After a few seconds, he'd try again, only to have to stop again.

It was like climbing a mountain, but instead of stopping to rest, he kept stopping because he thought he might blow his load any second.

Finally, he made it far enough to just move his mouth over Jimin's hardness, wetting the fabric with his lips, and sucking through it- and it was at that moment he heard a sharp crack.

For a terrified instant, Yoongi thought it was Hobi's gun. Maybe the redhead had made good on his promise to shoot, after all?

Or maybe the dumbass just slept on it and accidentally shot his own balls off?

But in that same instant, Yoongi's body absorbed the fact that the sound had been accompanied by a sharp sting.

He heard and felt it a second time, and this was when he understood that Jimin was smacking his ass. Hard.

“More?” The younger asked in a thick voice, dripping with sex, while kissing the affected area.

The elder, wide eyed and flabbergasted, had barely registered the question, when Jimin hit him again- his hand whizzing so fast, Yoongi could have sworn he heard it cut through the air.

Yoongi yelped, lost somewhere between pleasure and pain.

He had never experienced a sensory overload quite like this before.

The sting from the momentary pain, and the loving, yet dirty way Jimin was spanking him, and that tongue still wriggling and writhing in the deepest part of his body was almost too much to take all at once.

“Let me t-take these off…” Yoongi mumbled in a breathless whisper, pawing at Jimin's crotch.

He needed the distraction; needed to do something other than think about how he was currently being spanked and eaten at the same time.

And LIKING it.

Jimin answered in form of another smack to his opposite cheek, then yanked him backwards until Yoongi was kneeling upright on top of the younger's face.

And then it all made sense.

This was what Jimin had wanted all along. This was why he kept pulling the elder backwards.

So Yoongi could ride his tongue.

Yoongi pulled out his mental list of firsts and ticked off a new one with a bright red check mark.
Jimin had locked him in place with firm hands around his waist, and Yoongi wondered with some unease if he might unknowingly smother the kid.

He tried to lift a little, just to take some of the weight off, but Jimin pressed him back down, and the plunge from his tongue made Yoongi wail in spite of himself.

He chanced a look down, and all he could see was the smallest bit of Jimin’s chin and jawline, as the younger worked his tongue in, out, and all around.

Yoongi didn’t understand the meaning of true pleasure until he rocked back and forth on his fiancé’s mouth for the first time.

He immediately took advantage of his ability to shift and move in whatever direction he wanted Jimin’s tongue to go, lifting himself gently, then pushing back down to experience that mind-numbing immersion.

“Oh, my G-god, Jimin- JIMIN!” Yoongi called, frantically.

He was whimpering, and shaking, and riding.

Almost *crying* in a high-pitched whine, that was totally alien to him, but Yoongi chose to ignore this.

He was in too deep now, literally, and totally absorbed in a completely selfish world of self-gratification, where, for once, someone was taking care of *him*.

Yoongi threw his head back and closed his eyes, and somewhere in the black and red of his sightlessness he found the promised land, as he gyrated on Jimin’s tongue so rapidly, that his thighs burned and he had to brace his hands against Jimin’s chest to keep the rhythm.

His dick was beyond hard and bobbing up and down, as if it was applauding them.

It was actually too good...

Too good to be true.

Yoongi knew a tongue could never penetrate as deeply and satisfyingly as a cock, but there was something about how Jimin’s wet muscle would dislodge, lapping and licking furiously at the tight ring of muscle, before gaining purchase and sliding back in.

It was sloppy, and wet, and noisy, and so *motherfucking hot*.

“Baby-” Yoongi warned in a shaky voice, as heat started to coil deep within him. Jimin had grabbed hold of his dick now, pushing him to the edge, where Yoongi was ready to jump off into orgasmic oblivion.

He was so close now...

Almost...

*Almost*...

But the younger, at the last second, gently lifted Yoongi up and off his face, and stared at the ceiling, breathing deeply.

Yoongi laid there in shock.
He understood that breathing was important, but FUCK, couldn’t Jimin have held on for another 5 fucking seconds? Yoongi collapsed against the pillows, feeling petulant and small, and also a little embarrassed.

He had really gone off the deep end there for a while.

Jimin was up after his breather and held out his hand for Yoongi to join him.

His heart picked up speed. Was Jimin going to do… more?

Yoongi stared at the small, cute hand, adorned with his engagement ring.

The bed felt awesome, but his raging boner was still extremely unfulfilled.

“Come on.” Jimin urged, softly.

Well, priorities came first.

He let Jimin pull him off the bed and lead them into their bathroom.

“You wanna take a shower?” He asked, his voice hoarse from screeching, and turned to look curiously at the younger.

Jimin pressed against him, stumbling a little, and slathered the elder’s neck in kisses. Yoongi bumped into the sink, then held him close, searching for his mouth, despite where it had been for the last 20 minutes, or so.

But Jimin had turned him around so they were both facing the mirror over the sink, his toned chest against Yoongi’s back.

He kissed a path from Yoongi’s neck up to his ear, and the elder watched his reflection intently.

“You’re pretty.” Jimin whispered, when he’d reached his earlobe.

Yoongi’s whole body broiled like he’d been shoved in an oven, and he almost seemed to shrink into a miniature version of himself.

“Just shut up and fuck me, if that’s what you’re gonna do.” He replied, tensely, relying on his best defense against uncomfortable situations: being an asshole.

Jimin only smiled at this and kissed the other side of his neck.

“Why are you so shy?” He sang, playfully, in Yoongi’s opposite ear.

“Why are you so drunk?” The elder retorted, his face going slightly red, as he watched the reflection of Jimin’s hands teasing their way up and down his chest.

“Look at your skin…” Jimin gestured at the Yoongi in the mirror, ignoring the question. “So perfect.” He licked the corner of the elder’s mouth and moaned in approval. “You really are my sugar, you know that?”

Yoongi scoffed disgustedly, but couldn’t deny that his cock was throbbing out of control at his fiance’s praise.

He fought to keep his face deadpan, and turned to stare Jimin in the eyes.
“Are you done yet?”

Jimin’s fingers were rubbing slow circles around his taut nipples, and his breath hitched a little at the motion.

“Sometimes, hyung…” Jimin continued in a low, accented drawl that sounded nothing like his usual voice. “When I see you… You look so small. I just… I just wanna pick you up and fuck you where you stand.”

Jimin made this admission so casually, that the full meaning didn’t hit Yoongi for a few seconds. But when it did, his cock absolutely convulsed, and his face went from a slight tinge to a fire engine red so vivid, that he wouldn’t have believed it if he wasn’t staring at his own goddamn reflection in the bathroom mirror.

He was thankfully spared the agony of formulating a response to that statement, as Jimin appeared to have finished chatting, and slid down to his knees to tongue his way into Yoongi’s ass again.

Yoongi huffed and grasped both sides of the sink, whimpering down at the cold, white, porcelain finish when the younger spread him open and dove in face first.

Jimin had him pulled back, thighs apart, and was now wriggling his tongue over every single inch of skin and flesh that existed in the stretch between Yoongi’s tight, tender sack and his thoroughly dampened hole.

“Inside, Jimin-ah!” He begged feverishly, and stuttered on a moan when the younger obliged him, pushing his face upwards to delve his tongue as far as it could possibly go.

The elder snapped his head to the right in a spasm of pleasure and caught the horrifying sight of himself in the floor length mirror that was attached to the wall, just near the door.

He yanked his eyes away with a yelp, as if he’d just walked in on two strangers.

It wasn’t his own image that was the problem.

It was THEIR image.

Jimin, on his knees, absolutely devouring his asshole, and he was just standing there, rutting into the sink with pure joy spread across his face. He didn’t want to look, but couldn’t look away, and before he knew it, he was entranced by the view.

They’d had many, many, oral escapades, but he’d never WATCHED it happening before.

Jimin’s sharp jawline was jutting against the curve of his ass as he licked, and every few seconds, his plump tongue would appear, wet and wiggling like a fish out of water, before submerging again into Yoongi’s depths.

Wowww....

Every sound was now accompanied by ungodly visuals.

The sucking, the kisses, the saliva stretching from the tip of Jimin’s tongue.

Yoongi looked away, feeling like a sinner. But every surface seemed to be reflective now. The mirror in front of him, the mirror to the side of him, the glass wall of the shower door, hell, even the chrome sink faucet was showing him his own sweaty face.
It was like he couldn’t escape watching himself being destroyed.

Jimin exited his ass with a loud and well deserved exhale, panting heavily, and wiping his face.

“Don’t move.” He ordered, with a gentle kiss to Yoongi’s thigh.

That was easy enough.

Yoongi could scarcely breathe, let alone shift a millimeter from the sink that he was still attached to.

Jimin hauled himself, half crawling, half walking to the bedside table where he swiped up a couple items and returned a few seconds later. Yoongi’s eyes followed the journey, wondering when the hell the kid was going to finally get naked.

“I’ll give you something to watch, hyung.” The younger promised in that sexy, foreign accent, which Yoongi suddenly realized was his Busan dialect emerging from his drunken state.

Yoongi inhaled, burning from Jimin’s comment, and turned on impossibly further by the new voice he was hearing for the first time.

Shit.

So, the younger had apparently noticed Yoongi being hypnotized by the mirror.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

After a few introductory licks and kisses, Jimin inserted a well lubed finger into the elder’s opening slowly, while carefully watching both his own hand and Yoongi’s reactions in the smooth, reflective surface.

Yoongi tried to ignore this, and decided to concentrate on the stretch he was feeling instead. He willed himself to relax and let it happen, moving his legs further apart to make it easier.

A low groan left him as Jimin added a second digit, and fucked him with a well paced, measured movement that was gradually widening the elder, bit by bit.

Jimin’s tongue was making a slow trail up and down his ass, stopping to work together with his fingers and Yoongi hissed, eyes closed, ready and waiting for the finale of getting absolutely pounded for his birthday.

“Watch me.”

Yoongi’s eyes flew open and swooped to the mirror at Jimin’s low directive.

But he wasn’t ready for what he saw.

Gone was their first, only, and favorite purple toy, and in its place was a flesh colored apparatus, that looked like it had been halted half way through the process of melting.

“W-what the fuck is that?” Yoongi squeaked at the mirrored Jimin.

Jimin smoothed a hand over the curve of the elder’s ass, soothingly, kissing him lightly there.

“It’s no bigger than what we’ve used before, hyung.” Jimin assured him, his words coming thick and slow like honey. “It’s just textured.” The younger paused for a beat. “And I’m gonna make you cry with it.”
Yoongi huffed, anxiously, and even felt his erection deflate a little from nervousness.

The way Jimin promised the last part sounded like pure filth, especially in his current tone of speech. The words lifted, dipped, dragged, and tumbled out of him, in a dark melody of sound that was positively sinful- but why did that thing look so... rough?

Yoongi turned fully to glance down at Jimin and maybe discuss this a bit further, but was struck by the vision of the younger sucking the dildo off, running his long tongue over and all around the fake head and down the fake shaft, before adding copious amounts of lubricant.

He used this opportunity to take a good look, and noticed that the roughness was actually a series of circular bumps and ridges- and it was sporting a healthy curve that their old faithful didn’t have.

Jimin’s hand was upon him again, turning him back and helping him move into position: thighs parted, back rounded, hips pushed back. His grip upon the sink was positively white-knuckled, and the chrome faucet was almost mocking him, as it reflected his own ashen looking face.

“So... So this texture...?” Yoongi asked, nervously. “Is it, like- like what is it for exactly-”

But Jimin seemed more intent on showing than telling, as he spread the elder open.

Yoongi gasped prematurely at the penetration. All that had entered him, so far, was the smooth head, and even then, Jimin was going achingly slow- but he still shrieked from the fear of the unknown.

Jimin removed the toy carefully and replaced it with his tongue, moaning as it fluttered easily into the expanded opening, which made the elder go lightheaded with ecstasy.

Yoongi choked and squeezed the sink harder when Jimin re-introduced the dildo a few moments later, and that’s when the elder felt the curve gliding into him, shaping him from the inside.

His sagging hard-on perked up immediately at the brand new sensation, but he barely had time to fully enjoy it before he was rocked by what felt like a million tiny fingers softly stroking the inside of his slick, lubed hole.

“Oh- my- fucking JESUS CHRIST- JIMIN WAIT!” Yoongi wailed, all guests forgotten.

His voice was cracked and weak, and he didn’t really know what he was asking for. He didn’t want it to stop, but he just needed a second to process all the grabby hands in his FUCKING ASSHOLE.

“We’re already there, Yoongi. Just get comfortable- I’ll take care of you, you KNOW I will.” The younger cajoled, his voice full of slurred yearning, and when Yoongi turned to that godforsaken mirror and caught a glimpse of Jimin on his knees, dildo in hand, supporting Yoongi’s hip with his other hand, and his face still wet from his shameless, full on tongue exploration, he understood in that moment that he just needed to give up the tough guy act.

He was gay.

A gay man.

Maybe not originally, but he was now.

As gay as they fucking come.

And he was desperately in love with Jimin, his husband to be, who was, at this very moment,
kneeling on the cold, hard tile of the bathroom floor, giving him the best birthday of his lonely life, and he was robbing them both of the full experience by being weirded out over it.

*There’s a bumpy banana up my ass.*

*And it feels fucking amazing.*

*Deal with it, Yoongs.*

“I just- I wanna adjust a bit…” He finally whispered, after his inner battle was over.

Jimin waited with gentle patience and feathery kisses, while he shifted slightly, and without thinking too much of it, lifted his right leg and sort of hugged the edge of the sink with it.

He choked on another sobbing moan, as his hole opened up further in this newfound position, giving him an immediate sense of nirvana. The younger helped him silently, supporting the floating leg with a strong arm that gripped the sink for reinforcement.

Seeing that the elder was well situated, Jimin slowly sank the rest of the toy into his depths, and as Yoongi adjusted and shakily accepted the grazing, massaging feeling of all those bumpy ridges, his mind raced to understand HOW the younger was managing to fuck him with it.

Both of his arms were around Yoongi’s waist?

Yoongi’s eyes were inexplicably drawn to the mirror like a magnet, his heart pounding at what he knew he was going to find: Jimin biting the end of the dildo and plunging it in and out with his mouth.

“*Jimin-ahhh...*” He called breathlessly, but of course, the younger had no way of replying him—his eyes closed in deep concentration, and apparent enjoyment, despite the taut, tight look of his jaw that was clamped down on their new favorite toy.

He was bucking against the sink, the cold porcelain sending freezing jolts to his cock everytime the two met. Deep within him, he felt himself mold to accommodate the new shape and size, and for all his lyric writing capacity, he couldn’t find any words to describe it.

Jemin was gripping his thigh, still held aloft, and lifted it even higher, hitting places with that thing that had Yoongi convinced he truly WAS going to start crying, just like the kid had predicted.

The mirror.

The reflections.

He didn’t want to look, but he HAD to.

“Youhhs.. J-Jeesus…” He gasped and gulped at the sight of his body, pale and naked and jerking in hard spasms against the sink so violently, that it was rocking slightly against the wall.

He realized that he’d have to fix the sink’s foundation in the exact same moment that he realized he was going to cum all over it.

Yoongi tried to alert Jimin to the oncoming deluge, but was distracted by the reflected image of the younger’s neck, stretched and strained, and how his cock had slipped through the slit in his briefs and was resting nicely against his thigh in a little patch of wetness.

But before he could hit his orgasm, the dildo was pulled out of him, and he slumped against the cold
sink pathetically. He didn’t even ask why. He couldn’t ask.

He couldn’t speak.

Jimin was on his feet and leaning against him from behind almost instantly- his shirt thrown off and cascading to the floor like a waterfall.

Yoongi watched in the mirror as Jimin struggled to pull off his underwear, nearly falling over, but the elder couldn’t offer any assistance as he panted and waited.

Shit, HE needed assistance.

“It's off!” The younger gasped proudly, once he was successfully naked.

He pulled Yoongi close, his erection jutting against his wet, stretched, thoroughly fucked ass, and covered the elder’s neck with moist kisses.

Yoongi swiveled his head to catch Jimin’s mouth in a messy kiss that would be easier to pull off if he turned to face him.

But, breaking the kiss wasn’t an option, so instead he nearly broke his neck, craning to suck his own taste from Jimin’s tongue.

His hand snaked backwards and hooked behind the younger’s head, grasping a handful of silky hair to pull him closer, while Jimin’s fingers played with his nipples.

He’d never enjoyed a kiss more in his life.

Faintly, he registered a chill against his backside as the younger lubed his cock during their makeout interlude. His dick jumped gleefully, and he felt himself go giddy at the prospect of having the younger inside of him, merging and becoming one bucking, moaning mess together.

It had been too long.

He recalled the younger’s words from earlier, saying that Yoongi wouldn’t be inside him tonight.

He was fucking right about that.

After a few minutes, however, it became clear that this dream might not become reality, due to the immense difficulty Jimin was having at even standing up straight, let alone entering Yoongi correctly.

Apparently, kneeling was easier than standing when you’re drunk off your fucking ass.

“Maybe, just back up a little, baby…” Yoongi was desperately trying to direct this traffic with a hand behind his back to lead the younger in- but everything back there was so slick and slippery with lube that the whole attempt was futile.

Jimin roared in frustration, and Yoongi finally turned around, seeing anger and impatience in his soft eyes.

Maybe he should just fuck the kid instead?

A little piece of his heart broke at the thought. The banana rammer had really set him up nicely, and he was looking forward to being fully taken care of, but oh well.
He swiftly switched their positions and placed Jimin against the sink, kissing him soothingly on the back. It actually seemed like this was going to work out, until Jimin agitated and wriggled out of his grasp, then promptly slammed the toilet lid down and sat heavily upon it.

Yoongi blinked at him, startled.

“It… It’s closed, sweetheart.” He pointed out, wondering if the kid was so drunk that he might actually piss on the floor. “Are you tired?”

Jimin shook his head, silver hair billowing, and snatched the lube up, dousing his cock again.

Yoongi watched in lustful confusion, his own erection quivering at the sight, even as his mind raced to understand it.

“Sit, hyung.” Jimin urged, breathing hard with his slicked dick in hand.

He stared at Jimin’s lap, petrified.

“Sit where?”

Jimin couldn’t possibly mean…

“On me.” The younger answered, impatiently, spreading his legs open and lolling his head back. “On top of me. I-I can’t stand up right now.”

Yoongi looked at the mirror still standing stoically on the wall, ready to show him everything they were about to do, and his chest tightened painfully.

“Can we…” Yoongi hesitated, thinking fast. “Can we go to the bed?”

Jimin slapped his own thigh with a sharp crack, making Yoongi jump so hard, his elbow connected painfully with the shower door.

“Just sit on my cock, Yoongi.” Jimin ordered, like a tired parent with a fussy child. “I do it to you ALL the time.”

Yoongi stared at him with wild eyes, his mind whizzing back to the many occasions that Jimin had indeed ridden him- most recently being in the car, which still bore the stains of their lovemaking.

But that was JIMIN.

He was so flexible…

Jimin pushed his hair back with an exasperated sigh, then lunged forward and pulled the elder towards him, so their legs bumped.

He rubbed his cock up and down suggestively, and gazed up at Yoongi, who was looking down at him in abject terror.

“I love you, hyung.”

Yoongi spluttered on the breath he was trying to take- it wasn’t just the admission, but that fucking ACCENT that was killing him.

“That was a desperate move, Jimin-ah.” He chided, trying to buy himself time.
“Is it working?” Jimin asked, echoing the elder’s words from earlier.

Yoongi fell silent, swallowing forcefully.

“Turn around.” Jimin instructed, licking his lips. “I’m not gonna hurt you.”

Yoongi gave up and obeyed, inhaling sharply at Jimin’s hand on his hip, guiding him downwards.

He couldn’t help but believe that he really deserved an award for this.

Something to commemorate his 360 degree spin from a straight man to a howling mess sitting on the business end of another man’s dick.

Maybe ‘Rookie gay of the year’.

“Yoooongiiii...” Jimin whined, as he pushed his way in carefully, and Yoongi felt his fear and cynicism melt away into blinding ecstasy.

The stretch was far less extreme, thanks to the younger’s earlier efforts, and the angle was so intense that frantic moans were spilling from his lips already.

Jimin was an angel, showing the elder a secret backdoor way to heaven, as he dragged Yoongi lower, filling him slowly- making noises all the while that the elder had never heard before.

Yoongi gulped at the ceiling when he was finally sitting fully on the younger’s soft lap and strong legs, both of them bound together at his core.

He’d been expecting and dreading a dominant Jimin, demanding and forcing his way upon the elder, as he sometimes did when he tried to conquer his insecurity by asserting himself over Yoongi- often with frightening and painful results.

At the same time, he had also been dreading a shy Jimin, who usually surfaced when the younger found himself in an unfamiliar position of power. This was a huge problem, because if Yoongi didn’t know what the fuck he was doing, and Jimin was too busy blushing and shaking to get anything right, it made for a very awkward, uncomfortable time.

But this was a new Jimin, entirely.

He was confident and assured, with none of the crazy bravado- but also, tender and caring, without the silly sheepishness.

He was perfect.

Just perfect.

Yoongi wondered if it was the toxic levels of alcohol Jimin had consumed that was to blame for this new personality, but as the younger gave his first upward thrust, deep into the center of his being, Yoongi realized- while hollering his lover’s name to recessed ceiling lights- that Jimin had been behaving differently all evening.

He couldn’t place it- couldn’t quite put his finger on it- but ever since their kiss in the kitchen, Jimin had just been… different.

“Hyuuung…” Jimin cried, his forehead pressed into his back, and his hands firmly planted on his hips, as he drove ever higher into Yoongi’s ass.
The feeling inside of him was indescribable, but Yoongi was struggling.

He never worked out.

And this position required quite a bit of lower body strength that he simply didn’t have.

The burning in his thighs was almost unbearable, and it was putting a pretty big damper on the thick, velvety bliss invading his clenching hole.

“Hyung, y-you can’t move with me like that.” Jimin panted, holding him round the waist, and licking into his ear. “We have to- fuck, wait, don’t move like that- we have to go in opposite directions.”

Yoongi groaned, needily, not wanting to stop, but physically unable to continue.

“Jimin-ah…” He grunted back, clutching the hands around him. “Just fucking show me, please.”

“Ok, just listen to me...” Jimin gasped and sucked on his shoulder. “Move up.”

Yoongi sucked in oxygen, as he glided northward. The drag and pull and slide inside of him was awe-inspring, and just when he felt the swollen tip reach his opening, Jimin stopped him.

“Now come down, hyung- not too fast, but not too slow, either.”

Yoongi nodded, and braced his hand backwards against the back of the fucking toilet tank.

He appreciated this new Jimin. He was totally in control, and Yoongi felt kind of safe, even though that was very strange for him.

Midway on his beautiful descent, Jimin struck with a smooth upward movement, as the elder was coming down.

Yoongi lost his grip on the tank, as well as reality.

He was spiraling.

The contact between their bodies in that moment was like a live wire thrown in water, and all he could feel was a firestorm of sparks.

“Better?? Is it better now?” Jimin asked in halting, stuttered speech, rising and pounding the elder in a mind-blowing rythym that was creeping closer and closer to reaching him in the very epicenter of his sweet spot.

If Yoongi could speak, he would have congratulated Jimin on really knowing what the fuck he was doing.

He’d never considered the mechanincs of sitting on someone else’s cock, but the younger’s suggestion of opposing forces was working miracles. Now, he only had to move 50% of the way, and Jimin would meet him in the middle with a blinding impact that sent tingles down his legs and out to the very tips of his toes.

His plaintive mewls were decidedly unmanly and coming out in breathy little sighs everytime the younger hit him just right.

Jimin was a little quieter than usual, moaning occasionally, but mostly just petting, rubbing, and praising Yoongi in ways that made him feel extremely loved, if a little mortified.
He thought about the mirror- or more specifically, what they must look like IN the mirror, and the thing was basically calling him to look, like some kind of Pandora's box.

He resisted the urge, and let Jimin pull him back, so he was leaning against his hard, flexing chest; and he discovered that in this position, he could sort of slide up and down the younger’s dick, rather than bouncing, which took a huge burden off his legs.

“You’re so pretty, daddy, look at you.” Jimin moaned, his thrusts coming a little sharper, a little harder.

His hand had moved to Yoongi’s mouth and the elder licked it without really knowing why, until Jimin took hold of his hard on, which was swinging around all alone, and stroked it in time with their fucking.

Fuck, I wanna die like this.

“Oh my, God, hyung…” Jimin cried, breathlessly. “Do you see it??”

No, Yoongi did not see it, and he wasn’t going to look, either.

He squeezed his eyes shut, instead, like he was trying to fight off a nightmare, yet couldn’t shake the feeling that Jimin and that fucking full length mirror were joining forces to get Yoongi to watch the scenes within it.

And with the simultaneous jerking and pummeling he was getting from the younger, Yoongi couldn’t help tumbling down a dirty hole of curiosity.

He wanted to see.

Needed to see.

“Look at us…” Jimin goaded passionately, his words breaking apart with his thrusts. He was neither commanding, nor pleading, but to Yoongi he sounded like the devil himself, sitting on his shoulder-or rather- sitting beneath him and up his ass, trying to steer him to hell.

Jimin crashed into him with a sinful attack on his deeply hidden sensitive nerves, and Yoongi gave in to the devil’s temptation, turning fully to face himself, quite literally, in the huge, imposing mirror.

“Jimin-ah- FUCK!!” He knew he sounded like a scared housewife who’d spotted a mouse, but he couldn’t help it. He felt incredibly self-conscious watching himself, Min Yoongi, of all people, being cradled and defiled in Jimin’s lap.

He’d never really been physically insecure before, but for the first time, he was able to understand Jimin’s constant battle with low self-esteem.

Even as he gasped for air, mid-fuck, he couldn’t help gazing at himself and wondering for the millionth time what the younger actually saw in him.

Jimin looked like a sitting Adonis.

Carved entirely from honey colored marble; all strength and corded muscle, smooth skin, thick limbs, and rippled abs.

His profile alone, was to die for.

Yoongi, on the other hand, looked comparatively pale and sickly, with dangly limbs flapping around
on Jimin’s supple body.

“You’re beautiful…” Jimin cooed into his neck, as if he could read the elder’s negative thoughts. His own gorgeous face was sweaty, set, and determined, and his eyes were boring into Yoongi’s, not letting him go, even though he was staring only at his reflected face.

Yoongi slapped a hand over his own mouth to stifle his scream when he felt- no WATCHED- Jimin hike his leg up and proceed to annihilate him.

The younger’s whole length of dick was fully visible now, sinking and sliding, sometimes slipping out, but forcing it’s way back so powerfully, that it easily found Yoongi’s gaping orifice and drove in once again.

It was all Yoongi could do to just grab whatever bit of toilet his trembling, sweaty hand could find and simply hold the fuck on.

Time stopped for a while, as they moved together in an erotic wave, watching their own live-action pornography with breathy moans, and sharp squeals.

When the burning desire started rolling in his groin, Yoongi wondered if he should keep the news of his impending orgasm to himself, just in case Jimin had plans of cutting him off again.

In the end, it was his pathetic whimperings that gave him away.

“Ohhhh yess… You’re gonna cum, hyung.” Jimin declared in that low voice, snapping into him like a piston- and Yoongi had half a mind to deny it- but instead, confirmed it with another involuntary moan that mimicked something pitiful which needed to be put out of its misery.

After a few more seconds of torture and paradise, Yoongi climaxed with a lewd, guttural noise that was more consistent with a blow to the stomach than an orgasm. He lurched forward from the force of it and slid from Jimin’s hold to the floor, as if he’d been shot.

Again.

The cold tiles were a welcomed feeling to his flushed and overheated system.

Yoongi rolled over and laid on his back trying to place as much of his skin on the floor as possible.

He glanced up at Jimin and placed a limp, listless hand on his ankle, but could do no more than that.

Jimin leaned over, moving to the edge of the seat and looked down at the elder.

“I’m still hard, hyung…” He complained, grasping his very clearly erect and glistening cock in his hand.

Yoongi stared at him with bug eyed terror.

*For as long as I live, he will never have more than 2 fucking drinks at a time.*

“You finished daddy, baby.” He tried to sound stern, but it was closer to begging. "I-I don’t have anything left.”

Jimin huffed, adorably, his lips swollen and juicy, and stared him down with a pained expression.

“What should I do?”
Well, the cocksure confidence was long gone now, Yoongi noted, and had been replaced by a whining, horny, man-child with a 6 pack.

Yoongi sighed, and rubbed the younger’s ankle soothingly.

“Just jack off, Jimin-ah.” He suggested, letting his hand stray up Jimin’s leg.

That was all he had in him. Some leg rubbing and that’s it.

“Will you watch me?” Jimin asked, after thinking it over for a few seconds.

_Aw, fucking hell._

“Of course I will, sweetheart.”

Jimin lubed up and stroked himself a little, moaning softly, then stopped and stared at Yoongi again.

“Hyung...?”

_Please, God, just end my suffering._

Yoongi was considering just turning over and letting Jimin fuck him again.

At least then, he could lay down in peace.

“Yes, my love?” Yoongi answered, with saccharine sweetness.

“Can you talk to me?”

Yoongi cocked his head a little, blinking up at the younger.

“I am, baby.”

Jimin bit his plump lip and let it roll back out again, beautifully. Ordinarily, that would have sent Yoongi into a lustful frenzy, but now, his dick just laid there, lifeless and done for.

“I mean, nicely.” Jimin explained, wagging his dick a little bit. “Like- tell me I’m pretty.”

Yoongi was quiet for a long moment. He thought he told Jimin this all the time.

Did he not do it enough?

He decided he didn’t care if Jimin wanted to hear that he was a goddamn astronaut, as long as he could get himself off- _quickly_- and get the hell into bed.

He’ll just have to deal with the psychology of this later.

“Baby, you’re always pretty.” He said, slowly.

“Just tell me _now_, though.”

Yoongi closed his eyes and pretended that he was asleep for 2 lovely seconds.

“Jimin-ah, you’re beautiful.” He replied, finally. “Your skin, your hair, your body- it’s perfection.”

The younger’s moan was immediate.
Yoongi laid there, naked and surprised, on the bathroom floor.

He said this shit to the kid all the time.

What was suddenly so special about it now?

Jimin looked down at him, expectantly, and the elder realized he was supposed to say more.

“Ok, I love your eyes. Even when they disappear when you’re laughing.”

“Really??” Jimin asked, his voice climbing an octave higher, breathless and pitchy, as he jerked himself a little faster.

Yoongi nodded, fighting sleep.

It’s not that he minded doing this, it was just the fucked up TIMING of it…

“I love your full lips and how they taste.” He continued, not quite sure how far he was supposed to go with this, but decided to take a chance for the sake of sleep. “I love closing my eyes and running my tongue all over you.”

Jimin had abandoned adult speech at this, and resorted to babbling and Yoongi had no clue where the kid had summoned the strength to stroke himself so hard and so fast, but he was nearly sliding off the seat from the exertion.

“I love it when you call me daddy.” Yoongi was whispering now, his nails scratching the younger’s feet lightly, and Jimin jolted. “But I prefer when you’re screaming it.”

“I… I-love it, too, hyung!” Jimin agreed in shattered, broken pieces, with a high pitched voice that was a polar opposite to his bad ass drawl from mere moments before.

The producer in Yoongi appreciated Jimin’s impressive vocal range, while he watched the younger bucking on the toilet seat.

“I love it when you cum all over me.” Yoongi said, darkly, enjoying himself now, but also trying to egg the younger on to the finish line as quickly as possible.

Jimin’s eyes flew open at that statement, his lips parted, and chest heaving. He was so close to the seat’s edge, Yoongi was sure the kid was going to fall over and crush him.

“I’m gonna cum all over you, hyung!” Jimin wailed, shaking as he masturbated.

Thank GOD.

“Do it, baby.” Yoongi persuaded. “My gorgeous angel.”

The spurts hit him in the chest, warm and wet, accompanied by Jimin’s stuttering sobs, and Yoongi couldn’t have been happier.

The marathon was over, and if he had the stamina, he might have raised his fist victoriously in the air.

The younger wheezed, before collapsing on the floor next to him.

“Happy birthday, hyung.” He panted.
Yoongi just groaned in response.

He lifted himself with a grimace and opened the shower door, where he wet a towel and cleaned himself off. He helped clean Jimin around his glossy crotch area, but was sort of just pushing the cloth around, lamely.

“Come on.” He stood up like a baby taking its first steps, and pulled Jimin up, tiredly.

After rummaging for some boxers, they finally laid down, and Yoongi’s sigh of relief when he hit the bed seemed to go on for ages.

His limbs were heavy with pleasure and contentment, and he was even enjoying the gentle, thrumming pulse in his core, as his stretched hole contracted and relaxed, returning to its normal state.

Happy fucking birthday to me.

He turned to Jimin, who was snuggling up beside him and kissed his cheek.

“Thank you for today, Jimin-ah.” He said, softly, sleep attacking him from every angle. “I loved it all, especially my present- but you’re my greatest gift, ok?”

Jimin’s eyes snapped open from their droopy state, as if Yoongi had slapped him.

“Oh SHIT, your present!” The younger cried, scrambling out from beneath the blankets.

He switched on the lights, and Yoongi cursed loudly.

“I-Jimin-what the FUCK?? I thought that WAS the present!” Yoongi motioned to the bathroom, incredulously.

Jimin growled and dropped to the floor, sliding under the bed.

“For God’s sake, Min Yoongi, why don’t you ever listen?!” Jimin’s voice was muffled, as he admonished him. “I told you TWICE, that it’s not sex.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes to the heavens and felt like crying.

Can SLEEP be my fucking present???

“Baby, can we just do this in the morning?” Yoongi reasoned, exasperated. “It’s been a hell of a day and I KNOW you’re exhausted.”

Jimin sprang back up, a little too quickly, and faltered, before righting himself.

“No.” The younger argued, leaving no room for discussion. “TONIGHT is your birthday- not tomorrow morning, not next fucking week.”

Yoongi sighed, defeated.

“Ok.” He held his hands up, mockingly. “Ok. Jesus.”

They sat down side by side, and Jimin handed him a flat, rectangular package. It was meticulously wrapped in simple black paper, with no glitter, bows, or even a card.

It was a stark contrast to the ostentatiously decorated presents he’d received earlier.
And his ostentatiously decorated apartment.

“I didn’t want to give it to you with the others.” Jimin confessed, slowly, his ferocity from 2 seconds before, gone and replaced with apprehension- maybe even nervousness. “It’s um… Well, you… You’ll see.”

Yoongi was quiet, still reeling with discomfort over the whole present thing.

But one thing was for damn certain: he had to look absolutely ELATED, no matter what the hell this was.

“Thank you, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin gave him a wild look.

“You haven’t opened it yet!”

“It doesn’t matter.” Yoongi shook his head, emphatically, more to stay awake than anything else.

“Thank you, ok? For the party, for leaving your job, for wearing my ring everyday. Thank you.”

Jimin just nodded silently, looking slightly nauseated.

Why was the kid so fucking anxious??

“Alright, then, here I go.”

Yoongi inhaled sharply and ripped it open. He’d already guessed that it was a picture frame- it was about the right size- the slightly larger ones, for a wedding photo maybe.

A cute, framed picture, with a little romantic message, was right up Jimin’s alley for a gift idea.

Yoongi had already arranged his tired face into a smile, before the gift was even fully revealed, but his smile melted when the wrappings were fully off.

It wasn’t a picture

It was…

He didn’t KNOW what it was.

Yoongi turned it over a couple times and promptly started to panic.

_Shit._

How was he supposed to look elated, when he didn’t know what the fuck he was holding?

He chanced a tiny glance at the younger, expecting to see hurt all over his pretty face.

“Wait.” Jimin murmured, instead. “The light’s too low, hang on.” He moved to increase the brightness on the adjustable lamp, then returned and waited with his hands folded in his lap.

Yoongi looked again in the better lighting.

It was, indeed, a picture frame.

But there was no picture in it.
Just a very boring looking piece of paper- like a ticket, maybe?

An award??

This is why I can’t do presents.

He peered at the small, standard writing, trying to make sense of it.

Jesus. I’m so tired.

“Jimin-ah…” He started, cautiously, not sure how best to say “WHAT IS THIS?” without being rude.

“Call me by my name.” Jimin replied mysteriously, and that’s when Yoongi saw it.

It just popped out, like in one of those 3D pictures you have to stare at for ages.

Min Jimin.

The name on the official looking document was Min Jimin.

All the blood in Yoongi’s body seemed to evaporate.

His throat went dry.

His mouth went dry.

His VEINS went dry.

Yoongi’s eyes raced over the words at superhuman speed.

There was a date, an oath, and three signatures.

One signature had a wax seal stamped over it for authenticity. From a judge, perhaps? Or some other administrative authority.

The other signature was a familiar sight; Jimin’s neat handwriting, spelling the only name he’d ever known the kid to have: Park Ji Min.

The third signature looked like a mind trick. A twist on reality.

A joke, even.

It was Jimin’s same handwriting, but looked completely wrong, because the name was COMPLETELY FUCKING WRONG.

The younger had signed Min Jimin in the section that read: new legal name.

“W-what did you do…?” Yoongi whispered, stupefied. “What is this?”

But that was a pointless question. He knew exactly what it was.

Just a sheet of paper, in a modest brown frame, issued by the government.

Which just so happened to change Jimin’s entire identity.

“I guess this is my thank you to you.” Jimin answered, in a tiny voice. “Just think of all you’ve done
for me, hyung? This is nothing in comparison.”

But Yoongi couldn’t think at all.

He was brain dead and nothing Jimin had just said even made it through the static crackling in his ears.

Jimin swallowed hard, and watched the elder very closely. “Are you…? Are you ok, Yoongi?”

Yoongi gripped the frame very tight, to try and stop the trembling in his hands.

It wasn’t working.

“Yoongi…” Jimin continued, very slowly, like he was talking a suicidal man off the ledge. “I don’t know if you know this, hyung, but… We can’t get married. Not legally.”

Yoongi listened without looking at him.

Yes, he was well aware of this, of course, but he was too dizzy and lightheaded to respond.

“And so, I thought… You know, when- when I said that I want to belong to you… I just wanted you to know how much I meant that, and… I don’t know if you had- you know- a plan about getting married, because we actually can’t, so, I did this to make it real, even if we can never really-

“When did you do this?” Yoongi asked in a barely audible whisper that still cut straight through Jimin’s ramblings.

Jimin sucked in air, and Yoongi actually FELT the kid running his hand through his hair, even if he didn’t see it.

“It took me a couple nights after work.” Jimin admitted, almost sounding guilty. “I, um, I had to… Change my driver’s license, my bank account, my car registration. It was a little more complicated than I thought.”

Jimin finished with a flustered little laugh that Yoongi couldn’t return, because he couldn’t really breathe.

“It’s just- I love you, hyung. And my past-it haunts me, you know? Haunts us.” Jimin said, beseechingly. “I know this isn’t a magic fix, but it’s symbolic, right? And I just thought I should have a fresh start and let go of that dead weight, once and for all. A new me. A new name.”

But Jimin was wrong there.

It wasn’t just a NEW name.

“It’s my name.” Yoongi muttered, not realizing that he was speaking out loud.

Deep down in Yoongi’s secret fantasies, he had imagined this. But it was just that- a fantasy. The kid was always yammering on about his fucking independence and how he wasn’t a woman, as if Yoongi had somehow missed that obvious fact.

So, naturally, he didn't even consider asking Jimin to do something like this.

“Should I have talked to you about this, hyung?” Jimin asked, his voice positively ragged with worry. “I mean- I know it’s not typical in our culture to change names. Maybe-maybe I should have thought this through…?”
When Yoongi was finally able to look over at Jimin, his eyes fell upon a glinting ring in the younger’s hand.

Not the jewel studded engagement ring.

A different ring.

Jimin followed his eyes with a scared look.

“I thought you should have one, too.” The younger blurted, quickly. “It’s not fancy and engraved like yours, but I just thought you should have one…? To make it real?” Jimin trailed off, hopelessly.

*Pull yourself together, Yoongs.*

**PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.**

His mental list of firsts blew up into a gigantic mushroom cloud of smoke in his head.

He could usually stay composed in any situation, no matter how astonishing; no matter how unexpected.

But Park Jimin, no, *MIN JIMIN* had gotten the best of him this time.

Yoongi was stunned into a dazed, catatonic state.

“Just tell me this is ok, please, hyung?”

Jimin’s voice, hollow with anxiety, pulled Yoongi back to the planet.

“It’s ok, Jimin-ah.” He answered to the frame in his hand, as if it was the one speaking. “I just- I’m processing.”

Jimin shifted the tiniest bit closer, and it made the room spin for the elder.

“Processing…” The younger, echoed.

Yoongi nodded, numbly.

“Ok, then.” Jimin consented. “Can I put this on you?”

Jimin held up the ring, moving his hand into Yoongi’s field of vision.

Yoongi stared at it.

Like his present, it was plain.

Just a simple, silver band with a nice, flowing design.

And like his present, it was making Yoongi feel positively faint.

He nodded once, with a tight, jerking movement, and watched Jimin slide to the floor again.

The younger parted Yoongi’s thighs slowly, and kneeled between them, his movements intentional and cautious.

“I’m just gonna put it on your finger, ok?” Jimin promised him, with gentle laugh. “Nothing crazy.”
Yoongi nodded again, wordlessly, and stared directly at the beige carpeting of the bedroom floor, as Jimin placed the ring on him.

He waited for Jimin to return to his seat, but he didn’t.

After a few seconds, Yoongi looked up at him.

“Will you marry me- whenever we figure out how to do it?” Jimin asked, very seriously.

Yoongi’s face twisted into a knot of confusion, even as his heart collapsed at the question.

Was Jimin just trying to fucking kill him?

Jimin breathed another small laugh at Yoongi’s expression.

“Just because you asked me first, it doesn’t mean I wasn’t gonna ask you back.”

Yoongi licked his parched lips, wondering how long this torment was going to last.

“Yes.” He mumbled, looking away and wishing for the earth to swallow him.

Jimin leaned forward, dramatically, his hands resting on the elder’s knees.

“Sorry? I didn’t hear that??”

Yoongi looked brokenly back at him.

“YES.” He hissed, painfully.

Jimin gave a satisfied nod, and smiled at him.

“Can I kiss you?” The younger asked a little smugly, still kneeling. “Or is the mental breakdown you’re having too severe for that?”

Yoongi exhaled, feeling ashamed.

He was terrible at shit like this. He couldn’t help it, and he couldn’t change.

“Jimin-ah, look-”

“I know, Yoongi.” The younger, chuckled. “You’re freaking out like a little girl, just like I knew you would. But you took the ring and you didn’t race off in your car, so I’m calling this a win.”

Yoongi wanted to laugh at that, but he was still too paralyzed to show any emotions.

Yet, he was careful not to flinch when Jimin pressed their lips together, a moment later.

Where words failed him, Yoongi used the kiss to speak. He cradled Jimin close, like he was the most precious fucking thing on earth, and didn’t even really use his tongue, opting instead to place sweeter, softer kisses all over his face and neck.

After a good while of this, Jimin pulled away and upwards to sit back on the bed, holding Yoongi’s hand.

“Ready for bed?” He asked, squeezing Yoongi’s hand a little.

Yoongi moved quieter than a shadow, and got under the covers, laying on his back, so Jimin could
rest against his shoulder, as usual.

He heaved a muted sigh at the ceiling.

He’d been dead on his feet just 20 minutes ago, but now every ounce of sleep had left his body completely.

“Should I be worried that you’ll never speak again?” Jimin asked with a small giggle, yawning against Yoongi’s chest.

“I’m fine, Jimin-ah.” He lied, in what he prayed was a convincing voice. “Don’t worry about me, ok?”

Nothing.

Yoongi looked down at the top of Jimin’s head.

“Ok, angel?”

Silence.

Jimin was already asleep.

Yoongi waited a few minutes, before carefully crawling out of the bed, and slinking out of the room.

The whole place was dark and quiet, as he crept to the kitchen and got his keys.

Carefully, so carefully, he opened the front door and exited the apartment.

Yoongi wasn’t able to breathe easily until he was sitting in his car, where he immediately took several calming breaths.

But contrary to Jimin’s fears, he wasn’t racing off anywhere.

He looked down at the framed document in his hands, where it stated, clearly and officially, that Jimin was literally a part of him now.

The smooth, thin plate of glass that covered the paper blurred a little, when Yoongi’s first few tears slipped and fell upon it.

And from there, the flood gates opened.

Between Jimin’s resignation, and now this, Yoongi was so overwhelmed with emotions, he felt he was suffocating.

He hid his face behind his hands as he sobbed, despite the fact that there was no one there to see him.

Yoongi could only think of 3 occasions in his life when he’d cried this hard.

Two of them had involved Jimin.

The other was when he was born.

Sitting there, his whole body heaving violently, Yoongi recalled Jimin’s comment about how his gift couldn’t compare to the things Yoongi had done for him.

But that wasn’t true, at all.
He’d risked his ass for Jimin a few times, sure, but he’d been risking his ass since he was 14 years old, anyway. The only thing that changed was why he was doing it.

Jimin, on the other hand, had literally SIGNED HIS LIFE AWAY for him.

The more he thought about it, the harder the tears came, until he was hiccupping and gasping for air. His eyes were practically swollen shut, and his throat felt like one of his birthday balloons was lodged in it.

It was painful to swallow, but after around 40 minutes of straight weeping, he managed to gulp down enough air to regulate his breathing again.

Yoongi waited until he had stopped gasping and spluttering, and sat there reading the document under the dim dome light for a long time.

Finally, he reluctantly made his way back into the house, tip toeing through it, like a ninja.

He washed his face in the guest bathroom, but it did nothing for his red, puffy eyes.

Desperate, he dabbed a bit of whatever the fuck Jimin used for puffy eyes, from the younger’s long line-up of facial products, and hoped it would help by morning.

Next, he tried to find a secure place to put his gift, which was really the most important and valuable item in his entire house.

First, he put in his lab, then snatched it right back.

Taehyung was always meddling in there, undeterred by the physical threats Yoongi regularly made on his life.

Bedside table?

No. Jimin flails too much.

And Taehyung meddles in there, too, goddamn him. That kid meddles EVERYWHERE.

Bookshelf? Mantle? Window ledge??

Yoongi zig-zagged through the whole place like a sleepwalker, but couldn’t find anything he was comfortable with.

Gun safe?

No. He didn’t want it locked away.

He needed to see and touch it every single day, for the rest of his life.

Out of options, Yoongi trudged to bed and simply laid there, clutching it in his hands like a lifeline.

Jimin turned, yawned, and threw an arm across the elder’s chest, but made a questioning yelp when his wrist bumped against the frame in Yoongi’s grasp.

He cracked an eye open and sat up, staring down at the elder, who gazed calmly back at him.

“Yoongi, put that fucking thing away.” Jimin croaked, sounding cranky and only half awake.
“But Tae-!”

Jimin cut him off, having none of it. The younger was always extremely grumpy when wakened at night, and it was clear that Yoongi’s birthday didn’t call for an exception.

“I can’t believe you’re holding an inanimate object, while I’m laying right here, hyung.”

“I didn’t know where to keep it!”

Jimin yanked it out of the elder’s hands, and tossed it onto the bedside table, where it clattered a bit, before laying still.

Yoongi swung disbelieving eyes and a gaping mouth to the table, as if Jimin had just punted their newborn baby.

He turned to protest, but Jimin was already dragging him down under the covers, muttering about how ridiculous he was, which Yoongi found extremely offensive.

Sulky and dejected, Yoongi held Jimin close for a while, then turned to the table, when he thought the younger was safely asleep again.

His precious gift was laying there, face down, like some common fucking item.

He stretched his arm to just stand it up straight-

“Go to sleep, Yoongi!!!”

Yoongi huffed and submitted to Jimin’s muscular arms yanking him back under.

“God, you’re so weird…” Jimin mumbled, dozing off again, with an iron grip around the elder’s waist.

Yoongi stared longingly at the table, but was pleased to find that his eyes were growing heavy, and his head was beginning to clear from Jimin’s mind-bending revelation.

As he zoned in and out between wakefulness and sleep, he suddenly understood why Jimin had been acting different all night.

Because he was different.

A different man.

Could simply changing his name really have had such an immediate and profound effect?

The elder yawned, feeling weightless and drowsy.

“Min Jimin…” Yoongi said softly, testing the sound of it.

“SHUT UUUUP, hyung!”

Chapter End Notes

Here’s a cookie for reading this long ass chapter.
Hi, guys!!

Chapter Summary

CITI FIELD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

My friends, nay, my beautiful ARMY FAMILY!

I have missed you guys sooooooo much and there aren't really words to express how SAD I have been, being away from this fic and my besties here. Life, man. Life... I recently had to step up and prove to the multi-billion dollar tech company I work for that hiring me was a good decision.

I don't get into too much personal stuff (just because we're all here for yoonmin, so I try not to stray from that) but I am a project manager for a silicon valley corporation and I plan and execute events of varying complexities when I'm not writing steamy smut scenes, (ha). My job often takes me away from home on the east coast, and I am actually writing to you right now from the great state of AZ! By this time next week, I'll be in CA (I KNOW, TERRIBLE TIMING JUST AFTER THE BOYS LEFT). I was actually in Fort Worth on Monday for my connecting flight, so for 2.5 hours I was in the same state as BTS!!

There just came a point where work noise rose to a crescendo that didn't allow for anything else. I love this story. Sometimes, I just have to put it down.

I also want to apologize for any comments that have yet to be answered.

I made a valiant effort a few weeks ago to respond to them, and got about halfway through. Every word of those comments is life-giving to me. I take them very seriously. I appreciate them greatly. And I legitimately have sleepless nights over it. I will get them to them all and in the manner which they deserve.

I will answer a few questions that popped up:

1. NOOOO, this is not the end of ASOE (my affectionate abbreviation for this fic). This is a turning point, yes, but there are still more chapters, I have actually already written them. I just haven't edited yet.

2. I am attending 3 shows: Newark both days, seated, and Citi field in the pit (God help me)

3. YES! There are more fics to come!!! Please, please, subscribe so you can read my forthcoming work.

Now, I have some questions for YOU:

1. Who has already seen the boys?? What was it like???? What was your seat?

2. Who has yet to see them? Are you READY!!!!!

3. Even if you're not attending any shows- are you enjoying them being around? They were on AGT, now they're gonna be on Good Morning America! You can still buy merch online, too!
4. How is everybody liking Min Jimin? Lollll

5. There's a ship that's about to be revealed in the next chapter. Can you guess who?? The first person who gets it, I will literally send you a prize!!

No more spoilers.. :)

I am always here, even if I am not updating. I never go away. :) Thank you for giving me the confidence to do this writing thing. I wish I could tell you that the next chap will drop on THIS day. But I am traveling for work, and immediately heading to Newark from CA for the first 2 shows, then heading home for like, 3 days, then going back upstate to NY for the last show. I really want to take this time and enjoy the boys, if that's cool with you guys. I will always work hard and produce what I hope is quality content for you.

BUT, I will be in such post concert depression after they leave that I know I'm gonna lock myself up and write for months. GET READY FOR SOME ANGSTY FICS GUYS!!! lolol

Thank you again, so much. To new readers, old readers, re-readers, first time readers, ALL readers.

*The gentle, blushing flower*

*My weakness and my power*

*My heart lives there each second*

*Each minute*

*Each hour*

-Mizzteek
I'm ALIVE!!!! Halloween Update Coming Up!

Chapter Summary

Update is dropping on Halloween... I hope you will find it SCARY good! (Lol, Jin joke!!)

My friends, my family... I have been up for the last 3 hours replying comments that I have missed. It's a labor of love and I did it gladly. I thought about you all, and honestly, it sounds stupid, but I feel like, 0.00001% of the struggle BTS goes through with their fans. Like, I want to talk to ALL OF YOU, and it hurts me when I can't. It REALLY hurts me.

I am so sorry for the absence, just had to handle life.

I am touched by how many people continue to check in and make sure that I'm ok. I don't deserve you guys at all.

1000+ kudos... Y'ALL WTF??? Am I seeing things???

I mean I know there are stories with 5k kudos, but IDGAF, 1k is a cause for celebration, dammit!

I didn't expect even THREE people to read this.

Got me in my feelings right now!

I have missed you guys, and I want to cry when I see how late I am in some replies. OMG. FIRE ME.

More to come tomorrow.

Stay tuned, and I love you all.

Flower...
Wait- what day is it?

Chapter Summary

Well, by now, you guys know that I am basically a failure. I had my final edits done and I lost it by not saving, cus I’m stupid. Halloween event yesterday prevented me from fixing it last night. I didn’t lose the whole chapter- just some of my edits. So, I need to do another once over.

Ugghhh, I am a perfectionist with my writing and STILL make many mistakes. I actually still go back and make edits/corrections to the first chapters all the time. So, bear with me.

Ok, so… In the meantime, I’ll share something else with you…

I have received SO many questions about the concerts I attended, so I will share my experiences here. I am soooo happy that I finally have the opportunity to share and I’ve been loving hearing all about your experiences, too!!

Prior to the NJ shows, I carried out a huge work project in my home state (Virginia) then went to AZ for a week to do another project, THEN to CA for ANOTHER week to do ANOTHER huge project. I was running around the whole time and some days I was running on 2-3 hours of sleep (don’t worry, your girl is very well compensated.)

I had no time to stop at home, so I flew straight from CA to Newark for the first show, carrying 2 weeks’ worth of luggage!! I got there on the evening before the show and dragged my jetlagged self to the hotel, which I actually shared with a fellow army! I joined a FB group for Newark Armys and saw a post where a young girl wanted to save costs by splitting a hotel. My suite had 2 beds and it was a perfect opportunity to share the BTS experience, so I hit her up and we made it happen!

Initially I was afraid that I was gonna get shanked and robbed- I mean, it is just a little risky to meet a stranger and like, sleep in the same room, but it turned out to be the BEST DECISION EVERRRRRR!!! She was so adorable and we went straight for a traditional Korean dinner when I landed. She is 22 and studies Asian language as her college major. Talk about mega army!!!

On the morning of the 28th, we got up and went to the Prudential Center to line up for merch. Ok… Life started to get real at this point. Newark ain’t Beverly Hills, y’all. We had lofty plans of getting there at 5am, but yo, I was dead, so we got there at 9am. OMG. The line was already 2 blocks long. There were so many sketchy looking peeps, and we kept hearing very…uhhh… questionable sounds that were eerily similar to gunshots. I decided that it was a car backing up just to maintain my sanity.
A lovely, light, freezing rain was also coming down, so that was awesome.

5 hours later, we get through the merch line. We’re exhausted, but with the exception of the shirts and 1 or 2 others, I pretty much bought everything. One thing I realized with this concert is THAT TIME PASSES LIKE NOTHING. Even though the show didn’t start till like, 8pm, we found ourselves rushing to get back to the hotel, stuffing cold sandwiches in our faces from the concierge, rushing showers, rushing make-up, rushing dressing… Rush, rush, rush!!

The concert itself was unimaginable. I was in P1 seated and had a beautiful view. The energy, the love… Each one spent time on my side and waved and sent hearts and were so amazing. The only drawback was that I was beside them, not in front of them, so even though I was close, all the wonderful dance performances were side views.

THE VERY FIRST THING JOONIE DID WAS TO APOLOGIZE TO ALL THE PEOPLE WHO STOOD IN THE RAIN FOR BTS. HE SAID EVERYTHING WAS OK NOW BECAUSE WE WERE TOGETHER BREATHING THE SAME AIR. OMG. HE IS SUCH A KIND AND SMART, BENEVOLENT LEADER. HE IS MY KING. MY EMPEROR OF THE WORLD!!

Ok! Now to Day 2!

My roomie and I decided to explore NYC (just a 30 minute train) before the show at 6pm. Ok, we get to the train station. We don’t know what the fuck to do. Neither of us have ever taken a train before, lol. We try to ask a few questions, people are kinda mean. Then, like a beacon of hope, we see ARMYs. I swear, anyone who had purple hair was army. This was a nice family from VIRGINIA LIKE ME! Mom and daughter were hardcore fans, and the dad was just a bewildered man coming along for the ride, lol. Together, we conquered the system and got to NYC.

SHIT. NYC OMG. WHO HERE LIVES IN NYC?? I APPLAUD YOU. THAT SHIT WAS INTENSE YO.

From the second I stepped off the platform it was GAME ON. New Yorkers don’t play! If you don’t know where you’re going (me) and you don’t know what you’re doing (also me) then you get trampled. My roomie and I were holding on to each other for dear life. I’m standing in Madison Square Garden fucking terrified. Hot dog vendors, falafel vendors, people selling newspapers, people telling me to move my ass- it was- it was a lot.

Silly me thought I could uber to the Line Store. HA. Uber what? We had to walk the 12 blocks.
Now, we’re lost. But then what do we see?? PURPLE HAIR. ARMY TO THE RESCUE. A couple of girls were on their way to the line store, too, so we teamed up and figured out how to get there. I think I spent my daughter’s college fund at the Line store. IT WAS LIKE CANDY TO AN ARMY. I HAVE SHIT THAT I WILL NEVER USE, BUT GODDAMMIT I HAD TO HAVE IT.

Afterwards, we went to Korea town and hit the beauty markets. WOW. KOREANS DO NOT FUCK AROUND WITH THEIR SKINCARE. I loved how BTS was on so many products. I BOUGHT THEM ALL. I BOUGHT SHIT THAT I CAN’T EVEN USE WITH MY DARK COMPLEXION. I DON’T CARE, I NEED IT. I loved how the whole place was just ready for ARMY. The workers were so helpful getting everything that was BTS inspired and they gave out free gifts and posters. I got the harry potter series written in Korean (awesome) Jimin’s earrings, Chimmy face masks, it was amazing.

So we take the train back to NJ and rush, rush, rush, to get ready for the next show. This time I was P3 seated – further back – BUT I was dead center in front of them, so I finally got the nice full frontal view. This was when I really enjoyed the show. Day 1 was spent mostly screaming and crying, so Day 2 was really about enjoying the performances which were amazing especially with the front angle. I cried when they left the stage. I was devastated.

NOW FOR CITIFIELD!!!!

Everything about citifield was the polar opposite of Newark. I returned home from Newark and CRAMMED 3 days of work (preparation for, you guessed it- ANOTHER BIG PROJECT) and jetted back up to NY on Thursday morning. This is after I was at Walmart till 2 am buying camping gear and trying to figure out what to get and how to use it.

So, I arrive at my hotel, check-in, look longingly at my bed that I won’t use, then pack my camping bag and head for Citi. I get there Thursday afternoon and all I see is TENTS. It looked like a little community of… Of tents! I was in a FB group chat with a few people and the idea was, the first people to arrive will hold a spot for the people who come later. Ok, so 2 girls got there the day before and were holding a spot for me. I get there with my fucking tent, found a nice army from Colorado who helps me pitch the damn thing, then me and the 2 gals all settle in as comfortably as you can on the concrete ground of a parking lot.

There are around 400 people now.

The atmosphere was cool. Armys were helping armys everywhere. People were being kind and friendly, listening to music, singing, dancing. It was like a BTS summer camp! Next thing I know, people start getting agitated. The music stops. The singing stops. People stand up in front of their tents, looking very serious. I start asking what the fuck Is going on. “Counting.” They say. Ok. Wtf
is counting? Then I find out that the camp has leaders, who are basically a couple of chicks who were the first to get there and declared themselves the leaders of the camp aka “line leaders”. I look around and realize people have numbers on their hands and the “line leaders” are going around taking attendance, making sure that people are really camping and that no unauthorized or “un-numbered” people are there. Um Ok…

When they get to my tent, they are nice but firm when they ask my name. I tell them. They open a book like this is end times biblical shit, and when they don’t see my name they ask why I’m there. I explain that the girls I am with were holding a spot for me (in the 400s) in exchange for the tent, blankets, and other supplies that I provided. The leaders flat out tell me that I have no spot, and refuse to give me an unofficial number. Every person can bring a +1. But the girls I was with already used their +1’s. I GOT PLAYED, Y’ALL. Those 2 girls were broke and needed someone to bring supplies, so they lied about having a spot for me.

Now I would have to go to the back of the line.

By now, there are over 700 people.

Now I’m upset, tired, sitting on the ground, and worst of all, I am not even part of the unofficial line. Meanwhile, twitter Is BLOWING UP about how Citi is not going to acknowledge the campers and we’re all just wasting our time. In that moment, I SWEAR, I just wanted to pack my shit, go to my comfy 4 star hotel and just fucking go to sleep, come back Saturday and get what I can get. But the allure of having jimin and yoongi in my face was too much to quit now. So I find the line leaders and explain that I kinda got played and I am willing to do almost anything to get in the line. They are nice but still say there’s nothing they can do. Finally, I ask them if there is anyone in their little fucking book that came alone and therefore has an unused +1. They check. Nobody. Then I ask if there are people who HAVE a +1 that hasn’t shown up yet?? They check. 5 people.

By now, there’s almost 1000 people at the camp.

I get the 5 names and I start walking around trying to find these 5 people. It takes forever. One by one, I find each and they say sorry but their +1 is still coming. OK.. I am feeling like shit, and it actually STARTS RAINING just to add to my fucking misery. The line is at over 1000 people now. I decide to try the last person, a young girl, only 16. She was holding a spot for someone she met on FB but the person wasn’t coming till Friday night. She had been camping since Monday.

JACKPOT.

I sat in this chick’s tent for an hour and used fucking psychological warfare to convince her that she
was being used and abused. Why the hell would you camp for 5 fucking days and hold a spot for someone who is sitting at home in comfort??? YOU DESERVE BETTER!! I had her 90% convinced but she was just scared of an altercation when the other bitch finally arrived. So I offered her money. YES I BRIBED A 16 YEAR OLD GIRL AND I AM NOT ASHAMED. I made her an offer she couldn’t refuse, and finally she added me as her +1 and I got my name put down in the book of life. Better still, I was in the 200s!!

Next thing I did was take my tent and leave those other conniving, lying bitches in the rain. FUCK YOU! I HOPE YOU’RE READING THIS!

Saturday morning was chaos. Citi security was so nice to us throughout the whole ordeal, but we still weren’t sure if the venue was honoring the line. The line leaders told us they have a solid agreement with the venue, but I was still so nervous and unsure. 5am on Saturday morning, Citi security wakes us up and tells us to pack up our tents and prepare to line up.

They were going to honor us!!! But there was a catch- they were only guaranteeing the first 500. I was so grateful to Korean Jesus that I was in the first 500. We seriously got VIP treatment. We had the head of security and even the NYPD standing with us and at exactly 8am Citi officials came over and gave us those precious pink wristbands. I admit I felt bad for everyone else. The segregation was ridiculous. I know everyone else got wrist-banded, but they didn’t have as smooth an experience as we did.

I get to the hotel in a daze. I stared at the bathroom like it was the holy grail, which it was after using porta potties (OMG GROSS). The bed had never felt so good. But did I have time to rest? NOPE. Citi told us to be back at 2pm. I had barely enough time to shower, dress, and shove some mcdonalds, before getting back to Citi.

Y’all I have never stood so long in my life. I stood from 5-8am for wristbands. Then I arrived at 1pm and lined up for security and ticket check and stayed lined up and standing until 4pm. This part was ok, because I was right by the window and heard the boys doing soundcheck! OMG!

Next thing I know, RM tweets WELCOME to us with a pic of him standing on the empty stage.

10 minutes later, I walked onto the field feeling like a motherfucking celebrity. I will never be able to explain how it felt to walk onto an empty field, which just moments before, RM stood on and tweeted WELCOME to us.

I could not believe my eyes when I saw the empty barricade.
I MADE IT TO THE BARRICADE. THERE WERE 7000 FUCKING PEOPLE IN THE PIT, AND I, A NOBODY FROM NOWHERE, SOMEHOW, SOME WAY GOT TO THE BARRICADE.

Me and the Armys next to me…. We had to hold each other for support… We were in shock. I forgot everything. I forgot the bullshit, the lying bitches, the tiredness, the back pain from sleeping on the ground, all the work, all the travel. I forgot who I was. I had no identity. I WAS JUST AN ARMY. There was no more gender, color, religion, belief system, creed, stigma, prejudice, shape, size. WE WERE ONE ARMY standing together in awe.

I stood in awe for another 3 hours, and I had to pee really bad.

When the lights went down, my bladder left my body and I didn’t even remember what peeing was. Yo, the body is an amazing machine. MIND OVER MATTER, Y’ALL.

THE CONCERT.

I stood at the left side of the extended stage and I was initially very upset with myself. I know from research that Jimin’s position is on the right. Not only did I go to the wrong side, but I stood right next to a huge ass camera. Why would I do that? I could have stood ANYWHERE, but I chose to stay near a gigantic concert cam that was sure to block my view.

Little did I know I had just made THE BEST DECISION OF MY ENTIRE FUCKING LIFE.

All I can say is, I’m glad I saw the concert twice already. Because at Citifield I didn’t watch the concert.

I was watching BTS. Watching them move. Watching them breathe. The main stage was so far away I could barely see those performances. But honestly, I needed that time to prepare my body for when the boys came to the extended. I will chronicle for you the most iconic moments (I mean everything was iconic, but y’all know I’m a writer, I can go on for years if I don’t stick to specifics.)

1. Hobi. HOBI HOBI HOBI. JHOOOOOOOOOOPPPPEEEE! For those who saw the show, you know that he was the first person to come down to the extended stage during his solo “Just Dance”. This was easily my favorite solo performance. Yes, I’m a yoonmin stan, yes I loved their solos, but I’m sorry they were way back on the main stage, and Hobi fucking ran directly
into my face. This is where I realized I was lucky for being next to the camera: ALL THE BOYS CAME TO THE CAMERA. IT WAS LIKE A MAGNET FOR THEM. Hobi did his dance break with the back-up dancers RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME, AND I LOST A LUNG SCREAMING FOR HIM.

2. JOONIE SOLO WTFFFFFFFF. This rivals Hobi for best performance to me…. He was right there, he was 5 feet from me. I love how he and Hobi came out to the extended for their solos.

3. MIC DROP DANCE BREAK. I don’t know how to explain it. I saw heaven. I’VE BEEN TO HEAVEN AND IT’S FULL OF SEXY KOREANS. This was also really special because it was the last real dance performance where all the boys were able to perform together, before they got to Europe and got broken by that euro air. (I mean I love my Europeans, you know who you are—but like why did y’all break BTS tho?? LOL)

4. I NEED U GIRL. When the boys hit the extended stage as a group, wearing those sexy pearly white outfits, I died. JOONIE WAS KNEELING IN FRONT OF ME FOR AGES, IN THOSE TIGHT ASS PANTS. I could reach out and grab his fucking crotch ISTG!!! Jimin, oh Jiminie… When he came close I screamed so loud that he actually turned to look at me with concern. Like, it wasn’t “oh hello fan, how are you?” It was like, “do you need help?” “Can someone help her???” I don’t fucking care- he looked at me! Later, when he was singing right in front of me, armys in the back pushed forward and crushed me and others against the barricade. Jimin, my beautiful husband, my lover, my only, he motioned for the armys in the back to BACK THE FUCK UP so I could breathe again. A HUSBAND ALWAYS PROTECTS HIS WIFE EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF A GODDAMN PERFORMANCE.

5. JIMIN GAVE ME A PEACE SIGN. OMG. Once again, Jimin was in front of me, kneeling down kinda. Kook was singing behind him… Anyway, everyone was quiet out of respect, so we can hear him. WELL THIS BITCH TOOK FULL ADVANTAGE OF THE QUIET AUDIENCE AND YELLED JIMINS NAME AND HE HEARD ME. He turned and looked right at me and gave me a cute peace sign. I GOT IT ON VIDEO AND I SWEAR I WATCH IT 100X A DAY.

6. JIMN+HOBI= RIP ME. Jimin did one of his SEXY AF freestyle dances in front of me during baepsae, THEN HERE COMES HOBI RIGHT IN MY FACE WITH HIS BAEPSAE HIP THRUST DANCE. YASS KING, GET ME PREGNANT.

7. Kookie Baptism. YES KOREAN JESUS, Kookie took a swig from his bottle and doused me with his DNA infused water. #BACKWASHBLESSED

8. I had an unfortunate fail with Kookie, as well. During ‘So what’ – well this was the song with
the most fan interaction. The boys were everywhere, singing, winking, throwing hearts, and also putting the mic out for you to sing along. I was so fucking shook at this point after being continuously wrecked by each member, especially Hobi, Joonie and Jimin (they were in RARE form) I basically was so fucked mentamotionally (just made that word up) that I DIDN’T REALIZE Kookie HAD HIS MIC IN MY FACE AND EXPECTED ME TO SING. When he saw that I was just basically an empty human shell staring into space, he SHOOK HIS HEAD IN FRUSTRATION AND WALKED AWAY. Y’ALL Kookie WAS PISSED. IF YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF IN FRONT OF HIM, PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF GOD SING YOUR ASS OFF, CUS THAT LOOK OF DISSAPOINTMENT WILL HAUNT ME FOR THE REST OF MY MISERABLE, USELESS LIFE. I hope I can redeem myself one day. L

9. Tae sweat ON ME. At one point, Tae and Jin were in front of me singing, suddenly Tae jumped up and kinda threw his arms and legs out in a crazy jump dance. All I felt was water and you can hear me in the video screaming WATER, WATER, HE WATERED ME!! Well, when I played it back later, I saw that TAE HAD NO WATER BOTTLE. IT WAS HIS SWEAT, GUYS. HIS MOTHERFUCKING SWEAT. LET THAT SHIT SINK IN.

10. I had so much fun, but these were the unforgettable moments for me. I have ALL OF THIS SHIT ON VIDEO. My twitter is Mizzteek and I’ll upload these memories so you can check them out if you’re interested. WARNING: I SCREAM A LOT. TURN YOUR VOLUME DOWN. I’m not a big twitter user, but if I see you guys there, I’ll defo hang out with you. Don’t hesitate to shoot me a message or share your concert memories with me!
Don't Ask, Don't Tell

Chapter Summary

My beloved friends-

They say good things come to those who wait, but sadly, I don't think that even applies here! Anyway, I want to apologize for the long silence again and the almost, but not quite ready chapter. In my defense, it's even LONGER than the 15k beast I wrote before! Quantity doesn't necessarily mean quality, but I definitely tried my best in this part which is a complex, complex portion of the story.

I think I like the longer chapter style, since I can pack more in as I march ever onwards to the end of this saga- which I SWEAR TO GOD is coming soon.

Lately, I've been interacting with more friends via twitter and that has been great. It's just an honor to know you all. You can find me at Mizzteek.

How did you all like Burn the Stage, the movie? Waste it on Me? The boys all looked great while resting, and even better in Japan, though I'm still really salty about the Handshake event in Japan. Yo, why Asia get all the love? :/

Please read and (hopefully) enjoy.

Yours in Bangtan!

-M

Leaping from the edge
Into sweet descent
It started with a whisper
From a demon
Heaven sent
And as I spiral down
My heart can still recall
Jimin hit the ground so hard, he thought he might break the foundation of the building.

In his mind, the walls were shaking from the force of his powerful movements.

But that’s what dancing to hip-hop was all about: force and power.

Unlike contemporary and classical dance, you had to make an announcement with hip-hop. You had to let everyone know you were there.

Despite the hatred he had, and would always have for Tony, Jimin realized from the sharp gasps all around him that the American had taught him pretty well.

“I can’t finish the last part.” Taehyung choked out from beside him, looking one beat away from heart failure. “It’s too hard…”

Jimin straightened up easily.

He’d barely broken a sweat during the routine, but then again, he had the unfair advantage of dancing for 16 hours a day prior to this.

“The key is to breathe, Tae Tae.” Jimin advised, helping his friend to his feet. “Inhale on the parts where you’re lifting off the ground, then exhale on the way down.”

“That’s exactly right, Jimin-ssi!” A deep, authoritative voice called out. “Your breathing pattern dictates if you’ll finish the routine or tire out halfway through it.”

Jaebum, the hip-hop instructor, skipped forward and assisted Jimin in pulling a heaving Taehyung to an upright position.

He was a couple years older than the two friends, and had a stocky, muscular physique that could be a little overwhelming.

Jimin and Tae both liked him.

He was endlessly patient and always smiling, even though he was built like a brick wall on steroids.

“Sometimes I wonder if you should be teaching this class, Jimin!” Jaebum joked. “You seem to know as much as me, or more!”

Jimin just laughed politely, and decided not to point out that he’d taught classes triple this size in a nationally recognized institution.

That didn’t matter now.

The friends headed to the locker room to shower and change, once Tae had finally caught his breath.
“It’s weird being in here like this…” Jimin muttered, looking around at everything with new eyes.

“Why?” Tae asked, throwing a shirt on. “Cus it smells? It’s always been like that…” He paused to pull his head through the enormous neck hole. "They say it’s feet, but I dunno. I once heard someone lost a pet mouse in here. Maybe it died?"

Jemin blinked at his friend and sighed.

“No, Tae. And- what?” He looked up at his friend, strangely. “I’m saying that I used to clean these locker rooms. I used to clean this whole building! And now I’m a paying customer. It just… It feels weird.”

Tae pulled a second, even larger shirt over his first one then turned to his friend.

“Did you ever find the dead mouse while you were cleaning?”

Jemin stared at the brunette.

“You know this is why Yoongi and Hobi hate you, right?” Jimin asked, flatly.

His friend broke into a huge smile, while pulling on a pair of slacks so big, the fabric pooled around his ankles and he appeared to be shrinking in his clothes.

“They don’t hate me.” Tae replied, eyes twinkling mischievously. “Nobody does.”

Jemin shook his head, as he continued dressing.

Sadly, his friend was right.

Nobody could hate Tae.

But in Yoongi’s case, it wasn’t for a lack of trying.

“Anyway…” Jimin pressed on. “It’s just kind of crazy. It’s like watching the world inside out, you know? Upside down.”

“But are you happy?” Tae asked. “That’s what matters, right?”

Jemin thought this question over, while lacing up his shoes.

He was indescribably happy.

Not the leap out of bed and race through the streets, giddy type of happy that only lasts a short while. He just felt… At peace.

For the first time.

It had only taken a few weeks for him and Yoongi to make the transition back to Daegu. Jimin had assumed they’d find an apartment, but was shocked when the elder had taken him house hunting instead.

Considering the sky-high city prices in Seoul, a legitimate home in Daegu was actually far cheaper than what they were paying before.

Jemin had naturally assumed that they would rent, but Yoongi had surprised him again by purchasing
a modest, but very pretty little house in both of their names.

Which was practically the same name now, wasn’t it?

“Yea, Tae, I am. I really am.” He answered, with a distracted smile.

Jimin thought it would be easy to assimilate his old life now that he was back, but he soon realized his old life was past and gone forevermore.

For starters, he wasn’t working for the first time since he could legally be employed.

Yet, he wasn’t worried about money, and literally had zero financial obligations. Not only was Yoongi working harder than ever, and earning well from it, but the elder also had complete situational control of all the finances.

After a lifetime of scraping by and stretching to make ends meet, Jimin found himself never having to budget, save, or even pay a single bill.

Yoongi did it all.

Initially, Jimin was mortified at the prospect of having to ASK the elder for money to stock the fridge, furnish their home, or buy personal items.

But, once again, Yoongi shocked Jimin by giving him full access to the accounts, essentially granting the younger equal power over money that wasn’t even his.

For weeks, Jimin wouldn’t touch a thing, living off of his own dwindling savings, until Yoongi nearly exploded from frustration, in what constituted their first serious fight as Mr. and Mr. Min.

But Jimin knew he was wrong, and finally gave in.

It’s not like his savings were going to last forever, anyway.

So, without the constant and ever present threat of poverty looming over him, Jimin’s days had been pretty easy for the first time since he was capable of conscious thought.

And since he no longer was struggling to meet impossible physical standards for dancing, he'd reduced his fitness routine to just hitting the gym a couple times a week.

Initially, Jimin watched the scale with maniacal focus, expecting to see his weight balloon overnight.

But he quickly realized that by making smart food choices and just generally staying active, he actually looked and felt much better than when he was torturing himself.

It was around this time that Taehyung crawled on his knees and begged Jimin to join the hip-hop class with him at none other than his former place of work, the Daegu Dance Institute.

Jimin wasn’t sure that was the best idea, but he still really loved to dance, and considering that his schedule was wide open these days, he agreed to it.

Jimin shrugged into his light, leather jacket, smiling thinly at the memory of him walking back into the dance studio for the first time in months.

Naturally, Bang Shi Hyuk had assumed Jimin failed to prosper in the big city and was slinking back to ask for his old job.
The man had nearly put a mop in Jimin’s hand the moment he saw him.

It had taken a while to explain to the thoroughly confused owner that he was NOT job seeking, but in fact, coming to sign up for the insanely expensive classes, and NO, he didn’t need a payment plan, he was fine to pay in full with one of his seemingly limitless credit cards.

Shocked and shaken by such an unlikely turn of events, Bang had signed Jimin to the class along with Tae, and since then, he’d been watching Jimin warily, as if his reappearance was some kind of scam.

Between that awkwardness, the endless cash flow, and being part of something that he could only dream of not so very long ago, Jimin often found himself dazed by his new reality.

“How does it feel?” Tae’s soft baritone pulled Jimin out of his broodings. “To wake up when you want, do what you want, go where you want, spend what you want? All day, everyday?”

Jimin stood up and gave his best friend a crazed look.

“You tell me, Tae?” He countered, laughing. “That’s been your life since you were born!”

Tae didn’t return the smile, as they exited the locker room.

“True, but it’s different.” Tae argued. “My parents do that for me, cus they have to. Sometimes I wonder if they even like me at all.”

“Shut up, Tae, your parents adore you.”

“I know, but just think about it for a second, ok?” The brunette continued, sounding almost sad. “If I wasn’t their son, who on earth would do those things for me? NOBODY! But Yoongi hyung does it for you, not because he has to – because he WANTS to. Because he loves you. You’re so lucky, chim. You have no idea.”

Jimin tripped over thin air, flustered by Tae’s thoughts spoken aloud.

He caught his balance quickly, but his mind was still reeling.

Tae, bless him in all his quirkiness, was actually right.

Jimin was born into misfortune, but somehow ended up becoming the luckiest man on earth, when a drug dealer that he met by pure chance, ended up being his lover and not his cold-blooded murderer.

He glanced quickly at Tae walking beside him, as the brunette glided to the front door with large, confident strides.

As usual, he was effortlessly gorgeous, without a single hair out of place even after the harsh dance workout.

Beautifully built and perfectly styled, wearing only the best of the absolutely best.

Since time immemorial, Jimin had envied Tae’s silver spoon life and unfair looks, but nowadays, he hardly thought about it at all.

In fact, in some ways he actually felt SORRY for his best friend.

Despite being the most eligible bachelor Jimin had ever known, Tae had a horrible track record with dating, and always seemed to have trouble finding someone who understood his… uniqueness…
And also wasn’t simply chasing his wealth.

Yet, Jimin, who literally had nothing, managed to snag a soulmate without even really trying.

Not to mention that he was gay, and Yoongi was decidedly NOT- at least not initially. It was only really dawning on Jimin now, how unbelievably stacked the odds were against him and Yoongi’s nearly doomed relationship, and still, they made it.

“Of course, anybody would do nice things for you, Taehyungie.” Jimin soothed, suddenly aware that maybe, just maybe, Tae was the one who was envious now. “Luckily, you don’t even need that, right? You have everything your heart desires already! So, you can just focus on finding a great girl without any other pressure.”

Tae stopped at the desk to sign out.

“You really think it’s that easy, don’t you, Chim?” Tae questioned, his voice somber and accusing. “I would give anything to just make it to a third date, without being rushed into marriage, or used for my connections and then dropped. Do you know how many times that’s happened to me?”

Jimin’s face flushed with shame.

He didn’t know.

Shit.

After a lifetime of depression, hardship, and body shaming, Jimin had never once stopped to consider that his best friend might have issues, too.

In fact, he often tuned Taehyung out and completely dismissed his complaints as the silly ramblings of the rich and beautiful.

Jimin’s heart squeezed painfully in his chest.

He’d been a HORRIBLE friend, while Tae’s always been there for him.

He swallowed and reached for Tae’s arm.

“Tae Tae, I—”

“Jimin-ssi!! You’re back today!” Bang practically screamed, while running out from his huge corner office to greet them at the front desk.

The receptionist jumped, totally startled, and scurried out of the way to let her boss bound through. Jimin stopped mid-sentence and turned a confused face to Bang.

He’d worked for the man at BOTH of his businesses for years, but never once witnessed him being so enthusiastic over anything.

Besides, why was he acting like Jimin was a surprise guest? Hip-hop classes were twice a week, and Jimin came twice a week.

The schedule was literally right there on the wall.

“Uhh…Annyeonghaseyo!” He greeted, with a shallow bow.
Tae blinked his big, thoughtful eyes between the two of them.

“Oh, don’t be so formal!” Bang exclaimed, waving his hands madly. “We’re great friends, aren’t we??”

Uhh…

Jimin didn’t mean for his head to snap back, and his eyes to go round with surprise, but he couldn’t help it.

‘Friends’ was definitely not the word he’d use to describe their relationship.

Friends don’t send friends to dangerous docks at midnight.

Even if he was unknowingly on his way to meet his future husband.

Bang was leaning over the desk now, nearly tumbling into Jimin’s face.

“So, Jimin-ssi, I was fortunate to see an AMAZING video of you dancing with the owners of Y&S studios in Seoul?? Why didn’t you ever TELL ME you worked there?”

Jimin groaned internally, as the situation started to become clear.

Bang had seen Jimin dancing with the famous sisters and now the money-hungry business owner was trying to profit from it somehow.

Jimin had uploaded the footage Yeri and Sana gave him to his phone, so he’d have it handy to look at whenever he was feeling nostalgic. Then Taehyung had asked for it so he could show his mom, and from there the fucking thing basically went viral.

Tae had shared it with many of their friends in the dance class, but Jimin didn’t think much of it.

He never imagined that it would make its way to Bang.

“Yea, well… I was just a junior choreographer.” Jimin explained, shifting uncomfortably. “And my time there was actually really short, so-”

“But you’re SO GOOD!!!” Bang shrieked. “And they’ve worked with so many idols, too!!”

Jimin rubbed his neck.

“I, um… I didn’t meet any idols, unfortunately. It was honestly very low key-”

Bang barrelled straight through Jimin’s muttered protests.

“We could use someone with your skills here, Jimin-ssi! Just think! A big time, Seoul dancer like you, leading our studio as head choreographer!”

Jimin’s mouth went dry with nervousness.

He scanned the whole room quickly, and was thankful that Jaebum wasn’t anywhere in earshot to hear his job virtually being given away.

God, why was Bang such an asshole?

“Well, it seems that position is very capably filled, hyung.” Jimin answered, uneasily.
Bang waved a careless hand, in the exact same manner that he did when Jimin used to protest about all the extra unpaid labor he was forced into.

“We can always make adjustments, Jimin-ssi…” Bang replied, slyly. “But don’t let me hold you up from your important tasks, yes? Think about it and we’ll chat details next time!”

The owner slithered away, after barking to the petrified receptionist that Jimin and anyone associated with him should be treated with the utmost care.

Jimin exchanged a freaked out look with Tae, before bowing apologetically to the young girl and exiting the studio at top speed.

“We should go somewhere fun to recover from… whatever that was.” Tae suggested, as they buckled into Jimin’s car.

Jimin still had a lot to say and apologize for, regarding Tae’s earlier confession, but pushed that aside to deal with a more pressing matter.

“How the hell do I start this thing?” Jimin wailed, staring at the complex dashboard of his brand new car.

Yoongi and Hobi recently felt the need to upgrade their rides and and Jimin had supported them fondly, happy that the friends who used to wonder where their next meal was coming from, were now car shopping from the biggest dealerships in town.

And not with drug money, either- with legitimate earnings from the amazing music they were making.

When Yoongi came home one night last week with a cherry red convertible, Jimin thought the style and color were a little out of character for the elder, but congratulated him on the purchase, anyway.

Until Yoongi said the car wasn’t for him, but for Jimin.

The elder left no room for discussion on the matter, and had actually already SOLD Jimin’s not so very old Nissan to a cousin.

He could vividly recall watching in befuddled silence when the relative came over a few hours later and left with HIS car, after clearing Jimin’s personal belongings out of the vehicle and handing them to him in a box.

And now, here he was, sitting in the new car, completely at a loss for how to start the thing.

For all the vehicle’s bells and whistles- and there were a LOT- all Jimin really wanted to do was put a fucking key in the ignition and turn it on.

Tae sighed, heavily.

“Where’s the key?’ The brunette asked, tiredly.

“Right here!” Jimin shoved the little keyless fob into Tae’s large, open hand. “But where do I put it??”

“Nowhere, idiot.” Tae answered. “You don’t need it as long as it’s in range. Just press on the brake, and push this button right here.”

Jimin obeyed and the engine roared smoothly to life, with a powerful hum.
“Oh, right.” Jimin muttered. “Well, there should be instructions, or something…”

“Let’s go to the clubhouse.” Tae suggested, reaching over to press the drop top button for a bewildered looking Jimin.

“I’m tired.” Jimin complained, pulling out of the studio parking lot.

“That’s what clubhouses are for, Chim. To relax. Come on!”

Jimin groaned.

Clubhouses.

Yet another major lifestyle change that was going to take a long time getting used to.

Yoongi, always mindful of Jimin’s happiness, had enrolled both of them into the swanky Cocoa Clubhouse, of which Tae and his family had been members forever.

The elder felt Jimin needed something fun and engaging to do, since he had so much free time now.

Personally, Jimin was happy to simply work out, nap, and settle at home to work on his writing, which had improved tremendously now that he had time to dedicate to the craft.

But Yoongi was adamant, and dropped a hefty amount on the annual membership fee.

From Jimin’s limited understanding of these things, the Cocoa House was essentially a place rich people went when they got tired of hanging out in their actual houses.

There were sports and other recreational activities for kids, and a fully separated building for adults to enjoy spa services, music, and movies shown in huge theater rooms.

Jimin had never even known of Cocoa’s existence before now, except for maybe in his childhood when Tae and his other friends would disappear on weekends to some amazing place that Jimin wasn’t invited to.

“It’s five minutes away, Chim, come on!” Tae pleaded. “I need a facial- just look at my pores!”

Jimin rolled his eyes.

All he really wanted to do was go home and see Yoongi.

The elder had been working himself ragged, and Jimin didn’t feel right gallivanting around to expensive dance classes and clubhouses, while the man who was paying for it all was slaving at home.

Jimin strongly felt that he should be by Yoongi’s side right now, taking care of his hyung.

“You said you’d spend time with me.” Tae whined, his huge eyes downcast. “You promised. You NEVER keep your promises anym-”

“Fine, Tae, we’ll go! Just- don’t do that!” Jimin said, defeated.

He truly had pledged to spend more time with Tae- and after seeing how much he’d neglected his best friend’s problems- he really couldn’t say no.

He was also still pretty guilty about ghosting out of town with nothing but a note.
Furthermore, he was secretly excited to experience the majestic Cocoa Clubhouse for the first time.

“So, what do we do there?”

“You’ll see.” Tae replied, wearing his signature grin of triumph for getting his way.

Ten minutes later, Jimin had parked- or, rather, handed his keys to the valet- and was standing with Tae in the gold decorated lobby of the upscale establishment, eyeing everything and feeling extremely out of place.

It looked like a shrine in there.

“Is- is the car gonna be ok?” Jimin asked in a hushed whisper.

Tae only lifted an amused eyebrow in response.

Without warning, at least a dozen plainly dressed men and women marched into the lobby in single file. Their leader bowed, and all the rest followed suit, then they launched into a flurry of quiet movement, scarcely making a sound.

Jemin and Tae were guided into a different room, opulently decorated in scarlet, where, to Jimin’s horror, they started stripping the clothes right off of him and his friend.

“Wait, wait, wait!!” Jimin shrieked, slapping their hands away.

Every human in the room stopped moving and snapped their head towards him in perfect unison.

Tae just gave him a ‘what the fuck’ look that Jimin dismissed, as he hugged his body protectively.

“Can I- just- what’s going on??”

The leader of the group stood abruptly and faced Taehyung.

“Guest of yours, Taehyung-ssi?”

The brunette shook his head. “No, not a guest. He’s a new member.”

There was a collective ‘ah’ of understanding from everyone.

Jemin stared at all of them crazily.

“Membership card and photo ID please?”

The leader held his hand out to Jimin, as he asked.

Flustered, Jimin fished out his wallet from his already unzipped and partially pulled down jeans, and handed the man his driver's license along with the membership card he'd received in the mail several weeks ago.

“Min Jimin?”

Jemin blinked stupidly, momentarily forgetting his new name.

*Shit. Right!*

*That’s me!*
“Y-yes. I’m Min Jimin.” Jimin confirmed, breathlessly.

The man returned his license and scanned the card in a small machine that seemed to appear from nowhere, then gasped slightly, before rattling off hasty orders to the men and women around him.

“Hey!”

Jimin screamed, as his pants were yanked back up and he was spirited out of the room and into a nearby elevator, with many hands softly nudging him into it all alone.

“Taehyungie!! What the fu-”

Jimin’s shrill and slightly scared voice was cut off, as the elevator doors closed. The last thing he saw was Taehyung’s eyes, which seemed to have quadrupled in size, as he watched his friend leave.

Jimin panted and zipped his pants, while the elevator climbed to the top floor. There were no buttons inside. No way for him to stop, or change directions.

The elevator dinged, announcing its arrival at the destination and Jimin’s heart raced, as he braced himself for another army of silent workers, tugging and pulling at him.

He pressed his body as far back as he could, hugging the cold, golden interior of the huge metal box, and waited.

The doors opened slowly and all Jimin saw was huge, billowing cloths and tapestries in whites and creams.

“Hello…?” He called out, not willing to move from the back of the elevator.

Silence.

Silence and… Chirping??

Jimin inched forward and peeked out of the elevator doors.

“Hello??”

“Hi.”

Jimin recoiled, but relaxed immediately when he saw the sweetest little woman walk up to him.

“Welcome, Jimin-ssi.”

Her face was a mask of calmness.

Her voice was melodic and serene.

Everything about her and her surroundings was placid, like a quiet stream singing a hushed lullaby.

Suddenly, Jimin was overcome with an almost hypnotic sense of peace and tranquility.

He inhaled deeply and admired the muted colors of the cashmere drapes and open spaces.

Almost every corner was adorned with pretty, flowering plants in glass pots. The vivid green leaves and pastel petals were a work of art against creamy background.

He noticed faintly that the chirping was coming from scores of brightly hued, exotic birds in big,
beautiful cages.

Even they seemed to be serenading him softly.

“Come.”

Jimin followed her without a single thought or question, still ogling everything in sight.

She led him to a perfectly circular room and handed him a small pile of clothes that felt as fluffy and cottony as the clouds themselves.

Instead of attacking him, like the savages downstairs, she bowed quietly out of the room, so he could change privately.

Jimin was still a bit confused, but more than happy to peel off his suffocating jeans and t-shirt, in favor of the impossibly soft, white tunic and matching trousers.

He admired the free flowing outfit in the mirror in front of him, mesmerized by the little jewels that were woven throughout the fabric.

I could get used to this.

Once finished, he eyed a plush bed covered in fur throws and fuzzy pillows, and suddenly felt like he needed a nap, but decided to stay awake and see what more this awesome place had to offer.

He was simply enjoying breathing, inhaling the sweet, fresh, flowery scent, when the nice lady returned, flanked by a couple new people.

“We can run you a bath? Or just wash your hair? Massage? Facial?” She asked, gently.

Jimin blinked at her.

“Where am I, noona?” He asked, dreamily. “What was all that downstairs?”

If he didn’t know any better, he would have thought the two levels represented the difference between heaven and hell.

The lady smiled, apologetically.

“We are sorry. We didn’t know you were exclusive, so you went through general intake. It won’t happen again. We promise.”

“General intake?” He questioned, dimly.

She moved forward and handed him a card. It was similar to the plastic membership card he already had, but at least 5 times heavier, and appeared to be solid, gold plated metal.

“Use this card whenever you come. It is replacing the one you got in the mail. Or- just give us your name and ID, and we’ll make sure you’re attended to properly, ok?” She advised, smiling sweetly.

Jimin read the card.

It had his name embossed in fancy lettering, and said Exclusive Membership.

“Ummm….?”
“Enough questions, now.” She said, kindly. “Your hair looks oily. It needs washing.”

Jimin’s hand strayed unconsciously to his silvery-gray hair, and his face burned.

He washed his hair less frequently when he had a major dye job just to preserve the color, but it’s not like he was filthy.

“I just finished a workout…” Jimin mumbled, lamely, but she and her team were already showing him to another room.

Jimin followed them, stunned by the breathtaking décor, and sat down on what had to be the most comfortable chair he’d ever touched.

He closed his eyes and let them lean him backwards, so his head was resting over the basin, with soft, warm towels placed under his neck for protection.

Getting a shampoo job wasn’t new for Jimin. He got this all the time at the salon, so he just laid back, relaxed and waited for them to start.

But he wasn’t ready for this.

It felt like there were a hundred fingers on him all at once.

Jimin gasped, as his hands, feet, arms, legs, face, and head were covered in velvety digits, gently rotating and kneading every nerve ending in his body.

His surprise melted into bliss, as he felt himself go boneless and sink into the chair, molding into it completely.

The lights dimmed- or at least he thought they did- his eyes were closed, so he couldn’t really tell, and they were suddenly too heavy to open anymore.

Jimin realized his mouth was slack and hanging open, and he seemed to be slipping in and out of consciousness.

The warm water bathing his scalp was the absolute perfect temperature, and the gentle scrubbing was actually making him moan lightly.

He snapped his mouth shut, mortified at the thought of him sitting there moaning like a pervert in a room full of women, but each time he stopped, he would involuntarily start again, until he simply gave up and just let it happen.

The fingertips would go firm in his flesh, then switch to light strokes, then switch again to gently scratching and exfoliating his skin, then start all over, each sensation better than the last.

This, coupled with the warm water and scalp massage, was setting Jimin on fire with a tingling feeling that only Yoongi could give him, normally.

“Oh my God….” Jimin croaked, and that was the last thing he remembered.

Jimin opened his eyes in a daze, and discovered that he was suffocating.

He yanked himself up and out of a huge pillow that his face was currently pressed into, and took a deep breath.

Looking around, he saw that he was back in the room he had changed in, and had apparently fallen
asleep on the big, comfy bed.

But how on earth did he get here?

The question faded away, as Jimin reclined against the cushions, luxuriously. His body was used to painful exertion and this was a welcomed change.

Yoongi was excellent at giving him pleasure, but that was really only sexual in nature.

This was completely different.

It was an unbelievably relaxing sensation for the rest of his body, and Jimin was at a loss to understand how he’d gone his whole life without ever experiencing something like this.

A soft knock interrupted his thoughts.

“Um… Come in?”

The little, sweet lady shuffled in and smiled.

“Ready for a bath?”

Jimin stared at her.

“Noona, how... How did I get in here?” Jimin asked, stifling a yawn.

“You fell asleep just minutes after we started with your hair, Jimin-ssi. We brought you here to rest.”

Jimin blinked, embarrassed.

Goodness, a horde of tiny women had actually carried him here, and he didn’t even know it.

“I-I don’t think I need a bath, noona.” Jimin declared, decidedly.

He was already humiliated from being carried like a baby, and he was not about to make it worse by getting bathed by these tiny ladies.

No way.

But her team was already filing into the room and lifting him gently to his feet, and Jimin didn’t even try to stop them.

He was like putty in their hands.

“It’s not a regular bath.” She explained with a small laugh. “It’s the botanical bath. Come.”

Jimin floated along and nearly fell on his face, when they brought him to the next room.

The uniquely exotic potted plants he’d noticed before were nothing compared to the intricate flowering vines, crisscrossing the walls and ceiling.

Soft, golden light filtered through ornately designed windows, and in the middle of the floor was a huge steaming pool.

If not for the fact that Jimin was SURE they were indoors, he would have sworn he’d just walked into a fabled, fantasy garden somewhere in paradise.
His eyes were following the movements of several huge lotus flowers, floating lazily across the surface of the water, when the small woman smiled and pressed a silky pair of swimming shorts into his hand.

Almost.

Jimin ALMOST went behind the fluttering privacy curtain to change into the offered garment and sink into the inviting water- which was calling to him with the warm scent of the heated flowers- but he stopped himself just in time.

“Taehyung!” Jimin blurted, startling the nice lady beside him. “I need to get back to Tae right now.”

He shoved the shorts back into her hands and turned to leave, then turned right back because he had no idea how to do that.

“Taehyung?” The woman asked, quizzically. “Come inside, we’ll do a sugar scrub for yo-”

“NO! I mean, I’m sorry, but no… No sugar scrub, please.” Jimin said sadly, still staring wistfully at the steam curling off the water.

“No scrub?” She repeated, eyes wide at the thought of anyone declining this level of pampering. "It will ease your stress!"

Jimin didn't doubt it for a second, but he had to get back to Tae.

HAD to.

“No scrub, noona. Thank you.” Jimin confirmed. “I just really need to find my friend. Please.”

She seemed to mull this over for a moment, then bowed her head slightly.

“Of course, sir. Follow me.”

Jimin walked behind her on jelly legs still heavy with comfort, until they reached the golden doors of the elevator.

“We hope you’ll come back soon!” She said with a wave and a smile.

Jimin stared at the elevator, dubiously.

“Noona- the elevator has no buttons…”

She looked at the door then back at Jimin.

“Open.” She called out clearly, and the door obeyed.

“Just say which floor you want when you’re inside, Jimin-ssi.”

Oh.

The elevator was voice activated.

Jimin stepped inside, sheepishly.

“But, I don’t know where Taehyung is!” Jimin yelled, as the doors started to close.

“Just say his-!” She started to say, before the doors shut, cutting her off.
Jimin looked around and yelped when the elevator started making strange noises.

“Ok... Find Taehyung?” Jimin said to nothing and no one.

Silence.

“Um. Taehyung?”

There was no response, and Jimin was feeling supremely stupid at this point.

Where was the manual for this thing?

“Kim Taehyung??”

The elevator suddenly beeped to life and a small screen lit up. There was a little dot moving around on one of the lower levels, and the elevator started to descend quickly.

Jimin lurched from the sudden movement.

The elevator stopped and opened, and Jimin stumbled out, bumping into several important looking people who were making their way inside.

One of them looked vaguely familiar…

He moved past their harassed stares, and swung his eyes back and forth across what looked like a huge, glitzy lounge area.

There was mellow music playing lightly, and pretty, glittery lights were dancing across the marble floors from large chandeliers above.

Every few feet, there were circular couches where members were reclined and relaxing with friends.

The vibe seemed like it was for a young adult crowd. Maybe the levels were sectioned by age?

Jimin didn’t care. All he knew was that the magic elevator with no buttons said Tae was down here…

Somewhere…

“Salmon, sir?”

Startled, Jimin turned towards the voice of a young, pretty woman in a smart uniform. She was balancing a tray with succulent pieces of pink fish and several pairs of ornate, silver chopsticks.

“I… Uhh, no, thank you.”

“Are you sure!!?”

“Um... Yea?”

"It's freshly made!!"

Jimin nodded at the tray in agreement.

"And it looks... Great... But, no, thank you.”
She bowed briskly and walked off.

Jimin blinked and continued to work his way through an ocean of people chatting, hanging out, and snacking on the many offered trays that were being twirled around by an army of well-dressed waiters and waitresses.

He bobbed and weaved past patrons and workers, not knowing where he was going, but always being slowed down by someone trying to give him something.

He tried to be polite at first, but at this point, he was just pushing past them.

“Sushi, sir?”

“No.”

“Fruit tart?”

“No.”

“Water, sir?”

Jimin was actually exceedingly thirsty, but didn’t want to lose his momentum now that he was actually moving a bit faster through the crowd.

He soon found himself facing two waiters trying to give him alcohol.

“No, thanks.” Jimin said, hurriedly, but they completely ignored the refusal and joined forces to block his way.

In the distance, right in the center of the room, there was another circular sofa, larger and fancier than the others.

Jimin could have sworn he saw Tae’s profile, but it kept moving in and out of focus for some reason. He craned his neck for a better view, but couldn’t see past the two men and their hoisted trays bearing dozens of long-stemmed glasses.

“We have red and white wine?” One butler offered, moving his tray of drinks closer.

“I don’t want-

“I have a very rich Cabernet for your pleasure, sir?” His colleague chimed in. “Herbal notes and a full currant flavor!”

WHAT IS HAPPENING??

"N-no... I'm really not interest-

“Perhaps a softer Merlot, sir? Or a Chardonnay?”

Jimin stepped back, bewildered.

“Ok! OK! I’ll take one! Just let me through, please!”

He grabbed a glass of Chardonnay (or maybe Cabernet??) and bulldozed his way through the pair before they could force another drink on him.
Decidedly flustered, Jimin finally made it to the middle of the room, where a revolving couch was, well, *revolving* in a slow circle.

That explained why Tae kept going in and out of focus.

About half a dozen young, good looking men were also draped across the cushions staring at Jimin as though he were a different species.

But no one stared as hard or accusingly as Taehyung.

“Tae!!” Jimin yelled in joyful relief. "Oh my God! I’ve been looking for...?“

Jimin fell silent and watched, dumbfounded, as Tae rolled slowly past him without stopping the sofa’s orbit. His narrowed, condemning eyes were still trained on Jimin, as he moved further away.

“Taehyungie! Stop!”

But Tae simply made another slow revolution, with defiance in his already angry eyes.

The other loungers looked on silently, sipping their cocktails with heads still cocked at Jimin, as if trying to decide what planet he was from.

"TAEHYUNG! Turn this thing off *right now!*" Jimin ordered, when Tae had swung back around into his view.

“No.”

Jemin sighed and raked his hair back.

The only thing worse than the regular Tae was a stubborn, childish Tae.

“Excuse me?!” Jimin implored Tae’s friends, who were still looking at him strangely. Can one of you please stop this thing?!”

“Don’t listen to him!” Tae commanded.

Fed up, Jimin climbed over the back of the moving couch and inserted himself between Tae and a pompous looking guy that huffed at the intrusion.

Tae made a great show of folding his arms and staring straight ahead.

“Taehyungie, I’m sorry! I’ve been trying to find you! I swear!”

“It’s been *four hours*, Jimin.”

Jemin stopped cold in his tracks.

*Oh shit.*

*How long was I asleep for??*

“Four… Four hours?” He asked, in a tiny voice.

“FOUR.” Taehyung confirmed, without turning to look at him.

Jemin swallowed and tried to regroup his thoughts.
“Ok, Tae. I admit that I... I Lost track of time a little bit...”

“I bet.” Tae scoffed, rudely, glancing down at the gigantic wine glass in Jimin’s hand.

Jemin set the glass down, quickly.

“I wasn’t drinking that!”

“Of course, you weren’t.” Tae spat.

“Tae, you MADE me come here, you know?” Jimin complained, feeling attacked. “I didn’t want to!”

The brunette finally turned to face him, his big eyes wide and sad.

“You could have just told me that you had a higher membership status than mine.” Tae declared, in a hurt voice. “I’ve been sitting around waiting stupidly, while you were up there with the elites.”

Jemin’s jaw dropped in astonishment.

“Tae... What are you talking about? What’s an ELITE?”

“You’re an exclusive.” One of Tae’s friends (lean, handsome and raven-haired) supplied in a slightly awe-struck voice. “Hey, aren’t you...? Park? Park Jimin? Holy SHIT!”

All the guys seated around him seemed to take one, collective gasp of surprise.

Jemin’s eyes flitted nervously from face to face, studying them closely- and his blood turned to ice.

They were none other than Tae’s pack of rich friends from high school. No wonder they had all been staring at him. They were probably trying to figure out what type of cosmic mistake had allowed Jemin into their clubhouse.

And what was worse- they were wearing lounging outfits similar to his, except that theirs were dark gray and looked like prison gear compared to Jemin’s bejeweled tunic and slacks.

In his haste to find Tae, Jemin hadn’t noticed that he was sticking out like a sore thumb in his distinguished and princely looking clothes.

“Yea, it’s Park. So what?” Tae sneered, just when Jemin felt he might pass out right then and there. “Do you have a problem with him?”

The black haired man fell silent and shook his head along with the others.

Tae cast a damning glare at the rest of the group, before turning to his best friend.

“Jemin, let me see your membership card.”

Jemin fished out the new gold plated card from his pocket and handed it over, heart pounding madly in his chest.

All his previous warmth and comfort had dissolved into pure panic, and he felt like some accursed time machine had taken him back to his youth and all its horrors.

“See, Chim? We’re all on regular membership.” Tae pulled his own thinner, silver card out and waved it a little. “But you’re gold status. That’s for, like, politicians and stuff.”
Jimin retrieved the card with numb fingers.

“Oh... O-ok...” He replied, weakly, as the realization hit him that the older gentleman he nearly knocked over in front of the elevator was indeed a high profile legislator.

Jimin had barely recognized him, having only seen him on television before.

“Yea. Less than five percent of the club is exclusive.” Another friend- blonde and aristocratic looking- said faintly, openly staring at Jimin in shock. “My parents are on it, but they won’t pay for mine.”

Tae laughed, suddenly.

“You had no idea that Yoongi hyung got you the highest membership, did you, Chim?”

Jimin shook his head slightly, feeling sick.

Having anything- anything at all- that was bigger or better than Taehyung’s and his privileged friends was a reality shift too huge to absorb in one lifetime.

It felt... Almost wrong. As if he should apologize for it.

Jimin was almost about to do just that, when Tae slapped his large hands together and stood up abruptly.

“Well, now you know!” Tae said, decisively. “Come on, Jimin, let’s go.”

Jimin swallowed and looked up in confusion. He was trembling slightly, and didn’t quite trust himself to stand up.

“I thought we were all getting facials, hyung??” The black haired man piped up, sounding offended.

“I am!” Tae replied, pulling a dazed Jimin to his feet. “Just not with you fucking peasants! I’m going to the elite level with Jimin’s gold card. He can bring a guest.”

Tae turned off the revolver switch and hopped off the sofa, dragging Jimin behind him.

“Um. It-it was nice to see you guys...” Jimin stammered, as Tae gleefully pulled him away.

The friends all nodded and murmured stiffly.

Jimin could still feel their stares lingering after him.

He trailed behind Tae, noticing for the first time that there were indeed very, very few others around who had the same exotic and sparkling outfit as his.

“Stop shuffling like that, Chim! Walk tall with your head high!” Tae scolded. “You’re an exclusive. Act like one!”

Jimin straightened his back and lifted his head a little, feeling positively nauseated.

“More swag!”

“Tae, wait!” Jimin stopped mid-swagger and turned to his friend. “I just wanna go home, Tae Tae!”

This was all too much and Jimin was in the worst kind of distress.
Now, more than ever, he just wanted to be with Yoongi.

“Look at my pores, Jiminie!” Tae screeched, pointing at his flawless face. “Just look at them! You have access to spa services that I’ve only dreamed of. You owe me!”

Jimin fidgeted in his soft, silky clothes.

He did promise Tae some quality time, but the day had already started out awkward enough, and now seeing those guys from school only made it worse - not to mention confusing membership levels and waiters forcing hors d’oeuvres on him at every step and turn.

Jimin was beginning to experience a slight anxiety attack.

“I can’t, Tae…” Jimin whispered, pitifully.

By some miracle, Tae managed to see Jimin’s intense discomfort.

“Ok, Jiminie, how about this?” Tae offered in a calming voice. “Let’s just go see what they have, so I’ll know what I wanna get when we come back next time? Sound good?”

Jimin gulped a shaky breath and nodded, grateful for his friend’s understanding.

They entered the elevator, which Jimin was actually able to operate now, and Tae oohed and ahhed the whole time, as if they were flying on a magic carpet.

Jimin still couldn’t wrap his mind around the fact that there were parts of this club that were off limits to Taehyung and his other friends.

When they reached the spa level and followed directions to the facial bar, the nice noonas from before fawned and fussed over Jimin as if it had been years since they last saw him.

He was happy to get his street clothes back, but it took a while to assure them that he still didn’t want the botanical bath - though he promised he’d try it next time.

Utterly worn out, Jimin sat on a feather-stuffed chair and waited for Tae, who was lost in a fanciful wonderland of mud masks and sugar scrubs.

“Dead sea salt, Jiminie!” Tae squealed, holding a decorative shell full of the stuff. “It has REAL CRUSHED PEARLS in it!”

Jimin nodded, distractedly. He was wondering if Yoongi had eaten yet and if he should pick something up on the way home for him.

The elder worked so hard, and the more money he made, the more he spent on Jimin, doing less and less for himself.

It was unbelievable that Yoongi would think Jimin required this level of special treatment. A shampoo and blow dry at a normal salon, twice a month was more than enough.

Truthfully, Jimin didn’t mind the lavish stuff, but he would much prefer it if Yoongi would break away and enjoy some of it, too. Instead, his fiancé was locked up mixing tracks, or paying bills, or worrying about things…

Jimin shook himself out of his musings and noticed that he’d lost sight of Tae.

*Dammit!*
Tae could be crafty, and Jimin didn’t put it past the brunette to slink off and get a pearl infused facial while Jimin wasn’t looking.

He groaned and dragged himself from the chair, scanning the spa for signs of his friend.

Thankfully, he heard Tae’s baritone laugh filtering in from the back of the room and made a bee line for him.

“Tae!” Jimin called out, when he was a few feet away.

The brunette was engrossed in a conversation with another friend and only turned back for a split second before returning to his discussion.

Jimin was getting a little annoyed.

A deal was a deal, after all.

They had checked the place out, and now it was time to go.

“Tae Tae, come on!”

Tae was still chatting away with whomever, with his back turned to Jimin.

“Would you recommend a moisturizing mask, or more of a polishing finish?” He heard Tae ask.

“…You could maybe use the red clay for brightening, but honestly, your skin is already really, really pretty.” The friend replied, thoughtfully.

Jimin rolled his eyes.

If Tae wanted to talk about how pretty his skin was with his stupid, bratty friends, he’d have to come back and do it on his own fucking time.

“Tae, I’m leaving. Are you coming or n-“

Jimin stopped and choked on his last word, his eyes nearly popping out of his skull when he recognized Jungkook as the person complimenting Tae’s skin.

*It can’t be.*

*It’s IMPOSSIBLE.*

With Tae’s back blocking his view before, Jimin hadn’t seen the thug and didn’t remember his voice.

His first instinct was to run. Just turn tail and flee as fast as humanly possible.

But he couldn’t leave Tae.

Never.

Instinctively, he grabbed his best friend’s wrist and yanked the brunette behind him so that his body was now a barrier between Tae and the younger man.

Adrenaline coursed through his veins now, as he prepared himself to literally fight to the death if it came to that.

*He’s probably armed.*
“Oh God... I need Yoongi...”

“Taehyung, we’re getting out of here.” Jimin managed to say bravely, despite the awful, bitter fear burning a hole in his stomach. “And you stay THE FUCK away from us!”

Jungkook flinched at the stinging words, and looked, if possible, even more terrified than Jimin felt. His lips, soft and baby pink, were slightly parted in a startled expression, and the dark bangs fanning softly across his eyes didn’t hide how wide and scared they looked.

“I… I’m sorry- I didn’t mean to-” Kook stammered.

“Chim, stop! What are you doing!?” Tae asked, incredulously, trying to shake out of Jimin’s grip. “JJ was just telling me what mask to use.”

JJ???

Jimin’s pulse pounded in his ears, as he fought through a fog of panic and confusion.

Who or WHAT was a JJ??

“You KNOW him!?” Jimin roared, frightening one of the spa technicians nearby.

Tae finally shook Jimin’s hand off, and gave him a look full of mortification.

“EVERYONE knows Jay! He’s a longtime member here!” Tae answered, baffled. “He was away for a while, but he just started coming back regularly a few weeks ago!”

Jimin still stood between them, one arm thrown out protectively in front of Taehyung. His hands were quivering from shock and he simply couldn’t believe his eyes and ears.

Everybody should be racing to safety, far away from this hoodlum, but instead, people were peacefully going about their business and the hoodlum himself was holding a green tea facial mask and staring at them with wide-eyed innocence.

But Jimin wasn't fooled.

He was a monster.

“Tae, you do realize who this is, right??” Jimin demanded. “He’s DANGEROUS!”

“Jimin, stop!” Tae admonished, flapping a wild hand at him and glancing around at the curious staff and patrons. “You’re making a SCENE!”

"TAE!" Jimin spluttered, shaking so hard that his words were wobbling out of his mouth tremulously. "Your JJ IS JUNGKOOK! The Jungkook! FROM THE EMPORIUM!? YOONGI!! CROWBAR!! TEETH ON THE FLOOR?? THAT'S HIM- HE CAUSED IT ALL!!"

Tae froze, as slow understanding dawned on him, finally. He swung his huge eyes between Jimin's red face and Jungkook's taller figure.

"But..."

"BUT NOTHING, TAE!" Jimin screeched, cutting him off. "Who cares how long he's been a
member?! Whatever you know about him is all LIES! He's a MANIAC-

"Please… I don't want trouble, I swear…” Kook said softly, stepping back a few feet. “And Jimin hyung is right. I used to be… I was- I was very sick before. Really sick. And I’m so sorry for what happened…”

The younger, dark haired boy looked hopeless, as he took a few steadying breaths.

“But, I got help while I was gone. I got better. If you could just give me a chance…”

Jimin shook his head vigorously, rejecting his apology completely.

“There’s no cure for what you have.” He said, acidly. “And I am NOT your fucking hyung.”

Tae held up a large hand, interrupting the exchange.

"Wait... So... All that time you were gone, you... You were... Where were you?” Tae asked, faintly, with deep questioning eyes on the younger man.

Kook was wearing a mask of shame, as he cast his eyes downward.

"I wasn't on vacation..." He revealed, speaking to Tae's feet. "I was in Europe, yea, but... In a... In a rehab center. That's why I couldn't..." He stopped and took a huge breath, before looking back up. "I'm sorry. I was gonna tell you the truth if we... If you and I... If we had talked more... I didn't even know that you knew Yoongi hyung or... Or-or Jimin hyung!"

Tae examined him silently for a moment, as if he was weighing and balancing each of the kid's words carefully.

"So, this is all true, then, Jay?

Jimin threw his hands in exasperation at his friend's question. Did Tae not hear anything he'd just said??

"I wish it wasn't..." Jungkook's voice trembled as he spoke. "But it is... And i'm so ashamed. I can't even SLEEP at night, I swear! I was high all the time. I wasn't thinking- I lost touch- I-I lost my mind! And now i'm just trying to pick up the pieces, somehow- I don't even know where to start, and- "

"Start by jumping out that fucking window!" Jimin suggested caustically, contempt dripping from every syllable.

Kook made a choking, anguished sound in his throat, and actually looked at the large window in question, as if he was taking Jimin's advice under serious consideration.

"Hey, hey, hey... It's gonna be ok..." Tae intervened, gently, bringing Jungkook's attention back to him. "Things will get better, don't worry. "

Jungkook looked as if someone had just handed him a raft on a sinking ship, while also telling him that his terminal illness had been miraculously cured.

"It... It will?" Kook's voice was filled with cautious hope and awe.

Tae nodded.

"It will." He repeated, and this seem to keep the younger man from breaking down entirely- but just
barely.

Jimin couldn't understand what on earth was going on.

Why was Tae even SPEAKING to this animal?

Jungkook could spin whatever story he wanted, but he'd never be anything more than the gun-wielding, robbing, lying, cowardly bastard Jimin remembered.

Despite the venom in his veins, Jimin couldn't help taking in Kook's full visual at that moment.

The kid actually looked… Well, good.

Not just *good looking*, but… Vibrant and energized.

The last time Jimin had seen him, way back at the Men's Suits Emporium, he was a jittery, drugged up wreck with pallid, waxy skin and bloodshot eyes.

Standing before him now was a tall, athletic STAR.

He had fleshed out, so his face and body were strong and robust. Even his nervous, flustered movements revealed bulging biceps and powerful forearms that tapered into large, capable looking hands, lined with thick veins.

The kid was HUGE.

Jimin's gaze strayed involuntarily to the shimmery, jewel-studded outfit Kook was wearing- identical to his own.

His tanned skin showed an intimidating six pack through the slightly transparent material, and every time he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, his thighs solidified into pure, thick muscle.

Jungkook looked down at his body and back up at Jimin, with that infuriating innocent look.

Jimin roused himself and decided to put an end to this nonsense once and for all.

"There's *clearly* a huge case of mistaken identity here." Jimin spat, eyeing Kook nastily. "I don't know what double life SHIT you have going on, but it's obvious that Taehyung didn't know who and what you REALLY are."

Jimin turned stern eyes to his best friend.

"But now he's been exposed, Tae! Jungkook, or JJ, or Jay, or *whatever the fuck you call him*, is a MENACE. A dangerous criminal who would be locked up for *life*, if not for his rich dad pulling strings for him. And that's ALL you need to know!"

The kid's face crumpled and fell under Jimin's harsh words, but he didn't care.

They were all TRUE.

"*Please listen to me, hyung.*" Kook begged, in a tragic whisper. "I lied to Seokjin to get money for my addiction. I KNEW that debt had to be paid that's why I tried to..." He paused, looking pained. "That's how I ended up at that store. I NEVER meant for Yoongi hyung to pay that off. I didn't even KNOW you then, or that you worked there... Look, please... *I was really f*cked up. I was scared and stupid- I was on the streets. My parents had kicked me out!"
"No one cares for your sob story, Jungkook." Jimin hissed, ripping his eyes away from the kid's muscular legs. "I know that Yoongi and your father have an alliance, and I'm fine with that. But you aren't a part of it. So, stay away from my family, if you know what’s good for you."

Kook blinked rapidly, and tried to say something, then seemed to think better of it.

His wide eyes dropped and he nodded once, in sad understanding.

“Hey-” Tae yelled, as the younger was turning to leave. “Do you come here regularly now?”

Kook looked as if he hadn’t heard the brunette correctly.

Jimin gawked as if Tae had lost his entire mind.

What part of DANGEROUS MAN was Tae not understanding?

“I don't really have anywhere else to go.” Kook replied, his voice wavering slightly. “I'm banned from most places and I know I deserve it. I just... I'm trying to get back on my feet.” He looked imploringly from one friend to the other.

Jimin looked away in disgust, then pinned Tae with his fiercest glare, but the brunette wasn’t stopping. Astonishingly, he seemed to be carrying on his own completely separate and unrelated conversation.

“Well, I come here a lot.” Tae explained, kindly. “Maybe...?”

“YES!” Kook yelped, his hands jumping excitedly. “I mean... I mean yes, please... Yes. Could we...? I mean- that would be great, if we... But, are you- do you... Are you not...?” Jungkook stammered pathetically, eyes round and nervous, as he glanced at Tae’s gray outfit.

Tae shook his head, in answer to Jungkook’s jumbled question. “No, I’m not an elite member, but I can come up here with Jimin...” Tae looked around a little helplessly, ignoring Jimin’s offended gasp.

Under NO circumstances were they going to hang out and get dead sea facials with Jeon Jungkook.

Jimin was just about to voice this when the younger spoke first, jumping into action like the whole world was at stake.

“Wait-!” Jungkook commanded, snapping his fingers at the nearest worker, which happened to be one of the nice ladies that washed Jimin’s hair.

She flashed over and bowed.

“Add this gentleman to my account, please.” Jungkook handed her his own gold plated card, before looking searchingly at Tae. “Umm... Is-is that alright?” He asked, tensely.

Tae stared at Kook for a few seconds, his large eyes blinking slowly.

“Yea...” He answered, finally, in a hushed voice.

“Ok...” Jungkook agreed in a barely audible whisper, with his eyes still locked on the brunette.

“Your ID, please?” The noona requested, holding her hand out to Tae.

Tae gave it to her in slow motion, still gazing at Jungkook.
Jimin watched in silent horror, wondering if he was still asleep in the comfortable spa bed, and this was perhaps just a nightmare.

*Maybe this isn't real.*

*Or maybe I’m dead…*

*And this is HELL.*

The lady pecked away on her tablet and then:

“What about service costs?” she asked, crisply.

Tae opened his mouth, but before he could speak, Jungkook answered quickly.

“Bill everything to me. Thank you.” The younger said in an authoritative manner, completely opposite to his previous nervous spluttering.

Tae’s eyes went impossibly wider.

“Very well, sir.” She replied, then turned to Tae. “Your new card will come in the mail, Mr. Kim. Until then, feel free to use your ID to access the top floors and enjoy our elite services.” And with that, she bowed and left.

Jimin was speechless.

How DARE he?

How dare she?

How dare TAE??

Was there no LOYALTY left in this world???

“Thank you.” Tae said, softly. “Wow… Thank you.”

Jungkook nodded shyly, and became very interested in his expensive looking, ivory leather shoes.

Jimin was glued to the floor in disbelief.

Never in his life had he once questioned Taehyung’s friendship until this very moment. He always knew Tae was eccentric, existing in his own personal universe, and never taking things as seriously as everyone else.

Jimin loved and accepted Tae, in spite of this.

But this level of insanity…

This… This BETRAYAL was incomprehensible.

It was *unforgiveable.*

It took Jimin a while to find his voice.

“Tae Tae- WHAT IN THE FUCK do you think you’re *doing??*” Jimin asked beseechingly, trying desperately to reach the best friend that was as good as dead to him now. ”He nearly got me and Yoongi KILLED!”
"He was sick, Jimin." Tae argued quietly, motioning at Kook as if he was defending him in court. "And he got help. He did the right things and now he just needs some friends- someone to give him a chance!"

Jimin shook his head in the complete negative.

"No way, Tae. No fucking way."

"Hyungs- I really don’t want any trouble." Jungkook pleaded. "I know what you think of me, but I swear I’ve come a long way. I-I even heard Yoongi hyung on the radio the other day- he sounded SO great! I couldn’t believe it! Him and Hoseok hyung- they’ve been giving me hope!"

Yoongi had, in fact, gotten his first radio play the week before. It was a momentous event that Jimin was elated over, but his face was emotionless, as he glowered back at the younger man.

"Don't you ever say his name." Jimin whispered, dangerously, all fear and anxiety long forgotten. "Not today. Not ever."

Jungkook paled, as if he'd seen the devil, which Jimin figured wasn't a far cry from his face at the moment. "I- I didn't mean to upset you hyu-"

"Yoongi is lucky to be alive, no thanks to you- and STOP CALLING ME HYUNG!"

Jimin’s voice was shaking with rage, as images of the elder, sick and near death from his gunshot wound, rushed back to him.

Jungkook took a tiny step back, sensing that he was in dangerous waters. For some strange reason, his every movement seemed to engage ALL of his muscles, flexing and flashing from beneath his shimmery spa tunic.

“I'm sorry... I just…” He started, then faltered, looking back at Tae with another deep, lengthy stare, before returning to Jimin’s stony face. “I-I'm so sorry.” He repeated, brokenly, and Jimin was thrown off guard by the tears springing into the kid’s eyes.

He wanted to reply with something really nasty, but before he could decide what, Taehyung handed the younger man a few tissues which the latter took gratefully.

Jimin stood there in a trance and tried his best to focus on anything other than the kid's broad, hulking shoulders and muscular back, as he turned to clean his face.

“Ok, so... Please just hear me out.” The younger faced them again, and spoke with a strong clear voice, still slightly thick with emotion. “My-dad... He's on the board of directors for one of the big radio stations. And I actually work there, now.” He paused to toss his used tissues in the trash.

Jimin noted with annoyance that the tiny trash can was at least 20 fucking feet away, and yet, Jungkook had lined up, shot, and scored, sinking a perfect basket with negative effort.

“And there’s this big, annual party coming up on Saturday…” The younger continued. "Lots of singers and celebrities will be there and- maybe- you guys should come? And yoo- I mean- Suga hyung, too? And Hoseok hyung? If you want...? It could be good for- for their music and stuff. Please? I just want to make things right!"

Jungkook trailed off with a pitifully hopeful glance at the two friends.

“We’re busy.” Jimin snapped.
This was actually true. Yoongi had a show this weekend, an important one. But even if he didn’t, Jimin wouldn’t be caught dead at Kook’s stupid fucking party.

Yoongi would get airtime at other stations.

They’ll go to those parties.

“I’m not busy.” Tae said quietly, and Jungkook’s eyes seemed to light up, with a ghost of a smile creasing his face for a second before disappearing.

Jimin spun his head towards his friend.

“Yes, you are, Tae.”

“No I’m-”

“YOU ARE, TAE!”

Kook stared wildly between the two of them, then held up his hands in surrender.

“Ok, look. Just… Here…” He snapped his fingers again, and requested something to write on from the staff. “I’m not pulling anything, I swear! This is the least I can do, and I would love to host you all- but, um, Tae hyung- this is my number…”

The younger scribbled something down and handed the paper to the brunette, breathing deeply, as though trying to hold his life together.

“If you want… If you really can go- just let me know?” He explained, as Tae looked over the note. “And I’ll send my car for you.” He glanced quickly at Jimin’s homicidal eyes. “For all of you.” He added, hastily.

Tae couldn’t seem to take his eyes off the paper.

“You’ll… Send a car for me?” The brunette echoed faintly, still looking down at the number in his hand.

The lingering stare that Jungkook gave Tae could only be described as desperate. He sucked in a hasty breath and licked his small, pink lips nervously before replying.

“Of course I would.” Kook replied, as though this was the most important question of his life. “I’ll come get you myself.”

Tae returned Jungkook’s intense gaze in what was beginning to look like a championship staring contest, before finally breaking eye contact to nod mutely at the paper in his hand.

Jimin had seen, heard, and witnessed MORE than enough.

“We’re not going to your party.” He barked, while yanking Tae roughly. “Come on, Tae, were leaving. For REAL this time.”

Tae followed obediently, but Jimin could sense him glancing backwards a few times and the notion was infuriating.

They rode the elevator down without looking at each other and Jimin stomped his way to the exit, as Tae trailed sulkily behind.
“Sir, we washed your car while you were inside!” The friendly valet informed him, while handing over the keys. “We look forward to seeing you again!”

Jimin slammed the door on the kind man’s face, and cursed until he figured out how to start the car. Tae was sitting calmly and quietly beside him, and this was making Jimin impossibly more upset.

They drove in thick, ugly silence towards Tae’s home, while Jimin contemplated what life without Tae would be like.

Because they’re friendship was essentially over.

Jimin raced the car through the football field length of driveway that led to the Kim’s family home.

A terrified gardener jumped and ran when he saw the red car hurtling towards him, without even a warning honk.

“Well?” Jimin snarled, after nearly running over the chauffer in Tae’s deluxe sized garage.

Tae waved at his driver apologetically, and the man scurried off with a bow.

“What do you have to say for yourself, Kim Taehyung?? What possible excuse do you have to explain-”

“Jiminnie-”

“NO, I’m not done yet!” Jimin shouted. “You’re befriending the man who singlehandedly tore my life apart and got Yoongi SHOT. WHAT ARE YOU THINKING!!??”

“He apologized to Yoongi hyung and to you.” Tae stated, calmly. “I understand why you’re upset and overreacting-”

“I am NOT OVERREACTING and you don’t understand ANYTHING!” Jimin screamed, nearly at the top of his lungs. “Your head’s always so far up in the fucking clouds, and I’m SICK OF IT! You sold your FUCKING SOUL for a gold membership! You of ALL people?! You already have everything!!”

Jimin paused, panting for air and trembling with emotion.

Tae had turned in his seat to face Jimin, his eyes grim and mournful.

“I fucking hate you.”

That was rather unexpected.

Hate was a very strong word, and despite the dire situation they were in, Jimin couldn’t imagine what he’d done to earn that statement.

“What?”

“You’re selfish.” Tae accused. “And you always have been.”

Jimin blinked at him.

“What??” He repeated, at a loss for words.
“JJ’s just a good kid who fucked up and you’re being spiteful.” Tae continued, in a tight voice. “He’s learning and he’s working on it, but we can’t be nice to him?”

Jimin wished he’d stop calling him JJ.

JJ was an imposter.

An ALIAS.

“Tae, Jungkook tried to ROB me! He set Yoongi up! He-”

“He was HIGH and SCARED and not in his right mind!” Tae, interjected.

“He’s DANGEROUS-“

“Did you see him, Jimin!? He nearly pissed himself in fear when he saw your face! He’s CLEAN and doing better-

“OK! But when he relapses, who KNOWS what he might do-”

“Maybe if he had good friends to help him, he WON’T relapse at all!”

“FINE, Tae! But YOU don’t have to be that friend!”

“I didn’t have to be YOUR friend, either, Jimin!”

The pair looked at each other across the center console, breathing heavily.

Behind them, the soft gurgling sounds of Tae’s huge garden fountain bathed the atmosphere in a false sense of peace and tranquility.

“Excuse me?” Jimin asked, stunned.

“Oh, how easily you forget...” Tae retorted, his beautiful features twisted in anger. “When it was YOU who was the friendless outcast!”

Tae unbuckled his seatbelt savagely, and turned fully in his seat to face Jimin head on.

“You know something, Jimin? In my social circle, being gay and poor was just as bad as being a drug dealer. Maybe worse! But I NEVER judged you. And I NEVER listened to the assholes who told me to look down on you. And right now you’re being that asshole, telling me to hate a guy who's desperately trying to fix his mistakes!”

Jimin couldn’t believe Tae was comparing him to Jungkook, but he was.

*He really was.*


“Do you think they gave a shit!?” Tae retaliated. “They judged you simply for being different! They judged you even today. And I still stood up for you. That’s always been my character! And now you’re saying I can’t do that for anyone else besides you??!”

Their argument was interrupted by Tae's dad, who suddenly walked by and waved cheerfully at them.
They stared back with stricken eyes that Mr. Kim thankfully didn’t notice.

“I still don’t understand, Taehyungie.” Jimin said softly. “I mean-yes- I’ll always love you for your big heart, but Kook is an enemy! MY enemy. Yoongi’s enemy. Why him?? Can’t we just go find some troubled youths somewhere and help them instead? Why does it have to be JUNGKOOK??”

Tae just shook his head and folded his arms, staring out of the windshield at his family’s seven cars parked in the massive garage.

Jimin was thoroughly confused. It was so unlike Tae to be cryptic.

Strange, yes.

Weird, sure.

But never *cryptic*.

“Are you gonna SAY something, Tae?”

“Nope.”

Jimin looked at him.

“Why not??”

“No point.” Tae retorted.

“And what does THAT mean?”

Tae shifted to look at him again, arms still crossed.

“It means there’s no point. You never hear me. You never see me.”

Jimin contemplated this, feeling near tears.

This conversation was killing him.

Apart from Yoongi, Tae was literally his *only* family.

“Never... *See you?*” Jimin repeated, bewildered.

Tae expelled an exasperated sigh.

“What happened back there with Jay?” Tae asked in a short, clipped tone. “What did you see?”

Jimin wondered if this was a trick question, but thought it over carefully before responding.

“Ok, um... He was- he was trying to crawl his way into our good graces...” Jimin answered, heated. “He was trying to use a single apology to make up for all the TERRIBLE things he did.”

“Is that all?” Tae snapped.

Jimin faltered, thinking hard.

“He- I guess he looked healthier...? Like he’s been eating and working out, but *who cares* about that-”
“Anything else?” Tae interrupted, impatiently.

Jimin threw his hands in frustration.

What the fuck else was there to see?

What was he missing??

“He was NICE TO ME, Jimin.” Tae revealed, his voice laced with disgust at Jimin’s apparent lack of observational skills. “Actually NICE to me. Did you even notice that?”

Jimin was completely lost.

Who wasn’t nice to Tae?

People LOVED him.

Even Yoongi fucking loved him.

“Am I not nice to you?” Jimin asked, confused. “Who isn’t nice to you?? Everyone is nice to you!!”

Tae looked at Jimin for a long moment, and huffed with exasperation.

“He’s interested in me, Jiminnie! He likes me. Could you not see that!?”

Jimin noted that the world was suddenly standing still.

The gurgling water fountain was silent.

The birds and crickets were dead.

Everything was frozen and his heart was no longer beating.

Tae’s voice came in faintly from a far away galaxy.

“Jimin?”

“Jimin???”

“JIMINIE!”

Tae was shouting across the little space between them at this point, but Jimin didn’t hear him.

“Ugh, God.” Tae scoffed. “Stop being ridiculous, Jimin.”

Jimin couldn’t respond.

If he thought he was in a nightmare before, well, he was damn well sure of it now.

I need to wake up.

Please, someone please- wake me up!

“Jimin-” Tae leaned over, concerned. “Are you breathing??”

Jimin realized that he wasn’t, and quickly inhaled a shaky breath.
“Are we going to deal with this, or are you just gonna be stupid?” Tae asked lazily, leaning back in his seat with an unbothered expression.

“Who- who are you?” Jimin finally croaked.

“Oh, get over yourself.” Tae said, rolling his eyes. “You’re acting dumber than Hobi right now.”

Tae’s insult sailed right over Jimin’s head.

Something was horribly wrong.

There was a colossal MISTAKE somewhere.

Taehyung was straight.

STRAIGHT.

And he dated GIRLS.

Drop-dead, gorgeous girls.

And…

And…

“You’re not gay.” Jimin whispered, like it was an incantation that would magically fix everything.

“You’re not… You’re just… You’re not.”

Jimin couldn’t explain why this was so terrible, but it was.

It was a tragedy.

Why would Tae want to be a misunderstood, social reject when he could just stay happy and normal like he’s always been?

“I’m not gay.” Tae agreed, tersely. “I’m Kim Taehyung. And that’s ALL I AM. You’re the one who’s so obsessed with labels, not me.”

Jimin recoiled, as if he’d been hit. What did that even MEAN?

“I am not obsessed with labe-”

“Oh, fuck off, Jimin!” Tae yelled, suddenly. “You’re always labelling yourself! Gay. Poor. Orphan. Fat.” The brunette listed each item on his long, elegant fingers as Jimin watched, appalled. “You’ll call yourself anything except your own fucking name! You even CHANGED your own name because you hate yourself so much!”

Jimin tried to speak and defend himself against these hideous, baseless accusations, but he couldn’t really come up with anything.

“I…” Jimin breathed, blinking back stinging tears. “That’s- that’s not the point right now…” Jimin swallowed, painfully, struggling to get his words out. “You don’t like guys. I’ve known you all my life! MY WHOLE LIFE. Is this… What is this, even? Is this a PHASE!??”

The brunette pinned him with a scathing look.
“Is Yoongi going through a PHASE??” Tae asked, mockingly. “Who knows? Maybe when you guys get to the altar, he’ll just snap out of it and be straight again!”

Jimin’s mind went blank and empty.

That was a tough argument to beat.

But something still wasn’t adding up…

Why were there no signs?

Why wouldn’t Tae open up to his best friend who was ALSO GAY?

*This is insanity.*

“Have you been.. Hiding?” Jimin asked, befuddled. “Why would you not come out to me? I could have *helped* you- been there for you!”

“Help me?” Tae repeated, laughing. “First of all, I’m not SICK. I don’t *need* help. Besides, you can’t even help yourself! You’re the worst, most self-loathing gay I’ve ever met! And the WORST friend, too!”

Jimin’s mouth opened and closed like a goldfish, but Tae continued his rant before he could formulate a defense.

“It’s like I said before: you don’t *hear* me. You don’t *see* me. I don’t *exist* to you. You NEVER ask how I am. You never listen when I have a problem. You don’t believe that someone like me can even *have problems*. Jimin, I’ve been bi since we were TEENS. Everyone else knows, except YOU. I stopped telling you things a long time ago, and just got through it on my own!”

*Teens??*

Jimin sat back in stunned silence.

Here he was, thinking this was some new and crazy development- only to find that it’s a decade old secret that was exclusively kept from him.

He mentally rewound and played his entire lifelong relationship with his best friend.

Tae, in his usual playful character, had kissed guys on a dare, and had always been equally comfortable with- well with *anybody*. Men, women, girls, boys, grandmothers, animals… He just got along with *everyone*.

But nothing in his history ever pointed to this.

Jimin huffed, anxiously.

“Tae Tae, I know I’ve been- *unavailable*- lately. With… With everything. With-with Yoongi. And all of it… And *I’m sorry*. Ok? But that’s only been in the last several months. Not YEARS. Why wouldn’t you tell me this? Why did you feel the need to stop telling me things??”

Jimin knew he had no excuse for being a bad friend, recently. He’d been putting his own problems above everything else. The never ending rollercoaster ride with Yoongi had completely overtaken his life. But these days, he was making proactive decisions to spend more time with his best friend and get things back to how they used to be.
But from what he was hearing, his poor friendship skills dated back to way before Yoongi stepped into the picture. For some reason, Tae had made a conscious decision to no longer confide in Jimin and he couldn’t understand why, for the life of him.

Somewhere in the course of their lives, something had broken between him and Tae and he didn’t even realize it had happened.

“Ok, Jimin. You want the truth? Fine.” Tae answered, after a long silence. “You’re always in a crisis. Just ALL the time. A sexuality crisis, a weight crisis, a job crisis, a money crisis- there’s always a disaster with you! And just when you'd stabilized yourself a bit, there was the YOONGI crisis. Then the JIN crisis. Your life, Jiminie, is like a fucked up house of cards, barely standing, and always about to topple over. So I stopped telling you things, because I didn’t want to be the one to make it crumble. I couldn’t add my shit to your ever-growing mountain of problems!”

Jimin listened in anguished silence, as if he was being served a death sentence.

Tae’s happy, easy going demeanor was gone, and in it’s place was a somber, serious, and sad person that Jimin had never met.

All these years, Jimin had seen Tae as little more than a gorgeous, friendly, quirky airhead.

Privileged.

Lucky.

But he had judged his friend too quickly and too harshly.

Taehyung had substance that ran deeper than anyone Jimin had ever known.

Not only was he incredibly humble and kindhearted, despite his massive wealth, but he was also an unbelievably selfless human being- ignoring his own need for love and support in order to better serve Jimin through catastrophe after catastrophe after catastrophe.

“Did you know that my mom got sick?” Tae asked tensely, slashing through Jimin's heartbreaking thoughts. “She’s had three surgeries now. And did you know that I have to retake my finals? Of course, not. You were too busy hiding in Seoul. And all this time that I’ve been complaining about crazy, lying, gold digging girls, did you ever care to ask how that’s been going? Because if you had, even just once, you would have known that I've been dating guys lately. You would have KNOWN that I met Jay a few months ago and I thought there was something there, until he suddenly disappeared. I've been distraught over it, but how would you know? Why would you care? You don’t ask, so I don’t tell.”

Jimin was stuck on the part of Tae’s mom having surgery.

Not just one surgery.

*Three surgeries.*

That was the closest thing to a mother he had, and he was totally unaware that she was ill.

He wanted to speak and ask how she’s doing, and what he can do to help, but the gigantic lump in his throat wouldn’t let him.

“I just don’t understand how you can’t see the similarities between Jay and Yoongi?” Tae continued, doggedly. “You took a chance on Yoongi- a gigantic leap of faith- against all my warnings, and
STILL, you don’t understand how I’m feeling? Jungkook was nice to me, Jimin. Do you think anyone’s ever offered to send a car for me? Or pay for me to have spa days? Or done anything for me ever? Finally, I find someone who isn’t chasing after money and you want me to just walk away because of a mistake he made in a past life? When you did the SAME THING for Yoongi??”

Jimin swallowed and tried to collect his thoughts.

Yoongi was such a unique and amazing lover, that Jimin had pretty much forgotten all about his drug dealing days.

The bitter truth was, Jungkook and Yoongi were a lot more alike than they were different.

“Hey!” Tae’s dad suddenly appeared again, rapping his knuckles against the driver window. “You boys have been in here for over an hour- is everything ok?”

Jimin rushed to roll down the window and do a little half-body bow from inside the car.

“Uhh, we’re ok... Thank you...” Jimin answered in a hollow voice.

Tae just nodded, numbly.

“Are you sure?” Mr. Kim inquired, doubtfully. “I heard yelling?”

Jimin wanted to cry.

“How is mom?” Jimin stammered, in a weak, guilty voice. “I heard she… That she... How is she??”

Mr. Kim smiled, warmly.

“Resting now, so you can’t visit her today, unfortunately. It’s been a little hard, but she’s tough.” He replied, sadly. “And she always asks of you. It’s been too long since you’ve- JIMIN-SSI!! What’s the matter with you??”

Jimin had completely broken down at this point, sobbing into his hands.

“W-what’s wrong with her!” Jimin wailed, through his tears. “I need to see her!”

Tae’s father shot an accusing glare at his son in the passenger seat.

“Have you not told him anything, Taehyung??” Mr. Kim demanded. “How could you!?”

“He’s had a lot going on, appa.” Tae said, shrugging lightly, but moved forward to pat Jimin’s back gingerly.

His father also stuck his arm through the open window to wrap around Jimin’s shoulders, which were heaving from his sobs.

“Jimin-ssi, stop! She’ll be FINE! There was a small scare, but she got through her procedures successfully. She’s only resting, son.” He held Jimin reassuringly, until the tears subsided. “Come over tomorrow; she’ll be delighted to see you!”

Jimin nodded, wiping his face.

“I will…” He promised, Tae’s father, hoarsely. “I’ll be here.”

The older man nodded approvingly and left after sending Tae another frustrated look.
Jimin rolled up the window and took a few, deep calming breaths.

There was no excuse for the way he had treated his family.

None.

Yoongi might be his partner for life- but Taehyung and the Kim’s were there first.

“What do you want, Tae Tae?” Jimin asked, brokenly, turning to his best friend. “Tell me what you really want, and I swear to God I’ll hear you. I’ll listen to you, I swear.”

Tae’s eyes softened and lost their harshness, as he fidgeted in his seat.

“I want what you have, Jiminie. What money can’t buy.”

Jimin blew his nose, accepting Tae’s tissues from the same stash he offered Jungkook.

“And you truly think you’ve found that in Jungkook?” He countered, still trying his best to dissuade his friend. “You don’t even know him… I could take you places? Cool spots where you could meet other men…”

“You asked me what I wanted, Jimin.” Tae reminded. “I was HORRIFIED to hear what Jay was and what he did. But remember, he was sick and he didn’t know you worked at that store. He didn’t know Yoongi would be there! And as for him setting Yoongi up- I know that was BEYOND fucked up- but Jiminie, you don’t understand the pressure that Chaebol kids are under! Failure is never an option. Second place isn’t even an option. Our lives are already planned out. Our careers are chosen. The decisions are already made, sometimes before we’re even born! Do you know how many times I’ve wanted to just run away from it all? That’s exactly what Jungkook did! He tried to escape the crushing pressure and got lost! Why else would a smart kid from a good home sell DRUGS??”

Jimin was struck into silence, absorbing Tae’s words.

The Chaebol life was the dream of every poor person everywhere.

Jimin had laid awake on many nights wishing he had rich, powerful parents in high places, grooming him for greatness almost from the womb; giving him a privileged childhood leading straight into a successful adulthood, where an important career- or maybe even a political seat- awaited him as soon as he came of age.

Being a struggling, middle class orphan had always been Jimin’s melancholy reality, but hearing Tae’s point of view was making him see things a little differently.

Tae’s parents gave Jimin unconditional support and advice, but they always maintained a respectful distance- never overstepping the boundary line between caring adult and blood relative.

Of course, it was hard having no real family, but instead, he had enjoyed a life of relative freedom.

He never had to ask to do anything, and even though there was no one to celebrate his achievements, nobody rebuked him for his failures either.

He didn’t have to come out of the closet to an angry father, or crying mother.

He didn’t have to worry about tarnishing a family reputation.

Nobody pressured him into doing anything he didn’t want to do.
All these years of envying Tae, and Tae had been wishing he had Jimin’s liberty all along.

Jimin sighed, long and shakily.

It was time to be the friend Tae deserved.

“Okay, Tae.” He whispered finally, almost not believing what he was about to say. "Ok... I hear you. And if it’s what you really want... Then I support you. And- and I'm sorry for being the shittiest friend on earth... But you have to promise to tell me everything from now on. No more secrets.”

Tae exhaled, relieved.

“Forgiven.” The brunette replied easily, as if the whole fight never even happened. “And no more secrets, I promise.”

Jimin nodded feeling like a million pounds had been lifted from his shoulders, and then Tae spoke up again:

"So you’ll tell Yoongi, then?"

Jimin’s stomach dropped straight through the floor of the car.

Oh my God.

“Forget it, Tae Tae.” He said flatly, as fear gripped his heart like a cold hand. “Just forget it. You? Jay? OVER. It’s not gonna work.”

“I... But.. Why??” Tae asked, stricken.

“WHY??” Jimin yelped, clutching the wheel. “How can you even ask that?! If Yoongi doesn’t kill him first, Hobi surely will! They’ll NEVER allow this!”

“I don’t answer to Yoongi!” Tae said, haughtily. “That’s YOUR husband-to-be, not mine!”

“He’s involved in this, too!” Jimin yelled back, enraged.

“Well, he needs to know, Jimin! Stop being a fucking coward and figure it out!”

Fury and indignation roared through Jimin’s body. He had barely just gotten over ACCEPTING these circumstances, and now Tae was throwing the problem child right in his lap.

“Fine, Tae! YOU tell him yourself, then!”

Without thinking, Jimin pounded the fancy video interface on the car, until he managed to dial Yoongi’s number.

Yoongi answered after less than a half a ring, which, admittedly, Jimin hadn’t been expecting AT ALL.

Jimin-ah? Yoongi inquired, swiftly, as if he’d been sitting right by the phone, waiting for this moment.

His voice rippled like the smoothest, warmest honey pouring through the surround sound speakers of the car.

The friends looked at each other silently, then stared at the dashboard screen in terror.
Jimin’s rage vanished in a nanosecond, and he literally couldn’t believe what satan had just made him do.

This was a BAD idea.

Jimin?? Yoongi repeated, and they could hear him turning down his music in the background.

Are you there, baby??

Tae was squeezing Jimin’s hand like he was in labor, and making rapid motions to cut off the call.

“H-hi, hyung…” Jimin whispered, fearfully.

Oh, there you are.

Are you having a good day?

Jimin immediately turned to mush in his seat.

Yoongi did this to him every time.

Despite the fact that the elder had been working nonstop, here he was, concerned over whether Jimin was having a good day.

All of Jimin’s worries and craziness from the last few hours disappeared, and he found himself leaning toward the screen, wishing he could pass through it and fall into Yoongi’s lap.

Jimin-ah???

“I miss you…” Jimin said in a dopey, little voice, partially because he had nothing else to say, but mostly because he really did miss him desperately.

There was a short pause, as the elder turned his music off entirely.

Good thing you know where I live.

The elder's voice had a touch of amusement.

When will I see you?

Jimin wanted to scream ‘RIGHT NOW’ and take off, speeding directly to the source of that deep, sexy voice, but fought to maintain composure.

“Oh, soon I just, uhh… I just- was checking if you needed, umm...?” He stuttered, fumbling for words.

Beside him, Tae was making frantic feeding motions.

“Some food, or...??” Jimin added quickly, staring at Tae for more suggestions.

Tae grabbed a notebook and opened it, pointing at the pages.

“Oh, or paper??”

Tae rolled his eyes and started waving a face towel in Jimin's face.
“Paper towels!” Jimin shouted, finally understanding. “Do we need… paper towels?”

Another longer pause, and then:

I need you to come home.

Jimin didn’t need to be told twice.

“O-okay… See you..” He managed to squeak, before ending the call.

He sat back, dazed and breathless.

“You guys are gross.” Tae whined.

Jimin turned, surprised.

He had almost forgotten Tae was there.

“Yea, well, what happened to "don’t be a coward"??” Jimin shot back, flustered. “You clammed up like a little BITCH as soon as he answered!”

“I wasn’t ready.” Tae folded his arms, stubbornly.

“Well, you need to GET ready, Tae!”

“You said you’d support me, Jimin!”

“I WILL, I just- I need time!”

“How much!!??”

“I DON’T KNOW!! You haven’t even talked to Kook yet! How do you know this... THING is even a thing!!??”

Tae went quiet.

“You have a point, Chim. Ok… I’ll call him tonight, and see how that goes. If it’s… a thing… I’ll text you, and you can talk to Yoongi. And if it’s not, then… I-I dunno...”

Tae trailed off, woefully, and Jimin’s heart constricted.

He’d never really seen the brunette sad before.

“Taehyungie…” Jimin said, softly, rubbing Tae’s arm and trying very hard to forget that his unbelievably handsome friend was, well, gay. “If I were Jungkook, I’d rush to make you mine. He would be CRAZY not to.”

“You really think so?” Tae whispered.

“I fucking know so, you idiot.”

Tae chuckled and nodded, taking Jimin’s hand and squeezing it gently.

They sat like this for a warm moment, until Tae lifted Jimin’s hand to his face, inspecting it closely.

Jimin looked on curiously, as Tae interlaced his long fingers with Jimin’s smaller ones.
His heart jumped into his mouth when Tae turned his big, gorgeous eyes to him in a pointed, unwavering stare.

When Tae moved closer, Jimin’s heart stopped working completely, and a light sweat started to appear on his palm that was still snugly held inside Tae’s larger hand.

Suddenly, he could smell Tae everywhere.

That wasn’t exactly new, but he was almost assaulted by the brunette’s light musky cologne all around him.

Jemin could feel his mouth open in time with the widening of his eyes.

“Tae…” Jimin whispered in warning, when his best friend leaned in so close that he could finally see the perfect pores Tae had been complaining about all day.

But that didn’t stop Tae from bringing his free hand up to Jimin’s cheek, stroking softly, down across his face and over his bottom lip slowly.

Jemin’s lip quivered unintentionally, and his mind raced to the one kiss he’d shared with Tae on a stupid dare.

That had been all drunken fun and games.

*This* was something else, entirely.

The way Tae glanced from Jimin’s mouth to his eyes so goddamn SLOWLY, made it seem like the brunette could bend and control time.

“Jiminnie…” Tae replied, raggedly.

Jemin held his breath.

He wanted to squeeze his eyes shut, but he couldn’t, so he stared in open-mouthed wonder, as Tae erased the last inch of space between their lips, which at this point, were all but joined.

Tae grazed lightly against Jimin's mouth.

And then he laughed.

He laughed so loud, in fact, that Jimin screamed in fear and banged his head against the window.

The brunette was still giggling when he exited the car and turned to smile down at Jimin’s petrified face.

“You fucking BASTARD- it’s *not* funny!” Jimin roared.

“You’re worse than Hobi.” Tae mused, with a devilish grin. “At least he can pretend he doesn’t want it.”

Jemin spluttered, but couldn’t formulate an intelligent response at that moment.

“Don’t forget you’re visiting my mom tomorrow.” Tae reminded, before slamming the car door and sauntering off.

'"ASSHOLE!!" Jimin yelled after him once he'd located his voice, but Tae was already gone.
Jimin slumped in his seat, feeling like he’d just finished a triathlon.

It had been a LONG day.

Yet, Jimin felt that things had ended on a high note.

Sort of.

He’d repaired his damaged friendship and got Tae to reveal his secrets. And now that he had more time and less responsibilities, he’d be able to check on Tae’s parents more often.

Jungkook was still an unsettling thought, but after hearing how unhappy Tae had been for so long, Jimin was willing to be supportive for his friend’s sake.

The only thing left was Yoongi.

Jimin groaned internally as he drove home, his powerful convertible hugging the road and taking him there far faster than the nervous butterflies in his stomach appreciated.

He turned on the radio, and sure as shit, Yoongi's voice filtered through beautifully in his new single that was circulating the airwaves.

Jimin switched it off, feeling positively sick.

All he wanted to do was relax with his fiancé, maybe even watch a movie, but Tae had effectively ruined that plan with his fucking misguided crush.

Jimin’s mind was a mess, as he considered all the different scenarios that might play out at home, each one worse than the last, and all of them ending in some variation of the elder never speaking to him again.

*Yoongi loves me.*

*And I love him.*

As the lights of their pretty home came into view, twinkling against the purple dusk, Jimin tried to use the lessons he was learning in his therapy sessions to cope with the impending confrontation.

He was seeing a counselor twice a week, and though he was initially wary of unburdening his life to a stranger, he had to admit that the visits were helping him conquer demons he never even knew he had.

One of the main things he was working on was communication- especially with Yoongi. The therapist had listened to Jimin closely, and determined that the couple had polar opposite methods of expressing themselves, and this was the root of all evil in their relationship.

Lesson number one, was to remember at all times, that they love each other unconditionally, and this would turn any argument into a calm conversation.

*Yoongi loves me.*

*And I love him.*

*This will turn an argument into a calm conversation.*

Jimin pulled his car to a stop in the garage next to Yoongi’s larger SUV, still reciting his therapist's
teachings over and over in his head, until he started to gain some confidence.

This wasn't that big of a deal, right?

He'll just calmly explain to his fiancé, that by an inexplicable turn of events, Tae and Jungkook have become an unlikely couple- much like him and Yoongi did.

Easy.

Everything was going to be fine.

_Yoongi loves me._
Onyx Sun: Part I

Chapter Summary

Best friends: we meet again!

- DID YOU ENJOY JIN DAY?! WE STAN A FINE ASS MAN WHO PLAYS GAMES WITH US ON HIS BIRTHDAY!
- DID YOU SEE JOONIE DO THAT DOUBLE HAND HAIR SWEEP ON JIN'S VLIVE? Y'ALL, I'M NOT OK.
- DID YOU WATCH THE MELON AWARD SHOW? DID YOU SEE MY BABY'S FAN DANCE AND HOBI BAREFOOT!?? *FAINT*
- THEY SAY THE MAMA STAGE WILL BE EVEN BETTER. AH, FUCK. I NEED ASSISTANCE.

Chapter Notes

Alas, this is not a 15,000 word chapter. I don't have the time/strength to write, proof, and edit a monster right now, so I'm going back to my days of teensy, little 9000 word chapters, lolol. My initial chapters were 3-4000 words! Wow, I've sure grown up. I have a challenging 3-4 days ahead of me and I really wanted to get something out there for you, and I also think it's nice to have something a bit smaller to digest.

In my journey here, I've made a great friend and fellow author, N_oir. And she's written a whopper of a story called Thirsty. I have the privilege of beta reading this for her, though it doesn't need much help, cus it's a masterpiece. Please find her page and check out this awesome Yoonmin Vampire AU. It's BLOODY GOOD. Hehehe. (Jin Joke).

Finally- I think you guys are just great. You've given me so much hope, inspiration, and courage. In Jimin's words: I'm happy you exist. For this reason, I'd love to give back! In honor of my birthday (Dec. 18th) Jin's birthday (Dec. 4th) Tae's birthday (Dec. 30th) and Christmas, I'll be doing several BTS/BT21 merch giveaways all month on Twitter! I really have SO MUCH STUFF, and I can't think of a better group of people to share with.

You can find me on twitter @Mizzteek and follow me for details on the prizes and raffles and stuff. I'll also put details here for those who aren't twitter users. No purchase necessary, and I will pay your shipping!

I purple you guys!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Jimin was enveloped in warmth as soon as he stepped over the threshold of the entrance that connected the kitchen to the garage.

As usual, a steady bass pulse was beating from deep within the house. Which meant that, as usual, Yoongi was hard at work.

Jimin sighed contentedly.

It had been a good long while since his ordeal in Chen’s shitty apartment, and yet, he was almost happy for that terrible experience, because it gave him such a profound love and appreciation for his new living situation.

Unlike Yoongi’s sleek and chic condo in Seoul, this house belonged to THEM and not just the elder. It was Jimin’s first real, forever home.

His palace with his king.

Jimin smiled as he slipped on his fuzzy house shoes and made his way into the gourmet kitchen. It was large and warm and fitted with the best and newest technology. His fingertips grazed the marble tops and shiny chrome appliances with deep satisfaction.

Anyone watching would have thought it rather odd for him to treat each day like it was his first day there, despite them moving in months ago.

But Jimin didn’t care.

His house was absolutely gorgeous and he had no shame in fanboying over it every time he walked through the door.

Jimin’s smile widened as he made his customary slow walk through the expansive living room, his feet sinking into the ultra plush carpeting.

The hanging lights switched on automatically as he stepped beneath him, bathing him in a bright welcome.

Unlike their old Seoul place, which was almost futuristically modern, this house had a touch of historic appeal.

Jimin recalled seeing it for the first time, when he walked in hand-in-hand with Yoongi.

The beautiful two story house was set over a mile back from the main roads at the end of a winding, tree-lined lane that was as scenic as it was serene.

Jimin was immediately sold on the interior, as it made use of unprocessed wood and cobblestone for the ceilings and walls, giving the place a cottage-like quality that made it feel more like a secluded log cabin than an upscale home in the heart of the city.

The couple made quick work of furnishing it comfortably and calling it home.

And now, even more beautiful than the natural walls, were the pictures hanging on them.

Jimin had never had family portraits before- not even a childhood photo. But now, their home was filled with them.
He walked by and touched each one reverently, and his smile broke into a soft chuckle at his fiancé's hilarious expressions in every frame.

Yoongi looking scared and disheveled on a rollercoaster with Jimin and Tae.

Yoongi looking reluctant while wearing a hanbok with Jimin and Umma in a traditional tea house.

Yoongi looking harassed while cutting his own birthday cake at his party a few months back.

There were half a dozen more around the living and dining rooms that included various friends and family- and Yoongi looked suicidal in ALL of them.

With one exception.

There was a solitary photo of just the two of them, in which Jimin was grinning and holding a bottle of champagne, while a beaming Yoongi clutched an award for his debut album which had risen to certified gold status on the charts.

Jimin looked positively blind, due to his eyes being reduced to smoky slits, and Yoongi was nothing but teeth and gums.

The picture wasn’t their most flattering, but it was the happiest the pair had ever been.

The award itself, a commemorative gold plated album, was displayed in the shadow box gifted to Yoongi from Yeri and Sana, and surrounded by more photos of jubilation with Hobi and Namjoon.

Jimin lingered in front of these for a long time.

That had been a great night.

Every wall had picture perfect moments of their life together, and in their eyes was the promise of more to come.

If only they could get past this present disaster.

The weight of Tae’s secret presented itself, heavy and painful in the pit of Jimin’s stomach- where the nervous butterflies had resumed their restless flapping.

_Calm down._

*Yoongi loves me.*

*And I love him.*

Jimin sighed and returned to the grand kitchen.

Maybe he should make something for Yoongi’s dinner first?

That might at least _help._

He exhaled anxiously and started searching for the wok. Yoongi loves his meat, so maybe a beef stir-fry?

There were so many cabinets full of _so many_ cooking appara- tuses that Jimin was finding it hard to locate anything at all.
“Hi.”

Jimin was neck deep in a floor cupboard when he heard Yoongi’s voice, and promptly banged his head on the cabinet’s roof, sending pots and pans flying in a deafening crash.

*Oh nooooo….*

Yoongi was staring at him with a raised eyebrow as Jimin pulled himself up, painfully.

“You ok?”

The elder’s hands were hidden in the deep pockets of his soft, loose pants and he was shirtless- as he often was at home.

Unwilling to go fully blonde, Yoongi had decided on a blend of dark roots and lighter highlights, making him look more golden than platinum. He kept his hair a bit longer these days- and tonight- it was pushed back with a simple black headband and layered over his brows in soft waves.

His shrewd, cat-like eyes studied Jimin from behind his stylish, black reading glasses.

*Daddy...*

No, Jimin was definitely NOT ok.

He didn’t know if it was nerves or lust, but *something* was making the butterflies in his stomach go absolutely haywire.

“Hey?” Yoongi stepped closer, looking concerned. “Did you hurt yourself?”

“N-no…” Jimin breathed in a barely audible response.

Yoongi’s eyes narrowed from behind his square frames.

“You sure? You look like you might have a concussion.”

Jimin figured he’d be doing a lot better if Yoongi would put a fucking shirt on.

“I’m ok.” Jimin swallowed and tried to act natural, but how the hell was he supposed to do that with Yoongi half bared, wearing glasses and a headband? “I’m fine, really.”

The elder pursed his lips and nodded at the mess on the floor.

“What the hell were you doing?” He inquired, with his typical finesse.

Jimin looked at the floor stupidly.

“I was, um… I was gonna make you dinner.”

Yoongi pulled his face into a strange expression and approached Jimin slowly.

Each step made Jimin’s heart pound wildly, and while his fiancé’s presence always had a huge effect on him, Jimin knew that tonight was 100 times worse- because he was hiding something from his hyung.

Something huge.

And though Yoongi had taught him on several occasions that trying to fool the elder was,
well-foolish here Jimin stood, trying to do it, anyway.

Yoongi picked up the pots and placed them on the counter, then turned to open the double doors of their massive refrigerator.

He stepped back so Jimin could see the contents.

There were several large, glass serving dishes, full of all their favorite foods.

But all Jimin could focus on was how Yoongi’s nipples hardened when the cool, refrigerated air touched them.

“Bohyun noona cooked for us already, Jimin-ah? Remember?”

The elder’s voice was melodically rich and deep with a hint of questioning underneath.

Jimin had to swallow again to moisten his dry mouth.

Bohyun.

The maid.

FUCK.

He was so strung out with anxiety, he’d completely forgotten about the woman who came three times a week to cook and clean.

“I- shit. I forgot she was working today, hyung.”

A weekly maid was something Jimin hadn’t quite grown accustomed to yet.

Yoongi cocked his head, inquisitively.

“You let her in this morning before you left.” The elder, reminded.

DOUBLE FUCK.

He had.

This morning seemed like a lifetime ago.

Jimin shook his head and made a painful attempt at an easy smile.

“Wow, I guess it’s just been a long day, hyung! So... You’ve eaten, then?”

Yoongi closed the fridge and crossed his arms, thankfully covering the small, tight mounds Jimin couldn’t stop staring at.

With that distraction gone, Jimin was now struggling to stop glancing at the bulge of Yoongi’s manhood that was hardly hidden by his thin lounge pants.

“How so?”

Jimin blinked at the elder’s question.

“Uh... What?”
“You said today was a long day.” Yoongi explained, leaning against the kitchen island and crossing his ankles, causing his bulge to... bulge. “Was that in a good way or a bad way?”

The worst way.

“A good way…” Jimin shrugged, measuring his response, so he didn’t say it too quickly.

“Yea? What was so good about it?”

Jimin’s palms were warm and sweaty. Since when was Yoongi so FUCKING CHATTY?

“Oh, you know... It was just nice.”

Jimin tried to mimic the elder’s relaxed pose by leaning against the sink and crossing his own arms.

You’ve got this, Jimin.

You’ve GOT this!

Yoongi came closer, nodding.

“You were at the spa today.”

The elder wasn’t asking. It was a statement.

A million alarm bells went off in Jimin’s head.

HOLY FUCKING SHIT.

WHAT ELSE DOES HE KNOW???

He shot up from the counter, as if it was suddenly alive with an electric current.

“You… How???” Jimin squeaked, his mind whizzing furiously. “Are you tracking my car??!”

The elder’s head snapped back in surprise, and he threw his hands up in confusion.

“Jimin- what the fuck? NO, I’m not!” Yoongi defended, vehemently. “I got an email from them with a HUGE bill! I was happy that you went!”

Jimin made a supreme effort to NOT exhale in relief.

Of course...

That certainly made sense. Yoongi was the account holder, so all the bills would go to him, wouldn’t they?

“There’s no tracker in your car, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi pressed, sounding hurt. “And if you care to recall, I’ve never used one to locate you before.”

Jimin blanched.

Everything was going straight to hell and he hadn’t even told Yoongi about Tae yet!

“I’m sorry, hyung. I-I’m an idiot. I’m sorry…”

Yoongi relaxed immediately and took Jimin’s hand, pulling him closer. His features were gentle and
Jimin braced a hand on the elder’s bare chest, his stunning engagement ring glowing against Yoongi’s pale skin.

Jimin’s mouth, which was previously cottony dry, seemed to be watering now as he blinked at Yoongi’s perfect face and clung to his body.

For someone who wasn’t into aesthetics, Yoongi was some type of gorgeous.

The way his eyes slanted upwards, pristine and feline-like.

The shape of his face which was somewhere beautifully between round and pointed.

The soft lips that were skilled in so many more ways than one.

“What’s the matter with you, Jimin-ah? Is everything ok?”

No.

“Yea…”

Yoongi looked unconvinced.

“Did you not the enjoy the Cocoa House? Should we find somewhere else?”

Jimin groaned internally, feeling like shit.

“Nooo, hyung- it was amazing!”

“You sure?? Did something happen??” Yoongi prodded, holding Jimin gently around the waist.

*Besides Taehyung and Jungkook? No, not really.*

Jimin buried his face in Yoongi’s neck. He smelled so good, even though he’d been cooped up at home all day.

“I’m just tired, hyung.” He mumbled, as Yoongi rubbed his back.

He knew lying was pointless.

Even if he managed to get away with it now, he couldn’t keep up the charade for long. It was way too stressful, and Yoongi was way too smart.

But at the moment- Jimin just wanted to be held. He’d been missing the elder all day.

Yoongi pulled away slowly, and removed his glasses with a sigh, before looking deep into Jimin’s eyes.

“Jemin-ah… *I know*…”

Jimin’s heart inflated and exploded with a mixture of horror and relief.

*He knows??????????*

He couldn’t help his hands coming up to rub his face, tiredly.

*Well. That’s that.*
It's all over.

Time to explain everything.

Jimin took a deep, steadying breath and readied himself for the confessional.

It was now or never.

Yoongi loves me… He’ll understand.

“Ok, hyung… So, today-”

“I know that this lifestyle adjustment is really hard and different for you.” Yoongi interrupted.

Jimin’s mouth snapped shut, his eyes wide with disbelief.

“You’re overwhelmed, I get it.” The elder continued, not noticing the younger’s bewildered face. “The money, the maid, the car, everything… It’s a lot to take in, and I haven’t been here for you. I give you all these things to make you happy… But I know that’s not what you really want- not what you’re here for. And I was stupid to think so. I’m so sorry…”

Of all the things Jimin had expected to hear, this wasn’t one of them.

He had to unglue his tongue from the roof of his mouth to try and speak.

“Uhh… I…”

“It’s ok, baby, you don’t have to say anything.” Yoongi took Jimin’s hands in his. “I should have been with you at that spa today. I should have watched you at your dance practice. You left your job for me. Not for material shit, but for ME. Things will be different from now on, ok? I’m gonna do better, be better.”

He squeezed Jimin’s hands gently, and brought them to his lips with gentle kisses.

“Starting tonight.” Yoongi’s voice was just a warm rumble and there was so much love in his eyes.

Jimin hoped that the mask of purest shock he was wearing wasn’t totally inappropriate for the circumstances.

In spite of the remarkable intuition and deep emotional responsibility Yoongi was displaying, Jimin was eternally thankful that the elder DID NOT accompany him to the spa today.

What a SHIT SHOW that would have been.

Maybe even a bloodbath.

Still, Jimin couldn’t believe that he had just been wishing earlier today to spend more time with his hyung.

And Yoongi had completely felt his unspoken need and fulfilled it.

He was always in tune, always in sync with the younger’s feelings- even if he didn’t openly show it.

It was like a superpower.

“Starting... tonight?” Jimin repeated, faintly, still coming to terms with this crazy turn of events.
Yoongi answered by helping Jimin out of his leather jacket that he’d actually forgotten to take off. The elder sucked in a surprised breath.

“What the fuck are you wearing, baby…?” He whispered, mystified.

Jimin’s eyes darted down to his frame.

He was still in the princely outfit from the spa’s elite wardrobe.

“Oh, this? It’s just from the Cocoa House…”

Yoongi ran his finger down the translucent front of the tunic, stopping to play gently with the interwoven gems.

He looked up at Jimin, carefully.

“Everybody goes around dressed like this?”

Jimin was burning under Yoongi’s inspection. His eyes followed the path of the elder’s slender forefinger, and he couldn’t help thinking about the magic that digit was capable of.

“No… Not everyone.” Jimin cleared his throat and fidgeted. “It’s just a few. The membership you bought, it’s kind of...” He hesitated, trying to find a better word than ‘unnecessary’. “It’s pretty exclusive. I think only a handful of members actually have it."

Yoongi was silent for a long moment, before breaking into a smug smile.

“Good.” He declared, finally. “And things were ok for you? The service, the people?”

Jimin nodded vigorously.

He didn’t trust himself to lie out loud.

Not with Yoongi standing 3 inches away.

“Can I fix you something?”

“No, hyung- thanks.” Jimin answered, quickly. “I’m not hungry right now.”

At least that much was true.

The butterflies had lost their last bit of sanity, and were thrashing about wildly, killing his appetite.

Yoongi hummed and pressed a soft kiss to Jimin’s cheek, then led him by hand to their living room.

“I’ve been meaning to finally use this...” The elder muttered, as he gathered a few items to light the huge and beautifully recessed fireplace in the stone wall.

Jimin stood pointlessly in the middle of the room and watched.

On one hand, it was an exciting rush to actually enjoy their home together for a change. Usually, Jimin would lounge around on his own while Yoongi worked.

Or, he’d go shopping with Tae and Umma, while Yoongi worked.

Or, he’d sleep…
While Yoongi worked.

But on the other hand, now was the absolute WORST night for him to spend quality time with his hyung,

Every second he held this explosive secret was a risk.

He tried helplessly to figure a way out, but was too distracted by a bare-chested Yoongi, bent over in front of him, tending to the fire.

**Wowww.**

Trim and slim as he was, the elder's ass was simply breathtaking.

The fire was quickly roaring, and Yoongi turned down the lights and started some soft music, all with a quick voice command.

Their dove gray sofas, six of them arranged in a square around the room, were suddenly alive with dancing shadows from the flames. The atmosphere was warm and romantic, and Jimin couldn’t fight the heavy comfortable feeling that was weighing his limbs down.

It really had been a hell of a long day…

Yoongi sat on the deep ivory carpet that covered the floor, and motioned for Jimin to join him.

Jemin gulped in the firelight.

Ok.

This isn’t so bad.

We’ll just make love and fall asleep.

Jemin thought this was actually the best possible outcome for the night.

No talking, no interrogations from the elder.

Just some good sex and goodnight. The rest of this mess can be figured out tomorrow...

Perfect.

Jemin smiled and sat down next to Yoongi on the plush rug. Deciding that there was no reason to waste anymore time, he climbed into the elder’s lap and went for a kiss.

Yoongi returned the kiss for a second, then pulled away laughing.

“Hey! Slow down, horn dog.” The elder shrieked, backing away as if Jimin was a rabid animal. “I thought we might talk a bit tonight!”

Jemin sat back, stunned.

Did Yoongi just say talk??

That was his LEAST favorite thing to do.

“I thought…” Jimin started, hesitantly.
“We fuck all the time.” Yoongi stated, with his characteristic bluntness. “When I said we were going to spend time together, I really meant it. So, talk to me.”

Jimin couldn’t understand what he’d done to deserve this.

Of ALL days for Yoongi to get sentimental, it just HAD to be today.

He scurried to lean back against the nearest sofa, putting some much needed distance between him and the elder. He prayed that with the few feet of space, dim lighting, and a lot of luck, Yoongi might not be able to see the betrayal written all over his face.

“Ok… What do you wanna talk about, hyung?”

This was entirely new.

“Well, let’s see…” Yoongi started. “You’ve been writing a lot, lately. What are you working on?”

Jimin raised both eyebrows in surprise.

He truly had been writing a ton these days. He had more time, less stress, and more inspiration. But he was astonished that the elder had been able to divorce from his music long enough to notice this.

“Wow. I didn’t realize you knew, hyung.”

“I know everything, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi quipped, leaning back on his hands, lazily.

A chill shot up Jimin’s spine.

Oh, fuck, fuck, FUCK.

Stay calm. Be calm!

“Ummm… So, it’s just, you know, my poems and stuff.”

There was actually a lot more to the “and stuff” but Jimin was too shaken to get into that now.

“Ok. How about you read me one?”

The silence that ensued was so profound, Jimin could count the number of times the fire crackled on the hearth.

“Read you one??” Jimin couldn’t hide the surprise in his voice.

Yoongi nodded at the younger’s startled face.

“Why?” Jimin blurted.

What the hell was this, a literary hour?

“Why not?” The elder answered, easily. “You know I love them, and I’ve never heard you actually read one before.”

OH, GAWWW..

Most of Jimin’s recent work centered around his relationship with Yoongi.

And while the elder had caught a few lines here and there, either scribbled on paper or left up on
Jimin’s computer, it was a totally different matter to READ ONE OUT LOUD.

Jimin’s butterflies started to go into death throes.

“Well, there’s a lot of them…” Jimin argued, lamely.

Yoongi laid on his side and rested his head on an elbow-propped hand. The fire was directly behind him, casting the half-naked elder in a warm, orange glow.

It appeared the more stressed Jimin got, the more relaxed Yoongi was.

“Just choose your favorite and read me that.” The elder proposed.

Jimin stared at his fiancé.

Is he kidding?

“Hyung… I have hundreds.” Jimin retorted. “There’s no way I could ever choo-“

“Fine, then.” The elder interrupted, nonplussed. “Just pick one at random.”

Jimin sighed, defeated.

He wanted to argue further, but he felt bad about being difficult when Yoongi was obviously trying to connect.

If only he wasn’t carrying the weight of the entire FUCKING UNIVERSE on his shoulders right now, he might actually be enjoying himself. It was incredibly sweet for Yoongi to show such genuine interest in what was nothing more than a hobby for the younger.

And if Jimin was to be honest… Reciting his innermost feelings to his fiancé on a cold night, in front of a crackling fire was a pretty amazing way to spend the evening.

“Ok… Hang on…”

Jimin jogged upstairs to his personal room (he didn’t like referring to it as an office) that sat across a long hallway from their master bedroom. He loved the new set-up where he could write, study, or read in peace, away from the bustle of the rest of the house.

And especially away from the thumping sounds that were always pouring out of Yoongi’s sprawling studio on the lower level.

The elder had paid a pretty penny to fit his entire lab with soundproof walls- but Jimin only allowed the noise to be dampened by 80%.

Yoongi had wanted to soundproof it all the way, but the younger strictly forbade the him from doing so.

As it was, Yoongi already worked all night, eating cheap prepackaged foods, unless given something wholesome by Jimin, Umma, or the maid. He fell asleep there often, too, sometimes on the leather sofa, and sometimes just collapsing on his desk. And he could spend days on end in that lab, even bathing there, courtesy of the private bathroom.

The filtered sounds of the elder’s music was Jimin’s easiest way of knowing whether Yoongi was alive or had died right there on his equipment, so he stubbornly refused to have it completely silenced.
He smiled ruefully at the memory of the heated debate he had with Yoongi over the whole thing. The technicians had stood around awkwardly, waiting to install the insulation, before giving up and leaving.

It had taken three therapy sessions before Jimin could finally face the elder and come to a workable agreement.

It was something to laugh about now, but it had been a warzone at the time.

Jimin was still chuckling, as he grabbed the notebook containing his best and most recent work. He had notebooks everywhere.

They were strewn across his two desks, his bedside table, kitchen counter, and his car. Inspiration came to him all the time now, but this particular notebook held his greatest compilation— as well as a huge project he was working on, but not ready to disclose to his fiancé, or anyone else, for that matter.

He returned to the fireside living room to find the elder stretched out on the floor with his hands folded behind his head. The low lighting was enough to illuminate the flat perfection of Yoongi’s stomach and the faint, dark trail of hair leading down to the hidden paradise in his pants.

Jimin willed himself to stop gazing at the outline of the elder’s cock.

*God, he isn’t even hard…*

*Stop it! Concentrate!*

It was absolutely imperative that Jimin maintained a natural composure for however long this torturous night was going to last— but the tug of war between the immense horniness he was feeling and the guilt he was carrying was almost unbearable.

Something had to give.

And soon.

“Can you see?” Yoongi asked, hoisting himself up on his elbows to peer at the younger.

“Huh?”

Jimin didn’t hear the question, nor did he appreciate the elder opening his legs right in front of him like that.

How many fucking positions did this man need before he got comfortable?

“The light’s really low.” Yoongi explained, crossing an ankle over his knee and shaking it lightly. “Can you see?”

Jimin nodded mutely and flipped through his notes, trying to find the least mortifying poem.

Yoongi didn’t rush him, but the knowledge that he was laying there, legs slightly spread, and waiting for Jimin to reveal a piece of his soul was bad enough.

Even the time he’d danced for the elder wasn’t as nerve-wracking as this.

No one could DENY that Jimin was a damn good dancer.
Being a good writer was a matter of opinion, however.

“Hmm…” Jimin hummed, thoughtfully as he perused.

Every time he thought he’d found a good one, he immediately rejected it after skimming over the first few lines.

Too short…

Too cute…

TOO HOT.

Fuck!

Jimin was desperately trying to find something that was meaningful; something that really conveyed the marvel and the wonder that Yoongi was in his eyes. But at the same time, not too cliché, and not too sappy.

It had to be just right.

The elder cleared his throat politely.

Shit.

Suddenly Jimin’s eyes fell upon a simple, mid-length poem. It wasn’t his best, but he could still remember the exact moment he penned it; still feel the rush of emotion that gave birth to the words.

It would have to do.

“Ok, hyung… Ready?” Jimin asked, even though he felt the exact opposite of that.

“Of course. And make sure you speak up. I wanna hear you...”

Help.

Jimin nodded and took a readying breath.

It’s just Yoongi.

No big deal.

What am I saying????

IT’S AN ENORMOUS DEAL.

Jimin cleared his throat and started:

A short life is better than a long dream lost

Too often, I’ve walked this line, razor thin

At first I saw nothing

And then I saw him
The enigma, who’s covered in lava and frost
I’m freezing and burning beneath his dark sky
I’ve made up my mind; I’m willing to die
Just to exist in the back of your mind
As the twinkle you’ll see in the blink of an eye
Imagine the things I could show you tonight
If only I had just a little more time
If you are creation, then I am destroyed
And we are infinity filling the void
He is the onyx sun rising to glory
Our moment has come
The one that you showed me
We are the lie that is living in truth
We are the proof
And this is my story
Written for you.

There was only deafening silence once Jimin finished speaking.
Nothing but silence.
Jimin hated this part.
The part where Yoongi assimilated his stone form and you couldn’t tell what he was thinking or if he was even breathing.
Jimin was about to say something, anything, when the elder sat up abruptly, his eyes boring into Jimin’s as the flames’ shadows continued to dance on his skin.
“When- when did you write that?”
Jimin considered lying, but ultimately decided that he’d done quite enough of that already tonight.
“The night you proposed to me.”
Yoongi looked down his bare torso at the floor for a beat.
“You’re not gonna die.” The elder declared, stiffly, returning his gaze to the younger. “Not for me or
anyone else.”

Jimin actually laughed a bit at this.

“It’s not literal, Yoongi.”

“Explain it to me, then.”

“Explain… what?” Jimin glanced at the notebook he was clutching. “Explain the poem?”

“Yea…? What does it mean? Why did you write it?”

“Oh my God, hyung…” Jimin whined. “Do you want a whole analysis??”

“Maybe later. For now, just tell me.”

Jimin slumped against the couch and sighed dramatically.

He was torn between feeling giddy from Yoongi’s interest and completely violated by it.

These were his most personal thoughts, after all.

In the end, he supposed the elder deserved to know, since it was about him, anyway.

“Fine, so… It’s all about the attraction of opposition.” Jimin started, slowly. “Lava and frost. Freezing and burning. A dark, onyx sun. These themes are supposed to… Kind of describe your duality, as well as our differences. The part about creation and destruction is the new beginning. The re-writing of history. Where…” Jimin hesitated at the finale for a moment. “Where we are living proof that something which is perceived as wrong, can be… right. And it can be beautiful.”

More silence, punctuated only by the logs popping in the fire.

"Onyx sun..." The elder murmured, softly. "Is that what you think of me?"

"Well, yea..." Jimin admitted. "It's not a bad thing, hyung. There's a darkness, but it's also warm. A dark, burning fire. And I feel comfortable there."

The elder was gazing at him with such rapt attention, one would have thought he was taking mental notes in preparation for a final exam.

“And the part where you wrote… ‘If only I had a little more time.’ What did you mean by that?”

Yoongi asked, quietly. “Why would you be out of time?”

Jimin shifted, uncomfortably.

“Because… It’s just… Never enough time, Yoongi. Even forever is not enough time.”

Yoongi seemed to shrink under the weight of Jimin’s declaration of endless love. But rather than feeling humiliated, Jimin felt oddly at peace. It was nice to share his thought process with the source of his greatest inspiration.

“Do you need a minute?” Jimin joked.

“It’s beautiful, Jimin-ah.” The elder whispered, staring at him intently with curiously damp eyes. “It’s just- it’s beautiful. Have you considered publishing?”
Jimin was euphoric over the praise until he heard Yoongi’s question.

“Like a book?”

“Yes, a book.” Yoongi confirmed, wiping his eyes with quick flicks of his hands. “You know? Like the ones you read?”

Jimin scoffed.

“It’s a hobby, Yoongi. A pastime.”

“Imagine if I said that about my music?” The elder, countered. “That it’s just a hobby. No one wants to hear it. Where would I be?”

“Yea, but that’s different, hyung… Music is your passion!”

“Are you not passionate about me, Jimin-ah?”

Yoongi’s voice dipped several octaves lower as he asked, a playful smile forming on his lips.

Jimin’s mouth was dry as cotton again.

It was a desert.

“I’ve read others of yours, too.” Yoongi continued, sparing Jimin the trouble of answering that loaded question. “Angry ones. Painful ones. Needy ones…” The elder pinned Jimin with another tiny smile. “They were all beautiful and full of passion. I’m just saying you should think about it… You have ten lifetimes of experience in your few years. You have something to say; something to share. That’s why you write. If you want to keep it all private, great. But if you’re willing to take that step… I can put you with the right people. Just say the word.”

For a brief second, Jimin let his mind wander to the possibility of being a published poet.

An author.

But the very next second, his natural anxiety and insecurity came to crush his budding dreams.

Who the hell would pay money to read his crap?

Also, all of Jimin’s romantic style writings clearly referenced another MAN.

How many award winning gay authors existed in Korea?

ZERO.

He’d be a laughing stock.

A joke.

Jimin felt Yoongi’s hand clasp his wrist, just as the walls of shame starting to close in on him.

“Calm down, Jimin, for fuck’s sake.”

Jimin found Yoongi’s eyes. They were equal parts gentle and exasperated, but it immediately put him at ease.

He hadn’t even said a word, but Yoongi knew he was distressed.
Yoongi always knew.

“I’m ok…” Jimin muttered. “I’m fine.”

“I didn’t mean to push you, baby.” Yoongi pleaded, ignoring Jimin’s statement.

“You didn’t, hyung. It was just sudden and I’d never considered it before. But now… I’m gonna think about it.”

“Really?”

“Really, hyung.” Jimin promised, smiling at Yoongi’s handsome face. “Thank you for even bringing it up.”

He meant it, too.

The prospect of sharing his work with the world was a brilliant and beautiful notion, even with the obvious fears. But Tae’s stupid secret was still sitting in his gut like an anvil, and he didn’t have the mental capacity to work through the pros and cons right now.

Yoongi’s hand slid from Jimin’s wrist to his palm, which he rubbed gently.

“Good. That’s great, Jimin-ah…”

Jimin tossed his notebook aside and locked fingers with his fiancé.

“Your turn.”

Yoongi gave him a quizzical look.

“Don’t look at me like that, Yoongi!” Jimin chided, laughing. “You wanted to know what I’ve been up to, now you tell me what’s going on with you!”

The elder shrugged.

“Same old shit.”

“Seriously, hyung?” Jimin snatched his hand away and crossed his arms. “Do better.”

“You already know what I do all day!”

“Hyung… You work, eat, and sleep in that lab.” Jimin pointed out. “It wasn’t this bad even when you were stressing over your debut, and now it’s getting worse everyday. I didn’t wanna bug you about it, but since we’re baring our souls, I’d like to know just what the hell is going on!”

The elder barked a short laugh.

“We’re hardly baring our souls, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi waved a careless hand. “I asked you to read ONE fucking poem. You wanna hear something of mine? Then go turn on the radio.”

Once upon a time, Jimin would have been totally put off by Yoongi’s douchebag attitude. He most likely would have said that right to his face, too, probably while yelling, and maybe even throwing something at the elder.

But things were different these days.
He was far less stressed and consequently, didn’t snap as easily as he used to. His therapy sessions were also teaching him to see beyond spoken words to understand deeper meanings.

For instance, Yoongi, who usually had no problem staring at people unabashedly, couldn’t quite meet Jimin’s eyes at the moment. And his sudden aggression, after being such a sweetheart all evening, was rather telling, as well.

The elder was uncomfortable.

Worried…

So, instead of advising his fiancé to shove the fire poker up his ass, Jimin reached out and stroked his face, lovingly.

“You can talk to me, you know.” Jimin reminded. “I’m not saying I have answers, but I love you and I’ll listen.”

And as if Jimin had uttered a spell, Yoongi was instantaneously transformed.

The rock formation that he lived in crumbled away, revealing his true form: a petite, young man, with a lot of heavy shit on his mind.

He sat there looking childlike and dejected, and Jimin waited patiently with a soft smile.

This was Yoongi in the raw.

The Yoongi that no one else could see except Jimin and Umma.

“We had this whole roadmap laid out- me, Hobi, and Monnie.” The elder said, suddenly. “Our debut album drops. Everything is great. Then, we dropped the second one with fewer, but better songs. Everything is still going to plan.” Yoongi paused and glanced briefly at the award hanging proudly on the wall. “It was time to switch it up, so we went solo and released the singles.”

“And everything is still great, hyung.” Jimin interrupted, confused. “Your solos are breaking ground every day.”

This was true.

The trio was seeing unexpected success from their independent work. Jimin actually heard Hobi’s entire ‘Hope World’ album everywhere he went.

“That’s the problem!” Yoongi shrieked in anguish. “It’s successful because we varied the sound. In order to STAY successful, we have to do it again and we’re just not prepared! Venues are calling me daily, trying to book us for new releases, and we don’t have them. The stores want to stock a new album, and we don’t have it. The radios want new material, and we just don’t fucking have it!”

Jumin scooted forward, entangling his legs with the elder’s.

“Ok, ok, ok…” Jimin soothed. “Just help me understand, hyung. How can you have no new material, when ALL you do is sit in your lab and work on new material? Monnie hyung calls you with fresh tracks almost every hour! I don’t get it!”

Yoongi looked up at Jimin with the most pitiful expression.

“Baby, we can’t just keep chugging out new cyphers. Do you SEE the competition?? Polished, professional groups with six, eight, twelve fucking people in them! They’re singing, they’re dancing,
they’re rapping, and they have HUGE labels supporting them.”

Jimin blinked.

“You… You wanna dance, hyung?”

Yoongi exhaled at the ceiling, as if Jimin was a small, stupid child.

“Like I said, we need to VARY OUR SOUND. We need slower, ballad tracks that have smoother vocals in it. We have the music, but no singers! I’ve been locked up in my lab holding auditions for weeks. I can’t find anyone that works- and the more time we waste, the harder it will be stay relevant!”

Jimin was shocked.

Nobody had set foot in their home, yet Yoongi was holding auditions??

“Auditions?” Jimin asked, dimly. "How? Like... Over video?"

“Of course.” Yoongi snapped. “This isn’t American Idol, Jimin-ah! They just send us a clip and we listen and see if it works.”

Jimin quelled the desire to slap the taste out of Yoongi’s mouth by reciting more of his therapist’s quotes.

*Love with kindness, not blindness.*

*Kindness, not blindness!*

Staring at him now, Jimin couldn’t stay mad. The elder had buried his head in his hands and looked to be on the verge of a breakdown.

“Oh, listen up, hyung.” Jimin said, sternly.

Yoongi snapped his head up, startled by the younger’s tone.

“I totally understand why this is troubling.” Jimin braced his hands on Yoongi’s slim thighs, and ignored the pang of longing that stirred in his loins, “But I’m sorry, you’ve seen worse than this. You’ve been broke. You’ve been knocked down. You’ve been outnumbered. You’ve been mortally wounded. And you came right back, better than ever, each and every time. You need to find a singer? Fine. You’ll find one. You and I BOTH know there’s nothing you can’t do, so get over it.”

Yoongi’s mouth was hanging open by the time Jimin was done.

Jimin shrugged, nonchalantly.

“What’s the worst that could possibly happen, hyung?” You don’t produce anymore records, and we lose it all and have to move out of this big house? Ok! You know I don’t care.”

“I care.” Yoongi whined, sounding wounded. “It’s only my LIFE’S WORK, and besides, how can you be so indifferent?? I do all of this for you! It’s the main reason why I’m so pissed at myself. You didn’t leave your job to follow a failure!”

Jimin rolled his eyes.

*Oh, Lord.*
For someone so stoical, Yoongi sure could be a drama queen sometimes.

“Youngi, I don’t think failure is how I’d categorize someone I literally heard on the radio as I was driving home. Failures don’t win awards for highest album sales. CHILL OUT. And yes, I’d still follow you, even with nothing. But that won’t happen. Just start fresh on your search tomorrow. I’ll even come in and help you listen to some of the auditions. Deal??”

A little life seeped back into Yoongi’s dead eyes.

“You’d do that?”

Jimin grinned.

“Hyung… What the fuck else am I doing all day?”

Yoongi smiled reluctantly at this, and soon the pair dissolved into easy laughter.

Jimin was warmed to see Yoongi giggling, with his gummy smile on full display.

It didn’t happen often enough.

When he felt the moment was right, Jimin linked his hand with Yoongi’s again and made his second attempt at kissing the elder.

This time, Yoongi let him.

Jimin leaned in, placing soft kisses along the elder’s jawline, and inched forward to cover Yoongi’s lips with his own. He breathed in sharply, taking in the spicy, musky scent of his hyung’s cologne.

They sighed into each other and deepened the kiss, but Jimin was starting to get a little uncomfortable from stretching forward to reach Yoongi’s mouth. The elder noticed and reached out for a soft cushion from the sofa, which he placed on the floor.

Jimin took the hint and laid back comfortably, supported nicely by the pillow.

Yoongi was over him an instant, licking Jimin’s lips and whispering how pretty he looked in his outfit.

Jimin was preening and glowing beneath his hyung, and he could just tell tonight was going to be different from the others.

It was true that their relationship didn’t lack intimacy, but the consistent travel and long work days for Yoongi put their lovemaking in something of a quantity over quality situation. They got enough of it, but it was often rushed and frenzied, and mostly backstage at shows- which wasn’t all bad- but it did leave Jimin missing the slow, meticulous lover he knew Yoongi to be.

Jimin smiled into the lazy kiss, gently fistng a handful of the elder’s hair as they swirled their tongues together.

The wet sounds of their moist, hungry mouths was suddenly punctuated by Jimin’s phone ringing in his pocket. Yoongi’s hand stuttered on its journey along the younger’s thigh, and he froze with Jimin’s bottom lip between his teeth.

Without missing a single beat, Jimin snatched the phone, killed the ringer, and tossed it violently across the carpet.
“Don’t stop…” He urged breathlessly, hooking his leg around the elder’s waist, locking him in place.

Yoongi obliged and returned to the moment, switching his focus to trailing his sinful tongue in slow strokes against Jimin’s neck. The younger moaned and arched his body, giving his hyung as much skin as possible to lick and suck on.

“Yoongiiiiii…..” Jimin mewled, when the elder reached his collar bone.

Yoongi muttered a heated response, but it was lost in the noise of Jimin’s phone vibrating from a few feet away where he’d tossed it.

*Shit! SHIT!!*

He’d silenced the ringing, but the vibration was almost deafening in the quiet room.

“Is that... Important?” Yoongi inquired, his keen eyes bright and piercing even in the partial darkness.

“NO.” Jimin stated, emphatically, glaring at the thing, like it was spawned from the seventh circle of hell. “Just ignore it, hyung… Please... Come here…”

He laced his fingers like a vice grip around the elder’s neck, one leg still wrapped tightly around his slim waist.

But the damage was done.

Yoongi carefully untangled himself from the younger’s hold, and Jimin immediately went into a state of panic.

“No, no, no!! Yoongi!” Jimin wailed, pathetically, trying to pull him back. “Daddy, please don’t!”

Jimin was heartbroken. All he wanted was to forget the day and have one non-tragic hour with his fiancé.

“Calm yourself, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi commanded, rising lightly to his feet. “I need to stoke the fire and grab something from the room. You handle that…” He pointed at the phone which had started buzzing again. “And I’ll be right back.”

*“Hurry, hyung...”*

Yoongi winked at him, and after throwing a log in the flames, headed upstairs.

Jimin rolled over and grabbed the stupid, fucking phone (uncomfortably aware of his erection) and was immediately filled with dread.

Taehyung’s name glowed back at him from the screen.

And he was calling again.

Jimin figured Yoongi had just gone to retrieve lubricant, and probably would only be gone for a minute or two at the most. He didn’t want to risk answering the call and getting caught in the middle of a damning conversation when the elder returned.

He cut the call and sent a hurried text to his best friend, instead.
JM: what is it???????

TH: you busy?

JM: YES, TALK LATER

TH: wait! The eagle has landed!

Jimin didn’t want to ask, but knew he had to.

JM: what the fuck does that mean?

TH: ……

TH: IT’S A THING

Jimin’s heart jumped into his mouth. This was expected, but still a horrible blow.

He was going to have to tell Yoongi, after all.

Fantastic.

He pounded a reply with jittery fingers.

JM: you’ve talked already? I barely just left you!

JM: are you SURE that you’re sure about this???

TH: ……

TH: I’m at his place now

TH: It’s definitely a thing

Jimin stifled a scream, slapping his hand over his mouth hard.

TAEHYUNG WAS AT JUNGKOOK’S HOUSE?

HOW!!?

WHY?????

His hands fumbled nervously, scarcely able to hold the phone as he replied.
Jimin was frantically about to call his friend- or maybe even his PARENTS- when he suddenly received a flurry of incoming pictures.

He went very still as he scrolled through them.

Tae and Kook were in every one; laughing and eating in what appeared to be a billionaire’s kitchen in a billionaire’s home. The younger had changed into a simple gray tracksuit, with his sleeves rolled up to reveal immaculately veined forearms.

He was grinning and gazing at Tae like a puppy who would rather die than be separated from its owner.

Or, more accurately, like a bunny.

A fucking bunny rabbit. With his hands ALL OVER Taehyung, who was all box smiles and making peace signs at the camera.

Jimin was staring at the device in his hand like it was an atomic bomb, when Tae messaged again.

TH: He made me dinner!

TH: I’m having fun and of course I’m safe, you idiot

TH: *rolling eyes*

TH: this place is a castle!

TH: I can’t wait for you to see it!

Jimin was shell shocked.

Someone please kill me.

Actually, no need.

Yoongi will take care of that.
Jimin switched off the phone in a haze of disbelief.

His boner was dead and he could no longer feel the sweet kisses Yoongi had just covered him with.

But in spite of it all, Jimin could not deny that Taehyung looked happy.

The happiest he’d ever seen him.

Yoongi’s steps were growing louder as he came downstairs.

*Oh, God.*

The elder would be there any second with lube and a gloriously hard cock, while Jimin, who was just *begging for it* moments before, wouldn’t even be able to look him in the eye.

Jimin decided that he would have to fake being ill. Honestly, that wasn’t even far off from the truth. There was just no way he could get into this night anymore.

He needed to lay down, think things through, and prepare his speech for Yoongi.

And then probably leave town.

Forever.

“Everything good? That wasn’t Umma, was it?”

Yoongi’s voice, deep and smooth, filtered through Jimin’s dark thoughts along with his musky scent.

Jimin looked up at him slowly, and was surprised to see that Yoongi wasn’t holding a bottle of lube, nor did he have a raging hard-on.

Instead, he was holding something larger and square-ish, that was hidden by the dim firelight.

“No, um, it was just Tae giving me an update on his mom…”

Well, a half truth was better than a full lie...

Yoongi nodded, solemnly, sitting down several feet across from Jimin on the carpet.

“How is she?”

“Who…?” Jimin asked faintly, trying to peer at whatever the elder was holding.

"Taehyung's mother?"

“Oh, oh- she’s fine!” Jimin supplied, quickly. “She’s great. Much better.”
Yoongi studied him for a moment.

“Is everything… ok, Jimin-ah?”

SHIT.

“What’s that, hyung?” Jimin asked, partially to change the subject, but mostly out of curiosity.

The elder glanced down at his hands.

“Why don’t you come here and look?”

Silence blanketed the room and Jimin’s distressed butterflies started fluttering again.

But this time, not out of fear.

It was more like…

Excitement.

There was something strange in the elder’s voice, and Jimin couldn’t figure it out, because he’d honestly never heard it before.

It was kind of… Playful?

And while it should have terrified him that Yoongi was concealing a mysterious object on a day where surprises had not been kind, an inexplicable sixth sense was telling him something different…

Telling him that he should absolutely go there and see it for himself…

Jimin turned his head this way and that, trying to score a better view.

“How can’t you just tell me?” He asked the elder, softly.

The elder thrummed his hand against whatever he was holding.

It sounded… Solid?

“Because… I think it would be best if you come here, like I asked.”

Jimin squinted confusedly, in the red and orange glow of darkness.

What is going on here?

Yoongi hated being on either the giving OR receiving end of surprises.

In fact, he was the absolute worst at it.

And while he gifted Jimin ALL the time with expensive jewelry, vacations, and the latest gadgets, he always presented them in the same way: straight-faced and absolutely no frills.

Not even a gift bag or wrapping paper.

Besides, what more presents could he POSSIBLY have to give?

He’d bought Jimin, Umma, and Mrs. Min a 7 day cruise package a couple of weeks ago- then begrudgingly added Tae after Jimin refused to go without him.
The Tesla was still so new, Jimin barely knew how to drive it.

And just yesterday, he’d ambushed Jimin in the bathroom with a new diamond bracelet, shoving it into his hands as the younger was brushing his teeth.

Not to mention the weekly shopping sprees, spa days, and exclusive access to restaurants and movie screenings.

Literally *anything* Jimin so much as glanced at—be it in a magazine, on TV, or in a shop window—was immediately purchased by the elder.

**SO WHAT THE HELL COULD THIS BE?**

“You scared?” Yoongi taunted, stretching a leg out and leaning back against the couch. “Don’t want the big bad wolf to bite you?”

Jimin’s hoard of resident butterflies jolted, as he registered the fact that Yoongi’s voice was positively dripping with filth.

The elder also appeared to be staring at him like nothing less than a steak on a plate.

“I dunno.” Jimin replied, huskily. “Are you gonna bite me?”

Yoongi went rigidly quiet for a few seconds, and then:

“I’m waiting.”

*Fuck…*

*Why does he sound so…*

*FUCK.*

Jimin licked his lips, nervously. He knew he shouldn’t feel like a virgin bride on her way to be deflowered by a gladiator, but somehow, that was precisely how he felt.

Still, he couldn’t sit across from his fiancé forever.

The Taekook Dilemma—as Jimin had come to call it in his mind—faded into nothingness, as he pushed forward on his hands and knees and started a slow crawl over the expanse of carpet to where Yoongi was.

Yoongi sat upright as Jimin approached.

He got as close as he could, without climbing on top of the elder, then rested back on his knees and waited.

“Oh… I’m here.”

Chapter End Notes

What is Yoongi oppa holding??
Find out in Onyx Sun: Part II.....
Happy Birthday TO MEEEE!!!

Chapter Summary

Hi!

Chapter Notes

Hello, friends!

I promise i'm working diligently on the update. There's LOTS GOING IN IT AND I WANT TO GET IT RIGHT!

In the meantime, it's my birthday! I'm celebrating on Twitter with some cute giveaways especially for my ASOE FAM. I hope you join me there @Mizzteek and celebrate with me!

If not, or if you don't do the social media thing... I'll be happy to send a little gift to a few of you thru here (as long as you're cool with emailing me your address.)

Just drop a comment and tell me your favorite moment in ASOE!

You guys are the best gift!

Purple you!!

One more turn of my world is done
Half in the cold of darkness
And half in the warmth of your sun...

-Min Mizzteek

=)
Onyx Sun: Part II

Chapter Summary

Hi, guys!!

Chapter Notes

My beloved friends and family...

This chapter has been way too long in the making and I wanted to thank everyone for being so patient, supportive, and encouraging. I had a great birthday and start to the New Year thanks to you guys and I'm really enjoying interacting with you on Twitter, ayyy!!! If you haven't hauled ass there to be my friend, please don't hesitate to find me at Mizzteek for giveaways and general fangirling/boying.

I have a couple of announcements:

1. You may or may not have noticed, but I have finally added an end for the chapters. Those who know me well, know that I was devastated to truly put the last chapter in. 78. I think that number might haunt me for life. I don't want to let go and (fuck, I am actually tearing up right now at work) holy shit... *phew* Ok.. I don't want to let go, but I have to, in order to keep the integrity of the story and not lose focus on the plot. I just want to thank you. I don't know how to thank you. Every comment, every kudos, every silent reader. Thank you, all. Thank you, thank you!!

2. Sometimes sadness gives way to new joys, and so it is with a happy heart that I am announcing my new fic: EV()LVERS. For those of us who like ABO dynamics, this is for you! For those who don't care for it, please give it a chance! And for Yoonmin lovers everywhere: hold on to something. It's gonna be a wild ride. The fic itself is up and chapter 1 will be posted soon. I am so overjoyed to share this with you. I could never have dreamt of finishing ASOE or ever starting a new work without you. THANK YOU!!

I have dropped a summary and opening for Ev()lvers already. Please check it out HERE and follow/subscribe. I can't wait to start this new journey with you! I love you guys so much!! *sobbing uncontrollably*

Forever yours in Bangtan!!

-Mizzteek

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
So hot.

The fire in the hearth had completely consumed the logs Yoongi tossed in, and waves of heat were rolling out, wrapping the two men in a warm embrace.

Jimin tried to rationalize that his rising internal temperature was caused by this.

But he knew that wasn’t entirely true.

And it wasn’t the cause of his parched throat, either.

“Ok, then…?” Jimin held out his hands, waiting for Yoongi to present him with whatever he was holding.

A small, coy smile tugged at the corner of the elder’s mouth.

Instead of handing the box over, Yoongi placed it on the floor between them. Jimin backed up a bit to make space, and promptly grabbed the thing to finally see what it was.

He dropped the box the next moment, bewildered beyond belief.

“I-is this a joke, hyung?”

It really HAD to be.

Since when in the history of EVER, did Yoongi play games?

Jimin blinked at the box as if trying to waken from a hallucination.

“No… It’s a game.” The elder confirmed, looking carefully back at Jimin with mild amusement. “Shall we play?”

Jimin glanced down at the box again, reaffirming it’s existence.

Even the Taekook Dilemma had taken a backseat to this explosive development.

“Truth or dare, Yoongi?” He questioned, faintly. “Are you serious? You wouldn’t even play a drinking game at your own party!”

“This is the adult version.” Yoongi replied, waving his hand over it. “And I much prefer when it’s just us. Besides, I thought it would be… Fun.”

The elder shifted and opened the box, revealing it’s contents. Two stacks of cards, one marked for ‘Truth’ in blue, and the other for ‘Dare’ in an alarming shade of red.

“Fun…” Jimin echoed, quietly, watching closely as Yoongi pulled the cards out.

There was more than just cards in there.

There were… other things, too.

“Fun.” Yoongi said again, smiling thinly, as his long fingers deftly shuffled each deck.

The instructional pamphlet was laying nearby and Jimin squinted in the dark, reading the small print.
Jimin swallowed.

The warmth from the fire was starting to move into the secret parts of his body, except that it wasn’t from the fire and he knew that damn well.

Jimin hadn’t the foggiest idea when his broody, usually scowling fiancé had picked up a liking for “kinky fun” or ANY fun, but his racing heart was pounding too hard for him to dwell on this.

“Where did you get this?” Jimin blurted, trying to ease his convulsing butterflies.

Yoongi chuckled.

“It’s not contraband, Jimin-ah.” The elder assured, sarcastically. “I ordered it online. Are you ready?”

The cards were shuffled to the elder’s satisfaction and laid between the men in two neat stacks. There still seemed to be objects in the box that Jimin couldn’t quite see, but Yoongi did pull out a large, soft black die, which he handed over to the befuddled younger.

Jimin eyed it curiously, before taking it in his own hand.

Turning it over a few times, he noted that there weren’t any numbers or dots on the cube’s faces, as usual.

This one had words.

Three words, to be precise.

“Truth… Dare… Flip??” Jimin muttered the choices, halting confusedly on the last one.

“What’s flip mean, hyung?” He asked, glancing at the elder.

Yoongi flashed a gummy grin that looked slightly ominous in the orange glow.

“Let’s find out.” He answered smoothly. “How about you roll first?”

Jimin settled cross-legged on the carpet and sighed.

He truly felt that he needed a 5 minute pause from life.

First, Taehyung was gay.

And as if that wasn’t crazy enough, the brunette was currently at none other than Jeon Jungkook’s house, where the pair were probably having their own brand of “kinky fun for everyone”.

Jimin was divided into three mindsets.

One part of him wanted to just confess everything and move this huge weight off his chest.

Another part of him wanted to move to Alaska permanently.

And still, another part of him wanted to just forget everything for a little while and play this surprising game with Yoongi.

And this part of him was winning.
His relationship with the elder had never been better, but it was still missing this critical component. The part where they just spent time together in their beautiful home.

Alone…

With Yoongi shirtless, and spectacled, and smelling absolutely mouthwatering…

Yoongi raised his brows slightly, waiting.

Jimin rolled the die.

The large square tumbled over a few times and landed against the elder’s leg on “Truth”.

Jimin released an audible gasp of relief, immensely happy that he didn’t land a dare.

*Finally, SOMETHING is going my way.*

“'You lucked out this time.” Yoongi said, laughing at the younger’s expression. “Pick your card.”

“Ok…” Jimin grabbed a card and read it quickly.

His relief morphed into horror.

What kind of fucking game WAS this??

“Well?” The elder prompted, curiously.

Jimin exhaled.

*Whatever.*

*It’s still better than a dare.*

“What sexual act is your partner not doing that you wish they would?” Jimin recited, stiffly.

Yoongi leaned back and crossed his arms.

“Oh, I can’t wait to hear this…”

Jimin’s eyes widened.

There was no way he was going to actually answer this question.

“This is stupid, hyung!” Jimin tossed the used card back into the box of mysteries. “Nothing. There’s nothing! That’s my answer.”

“That’s not how this game works, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi admonished, picking up the card and looking it over. “You have to be honest.”

“I AM!”

“You’re not.” The elder corrected, sharply. “You’re probably scared that you’ll hurt my feelings.”

Jimin went still, hot-blooded shame flushing his face.

How was Yoongi ALWAYS RIGHT?
“What good is this supposed to do, anyway?” Jimin asked, with growing anxiety. “I thought we were supposed to have fun? Not... Not criticize each other!”

“Jimin, stop.” Yoongi had a light hold of the younger’s foot. “You’re doing that thing where you make everything negative. It IS supposed to be fun, and it WILL be fun, when you calm down.”

Jimin huffed.

Yoongi had a lot of great advice when he wasn’t the one in the fucking hot seat.

Still- this was better than having to address the Taekook Dilemma.

At this point, Jimin was willing to take any distraction available.

“Alright… Fine.” Jimin acquiesced, pulling his foot back out of Yoongi’s grasp when the elder started stroking his sole, lazily.

He was already flustered enough without the touching, thank you very much.

“I want you to…” Jimin paused, and inhaled. “I mean… I’d like it if you wouldn’t be so uncomfortable when….” He halted again. “When I’m…”

“Fucking me?” Yoongi supplied, easily.

The fire popped loudly as more logs disintegrated under the heat.

Jimin fell silent, staring at the box that started this mess.

The elder had a thoughtful look.

“It takes a little getting used to, Jimin-ah. But I don’t… dislike it… So don’t think that.”

Jimin met his eyes.

“I know you like it, hyung. But I watch you … And you look uncomfortable with the fact that you do like it.”

Yoongi was pensive again, head cocked to the side.

“Want me to scream your name?”

Jimin couldn’t help the laughter that bubbled up through his chest.

“You already do.”

“Want me to scream it louder?”

“You’re such a fucking idiot, hyung.” Jimin replied, giggling.

Yoongi flashed a smile that disappeared a second later.

“I went from zero to engaged in less than year, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi admitted, softly. “Give me a little credit? But I’ve heard you and I’ll work on it. I promise.”

Jimin’s brows shot northward.

This actually wasn’t so very bad.
The pair never really talked, but doing so now was a lot easier than Jimin had imagined.

“It’d be nice if you spanked me every now and then, too.” Jimin added, suddenly, feeling empowered.

Yoongi, who was reaching for the die, stopped and looked at Jimin in shock.

“What?” Jimin asked innocently, pleased with how stricken the elder’s face was.

It was nice to wipe that bored look off his face for a change.

“Nothing- I… I just… I didn’t know.” The elder stammered.

“I asked you for it once before.” Jimin reminded, silkily.

Yoongi suddenly went red and Jimin knew he was remembering their Jacuzzi moment.

“I didn’t realize it was… I thought it was just- like- in the moment…” The elder mumbled.

Jumin thought it was hilarious how the subject of spanking was so embarrassing for Yoongi.

“Well, I like moments like that, hyung.” Jimin grabbed the die and tossed it at the wide-eyed elder.

“Your turn.”

Yoongi favored him with a long, leveled stare before rolling the cube with a small smile.

Dare.

Jumin’s whole body tightened with nerves.

The humor in the air evaporated, as Yoongi slowly lifted a card and read the words silently.

A few seconds passed.

Then a few more.

Yoongi was STILL staring at the card.

Jumin waited and willed himself not to scream from impatience.

Finally, Yoongi cleared his throat, as if he was making an important announcement.

“Kiss your favorite part of your partner’s body for thirty seconds.”

Jumin quietly let out a breath that he didn’t even know he was holding, then immediately started racking his brain trying to anticipate and prepare for the elder’s next move.

“Ok…” Yoongi moved so suddenly, Jimin actually flinched and jolted backwards.

“Stop that.” Yoongi whispered, grinning from ear to ear.

Jumin stilled.

FUCK.

Yoongi came within an inch of the younger and appeared to be sizing him up and down with his sharp, calculating eyes.
“Can’t decide?” Jimin joked, not intending for his voice to sound so shaky and hoarse.

Yoongi responded by tracing a long finger through the air, moving it all around the younger’s body, as if he was painting him with an invisible brush.

He was also wearing the most infuriatingly smug smile.

Jimin swatted at the phantom finger playfully, but Yoongi dodged and settled it upon Jimin’s wrist, which was a bit confusing, until he started dragging it slowly up the younger’s arm.

“There should be a time limit on this.” Jimin murmured with a small smile, eyes locked on the journey of Yoongi’s hand, which had strayed to the front of his tunic and begun unfastening each button.

Yoongi retaliated by moving even slower.

Jimin was silent, small tremors hitting every few seconds, as he watched Yoongi’s elegant hands unbuttoning his shirt until they ended about half-way down.

He figured the elder was either going to lift it up or take it off completely, but curiously, he did neither, opting instead to simply slide the light fabric over to the side, exposing Jimin’s shoulder to the warm air.

Finished with his handiwork, Yoongi locked eyes with the younger.

“Ready?”

Jimin glanced at his naked shoulder, then at Yoongi, then back at his shoulder, then back at Yoongi.

Was this for real?

Yoongi loved his SHOULDER?

The elder advanced and started with a gentle kiss.

Then another.

Jimin was in control until the warm, wet trail of Yoongi’s tongue swirled over his skin, causing his toes to curl into the soft rug.

“Hyung…” Jimin whimpered, plaintively, but couldn’t speak further.

Yoongi was biting him gently, marking a path along his shoulder and up his neck, all the way to his ear, where he made sure to stop and remind Jimin how pretty he looked with a tender whisper.

Jimin was a little embarrassed at how much he was moaning and squirming, and it didn’t help when Yoongi placed a large hand on his thigh, kneading and massaging, as he suckled up and down the younger’s neck.

“Y-you’re… Ohhh…” Jimin panted, struggling to speak; to breathe. “That’s… You’re cheating.”

The elder was quite literally eating him now.

Yoongi’s breath came ragged and labored, as he nipped, nibbled and licked every inch of exposed skin, sometimes straying down as far as Jimin’s chest.
His restless hand, wide and imposing, continued to squeeze and tease Jimin’s thigh, riding up to nudge the younger’s growing erection.

Jimin wondered—while shaking and squealing amidst the lewd sounds of suction mixed with Yoongi’s deep, pleased groans—just how fucking long thirty seconds was, even??

His eyes flew open when soft lips ghosted across his.

Yoongi ended the same way he started: with a kiss.

And a smirk.

Jimin burned under the intense gaze, highly aware of how ridiculous he must look with his head thrown back, like he’d broken his neck.

He cleared his throat and straightened his shirt, awkwardly, already missing Yoongi’s miracle mouth.

Maybe this game wasn’t so bad, after all.

Yoongi slid back to his seat looking cocky as hell.

“Your turn, Jimin-ah.”

“Uh, ok…” Jimin coughed and spluttered again, reaching for the die.

“Can I get you some water, baby?” Yoongi inquired, with mock concern. “Cough drop, maybe?”

Jimin scowled at the elder.

“I’m fine.”

Asshole.

He rolled his turn, apprehensively.

At this point, he didn’t even know which was worse between Truth and Dare.

“Ok, so what’s flip?” Jimin pointed at the word, while shifting to at least try and hide his hard-on without much success.

*God only knows what fuckery this is going to be.*

Yoongi’s eyes lingered on the cube for a while.

“Here.” The elder replied, shortly, handing Jimin a black card from the box.

Jimin read over it, quickly.

“I have to take your last turn?” He asked in disbelief, when he’d finished. “Like, I have to do… The thirty seconds??”

The elder shrugged, lightly.

“It’s a reverse card.” Yoongi explained, simply. “That’s what reverse means.” He came forward on his knees, as if presenting himself for sacrifice. “I’m all yours.”

Jimin blanked.
This motherfucking game.

“Alright, then.”

He moved towards the elder, cursing the game and the box it came in, but couldn’t deny that his arousal ticked up a notch at the sight of Yoongi kneeling and vulnerable, waiting to see where Jimin was going to taste him.

Might as well have fun with it.

“Hmmm…” Jimin hummed, faking deep thought. “Let’s see…”

He crawled around in a circle, assessing Yoongi from every angle.

“Can’t decide?” Yoongi murmured, amused.

Jimin ignored that.

“You’re looking fit, hyung.” He remarked, smiling and admiring the tension in the elder’s taut back. He reached and stroked a line down his spine. “You been working out?”

Yoongi twisted to look at the younger, and Jimin’s breath caught at the way his muscles and tendons worked together to create the movement.

And fuck- he looked so good in glasses.

Yoongi turned back around and crossed his arms, silently.

Waiting.

Jimin had considered doing something daring like sucking him off, but was currently mesmerized by the mechanics of Yoongi’s back.

His fiancé was, and would always be, a small, slender man- but his trim torso tapered into broad shoulders, that still looked powerful, even if not as big or rippling as others.

Maybe it was all those years of swinging Excalibur around.

He touched the elder again, this time with both hands, running them along the smooth skin, reveling in how Yoongi’s back trembled with anticipation. Next, Jimin wrapped his arms around Yoongi’s waist, expecting the elder to protest at the affection; but was pleasantly surprised when his larger, veined hands covered Jimin’s smaller ones, tightening the embrace.

He rested his head against Yoongi’s neck, inhaling him and thoroughly enjoying the back hug and the warmth from the flames.

Yoongi’s short, manicured nails were scratching Jimin’s fingers lightly, raising tingly goosebumps on his skin.

Life was good.

Jungkook who?

There was only Yoongi and the fire.

“I think your thirty seconds might be up, baby.”
The elder’s voice was coy and playful.

Jimin’s hands slid upwards along Yoongi’s bare chest, earning a small inhale from the elder when he touched his nipples, rubbing them in slow circles.

“I can’t decide…” Jimin whispered into his ear, resting his chin on the elder’s smooth shoulder. “I love everything about you.”

He swore he could feel the skin of Yoongi’s back broil.

Yoongi turned his head again, looking at the younger with pure adoration.

Jimin kissed him, licking along his lush bottom lip before pulling it into his mouth. He was completely hard now, rutting gently into Yoongi’s ass while connected to his mouth.

Yoongi’s nipples hardened into pert peaks under Jimin’s dancing fingers, and he made it his business to tease them endlessly.

He broke the kiss abruptly to lick his way down the elder’s back.

“Cheating…” Yoongi groaned, as if in pain.

Jimin only continued the descent until he reached the small of Yoongi’s back and sucked hotly against it.

This…

This was it.

His favorite part of Yoongi’s body.

He nudged the elder’s lounge pants a few inches lower on his narrow hips, exposing the plush flesh and sweet, inviting crevice.

He licked it.

“Jimin…”

Jimin moaned, not just from the taste and feel of all his fantasies come to life, but also from the hushed and needy quality of Yoongi’s plaintive call.

No one could make Yoongi sound like that.

Only me.

His hands clutched at Yoongi’s waist, as the dip and drag of his mouth kept tugging the elder’s pants lower and lower. Jimin had been thinking about Yoongi’s dick. Wondering how thick it might have grown by now; but it was Yoongi’s fingers that pulled Jimin’s hand around to grasp his manhood with a shuddering moan.

Jimin stroked him carefully, lovingly through the fabric, realizing from the slip and glide that the elder wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

Yoongi jutted a little, chasing both Jimin’s warm tongue and tight hold.

“I love you…” The elder whispered, quite lost.
Yoongi’s voice had never been softer.

Jimin’s eyes flew open and his heart sank like a stone.

He loved Yoongi, too.

*And I’m lying to him.*

Reality slammed into Jimin like a sucker punch.

He detached himself from Yoongi, shakily, feeling dizzy from the rush and the fall from glory.

“Your turn, hyung…” He panted, wiping his mouth.

Yoongi pulled his trousers back up, slowly, eyes locked on Jimin.

“Everything ok?” The elder’s touch was electric on Jimin’s cheek.

Jimin swallowed.

“Yea. Just… I want to keep playing…”

*After the game.*

*We’ll talk after.*

“Well, well, well… Look who’s getting into it now?” Yoongi joked, picking up the die.

Jimin returned a tremulous smile.

He could still feel Yoongi’s ass on his tongue and he was hard as a rock.

Yoongi rolled.

“Truth…” He drawled, picking out a card to read. “How often do you masturbate?”

The elder pulled his face into a grimace, as he sat down.

“I don’t.”

Jimin’s eyes doubled in size.

“You don’t?? He asked, surprised.

“Of course, not.” Yoongi quipped. “What?? You think I do?”

Jimin shrugged, lightly.

“I mean… It’s totally normal… So, yea? I thought you did.”

Yoongi watched him for a moment, speechless.

“When the hell would I find time for that, Jimin-ah??”

“Yoongi… It takes five minutes.” Jimin retorted. “And you’re in your lab all the time? I figured-”

“That I was fucking myself??”
Jimin blanched.

“Hyung… Everybody does it. I’m PRETTY SURE you have, too.”

“I did! Before I lived in the same goddamn house as my fiancé.”

“Ok, hyung!” Jimin laughed, holding up his hands. “I get it. You don’t defile yourself with the nasty act of masturbation. Congratulations! It’s my turn, now.”

Yoongi swiped the die before Jimin could pick it up.

“Do you??” The question sounded almost aggressive.

Jimin stared at him.

“Of course, I do.”

The horror that passed over Yoongi’s face was, frankly, hilarious.

“How?” The elder asked, more wounded than anything else. “Why? What am I not doing?”

“Oh my God, Yoongi…” Jimin’s head sank into his hands, tiredly. “It’s not about YOU. It’s just- it’s a part of life!”

Jimin loved his sex life. It was perfect.

But sometimes he self-indulged when Yoongi was unavailable and he honestly never thought anything of it.

“You’re busy, hyung.” Jimin explained to the stricken elder. “I know we take care of each other, but when the timing isn’t right… It works as a supplement! No big deal!”

“It’s a HUGE deal.” Yoongi scoffed, offended. “It’s a slap to the face! It’s a slap to my DICK!”

Jimin wanted to yell back that the elder should make his dick more accessible, but decided to utilize the anti-argument techniques from therapy, instead.

“Alright, Yoongi. We obviously have split views on this. So let’s just agree to disagr-”

“Fuck that.” Yoongi spat. “When you need it, you come find me. Simple.”

Jimin blinked, arousal surging through him, despite the elder’s clipped tone.

“O-ok…”

“Swag 1000.”

“Huh?”

Jimin was confused and horny, and FUCK, there was the still the Taekook Dilemma.

“The code to my lab.” Yoongi explained, still looking scandalized. “Swag 1000. Use it.”

“Fine! I will!”

“Good.” The elder crossed his arms, defiantly.
“Good!” Jimin mimicked.

They sat in tense silence for a moment.

“Swag 1000?” Jimin teased to lighten the mood. “Really, Yoongi??”

Yoongi just tossed him the die, still eyeing him warily, and Jimin stared at it like it was poison.

“I-I don’t know if we should keep playing, hyung.”

“Just roll it, baby.”

Jimin sighed and rolled.

Truth.

Yay.

He picked a card.

“What physical feature do you wish you had that you think you partner would love?”

Yoongi smiled broadly and stared; waiting

“Well… That’s easy, hyung.” Jimin placed a thoughtful finger on his chin. “Breasts.”

The smile shattered on Yoongi’s face.

“What the fuck did you just say, Jimin-ah?”

Jimin rolled his eyes.

“I knew you were gonna get like this, Yoongi…”

“But why, Jimin-ah?? Just tell me WHY!?”

“Ok. Fine.” Jimin sat up straight. “You call me pretty all the ti-”

“You ARE pret-”

“That’s my point, hyung! You say I’m pretty and that’s a word that usually describes women. You like it when I wear makeup, and makeup is for women! You used to date women! So, naturally I assumed you like me for my…” Jimin paused, floundering. “Feminine features!”

“So you want TITS???”

Yoongi’s face was a mask of disgust, his eyes flitting nervously to Jimin’s flat chest.

“NO! Fuck- hyung, why are you so terrible with things like this? What I’m saying is I can give you almost everything you could experience with a woman, except for… Well, tits! That’s why I chose that as my answer!”

“Oh-oh my God…” Yoongi looked positively devastated. “How many times? How many fucking times do I have to tell you that I DON’T WANT WOMEN??”

“I know… But maybe you just miss tits?”
“I… need a drink.” Yoongi stared wistfully at the bar in the dining room.

“So you never, ever imagined me with a pair of tits?” Jimin cupped his hands on his chest, suggestively, jiggling an invisible bosom.

It was taking everything in him to keep a straight face.

“Please… Please stop.” Yoongi begged, laughing weakly. “I know you’re fucking with me. Just… Stop.”

Jimin smiled. Slow and evil.

It was really too easy to mess with Yoongi.

“Your turn, hyung.”

Yoongi landed a flip.

Jimin giggled at the sudden turn of events.

“How about you take on?” He asked, interested.

Yoongi pulled a thoughtful face.

“A body double.” He answered, sardonically. “So you won’t fucking jack off while I’m working.”

The image of being pinned and fucked between two Yoongi’s flashed through Jimin’s mind and straight to his dick.

Jimin exhaled quietly and picked up the die.

“I dare you.”

Yoongi said the words while grinning smugly down at the cube which Jimin had just tossed.

It was a Dare.

Of course.

Jimin plastered on an unbothered expression and picked a card, reading it quickly.

Well, then.

This one actually looked like fun.

“Hmm… We need something to write on, hyung…”

He grabbed his notebook and tore out a blank sheet, then ripped it into six, roughly equal pieces, handing three of them to the elder.

“What the hell…” Yoongi looked confusedly down at his hand.

Jimin just tossed him a pen.

“Ok: Write three words that come to mind when you look at your partner using those pieces of
“There’s nothing kinky about that.” Yoongi complained. “Let me see that card!”

Jumin glanced at him, exasperated.

“That’s only step one, hyung. Hurry up and write.”

The elder obeyed, sulkily, as Jumin quickly wrote his own.

“Now what?” The elder demanded.

“Ok, fold each piece up so the words can’t be seen.”

Yoongi blinked at him.

“Jumin-ah, give me that fucking card.”

He lunged for it, but Jumin jerked away, hopping to his feet.

“No! This is your game, hyung! What’s your problem?!”

Jumin quickly retrieved a bowl from the kitchen and returned a few seconds later.

“My problem is this kindergarten shit is killing the vibe.”

“Whatever.” Jumin said, dismissively. “Put the pieces of paper in here.”

Jumin held out the bowl and shook the six folded pieces until they were thoroughly mixed.

“Ok, here are the rules: each player must pick a word from the six random options in the bowl and attempt to write the word on their partner’s stomach with their tongue.”

Jumin paused and looked at Yoongi before continuing.

He had his attention.

“Players must remove an article of their clothing for every wrong guess. The player with the most clothing remaining, wins.”

Yoongi’s mouth dropped open.

“I’m wearing one fucking item!”

“Not my problem.” Jumin giggled and moved to the middle of the room, near the cozy fire.

He was joyfully aware of his huge advantage.

“Who goes first, hyung?”

Yoongi just shook his head and laid down on the carpet, folding his hands behind his head as if he was on vacation. Jumin’s mouth watered at the sight, but he stayed focused and picked a word from the bowl.

He pulled one of his own first.

This shouldn’t be too hard.
He leaned over and nuzzled Yoongi’s ear affectionately.

“I can’t wait to take these pants off you, hyung.”

Yoongi’s face was deadpan.

“I bet.” The elder replied, stoically.

Jimin teased the elder a little by licking into his belly button. Despite his slate face, Yoongi’s stomach constricted under Jimin’s touch.

“You like that.” Jimin murmured.

Yoongi stayed silent, but he placed a hand on Jimin’s head, running his fingers over it gently.

Jimin’s mouth wandered up towards a nipple which he kitten licked, enjoying how warm the fire had made Yoongi’s skin. He wavered between each peak, nibbling softly.

He could feel Yoongi’s hum of pleasure rumble through his chest, as the elder continued to play with his hair.

After a few more minutes, he returned to Yoongi’s stomach.

So smooth, and porcelain pretty.

“Ok, here I go, hyung…” He warned.

Jimin started slowly, tracing the first letter carefully with the tip of his tongue.

“Swag.”

Yoongi’s voice stopped Jimin in his tracks before he’d even made it to the second letter.

And worse yet- he was right.

“How??” Jimin glanced over at the small piece of paper that had the word. It was nowhere nearby.

“Are you for real, hyung? You could tell from just one letter??”

“Am I right, or am I right?” Yoongi asked, lazily gazing up at the ceiling.

Jimin scoffed and moved off him, too blown to answer.

He laid down next and pulled his shirt up about halfway, as Yoongi selected a word and studied it carefully.

Instead of kneeling beside him, as Jimin had done, Yoongi parted the younger’s legs and inserted himself, moving straight to suck at Jimin’s neck without warning.

“Ohhh!” Jimin bucked and grinded, like an animal. “Hyunggg…”

Yoongi shoved the rest of Jimin’s shirt up and licked a long line from neck to navel and back up, his tongue hot and flattened, as he rolled over Jimin’s tight nipples.

He made his way back down again, pulling Jimin’s pants just low enough to expose the smooth v-line of his pelvis.

Jimin struggled between moans and giggles as Yoongi nipped at this sensitive, ticklish skin.
“Yoong-g-giii…” Jimin felt the elder’s strong hands everywhere; on his thighs, down his legs, on his feet.

Yoongi teased and tested him mercilessly, sucking at his hard-on through the fabric and peppering him with wet kisses all over.

And Jimin knew this was it.

The game was over.

Yoongi was going to fuck him deep into the shag carpet and Jimin was ready for it.

“Ready?”

The elder had repositioned himself where he started, his face mere centimeters from Jimin’s bulging crotch.

“Yes!” Jimin panted.

He had never been more ready.

Jimin was stunned when Yoongi started tracing his tongue gently over his pelvis, almost as low as his dick, but not quite.

“Well?” Yoongi asked, after he was done.

Jimin ogled him.

“I… I-I don’t know…”

THEY WERE STILL PLAYING?

“Want me to do it again?”

Jimin was completely braindead.

“Again?” He echoed, stupidly.

Yoongi retraced his word and all Jimin felt was tongue and heat and wet.

He tried desperately to think.

Was there an ‘O’ maybe?

“Yoongi!” Jimin yelped, suddenly. “You spelled Yoongi!”

It made perfect sense in his mind.

The elder wanted to brand him before pounding him senseless.

“Wrong.”

Yoongi lifted himself up and tossed the tiny scrap of paper into Jimin’s limp hand.

Love.

The word was Love.
Jimin was flabbergasted, his heart constricting painfully, but when he looked over to Yoongi, the elder had already laid down to take his turn.

He took a gigantic, calming breath before choosing another word and leaning over Yoongi again.

“Take your shirt off, please.” Yoongi requested.

Jimin froze.

*Shit.*

*Losers must remove an article of clothing.*

“Right…”

He pulled off the fine, pearly tunic with Yoongi’s eyes trained intently on him.

Chest bare and still heaving slightly, Jimin started his next word licking a moist trail over Yoongi’s abdomen.

“Crowbar.”

He had barely made it to the third letter, before Yoongi calmly guessed it exactly right.

“*Ok, Yoongi.*” Jimin shot up and stared at his fiancé. “What the actual fuck?!?”

Yoongi vacated the floor for Jimin with a tiny smile of triumph and selected his word.

Jimin laid back, glaring at him.

“I’ll go slow.” Yoongi advised, settling back between the younger’s thighs. “I know I made it hard for you last time.” The elder grinned at his double entendre.

“I’m fine.” Jimin lied through gritted teeth.

Yoongi just smiled and started.

Jimin concentrated with everything he had in him.

“Car.” He guessed, confidently.

Yoongi pulled Jimin’s pants down so quickly, so *violently*, that Jimin screamed. A second later, he was laying there in nothing but his black boxer briefs.

“Wrong again.”

Yoongi tossed the garment onto the couch with it’s counterpart.

“You’re cheating.” Jimin hissed.

Either *THAT* or he’s psychic.

“You’re bad at this.” Yoongi retorted, chuckling.

“Let me see the paper, then.”

Yoongi handed it over.
Cat.

Jesus, it was cat.

JIMIN HAD WRITTEN THAT WORD HIMSELF.

“Swag, cat, and crowbar?” Yoongi asked, quizzically. “Those are the first three words that came to mind for me??”

_Dammit._

Jimin had exhausted all his words.

He’d have to do the next round spelling one of Yoongi’s.

“Just lay down, hyung.” He snapped, nastily.

Jimin was irritated as hell, as he fished the second to last word out of the bowl.

He nearly choked when he read it.

Beautiful… Yoongi had written beautiful.

He couldn’t stop looking at it.

Yoongi was eyeing him mildly from the floor.

“All good, Jimin-ah?”

He nodded stiffly, or tried to, but didn’t really.

“You picked beautiful.” Yoongi guessed, even as Jimin was still sitting there holding the word in his hands. “I can tell from your face.”

Jimin rolled his eyes and tossed the paper back into the bowl.

“Fine, hyung. You win. You’re the fucking winner.”

He started clearing up the cards when Yoongi grasped his wrist and put the last word into his hand.

Jimin sighed and looked at it, then immediately stopped breathing.

_Eternity._

“My beautiful love for eternity.” Yoongi offered, as if it even needed explaining. “That’s what comes to my mind when I think of you. I _should_ have used ‘sucks at games’.”

Jimin laughed, despite the tears of emotion stinging his eyes.

“I really am terrible.”

“Horrendous.” Yoongi, added. “Especially with strategy. You’re predictable as all hell and can’t hide a thing on your face.”

Jimin swallowed, uncomfortably.

_Don’t be so sure about that, hyung._
“Please, God, let’s just end this game, Yoongi.”

“One last roll.” Yoongi said, picking up the die and tossing it to Jimin.

He caught it and looked at the surface facing him.

“That’s a dare for you, hyung.” Jimin showed him the cube.

Instead of taking the first card, Yoongi actually sifted through deck, reading all of them.

“That is SO cheating, Yoongi!”

“Hush…”

A moment later, he selected one and flipped it over for Jimin to read.

*Give your partner a foot massage.*

“Happy now?” The elder quipped, grinning.

Jimin was tired. Not tired enough to sleep, but he wanted to relax.

A foot rub actually sounded great.

He settled into the chair closest to the fire, content with life, apart from the part that Jungkook was ruining.

Yoongi sat on the floor in front of him and immediately stretched forward and grabbed one of Jimin’s feet.

“So, what’s up?” Yoongi inquired lightly, while applying strong strokes to Jimin’s arch.

*Next question, please.*

“I missed you all day.” Jimin said, evasively.

Yoongi grinned proudly and balanced Jimin’s foot on the knee of his propped leg, so he could use both hands to press and knead his sole gently.

“I missed you every second, Jimin.”

Jimin groaned, happily.

The massage progressed and he had to admit, Yoongi was good.

Really good.

“Where’d you learn this, hyung?” Jimin’s voice was low and heavy with bliss.

“Did it for Umma for years.”

Jimin hummed.

The elder must have learned all about pressure points, since he was expertly hitting each one in Jimin’s battered, overused feet.

Many years of dancing and exercise had left his feet and ankles in a state of disrepair, but Yoongi
seemed to be reversing time with his healing touch. His strong hands applied the perfect pressure to penetrate the muscle, and his smooth fingers gave a light therapeutic feeling.

Jumin groaned again.

Life was indeed, very good.

“My spoilt baby…” The elder cooed. “Got a massage that cost 300,000 won and still comes home to get a foot rub from daddy.”

A lazy smile spread across Jumin’s face and his eyes fluttered closed.

“I got my hair washed, too…” Jumin admitted, feeling dreamy and satisfied.

“Like I said.” Yoongi reaffirmed in his deep, rumbling voice. “Spoilt rotten.”

Jumin cracked an eye open.

“That massage was 300,000 won, hyung?” He asked in disbelief. That was a month’s worth of food for him not so long ago.

“You deserve so much more.” Yoong replied with quiet seriousness. “And you’ll get it.”

Jumin fidgeted, shyly.

Despite his current financial circumstances, Jumin still retained many characteristics from his former, more frugal lifestyle.

He eagerly shopped during sale periods, for instance.

He price matched and bought generic brands over premium.

He even clipped coupons, for God’s sake.

This part of him shunned the elder’s constant gift-giving and big spending.

But there was a tiny, dark, hidden part of him that secretly loved it.

He wanted all of Yoongi’s attention; all of his praise. He wanted to be adorned in the pretty things the elder bought him and show them off to the world.

He wanted people to look at him and wish they had a Yoongi of their own, while mourning their misfortune.

“You love pampering me.” Jumin mused; the vain, attention-whore in him coming out loud and proud.

“I do.”

There was zero hesitation in Yoongi’s answer.

“Only me.”

Yoongi kneaded his heel, gently.

“Only you.”
Warmth blossomed in Jimin’s chest at the elder’s confirmation.

“Why?” He inquired, hushed and lustful.

And really, this question was vanity upon vanity. He knew why.

But he wanted to hear it from Yoongi.

The elder tilted his head left and right for a moment, appearing to choose between a multitude answers.

“Because you own me.” He murmured, focusing on Jimin’s ankle now.

Jimin inhaled, sharply.

Yoongi snapped concerned eyes to him immediately.

“What’s wrong? Did that hurt?”

He shook his head, breathing hard and staring at the elder through heavy-lidded eyes.

“You own me, too.”

Yoongi regarded him for a long moment, then kissed his foot with a soft smile.

“No I?” The elder’s tone was teasing.

Jimin nodded fiercely.

“Are you sure?”

Jimin emitted some, strange guttural sound when Yoongi began sucking his toes, one by one. He tried to answer around the damp, tickling heat, but couldn’t.

Yoongi glanced at him with a ferocious longing.

“Tell me your name.”

“Shiiitt…” Jimin hissed.

Yoongi was trailing hot kisses across the sole of Jimin’s wriggling, trembling foot, his teeth dragging sinfully in the wake of his tongue.

Jimin had never felt anything like it, and his mind was reeling from the fact that Yoongi was seriously licking his fucking feet.

Jumbled questions and confused answers tumbled around in his head.

Had he showered today?

Yes!

And he just got a pedicure!

Wait- was that today?

Yes, it was today!
What day is it, even?
What planet is he on?

“Hyunnng…”

Jimin squealed when the elder switched to the other foot and continued his tongue explorations with every appearance of enjoyment.

“That’s not your name…” Yoongi admonished, biting him sharply.

Jimin squawked and moaned.

It almost could have been the playful banter between an adult and child, except for the fact that they were both grown men, and Jimin’s erection was threatening to leave his boxers.

“Jimin! I’m Jimin…” He rushed, breathlessly.

Yoongi stopped everything and stared at him, sternly.

“Just Jimin?”

“Min Jimin!” Jimin groaned, begging for more.

Yoongi obliged, licking at him once again.

“Beautiful, Min Jiminie…” The elder whispered between his toes. “My everything…”

That was really what put Jimin over the edge.

He shoved his boxers down, kicking and bucking them down his legs.

“Please, hyung- please!!” He parted his thighs desperately, suggestively cupping his cock.

Yoongi moved shockingly away from him, then returned seconds later with the game box in hand.

THE BOX??

“Yoongi, I don’t wanna play anymore!” Jimin screeched, nearly crying. “Please!”

“Ssshhh.”

Jinin didn’t need to be quieted. He had already fallen silent, staring at the long wand of feathers in the elder’s hands.

He blinked a few times, wondering if he was seeing things.

“Yoongi… What-”

“Do you want the blindfold on, or will you watch?” Yoongi asked, casually, holding up a black strip of cloth.

Jinin just stared, speechless.

Yoongi shrugged and stowed the blindfold back in the box, then set about running the soft, colorful plume from the younger’s foot all the way up his thigh.
Jimin shivered, involuntarily.

“Hyung…”

The elder was tickling Jimin all over his naked body now; stomach, arms, nipples, neck- and the younger was twisting around uncontrollably, too shocked to even laugh.

“Hyung!!”

Jimin gasped when the collection of fibers rested on the head of his erection, trailing softly downwards.

“Oh, fuck!” He bucked, embarrassed at how far his ass actually left the seat when the sensation found his sack.

“Yoon-!”

His arms slammed on the sides of the chair, searching for purchase to anchor him down, and all the while Yoongi mercilessly flitted and fluttered the feathers all over the tightening, sensitive skin of his scrotum.

From there, the elder embarked on a journey of pure, titillating torture, with the younger as his writhing, moaning subject.

The feathers were on his cock, all over his sack, and sliding effortlessly between the quivering crease of his ass, which would tighten too late, locking the feathers between his cheeks, only to endure the sweet agony of Yoongi slowly pulling them out.

Jimin knew he was screaming in ecstasy, but was too busy screaming in ecstasy to be worried about it.

The tingling touch was enough to bring him to the brink of orgasmic explosion, but not quite enough to tip him over the precipice.

This left him flailing wildly in a purgatory of pleasure, muscles pulled taut and shimmering with sweat from the burden of his never ending rise without a fall.

“Hyung- GOD!”

Yoongi, who was watching him with scientific interest, lunged forward and grasped Jimin’s leaking cock, repeatedly licking it clean, as the feathery stimulation steadily produced more beads of moisture from the tip.

“Me or you?” Yoongi inquired, between bouts of licks and kisses against Jimin’s sensitive, swollen head.

Jimin digested the question through the fog in his brain. He knew exactly what the elder meant by that.

Who was going to give and who was going to get it.

“Hyunng…” It was a weak, breathy mewl.

Jimin didn’t know how to express the things he really wanted, like a world without secrets and sins.

He didn’t want to think.
He just wanted this night to go on forever.

“I can just get you off?” Yoongi suggested, sensing that decisions were hard for the younger at the moment. “Turn over.”

Grateful for the directive, Jimin ended up rolling onto his stomach, legs up on the couch, kneeling in front of the elder’s face.

He slumped over the back of the sofa and readied himself for Yoongi’s tongue.

It never came.

The feathers started a slow crawl down his back and gently over his exposed, pulsing orifice.

Jimin clenched and howled.

“Fucking hell...” Yoongi whispered, mystified.

Jimin felt lips on his cheeks, kissing and caressing him, as long fingers parted him open.

Yoongi kissed his hole softly, gave it a loving lick or two, then gently trailed the feathers where no feathers have ever gone before.

“Yoongii...” Jimin choked out a hoarse warning.

The elder worked slowly.

The soft fibers moved in a circular motion, teasing over Jimin’s tight, puckered entrance, while Yoongi bit a mouthful of ass at intervals.

Jimin, meanwhile, had the cushion clamped between his teeth, and a white-knuckled grip on the back of the couch. He whimpered and whined with his eyes squeezed shut, praying for the mercy of release.

“Good?”

Jimin gasped and rutted into the cushions, both fleeing and following the feeling.

He could distinctly feel each drag against his opening, and almost thought he could sense the tiny fibers slipping in and out of him, as Yoongi lightly swirled and played them on his hole.

Finally, Yoongi tongued his way inside, pressing and widening Jimin bit by bit. The sinful plunge was slow and filled Jimin like a hot, wet stopper.

Jimin yelped and pushed backwards, overwhelmed by the slick, warm invasion even as he still felt the ghost of the tickle tease.

Yoongi would suck at his rim hotly, then rub and flutter the feathers in the wake of his tongue, alternating between the two until Jimin didn’t know who he was anymore.

He bit and drooled and wiggled and moaned, and truly believed there was a good chance that he might actually pass out.

The elder, unbothered, immersed a small portion of the feather tipped wand into Jimins core and began twisting it slowly, like the dirtiest cleaning one could ever receive, and Jimin finally saw the light.
He concluded that Yoongi was God and had created the earth for the sole purpose of feather fucking Jimin right here on this gray couch.

“oh-oh-oh-OHH!!!” Jimin twitched and jerked, deliriously. “Yoongi!”

He was crying plaintively, calling for Yoongi; begging him, cursing him, and thanking him with stifled words spoken into the fabric of the cushions.

Jimin reasoned that the only thing that could top this nirvana was climaxing and expelling the stress of the day along with his seed. The thought itself was enough to rouse himself weakly.

“Yoongiii!!!” Jimin called out again, loud enough for the elder to pay attention.

“What do you want, baby?” Yoongi’s tone conversational, with no indication that he was rotating feathers in the deepest, darkest part of Jimin’s body. “Tell daddy.”

“I want…” Jimin asked brokenly, holding his dick and twisting uncomfortably around to look at the elder with a tear streaked face. “Just wanna feel good…”

The elder gently dislodged the makeshift toy, and despite it being inside him maybe half an inch, at most, Jimin moaned and gurgled at the delicious scrape and pull of the tiny feathers as the left his tingling hole.

“D-don’t leave!” Jimin requested, breathlessly.

He couldn’t handle the elder breaking away to get anymore paraphernalia.

“I’m not going anywhere.”

Yoongi’s hands, damp and warm from heat, maneuvered Jimin’s sweaty limbs until the younger was seated before him and pulled to the edge of the sofa, with his legs hoisted and pushed back until his knees could have grazed his ears.

As usual, the elder was taking full advantage of Jimin’s strength and flexibility and Jimin had no objections. He held the position with ease and watched Yoongi uncapping the lubricant.

He wondered dimly how Yoongi was planning to execute on this.

The angle was off…

His body was too high for the elder to penetrate him in a kneeling position, but far too low for Yoongi to stand, either. Things didn’t make sense until he saw the elder coating his fingers with lubricant and eyeing Jimin’s asshole with intent.

Jimin faintly recalled the first time Yoongi had fingered him in nearly identical circumstances. Trepidation had been etched all over the elder’s face that day as he knelt on the cold tiles of the backroom at Jimin’s old job.

Tonight, however, he was the picture of calm and collected, as he circled Jimin’s tight ring of muscle with a cool, wet fingertip.

“Hyunnngg…” Jimin keened. “Yesss…”

Jimin had a grip on Yoongi’s wrist, encouraging the elder to push past the barrier; inside, where Jimin’s internal walls contracted to welcome the intrusion like a familiar friend.
He whinnied shakily at the ceiling when Yoongi immersed his index finger completely and began a slow, twisting pulse.

His plea for more was cut off by Yoongi’s mouth which had found his with sweet, searching kisses. And while Jimin had imagined Yoongi would blow him in addition to the fingering, he acknowledged that this was better.

Yoongi’s tongue met his at the same time the elder introduced a new finger to join the first, deep within Jimin’s body and the younger convulsed, singing praises into their kiss.

“Should I go in?” Yoongi’s question was lost somewhere between the swirl of their tongues and the steady rhythm of his hand thrusting Jimin’s hole wide open. “Tell me what you want.”

Jimin grasped the elder’s hair and pulled his mouth closer, the kisses needier; wetter, but still romantically intimate, so that it almost felt like they were on a moonlight date somewhere and not sinning in the living room with Yoongi two knuckles deep into his asshole.

This was all he wanted.

To feel and to forget.

To be so high on pleasure that the world and all it’s problems would cease to exist, if even for just a second.

And really, if Jimin could speak through the fullness and friction of the elder’s hand, he would have said that there wasn’t that much difference between this and Yoongi’s dick, anyway. What the elder’s fingers lacked in girth, they more than made up for in length.

It was amazing, as always, but Jimin could thing of only one thing that could surpass it.

“Can I tonight…?” Jimin panted, while Yoongi sucked at his neck. “Please…?”

The elder stopped and looked at him carefully, then down at Jimin’s wet, stretched hole which, for all intents and purposes, was prepped and ready for action.

“Right now?” He asked, dubiously.

Jimin swallowed and nodded. He recognized that it was weird of him to request this after Yoongi’s careful preparations, but what the elder didn’t- and couldn’t know- was that Jimin was in a crisis and needed this release desperately.

“I just really want to, hyung…” Jimin explained, meekly. “I’ve been wanting to all day.”

The last part was a bit of an embellishment, but he needed to sound convincing.

Yoongi indulged himself with one last longing look at Jimin’s most private area, then shifted backwards and held out open arms of welcome.

Jimin clamored off the couch rather ungracefully, plopping himself into the elder’s embrace.

The tension in his body was unbelievable.

His cock felt like the string of a bow, pulled impossibly tight and ready to snap.

“Hang on, baby…”
Yoongi miraculously provided lubricant, and even helped Jimin coat his erection, as the younger squealed and spluttered from the contact.

“I love you so much.” Jimin declared fervently, gazing at the elder while he prepped Jimin’s dick.

Yoongi smiled thinly, very clearly trying to smother a laugh.

“I can tell.” He finished and looked up at Jimin. “I was hoping to take you tonight, but…” His voice trailed off and his eyes strayed down to Jimin’s slicked hard-on. “How do you want me?”

*Ohhh God…*

Jimin was coming undone just from the question. “Uhh, over the couch?”

Yoongi kissed him and nodded, then turned to face the sofa, bracing his hands against it and bending over.

“I’ll just-” Jimin quickly helped the elder out of his soft pants. “Gonna lick you first, hyung…”

Jimin was kissing Yoongi’s neck and moving rapidly south.

It was supposed to be a quick affair.

Yoongi hissed when Jimin pried him open and slathered his rim, sloppily. He wanted to take more time; be more thorough, but there was an immense gravitational pull between his cock and Yoongi’s tight heat.

He held out a shaky hand that the elder lubed up for him, then brought his middle finger to Yoongi’s puckered ring, circling it softly, lovingly.

*Don’t rush.*

*Don’t rush!!*

He couldn’t hurt Yoongi.

Yoongi was too good to him.

Maybe even too good for him.

He cautiously inserted his finger, which he knew wasn’t very long, but it was the longest one he had. The elder breathed through it, leaning over the sofa with his legs spread to ease the entry, while Jimin’s free hand caressed his back.

*“Jiminahh…”* Yoongi moaned weakly, pushing back onto the younger’s digit.

Jimin suddenly didn’t know what to do with himself, or rather, what to do with Yoongi.

He dislodged his finger and doubled over to suck at the elder’s hole again, parting his cheeks and wiggling his tongue just the way Yoongi liked it, while the elder whined appreciatively. Suddenly, he needed his cock on it, so he pulled himself back up and rubbed his dripping head slowly over Yoongi’s glistening rim.

But then he wanted to taste him again, so back down he went, narrowing his tongue to a wet tip and drilling it in and out of the writhing elder, feeling the muscle flutter as it contracted and relaxed.
“Fuck, baby, you’re everywhere…” Yoongi observed, rubbing and rutting into the couch. “All over daddy tonight…”

It was true.

He was cycling through one lewd act after another, unable to settle on a single one that would bring him the mindless out of body experience he was chasing.

Jimin briefly considered subjecting the elder to the same feathery torture he’d endured, but decided that his hands were trembling too much to get it right. He didn’t have the same calm and control as Yoongi.

Besides, he wanted to touch, feel, and taste the elder, body to body.

He was struggling to introduce two fingers into the elder now, while also spreading him with his other hand, but everything was so slippery, and his hands were so fucking small.

Yoongi shot a quick questioning glance his way.

“You good?”

Jimin whined in answer, cursing his hand span, and Yoongi, always knowing what to do, stretched his arms back and held himself open for Jimin; his slender, strong fingers grasping and pulling his ass agape for the younger’s convenience.

Jimin could only stop and stare in open-mouthed wonder.

It was… Beautiful.

Whosoever said that the eyes were the window to the soul had obviously never gazed into Min Yoongi’s perfect asshole.

He stroked a finger over the delicious portal reverently, slipping the digit in gingerly, then pulling it out to suck on it, before delving back in. His tongue went next, flitting and kitten licking it’s way in and out, as Yoongi serenaded him with muted cries and whimpers.

The concept of time held no more meaning.

Jimin didn’t know how long he knelt there making out with Yoongi’s ass. He only knew that every second was so amazing, so rapturous, that he could barely feel the ache in his jaw and tongue as he continuously lathed over and penetrated the elder’s gorgeous orifice.

Yoongi had mentioned for a while now, that the best tonguing Jimin had ever given him was on his birthday night. Unfortunately, Jimin had been too wasted to remember ANYTHING about that event.

But he was damn sure going to remember this.

“Eating m-me so good, b-baby…”

Yoongi’s voice was wobbly and wrecked with sex.

“I’m a good baby for you…” Jimin whispered hot breath into him, weightless from the praise.

“Always so good…” Yoongi agreed, groaning.
Their fingers were intertwined, both of them working together to hold the elder open until their hands were cramped from the effort.

Jimin eventually had to reapply lube to his cock, since he’d spent so long feasting on his hyung.

His two fingers glided easily now, and before long, he was lining up and easing his way inside, fusing himself and Yoongi together.

Yoongi swallowed him wondrously, reaching a hand around to pull the younger closer with a broken sob.

Every movement was thick and measured, like wading through syrup.

Jimin was rolling his hips in slow motion, the heat from the fire searing his back, but still nothing compared to the warm hold of Yoongi’s tightness around him. Each thrust was taking him further away from the things that were haunting and terrorizing his fragile psyche.

“M-more, baby.”

Jimin sank himself into the elder at Yoongi’s command, causing both men to gasp and collapse against the sofa.

The atmosphere was that of a dark cave, where Jimin couldn’t quite see anything from behind his closed eyelids, but still had a vivid mental picture based on the sound and feel of their bodies. His hips pressed into Yoongi’s ass with a dull slap, and he barely even pulled back at all, simply going further into the elder’s hot, wet abyss each time.

“Holy shit, Yoongi…” The younger babbled, wildly. “You c-can’t be this- can’t be this tight.. Nobody can…”

Jimin had reached the point of higher existence he was searching for.

He clung to the elder blindly, arms wrapped tightly around his shoulders, slipping and sliding from the sheen of sweat between them.

“Fuck me, Jimin-ah…”

The whisper was almost inaudible, but every word exploded in Jimin’s brain, as though the elder had spoken through a megaphone.

At this juncture, Jimin wasn’t sure one could even categorize it as fucking.

The pair were conjoined in a grunting, twisted knot of arms and legs, locked in an embrace that was reminiscent of a wrestling match. Jimin was only retracting his cock in fractions of an inch, before spearing the elder again, making them cry out in unison from the depth of the movement.

Jimin was heaving; while trying to breakdown, analyze and compartmentalize the sensation of being sunken inside the elder to the point where they had melted together as one squirming, grunting entity; one body and mind and maybe one soul, too.

When Jimin sucked in a breath, Yoongi screeched in exhalation. When he wailed, shrill and insistent, Yoongi’s deep baritone picked up and finished the melody where Jimin’s voice choked and cut off from the force of another blinding impact.

“Jiminnie…” Yoongi gurgled a warning.
The sofa shoved forward, jolting the men with a slick, tormenting slip of skin and flesh. Jimin bellowed curses mixed with Yoongi’s name and ground his toes into the carpet searching for a foothold.

“JIMIN!”

The couch pitched another half a foot, and Jimin heard the thump and scrape of the footing, as it moved off the rug and scratched across the hardwood floor. Another few inches, and it would knock over the delicate stained glass lamp gifted to them from Namjoon as a housewarming present.

“I-I see it, hyung.” He stammered, blinking away moisture in his eyes.

Jimin did see it, but he didn’t care.

He didn’t know why Yoongi cared, either.

Yoongi’s sweet, hot, deep ring of muscle spasmed madly around the younger’s buried cock and Jimin’s brain shorted out for a moment. His breathing stopped and he belted out a strangled cry from the force of his climax, which he never knew could build and explode so quickly.

The intensity left him near tears and shaking slightly, as he clung to Yoongi still.

“Careful when you pull out…” Yoongi’s face was buried in the cushions, and his hand was fisting and relaxing slowly. “I came a while ago... Tried to tell you.”

Jimin blinked stupidly at the sharp angle of the sofa which they had pushed completely out of alignment with the carpet.

It never crossed his mind that the elder had reached his orgasm already. Yoongi usually came in the same way he did most things in life: slowly.

How long had he been fucking Yoongi post-orgasm? Jimin did a quick calculation with a sinking heart. He suddenly recalled the delicate flutter of Yoongi’s tight walls moving around him, driving him to madness.

That must have been nearly unbearable for Yoongi who never even said a word.

“I- I thought you meant... The lamp?” Jimin mumbled, guiltily.

“Who gives a shit about the lamp?”

Yoongi’s voice was strained and breathless, belying the harshness of his words.

Jimin unglued himself from the elder’s back, awed by how good his dick must have been to get Yoongi off so fast.

Yoongi hissed quietly, as Jimin removed his partially softened erection with agonizing slowness.

He felt his heart shatter into a million pieces when his connection to the elder was finally broken. Jimin fell back heavily onto the carpet, his dramatic drop a physical representation of his descent from euphoria to the cold clutches of the real world.

The world of Tae and Kook.

“You okay?”
Yoongi had twisted around, giving Jimin the pleasure of seeing not only his ass, taut and still slightly parted, but also the serpentine curve of his back, and finally, the majesty of his flushed face and swollen lips.

The elder detached himself from the skewed sofa and picked his way gingerly over to where Jimin laid, moving mostly silently, save for a few groans of discomfort—probably stemming from his overly-sensitive, overly-fucked asshole.

Jimin held a casual pose, eagle spread on the carpet, but averted his gaze, staring at the fire instead of Yoongi.

He wondered what little fire problems the flames had to deal with in their little fire lives. Was it anything as bad as his own problems?

Do they worry about being extinguished?

“I should be asking you that.” Jimin mused, as secret tears spilled from his eyes that Yoongi thankfully couldn’t see.

“I’m always ok, Jimin-ah.” Yoongi’s whisper tickled Jimin’s neck, as he pulled him backwards into his arms. “But you seem troubled tonight.”

Jimin didn’t have it in him to even be startled by Yoongi’s accurate observations. This was no surprise, anyway. The elder was a living, breathing lie detector.

And Jimin knew he would have to face the music at some point.

But not tonight.

“Tired.” He croaked, rubbing his fingertips over the network of veins that crisscrossed Yoongi’s hands.

“Bed, then?”

Yoongi was already shifting to stand up, but Jimin stopped him and pulled the elder’s arms tighter around his waist, snuggling deeply until he felt the moistened tip of Yoongi’s cock press into his backside.

“Baby-”

“I like the fire.” Jimin whined, cutting off the elder’s protests. He couldn’t stand up. He couldn’t let Yoongi see him crying.

“I like our bed, Jimin-ah.”

“But I like the fire, hyung.”

Yoongi paused and sighed.

“Spoil me…” Jimin whispered, sensing victory. “Hold me.”

Yoongi grunted and muttered something about the cost of living and sleeping on the floor like homeless people.

Jimin listened to him huff and puff, while grabbing some of the throw blankets that decorated the living room furniture. He returned and draped the covers over Jimin, before sliding underneath them
to join him.

“You’re *sure* you don’t want to go upstairs?” Yoongi repeated, sounding depressed.

Jimin just hummed comfortably, and snuggled into his hyung again. It was hard to say anything else through the haze of sleep that was fogging his senses.

It’s not like the carpet was that big of a downgrade. The thing was softer and more expensive than any bed Jimin had ever owned. Besides, Yoongi slept in his studio all the time without complaint.

He felt Yoongi’s hand dance across his hip, then up to draw patterns around his navel and across his chest, caressing his nipples.

Jimin dozed off staring at the flames and wondering what secrets they held in their fiery fingers…

**********************************************************************************

It was pitch dark when he opened his eyes.

He blinked against the inky blackness, but couldn’t make out a thing. The sharp smell of old smoke from the dead fire tickled his nostrils.

Jimin turned his head stiffly, but didn’t see Yoongi behind him any longer.

He swallowed, trying to moisten his dry mouth and made to call for Yoongi, but paused…

He’d heard something.

Jimin craned his neck, trying to force his ears to work harder.

A sniffle.

He jerked upwards, sleep rolling off him as he stepped fully into wakefulness.

“Hyung…?”

Jimin whispered furtively into the darkness, but his call was swallowed whole and returned no response.

“Yoongi??”

Jimin didn’t understand why he was whispering, or why he felt overcome with trepidation. He squinted, trying to hasten the adjustment of his eyes from sightlessness to at least partial vision, then froze when he heard the sniffling again.

It was unmistakable.

Someone was crying.

Jimin threw the covers off and headed in the direction of the sound. The journey took him deeper into the second level of the house, behind the guest room and wine cellar…

Another sniffle and shaky breath indicated that the noise was coming from Yoongi’s lab.

Jimin hesitated in front of the studio. The door appeared to be bigger and more imposing than he’d ever imagined.
There was no need to enter the code.

It was open, and a pale yellow light from the ceiling shone down on Yoongi’s sobbing figure. He was sitting on the edge of his desk, shoulders drooping dejectedly, facing Jimin.

“Yoongi???” Jimin stepped inside carefully, horrified at the sight of the elder crying and clutching Jimin’s name change certificate.

His most prized possession.

Jimin wanted to run to him, but he couldn’t process what he was seeing.

“Hyung- what is it?” Jimin pleaded from the doorway. “What’s wrong!!?”

Yoongi looked at him slowly, with reddened eyes of sorrow.

“J-jimin…” The name ripped out of Yoongi like it was laced in razor blades. “Why didn’t…” The elder stopped and sobbed, loudly. “Why didn’t you tell me??”

Understanding flooded Jimin as he stood there in shock.

Taekook.

He knew it.

He knew he should have said something before they fell asleep. He should have said something the moment he walked in the house!

But still- even though Jimin knew he was wrong for harboring the information, he couldn’t understand why Yoongi would CRY over it?!

Was the betrayal THAT hurtful??

“I-I… I was gonna tell you, hyung, I swear…”

Yoongi only sobbed harder, literally drowning Jimin’s apology in tears.

Jimin shifted and stepped closer.

“Yoongi- I know it’s crazy but- it’s a long story, maybe we can just talk about it-”

“T-t-taehyung…” Yoongi’s voice was so full of anguish, it stopped Jimin in his tracks.

Ok…

He’s taking Tae’s homosexuality pretty hard.

Jimin thought this was just a little bit hypocritical, considering that Yoongi came out in almost exactly the same manner Tae did.

And since when did Yoongi give a fuck about Tae, anyway?

“Yoongi.” Jimin took another couple hesitant steps forward. “Yoongi let’s go to bed, ok? We’ll go upstairs like you wanted and we can talk about this in the morning.”

“Should have told me…” The elder wailed, fresh tears spilling onto Jimin’s certificate.
“I know, hyung.” Jimin soothed, making a mental note to maybe sign Yoongi up with his therapist. “I fucked up. I’m sorry…”

Jimin had reached Yoongi now, and couldn’t believe the sadness in his eyes.

“J-imin… It was an accident!”

Jimin froze with a hand resting on Yoongi’s, which was still clasping the frame tightly.


“Jiminahhh…” Yoongi was overcome with tears, his face working horribly. “WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME???”

They locked eyes beneath the dim light, and Jimin didn’t recognize the man looking back at him.

“Tell you what, Yoongi? Tell you what!!??”

Yoongi shook his head in despair.

“Didn’t know he’d be there….” Yoongi choked. “Jimin I swear- I didn’t know!!”


Fear and freezing cold dread seeped into Jimin's heart, directly into his soul.

Something was very, very wrong here.

Yoongi was shaking his head violently, refusing to speak.

Jimin started shaking him just as hard by the shoulders.

“YOONGI! WHAT DID YOU DO!!??”

If not for the soundproofing in the studio, Jimin was sure the police would have been called to their home from his yelling.

“YOONGI, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!!!???”

Jimin's voice cracked from crying. He didn’t even KNOW why he was crying, but some unknown force was telling him with certainty that something terrible- something awful had happened.

Yoongi looked at him again, eyes swollen shut from his weeping, and spoke in the lowest possible voice that could still be heard by human ears.

“How was I to know that Taehyung would be there when I shot Jungkook?”

Silence.

Jimin woke up to blinding sunlight, grappling and fighting the suffocating blankets that surrounded him.

He jumped to his feet with a sob and immediately spun in an arc, trying to get his bearings, then lost his balance, falling backwards with a painful thud against the solid brick fireplace.

He sat there and looked around.
The sofa was still knocked out of place.
The game box was still on the floor.
He was still in the living room.

Jimin’s brain tripped, stumbled, and landed clumsily upon the conclusion that he must have been dreaming.
The most vivid, believable, TERRIFYING dream of his entire life.

He gasped with relief, closing his eyes with unspoken happiness- and then he heard it.

A sniffle.

Jimin’s eyes flew open and his heart leapt into his throat, threatening to strangle him.

No.

No way.

The sniffle came again. Louder, as if to challenge his better reason.

Jimin rose slowly and followed the sound, experiencing the worst case of de ja vu ever.

Unlike his dream (was it even a dream? he no longer knew what was real) the sound was coming from upstairs, not Yoongi’s studio.

“Y-yoongi…?”

Jimin knew his weak and flimsy whisper wouldn’t carry half a foot, much less all the way up the staircase. He was just hoping for any kind of sign that everything was alright.

He ascended the steps cautiously, dreading every one.

At the top, his head snapped towards their bedroom where a fresh sniffle beckoned him inside.

“Oh, God…” Jimin whispered under breath, squeezing his eyes closed as he swung the door open.

Nothing.

The room was empty.

His heart galloped in his chest, as if he’d just ran a mile to get there.

The emptiness of the room gave him nothing. He didn’t know if this was good, bad, or more likely, proof that he was just losing his mind.

Another sniffle.

The bathroom.

Jimin’s eyes turned to the closed door of their master bath.

Hands clasped in silent prayer, he walked over and stared at the brass doorknob for a long moment.

Ok, Jimin.
Everything’s ok.

Just open the door.

Jimin didn’t move.

OPEN THE GODDAMN DOOR.

He probably would have stood there forever, if not for the wet, choking sound that broke the silence.

Jimin opened the door at the exact second Yoongi let out a violent sneeze, causing Jimin to release a bloodcurdling scream, which in turn caused Yoongi to scream, before both men fell silent staring at each other.

“Jimin?? What the FUCK??”

Jimin’s eyes were impossibly wide, trying to take in everything at once.

Yoongi was enveloped in a thick mist of fragrant steam floating up from their Jacuzzi tub, where the elder was apparently bathing.

The polished onyx walls were alight with infused bulbs that twinkled like a million dancing stars, making the room gimmer and glow through the perfumed fog.

Several feet away, stood their waterfall inspired shower. A favorite of Jimin’s, for the invisible jets that delivered perfectly pressurized water pouring from an overhead natural rock formation that took ages to be cut, finished and fitted into the ceiling.

Everything else seemed to be perfectly in order.

The double vanity sink gleamed proudly and beautifully, slivers of real silver running through the black and gray marble like glittery veins.

The toilet was right where it should be, adjacent to the shower stall.

The stone floor was warm to the touch, obviously programmed by the elder to a heated setting.

Apart from Jimin’s forced wheezing and Yoongi’s bewildered face, things were fine.

Yoongi sneezed again and sniffled heavily, breaking Jimin out of his gaping-mouthed inspection

“Shut the door Jimin-ah, you’re letting all the steam out!!” The elder commanded. “What in the hell is the matter with you??”

“I- I thought- you were- I…”

Yoongi sneezed again, then grabbed a tissue from the box perched on the edge of the tub and blew his nose, noisily.

“You- you have a cold…” Jimin whispered to himself, more than anything. “You have a cold…”

Yoongi was eyeing him, strangely.

“Yes, I have a cold.” The elder confirmed, acidly. “No thanks to you making us sleep downstairs! Not to mention the heat was off, because we had a fire, but when the fire went out, nobody got up to re-light it. And not to fucking mention that you took ALL the covers and left me fucking exposed to
the elements…”

“Did you go anywhere last night??” Jimin demanded, ignoring everything the elder just said.

“Huh??” Yoongi’s face was obscured by the mist, but the little of it Jimin could see was thoroughly confused.

“Did you go anywhere last night, hyung??” He asked again frantically, memories of Yoongi’s weeping apologies still fresh in his thoughts.

“Like where?? And for what???”

To try and kill Jungkook but accidently killing Tae!!

”ANYWHERE???” Jimin emphasized, instead.

“I mean, I got up to take a piss, if you really need to know!”

Jimin buried his face in his hands, breathing heavily with relief. True relief.

“Oh thank, God. Thank God, thank God.” He murmured.

“Get in the bath with me, you weird fuck.” Yoongi suggested, laughing. “And tell me what in God’s name has gotten into you? You look like you’ve see a fucking ghost, baby?”

Jimin looked up at Yoongi’s creamy skin, tinged slightly pink from the heat. His hair was wet and clinging sexily around his eyes, and tiny water droplets rained on his shoulders that tapered down to his slim waist, submerged in the sweet smelling water.

Bobbing peacefully on the surface was a little rubber ducky with a diamond studded bill and ruby jeweled eyes- an insanely expensive status symbol that the elder was immensely proud of.

The whole situation was almost laughable.

Just a few moments ago, Jimin had been expecting the absolute worst, and yet here Yoongi was, splashing around in the tub like a baby seal, playing with his toy duck.

The elder held a hand out, his eyes lustful and piercing.

“Come here…”

Jimin took one step forward then halted.

No.

This madness had to end.

“Hyung- I’m- I think I’m gonna go out and get you some medicine, ok?” Jimin declared, uneasily.

“You need to fix that cold before your show.”

Yoongi looked stricken.

“Please??” The elder glanced down at the water, right around the area where his cock should be.

“Come sit on me- I mean with me.” He grinned at his correction, gummy and adorable.

But the tub may as well have been the mouth of a volcano.
There was no way Jimin could get in there and continue lying.

Not anymore.

“No, Yoongi.” Jimin argued, firmly. “We need to nip that cold in the bud. I won’t be long.”

“But I’m sick.” Yoongi countered, pouting. “And you’re fucking naked.”

Jimin stared down at himself in surprise.

He had literally completely forgotten that he was stark naked.

He took a deep breath and composed himself.

“Hyung- when I get back, we need to talk, ok?”

The elder sat upright from his reclined position, his playful look darkening into seriousness.

“What’s wrong??”

Jimin held up one hand in protest, with the other covering his manhood.

“Not now, Yoongi. When I get back.” He paused, then added: “Everything is fine. I just- it’s important and I don’t wanna forget.”

*And by forget, I mean chicken out.*

Yoongi laid back against the marble wall, reluctantly.

“You’re sure?”

“I’m sure.”

Yoongi squinted at him, carefully.

“Ok, well… Grab me some mint chocolate ice cream, too.”

Jimin nodded and headed out, too shaken to remind Yoongi that he shouldn’t be eating ice cream with a damned cold.

“Jimin-ah, wait! Come back!”

Startled, he re-entered the bathroom and faced the elder with a racing pulse.

“Yea?”

Yoongi smiled, mischievously.

“I just wanted to watch you walk out again.”

Jimin pinned him with a flat, withering stare.

Yoongi sneezed.

“What? Can you blame me??”

*Let’s see how long that good mood lasts later.*
“Bye, hyung.”

Jimin entered the bedroom and threw open their shared wardrobe, sighing heavily. It was nearing the size of most family rooms and included a bar, surround speakers and a television, for what reason, Jimin simply couldn’t fathom.

Yoongi’s swag was limitless.

So were his clothes.

Motion sensor lights flickered on automatically, illuminating the length of the closet. Hangars adorned both sides, stacked over drawers, and instead of solid walls, the whole room was fitted with small shelves that held hundreds of shoes.

Jimin never admitted it, but getting dressed was a nightmare, and this closet triggered all sorts of anxiety for him. He much preferred his small, modest collection of clothes in his private room, but he was too flustered to walk across the hallway to get them.

He needed to get dressed, get out, get back, and get this over with.

Quickly.

“Ok… Let’s see here…”

Jimin pressed a switch and the hangars started rotating, showcasing different options every second. He stopped it after a moment and yanked out a blue shirt, but upon closer evaluation, saw that it was a screaming Gucci number, bedazzled with sequins and stripes, and- was that a feather?

Ugh.

After throwing around a few more thousand dollar items, he finally found some jeans that at least looked cheaper than they really were along with an equally unassuming tee shirt.

All black.

Fitting for the occasion.

He hastily threw on a pair of socks and grabbed the closest pair of shoes-patent leather boots- that he didn’t want to wear- but he couldn’t risk Yoongi getting out of the bathroom and finding him still here.

At least they matched his jacket.

With that, Jimin darted out of the house, managed to get his car to start, and before long was cruising towards the nearest grocery store.

He was jumpy and nervous, but this was normal. His therapist had taught him that nerves aren’t always a bad thing, they’re just a sign that important things were happening.

If important meant the implosion of his relationship, then sure, this was important.

But what had to be done, had to be done. Jimin knew he’d always had a delicate mental state, and now the guilt and fear were giving him lucid, frightening dreams that simply could NOT continue.

Jimin reached the store and parked haphazardly, paying no attention to his surroundings and nearly hit another motorist.
“I’m so sorry! Are you ok??” He jumped out, apologizing to the young woman.

She stood frozen, ogling his tight jeans, unabashedly.

“Ok… I’m gonna- sorry again…” He waved and bowed awkwardly, then scurried off into the store.

_Medicine._

_Ice cream._

Jimin raced through the aisles like a man possessed, rushing to get what he needed.

He’d made a complete pivot from initially wanting to die with this secret, to hardly being able to wait to confess everything to Yoongi.

The burden was suddenly too much to bear.

Honesty…

What had he been THINKING, even keeping it this long??

He grabbed a promising looking bottle of thick green cold remedy off the shelves.

Things would be better once everything was out in the open.

Better for him and Yoongi.

Better for Tae.

This was the last thought Jimin had before his vision tipped upside down and he went sprawling, flailing and sliding across the waxy floor.

He came to a painful stop against the cold glass doors of the freezer section, where he’d been heading to pick out the ice cream Yoongi requested.

He gasped and laid still, eyes squeezed shut as his poor body absorbed his second fall of the short day.

“Hyung? Are you ok??”

Jimin opened his eyes to a fresh nightmare.

Jungkook was standing right above him, concern pooling in his wide, round puppy eyes.

“Hyung??”

Jimin shook his head dazedly, rejecting what he was seeing.

But Jungkook remained steadfastly above him, wearing a clean white shirt, several sizes too big, tucked into baby blue jeans that were ripped everywhere.

He thudded a huge tan boot between Jimin’s splayed legs and extended a long, strong arm to help him up.

The younger’s fingers came sharply into focus.

Jimin had always thought Yoongi’s hands were the largest, most veined and sexiest he’d ever seen,
but Kook was certainly high in the running.

The digits projected nothing but power as they flexed and waited for Jimin to take hold.

_Why me?_

Jimin clutched the offered help with as much manly force as he could muster, but it was no use. The younger man eclipsed Jimin’s hand in his wide palm and pulled him up in what was supposed to be a gentle motion, but nearly had Jimin vaulting off the ground with both feet in the air.

Jimin stumbled to his feet unsteadily, and glared at Jungkook in thanks.

“T’m sorry!” The younger exclaimed, his face twisted in panic. “I-I don’t know my own strength sometimes!”

“Whatever…”

Jimin dusted off his jacket and held on to what little dignity he had left.

_Those fucking leather boots._

He knew he shouldn’t have worn them.

“What are you doing here?” He barked at Kook, as if the kid didn’t have the right to be out in public.

Hurt flashed across Jungkook’s eyes and Jimin’s heart jolted.

He quelled the sentiment.

This kid had him lying to Yoongi and having nightmares. He had no sympathy for him.

“Just shopping…” Kook whispered, with a guilty shrug.

“Of course, you are.”

Jimin’s cold reply didn’t even make sense to his own ears, but it still made Kook flinch like he’d been slapped.

Good.

“You alive?” Tae’s playful baritone preceded the brunette, as he sauntered up behind Jungkook to rest his head against the younger’s hulking shoulder.

Jimin’s breath caught at how stunning the pair looked side-by-side.

Fashion-wise, they couldn’t have been further apart.

Tae was donning a surprisingly fitted pair of forest green, pinstripe pants that stopped short of his ankles, showing off his diamond patterned socks. A flamboyantly matching floor length coat covered a low cut, black blouse. Red sneakers-literally- _red Air Jordan’s_- ended the runway look with a casual flair.

Tae lifted an elegant brow and it didn’t escape Jimin’s notice when Kook pulled the elder close, with a possessive arm around his waist.

They looked like a movie star and very well trained bodyguard.
“I’m alright.” Jimin said through gritted teeth, even as warmth and elation coursed through him from seeing his best friend alive and well.

“You don’t look alright.” Tae mused, pleasantly.

As usual, Taehyung’s handsome face was nonplussed and unreadable.

He really looked as if he’d been expecting to meet Jimin right there on the floor in front of the freezers.

“Then how the fuck do I look, Tae?” Jimin spat, all warmth and happiness forgotten.

“Like bambi in leather boots.”

Jungkook’s neck convulsed, as he strained to keep from laughing at Tae’s joke.

“Well, I’m glad I can offer some entertainment to you love birds.” Jimin favored Kook with a death stare that quieted the younger man, immediately. “I hope you’ve been having a grand time together, while my life goes to shit.”

Tae leveled Jimin with a completely blank expression.

Jungkook stirred uncomfortably, and huffed at the ground.

“Jimin hyung- I’m-”

“Shut up.” Jimin hissed at the younger man. He was tired of Kook’s fucking apologies.

“Don’t talk to him like th-!”

“Or else what, Tae?”

The friends each took a step forward, glaring at each other.

Kook moved like a machine, inserting himself as an impassable barrier between them, much like Jimin had done just yesterday at the spa.

“Hyungs!” The younger man, pleaded. “Please stop!”

Jimin gasped at Kook’s impertinence, infuriated by the fact that he could barely see over the kid’s head.

How DARE he?

“Tell your dog to stand down, Tae.” Jimin goaded from around the wall of muscle that was Jungkook.

“Or else what, Jimin?” Tae sneered back.

“Dears?”

All three men turned to the tiny, old woman who had suddenly appeared next to them, wobbling on a walking stick.

“Can one of you help an old lady get the ice cream on the top shelf?” She lifted her stick to point out her selection.
They murmured and bowed, but it was Jungkook who stepped forward to retrieve it for her.

He hinged at a 90 degree angle when he presented her with the item.

“You are such nice, handsome boys!” She chuckled, hobbling off with a dreamy smile.

They watched her walk away in stunned silence for a few seconds.

“Well, I’m leaving.” Jimin declared, nastily. “I have to go make my fiancé furious, while you guys plan dinner.”

Tae grabbed his arm, as he was turning away.

“You promised to support me, Chim.”

His deep voice pierced through Jimin’s stronghold of fear and anger.

“I support you, Tae. Not him!”

“Hyung-”

“No baby- I’ve got this.” Tae shrugged off his boyfriend’s interruption. “There’s no difference between me and him now, Jiminie.”

Jimin scoffed.

“Really, Tae? It’s been one fucking day!”

“It doesn’t matter!”

“Hyung-!”

“KOOKIE! QUIET!” Tae snapped at the younger man. “Jimin, stop acting like Yoongi won’t bend over and kiss your fucking ass no matter what you tell him! Stop being childish! I’d do it for you!”

A few shoppers edged their way around the trio, gingerly, while Tae and Jimin faced off nose to nose.

Jimin wanted to make things right with Tae, with Yoongi, with everyone, but he just wasn’t ready to show his vulnerable side in front of Jungkook.

I’ll make up with Tae later.

He jerked his arm out of Tae’s grip, roughly.

“See you guys around.”

With that, he stalked off, careful to take small heavy steps to avoid falling again, and whisked away down an unknown aisle towards the exit.

“Jimin-ah! Hey!”

Confused, Jimin turned to the source of the voice that was neither Kook’s nor Tae’s and physically convulsed when he saw Namjoon waving back at him from the baby section.

How.
How could he be here?

How could they ALL be here at the same goddamned time??

Jimin cursed himself for not shopping at the cheap little mart he’d patronized for years. It was fast, small, and had great prices.

But no, he had to go to the rich people’s store.

And now look.

“Hyung!” Jimin called, breathlessly. “H-hey! Hey, what’s up!?”

Namjoon ambled his way over, knocking into a few people along the way. Despite his clumsy progress, he still looked effortlessly awesome in a casual black and white track suit.

At almost 6 feet tall, the elder stood a good head, and sometimes shoulders, above most people around him, making his sleek, blonde Mohawk slice through the crowd like a stylish shark fin.

“Look at you, shopping at the sapphire plaza!” The elder teased, when the pair met each other halfway. “Yoongi wouldn’t stop bitching about you going to all those bargain stores.”

“It was one store and the bargains are good.” Jimin defended vehemently, while glancing around to make sure the Taekook disaster wasn’t nearby. “It’s literally the exact same stuff we buy here, hyung. Just less expensive.”

Namjoon shrugged, haughtily.

“Well, I heard some of that stuff can be counterfeit. I don’t have time for fake shit.”

Jimin looked down at what the elder was holding.

They were baby wipes.

Wipes for a babies ass.

“What?” Namjoon demanded, shifting slightly. “I have sensitive skin.”

Jimin would have loved to make fun of the elder, but he was far too stressed at the present time.

He was also seriously expecting Hobi and maybe even Umma to drop from the sky with the way things were going.

“Um. Wanna get a coffee hyung?” Jimin invited, trying to think fast on his feet. “There’s a new shop just down the street.”

“I don’t drink coffee.” Namjoon interrupted. “You know that, man.”

Shit.

Shit on toast.

“Maybe we can- um, are you hungry?” Jimin asked, instead, actually feeling the sweat building under his clothes. “It’s just, you know I don’t get to see you much and-”

Namjoon regarded him for a moment.
“Do you wanna talk to me about something, Jimin-ah?” The blonde asked importantly, as shoppers cruised around them. “Is something going down with you and Yoongs?”

Jimin’s eyes were flicking every which way trying to determine where the hell Taehyung and Jungkook were, but his attention was diverted by Namjoon’s question.

“What, hyung??”

“You and Suga? Is everything ok?” Namjoon repeated, combing his hand through his hair. “You can tell me.”

“Everything’s fi- oh God!” Jimin yelped before he could stop himself, when he spotted Kook and Tae walking directly behind Namjoon- barely ten feet away.

Namjoon stared down at him in confusion, then almost twisted around to follow Jimin’s terrified gaze, but Jimin was faster and gripped the elder by the shoulders to stop his movement.

“Yes, I have something to tell you, hyung!” Jimin shrieked, startling a nearby shopper into dropping her basket.

Namjoon turned back to Jimin quickly, while Tae continued browsing a display of chocolates, with Kook clinging to him closely, whispering in his ear.

*Gross.*

Weren’t there laws against such blatant displays of affection?

This is a FAMILY ESTABLISHAMENT.

“You do?” Namjoon interrupted Jimin’s squinted eye stare at the oblivious couple.

Jimin blinked.

“I… Yes?”

“Well?” The blonde encouraged, nodding down at him. “What is it?”

Jimin swallowed, nervously.

“Uhhh…”

Jungkook strolled even closer to Namjoon, perusing the protein supplements and pulling Tae behind him by the hand.

Jimin couldn’t understand how the couple did not SEE the man standing literally INCHES away from them.

He was the tallest person in the fucking store!

Jimin raised his arm and tried to play it off by brushing his hair back.

He needed to get their attention and make them LEAVE.

It was already going to be anarchy talking to Yoongi about this later. The last thing everyone needed was for Namjoon to run off calling Yoongi- or worse- Hobi.
Just the thought of the redhead sent a chill up Jimin’s spine.

As much as he hated Kook, he didn’t want to see the kid receive the Tony treatment.

“Jimin?” Namjoon, reminded. “It’s ok, man, let it out. I know Yoongs has been pretty fucked up, too. He hasn’t been himself for a while.”

“He-he hasn’t…?”

Jimin was still trying to surreptitiously get either Tae’s or Kook’s attention from over the blonde’s broad shoulders, and was really only half listening to Namjoon at this point.

“Not really, no.” Namjoon explained, frowning. “We’re supposed to be holding auditions, but Yoongs hasn’t been handling it- he’s moody and totally distracted.”

Something was turning slowly in Jimin’s brain.

Hadin’t Yoongi said he was spending all his time with the singing auditions?

But, according to Namjoon, this wasn’t case.

“Well the fucker is always moody…” The older blonde rambled on. “But this is- I dunno…It’s worse.” He paused, staring at Jimin expectantly. “So what is it you wanna tell me, then?”

Jimin wanted to press this matter further, but Tae was hovering so close to Namjoon he couldn’t believe the two hadn’t bumped elbows.

Until they did.

In a fraction of a second that seemed to hang suspended in time, Tae knocked into Namjoon while picking out a magazine.

Jimin watched in sickening slow motion as Jungkook rushed to grasp the brunette protectively, while Namjoon turned to see what the commotion was behind him.

“I want a baby, hyung!” Jimin blurted, mindlessly.

A hundred years from now, Jimin would still not be able to explain why he said that.

Maybe it was the desperation of the moment; the need to come up with something so shocking, so sensational, that it would captivate Namjoon’s attention permanently.

Or maybe it was just the wipes the elder was holding.

Jimin didn’t know.

The important thing was that it worked.

“What??”

Namjoon’s voice had ticked up to a level that Jimin had never heard before. The blonde’s well manicured brows locked together in one long line of confusion.

“I’m sorry- did you say a fucking baby??” The elder repeated, flabbergasted.

Taehyung, finally aware of Namjoon’s presence, stared at Jimin over the blonde’s shoulder, his big
brown eyes huge with surprise. A moment later, he tugged Kook away and the pair hurried to the exit.

Jimin nodded, numbly, relieved that Tae had left, but at a total loss as to how to navigate this new conversation.

“A baby?” Namjoon said again, shrilly. “Like the kind that- that cries??”

Jimin rubbed his neck, tensely.

“It’s just something I was- I’ve been thinking… About…?”

He suddenly wanted to go home. And that was saying something, considering what horrors awaited him there.

Namjoon’s mouth was hanging open so wide, Jimin could see his fillings.

“You would put a child,” the elder held up an invisible infant for emphasis, “and Min Yoongi,” he pointed at a rack of alcohol that Jimin guessed represented Yoongi, “in the same fucking house??”

Jimin nodded again, but a lot less convincingly.

“Like it’s not for sure, hyung… I was just- I’m thinking about it…”

Truthfully, Jimin had never really thought about it, but it was alarming to see how unfit of a parent Namjoon considered Yoongi to be.

Jimin actually disagreed. He thought Yoongi would make a great father; loving, protective, and sacrificing.

“This is because of my sister, isn’t it, Jimin-ah?”

It was Jimin’s turn to look completely baffled.

“Your sister??”

Namjoon smiled indulgently at him.

“Because of Hobi, right? Knocking her up??”

Jimin frowned, not seeing the connection.

“Hyung… What??”

“You need a surrogate.” Namjoon shook his head, chuckling softly. “I mean it makes sense, you guys obviously can’t do it alone.”

The bustling store went stone silent for a moment while Jimin absorbed Namjoon's words.

Oh.

My.

God.

“Oh, hyung- really- we haven’t even… Like-no…” Jimin spluttered. “It’s very preliminary.”
“I’ll talk to her.” Namjoon promised solemnly, and Jimin felt a choke hold squeeze his chest. “I can’t promise anything, but, ever since Hobi and the miscarriage, I know she’s really wanted to be a mother. This might help her, too, you know?”

Jimin didn’t know.

He didn’t want to know.

“Of course, there’s the issue of custody and all that.” Namjoon continued, seemingly unaware that Jimin was withering away in front of him. “But she’s a really sweet girl and I think- I mean- I think it could work if everyone’s on the same page.”

The blonde smoothed his hair back and nodded, as if they’d just finalized everything.

“Did you guys want to use a fertility clinic or just go the old fashioned way?” Namjoon inquired, studying Jimin’s face closely. “I mean, Yoongi did always like Eunha. She’s probably one of the only girls he was ever actually nice to…”

Oh fuck.

Jimin held up a shaky hand, nausea washing over him.

“P-please, hyung. Please stop.”

“You alright?” The elder peered down at him.

“Yes- just- please. Can we talk about this later?”

Never. Talk about it never.

Namjoon shrugged.

“I know it’s a huge step, Jimin-ah, but we’re all here for you guys. I’ll call Yoongi toni-“

“NO!”

The blonde paused and cocked his head at Jimin, then closed his eyes with an understanding smile.

“You haven’t told Yoongi yet, have you?”

Jimin nearly laughed maniacally at this.

“Not yet, hyung.” Jimin licked his lips and huffed. “Can we keep this between us for now?”

“Sure, yea, but for how long?”

Until one of us dies.

“Just till I figure out how to tell Yoongi.” Jimin wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans. “Like you said, it’s a big step, hyung. I don’t wanna overwhelm him.”

Namjoon exhaled.

“Alright. But if it’s bothering you, then you shouldn’t hold it in. Talk to Yoongi sooner rather than later, ok?”

“Right…”
“You outta here?”

Jimin nodded, tiredly. He was exhausted after only being awake for an hour.

“Here, I’ll get these for you.”

Jimin stood around awkwardly, as Namjoon paid for his cold medicine and half melted ice cream.

“I just realized that if Eunha… If she- with you guys… Then your kid would be my niece or nephew!” Namjoon surmised, handing Jimin the paid merchandise with a wistful grin. “We’d be family for real. Holy shit!”

Bile rose in Jimin’s throat that he had to beat back with sheer mental power.

“Wow… Yea…Thanks, hyung.” He took the bag and waved goodbye to Namjoon, who parted with a wink and brotherly pat on the back.

Jimin zombie-walked to his car and drove home slowly, disobeying the posted speed limits in favor of crawling along like a lost tourist. He almost called his therapist, but stopped himself.

It was her day off, anyway.

Really, it was all just too much.

The maddening events from his store trip were spinning around like a whirlpool of mixed emotions in Jimin’s head, triggering his anxiety so badly that his fingers were jittering uncontrollably on the wheel.

But still- seeing Tae so comfortable and happy outweighed all the bad.

Even Eunha.

Jimin’s stomach flipped painfully at the thought of Yoongi going near anyone other than him, for any reason.

He had to tell the truth.

That was the only way to end this once and for all, and Jimin was ready for it, come what may.

He parked in the garage and took one last look at the bright sun and blue sky, trying to immortalize the vision of happiness in his brain to recall later- after everything goes to hell.

His phone buzzed with an incoming phone call, as he was unlocking the door.

It was Taehyung.

Jimin switched the phone off completely.

The last thing he needed was Tae reminding him to ‘stop being childish’, as if the dreamy eyed brunette had any idea how gut-wrenchingly terrifying this was.

Resolutely, he stepped into the house and closed the door, then froze.

Yoongi was right in front of him, naked from the waist up again, slicing some fruit on the kitchen island. A large pair of earphones dangled around his neck.
Jimin could still smell the flowery bath water on him.

“Vitamin C.” The elder said, smiling. “Umma said I should eat oranges for my cold, so…”

Jimin swallowed, thickly. He’d never felt his heart beating so fast. Not even during his toughest, most demanding choreographies.

This is it.

“Hyung…”

“I know, I know.” Yoongi interrupted, holding up the knife as he grabbed another orange. “I should be wearing a shirt, but in fairness, I have the heat on and a fire going.” He nodded at the roaring fireplace.

Jimin glanced at it, remembering their sweaty, frantic fucking from the night before.

“Yoongi-“ He whispered, brokenly.

The elder hummed in acknowledgment, sucking some juice from his thumb.

“Is that my ice cream, baby?”

Jimin tossed the useless, melted ice cream in the trash, ignoring the elder’s stunned expression.

“Yoongi... Jungkook and Taehyung are dating.”
Chapter Summary

I know it's been way too long.

Due to my work/life commitments and the crazy size of this update, I had to split it into 2 parts to avoid posting absolute bullshit. Part 2 should drop pretty soon, since I had it 99% done. Don't hold me to that, though. We all know I'm a pathological liar. I'm trying tho! #fighting

Are we all seeing BTS this summer? I'll be at both NJ and Chicago shows. I will never, ever heal from that ticketing experience. I'm scarred for life. BUT I'M DOING SOUNDCHECK IN BOTH STATES GAHHHHHHHHH!!! YOONMIN I'M COMING FOR YOU!!!

Have you guys tried my new work, EVOLVERS? :)

Love me or hate me, come find me @ Mizzteek

Chapter Notes

Alright...

I'm very sorry.

But there will be a major character death in this chapter. :( 

Please prepare yourselves.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The almost impossibly large, gourmet kitchen seemed to squeeze and shrink in size the moment Jimin uttered those words, but he willed himself to continue.

“It’s a thing.” Jimin clarified, using Tae’s damning terminology. “They’re together, together.”

He swallowed and took a step forward, but decided to stay put for the time being. Never having real parents, Jimin was not accustomed to the rolling queasiness that accompanied a confession made to an older, more formidable figure.

All confidence had left him completely and Jimin honestly had never felt more scared. Standing before the elder now, who was cutting an orange or perhaps a tangerine (Jimin was looking at the floor, so he couldn’t tell) this easily ranked as number one on his list of most horrifying moments in his life.
The only solution, he figured, was to power through it.

“Jungkook- he goes to the spa, the Cocoa house.” Jimin rushed, nervously, his words beating out in an unnatural, staccato rhythm. “He’s an elite member like us and we went up and, no first I went up, and then we went up- but not all of us- like just, me and Tae, and then he was there and I didn’t know anything- and then- I SAW him and I swear I told him to jump out the window, but Tae- and it all happened so fast- they exchanged numbers and…”

Jimin had to force himself to stop and breathe.

Yoongi hadn’t uttered a word yet and jimin wasn’t ready to meet his eyes.

“I can’t tell you how or why this happened, hyung.” He continued in a hushed whisper, shaking his head confusedly at the white tiles of the kitchen floor. “But all I can say is this: Taehyung is gay- he- he has been for a while- and- him and Kook… they’re a thing now. A real thing. As real as you and me.”

Jimin called upon the strength of gods and men alike, when he sucked in a breath and finally looked up at the elder. Brilliant, natural light poured through the large bay windows, bathing their pretty kitchen in golden rays.

The warmth and sun weren’t reaching Yoongi’s face, however.

“And I support them.” Jimin pressed on, valiantly. “I know it’s beyond craziness and believe me, I fought this until I couldn’t fight anymore- but- I need you to support them, too. Please, hyung!”

Yoongi blinked down at the knife he was holding, which was lodged into the fruit clutched in his hand.

Jimin had seen Yoongi blank out before, but never anything like this.

He was as still and silent as a taxidermy subject and Jimin couldn’t help but fixate on his smooth and slim torso, which was beautifully unblemished, save for his bullet wound scar that seemed to stare back sullenly at Jimin.

“I- it’s not that we have to like him or anything, hyung-” Jimin licked his lips and tried to shake off a slight feeling of lightheadedness. “Just- we just have to accept him and his relationship with Tae. Please Yoongi! I know what you went through- but Tae- he’s… He’s my Hobi. He’s my brother.”

Jimin had come ready for a fight- he was absolutely petrified- but he was ready; ready to defend himself by saying that he was the one who nursed Yoongi back to health, so he had as much say in the Taekook dilemma as Yoongi did.

He was ready to debate, to butt heads, to cry, if it came to that.

But what he didn’t expect was for Yoongi to calmly continue cutting oranges, slowly and methodically, as if he hadn’t heard Jimin at all.

Shock.

He’s just in shock.

Jimin huffed, anxiously.

He’d learned about this in his therapy sessions. Sometimes people have brief, psychotic breaks from
reality and they need time to process what they’re hearing.

Jimin stole a fearful glance at the elder—who had started working on a green apple—trying to determine if Yoongi was perhaps on the brink of a mental breakdown.

What were the signs??

What should he look out for??

“Yoongi… Please. Please just look at me.”

Nothing.

Yoongi deftly quartered the apple and grabbed another one.

Slowly, carefully.

“Yoongi, this is me talking. Not Tae or Kook or anyone else.” Jimin had ventured as far as the edge of the kitchen island, so he was directly across from the elder now. “If you won’t do it for their sake, at least do it for me.”

He was fighting to keep his voice calm, but he was straining against the desperation seeping into his blood. His leather jacket felt too hot and too tight, but he couldn’t break concentration long enough to remove it.

“Yoongi, come on… I love you! Talk to me!”

But Yoongi wouldn’t even look at him, and it was causing Jimin’s fear and anxiety to sour into pain and hurt.

The elder sliced into the new apple with a particularly forceful cut that banged against the marble countertop with a resonating metallic sound.

Somehow, the clang set off a strange sensation in Jimin’s head; not dizziness or confusion, but more like a sense of renewed clarity. The counter top, the kitchen, even Yoongi himself came sharply into focus, as if Jimin had adjusted a lens, giving him clearer vision.

De ja vu.

The uncanny feeling from this morning was back and stronger than ever.

Jimin stepped closer, watching Yoongi cut away.

*I’ve seen this before.*

He hadn’t just seen it, he’d *lived* it.

Jimin squinted his eyes and peered harder, willing the pieces to fall in place—and suddenly, they did.

TONY.

The scene was nearly an *exact* replica of when Jimin had confronted Yoongi about Tony back in their old Seoul kitchen.

And today, just like that day, Yoongi was calmly chopping…
Chopping away…

The answer clicked in Jimin’s mind at the same moment that he felt gravity leave the room. He stood there, as if he was suspended in mid-air, floating from the shocking revelation.

The revelation that...

“You already knew, didn’t you, Yoongi?”

Jimin’s voice was nothing more than a mystified whisper. A thought spoken to himself.

He eyed the elder carefully, searching for clues to support his accusation.

And they weren’t hard to find.

Once upon a time, at the dawn of their relationship, Jimin would have completely missed the signs of Yoongi in distress. Admittedly- the elder was good at hiding it. Almost too good.

But Jimin was no fool.

He may not have had all the elder’s street smarts and quick mental reflexes, but he’d spent the better part of a year getting to know every little detail about the man he loved.

He knew that Yoongi’s movements were usually languid, bordering on careless.

And yet, the man was slicing fruit with so much tension, Jimin could see the veins popping on his hands, running all the way up his forearms.

Furthermore, the elder’s eyes were squeezed in tiny slits of concentration- and while he had no problem focusing on the task before him- he didn’t seem to be able to look at Jimin at all.

Because he already fucking knows.

“Tell me how.”

Jimin waited for a beat, giving Yoongi the chance to explain himself. But when the elder didn’t speak- didn’t even stop cutting that goddamned apple- Jimin started to feel his progress from therapy peeling away like layers of paint, fading rapidly into nothingness.

His rage was building dangerously, and without even really knowing it, Jimin’s feet carried him around the island and next to Yoongi’s stilled figure.

“I said tell me.” Jimin hissed in Yoongi’s ear, and maybe it was the venom in his voice, or perhaps the proximity, but something finally made Yoongi drop what he was doing to face him.

His eyes were flat as stone with barely a twinkle of life in them.

And he still wouldn’t say a word.

Jimin was overcome by his beauty even in this moment. Yoongi’s chest, so lean and fragile, lifted and fell gently with his heavy breathing.

“I want the truth.” Jimin spat, zoning back to the moment. “Tell me how you know?? You have been following me, haven’t you?? Are you tapping my phone- what is it?? HOW DID YOU DO IT??”

Yoongi’s throat contracted with the force of his swallow.
“Jimin, it’s not what you think-”

“Don’t- just don’t, Yoongi! TELL ME HOW YOU KNOW!”

Yoongi licked his lips and pressed them together, clearly thinking hard.

Jimin had an overwhelming, almost irresistible urge to destroy the kitchen. In a flash, he envisioned tossing that bowl of fruit against the tall glass windows, shattering them to pieces. He wanted to rip the cabinet doors off their hinges; yank the appliances from their homes and throw them across the room, ruining everything.

Just like Yoongi was ruining everything.

Seething with unbridled rage, Jimin fought for composure; struggling to remember the tenets of patience that he’d been learning- but it was all a blur.

What was it about anger?

Anger something…??

Anger’s not the answer.

Yes, that was it.

Anger’s not the answer.

But staring at Yoongi’s gorgeous, yet infuriatingly silent lips, Jimin wasn’t so sure anymore.

Anger seemed like the perfect answer.

“I haven’t been following you, Jimin.”

Jimin scoffed and glared at the elder, noting how his vision was tinged with red at the periphery.

“Bullshit!” He countered, incensed by Yoongi’s calmness. “It’s either that- or you’ve got a fucking camera up my ass- I don’t fucking know- but you’re obviously doing something FUCKED UP!”

Even as he said it, Jimin didn’t understand it; couldn’t figure it out.

“Jimin-ah, please. Let’s just sit down-”

“No!”

Jimin threw a halting hand out towards the elder, stepping back from his beauty and his lies.

“Going to the spa had been a totally random decision.” Jimin thought out loud, running his hands through his hair and pacing around the kitchen, madly. “You only knew that I was going to dance class, and that’s it.” He turned and pointed an accusatory finger at Yoongi who was watching him, warily. “Did you follow me there, too???? So you know about Bang? Asking me to work there?”

Yoongi’s composed face fell, twisting in confusion.

“I don’t know anything about that, Jimin-ah, and I am not following you. You’re upset, ok? Let’s wait till you’ve calmed down. We can talk later.”

Jimin shook his head, savagely.
No way.

Yoongi wasn’t calling the shots here.

“If it wasn’t you, then you must have had someone else following me.” Jimin continued, doggedly, continuing to pace in agitation. “A friend or someone…” Jimin paused, a sudden idea hitting him.

Maybe Namjoon?

He had showed up pretty shockingly.

Had Yoongi commissioned the older blonde to stalk Jimin?

It didn’t sound right, somehow…

Namjoon carried himself with such a presence. He was so tall and that blonde Mohawk was like a beacon. There was NO way he could secretly follow anybody.

Not to even speak of Hobi and his bright red hair.

In fact, Jimin hadn’t seen anyone even closely resembling either of Yoongi’s friends anywhere in the spa.

His brain felt sluggish and heavy, like it wasn’t up to the task of solving this conundrum.

“Jimin. Baby, please… Come sit down.”

Yoongi had approached him. Jimin could feel his heat and smell his body; hear his breathing.

“Jimin…”

Jemin glanced at him, baffled.

What WAS it about this man that always put him 20 steps ahead of everything.

He was so small and unassuming, and yet, he was some kind of mystical James Bond fucking spy…

Jemin froze.

That was it.

His foggy, barely functioning brain suddenly powered to life, going into overdrive.

Yoongi was telling the truth.

He didn’t follow Jimin, nor did any of his friends.

Because he didn’t need to.

“You had a spy in the fucking spa, didn’t you?”

Jemin dazedly flicked away Yoongi’s hand that had strayed over to grasp his fingers.

It was Yoongi who froze this time.

Jemin didn’t even notice the guilty look on his face.
His mind was working too fast, racing through fragments of kaleidoscope memories from that day. And as the picture started to come together, the only reasonable conclusion he could think of was...

“They were expecting me at the Cocoa House?”

He turned his questioning gaze to Yoongi, but the elder gave him nothing.

“The membership card- they- they already had a card for me…” Jimin was trembling as he spoke.
“And she knew my name…”

His mind was hurtling backwards, flashing to the fancy gold membership card that was all shiny and ready for him when he reached the top level.

And the noona- the nice, calm faced noona who gives amazing scalp massages- she had greeted him by name.

“How did she know my name, Yoongi?”

The elder scooted closer, cautiously.

“Jimin-”

Jimin backed away. He couldn’t be distracted. He had to THINK.

The whole spa experience had been so bewildering that he didn’t realize it was masterminded.

From the second he’d arrived, everyone behaved as though they’d KNOWN he was coming. It was obvious from the way the small intake army had stopped dead in their tracks and whisked him off in the magic elevator, to the noona who already knew his name and had his permanent membership card handy, and even the onslaught of waiters and waitresses serving him at every turn…

Jimin's brain whizzed around and around, dizzying him almost to the point of feeling wobbly on his feet and then everything went perfectly, eerily still.

He stopped and stared at Yoongi, aghast.

“It was her. The noona that washed my hair. She was there when Tae and I and Jungkook- when when it all happened. She knew my name. They knew to take me to her. You didn’t know when I was going to visit the spa, but you had everything ready. You had it all set up, so when I eventually did go there, you would know exactly where I went, what I did, who I spoke to!”

Jimin clutched his head in distress.

“Why, Yoongi?? WHY DO YOU ALWAYS DO THIS?”

Yoongi sighed and grabbed a sweatshirt from the coat closet to cover himself with.

“You don’t understand-”

“You’re right!” Jimin barked. “I don’t. I NEVER UNDERSTAND!”

Jimin couldn’t believe what an idiot he’d been to think that Yoongi would ever change his controlling ways.

There was no therapy on earth that would ever fix this.
He was broken.

They were broken.

Familiar tremors were coursing through his veins now, boiling his blood. Feelings that he’d painstakingly taught himself to control were bursting out of him; taking over him.

*I hate him.*

“Ok, Jimin- this is the truth.” Yoongi said quickly, eyeing the younger’s clenched fists. “You going to the spa wasn't random, at all. *I asked Tae to take you because I KNEW you’d never go on your own.*” The elder huffed and slipped on the sweatshirt. “I knew that you’d go insane with anxiety in an unfamiliar atmosphere, so I visited the place first to just talk to the staff and make sure you had the best experience, but then-”

Yoongi paused and cursed.

Jimin's ogled him, expectantly.

“But then what?”

Yoongi sighed and shook his head in regret.

“And then I saw Kook. I saw him in the fucking VIP level or whatever it is. Getting a goddamn facial.”

Jimin raised surprised brows at this.

“And then what??”

“What do you think?” Yoongi threw his hands in exasperation. “I almost fucking killed him, but his dad was there and- look, *that doesn’t matter.* The point is that I told him you’d be coming soon and he’d better not bother you or I’d END him. I knew you’d run into him eventually- I didn’t think it would be your very first fucking visit- but I was working my way up to telling you… I just- I didn’t want you to avoid the place just because of him. I had the old lady keep an eye out, just to make sure Kook behaved himself. Don’t you get it??”

Jimin recalled the look of pure terror on Jungkook’s face when they ran into each other that day. And even this morning, at the store.

It all made sense now.

The poor kid had probably been threatened into silence by a deadly Yoongi.

No wonder he was always shaking and spluttering so bad.

“Of course, I get it, Yoongi.” Jimin replied with dripping sarcasm. “I get that you refused to act like any other NORMAL person and simply TELL ME what happened. Instead you had to do this bullshit, with all your *secrecy and lies-*”

“I didn’t LIE-”

“YOU HID THE TRUTH-”

Jimin?? And you never said a WORD. Doesn’t your therapist teach you that communication is a two-way fucking street!?”

Jimin’s wrath was reaching blowout levels. The way Yoongi was turning the issue back on him was driving him insane with fury.

The fact that the elder wasn’t entirely wrong, made it even worse.

“It doesn’t count if you were just trying to fucking TRICK ME-”

“Jimin, I was trying to protect-“

“By getting me a babysitter???”

“I was going to TELL YOU-”

“When!?”

The men paused, red faced and breathless.

“Last night.” Yoongi admitted, quietly. “I swear on Umma, I was going to, but you were so upset already. It was obvious something had happened- so I decided to wait. I swear!”

The firestorm was still roaring in Jimin’s ears. Hearing that all his fear and anxiety from the last 24 hours had been completely pointless was a blow that he didn’t know how to recover from. He felt stupid and small and tricked, and all those submerged feelings of insecurity were rushing to the surface again.

Walk away.

Walk away before you say something you’ll regret.

“Alright.”

Jimin bit off the word and spat it at Yoongi’s face, then swooped around the island to grab his keys.

“Where are you going??”

The elder’s voice was tense and tinged with panic.

“Out.”

Yoongi flashed over to the door like a bolt of lightning.

“Out where??”

“Out there.” Jimin lifted his chin at the door with a hard look at the elder, resisting the urge to slap him.

Just walk away, cool off, and come back.

“I need to know where you’re going.”

Yoongi wasn’t helping Jimin resist the urge.

“I’m sure you have ample ways of finding out, Yoongi.” He retorted, icily. “Now, move.”
The elder’s nerve-laced hand tightened against the doorframe, which was currently being blocked by his entire arm.

“Jimin-ah, isn’t this what you wanted? For me to accept and support it?” Yoongi turned up the palm of his free hand, in a questioning pose. “Well, now you have it! I don’t give a shit who Taehyung is dating, and I couldn’t care less that it’s Jungkook! As long as you’re ok, good luck to them! Can we let this go?!”

Jimin met his eyes.

When would Yoongi ever learn that the end doesn’t justify means?

“I won’t ask again, Yoongi. Get out of the way.”

Yoongi didn’t budge and Jimin had a brief fantasy of breaking the door with the elder’s face.

*Walk away.*

*Walk away, walk away, walk away.*

“Who the hell do you think you are?” Jimin hissed.

“Your husband.”

The elder’s response was quick and confident- and it made Jimin’s chest tighten, in spite of himself.

*Not yet.*

The words sat, ugly and heavy, on the tip of Jimin’s tongue, and OH, how close he came to uttering them and getting the satisfaction of watching Yoongi’s heart shatter.

But instead, he silently removed Yoongi’s hand from the door and exited the house.

The elder followed him into the garage, but thankfully didn’t say anything or try to stop Jimin while he fumbled his way through starting the car and reversing out to the driveway. Jimin thought it was a smart move on the elder’s part, because he just might have run him over.

Trembling from head to toe and barely holding back tears, Jimin pulled off and down the street, his heart twisting painfully, as he made his way down the pristine, tree-lined lane to the main roads. This drive was even worse than the ride from the grocery store.

At least then he’d had a destination.

Now there was nowhere to go. Nowhere to run.

The house was Yoongi’s.

The car was Yoongi’s.

Even the shoes on his *feet* were Yoongi’s.

The elder had utter and absolute control. No wonder he was still treating Jimin like a fucking child.

Jimin wiped away a few stray tears and without thinking, turned on his phone and thumbed through the directory frantically, until he reached the number he was searching for.
He connected the device to his car and dialed, listening to the ringing through the speakers, while trying to keep his watery eyes on the road.

**Hello?**

**D-Doctor Hwang??** Jimin sobbed into the phone as soon as he heard the familiar warm, female voice.

He knew it was her day off, and while that had prevented him from reaching out to her before, he could hardly care less now.

**Yes? Speaking?? Can I help-**

*Oh, thank God I caught you, Doctor! I need to speak with you, please!* 

There was a brief pause, and then:

**Mr. Min? Is that- is that you?**

*It’s me! And I need to talk to-***

**Min Jimin??**

**YES! It’s me! Min Jimin!! Please listen to me! Yoongi lied; he lied to me again-he-he’s still doing it, he won’t stop! And I don’t have anything of my own or anywhere to go-**

**Jimin-ssi…**

*This is what he WANTED. To trap me! And I fell for it- and- oh my God-***

**JIMIN!!**

Jimin hiccupped heavily and fell silent. He’d been with Dr. Hwang, a kind, patient therapist in her mid-forties, for months now and he adored her. She was sharp and insightful and really took her time to listen and walk him through his hailstorm of emotions from childhood pains to present day problems.

And in all their time together, she’d NEVER raised her voice.

**Jimin…** She repeated, quietly.

**I want to help you, Jimin. I WILL help you, but I’m not working today-**

*I know, Noona, I know, but PLEASE-***

**Let’s book an appointment for tomorr-**

*I CAN’T WAIT TILL TOMORROW!!** Jimin wailed, swerving dangerously into another lane and causing an angered motorist to honk aggressively.

**Jimin, are you driving?**

The doctor’s voice was low and cautious.

Jimin corrected his car and took several deep breaths before responding.
I left the house- I had to leave. I walked away. I was gonna say something terrible to him, but I didn’t. I walked away…

At that moment, a deep, male voice filtered through the speakers. Dr. Hwang had a brief, muffled conversation with him, and it was clear that he was questioning who she was speaking with and why.

Jimin recalled her mentioning that her husband was also a therapist.

Good.

Maybe he could help this hopeless situation.

Jimin… I- I have plans today with my husband…

Noona, I beg you. Just give me ten minutes. Please!

You need to pull over, Jimin-ssi…

I’M OK! I swear, I’m ok, but I need to talk this through with you please. PLEASE!

She hesitated for a quick second that lasted an hour.

Ok. Ok… Take a deep breath and CALMLY tell me what happened.

Jimin concentrated on the road ahead and recited everything to her from the beginning. His story was punctuated at times by her very irritated husband who kept insisting that she change her number.

Dr. Hwang was completely silent after Jimin finished and he waited patiently, his tears having subsided by then. In the background, he could hear small children playing and trying to get their mother’s attention.

He felt bad for taking her time on a free day, but what choice did he have?

Ok, Jimin. So tell me how you felt-

I felt betrayed. Jimin answered, quickly.

Mislead! Mistreated! Insulted!! I can’t BELIEVE he-

No, no, Jimin. She corrected, quietly.

I’m not asking about how you feel NOW. I’m asking how you felt yesterday?

Jimin paused, confused.

Who cares about yesterday?

Yesterday?? He repeated, dubiously.

Yes. Yesterday.

When- what time yesterday?

When you got home last night. She clarified.
Well, that was easy enough.

*I was scared, Noona. I mean- I was terrified!*

**Why, Jimin?**

Jimin nearly laughed all alone in the car.

*Noona, if you KNEW Min Yoongi, you would understand why!*

**Please just answer the question, Jimin-ssi.**

Jimin sighed and steered his car into a large parking garage. He slumped against the seat after pulling to a stop and raked his hands through his hair.

*Ok. I was afraid that he would be angry. Angry at me for somehow not stopping it all from happening. Angry at Tae for- well, honestly Noona, he’s always furious with Tae. And then there’s Jungkook, and God, you don’t even wanna know the story behind that one…*

**Alright, so let’s do an imagine.**

He paused again, surprised.

*Um... Ok?*

Jimin did imaginative scenarios with Dr. Hwang all the time. They helped to simplify complex situations, so he could understand his feelings and make better decisions.

But he couldn’t really see how that method would be helpful now.

**Ready?**

*I... I guess?*

*Great. Now imagine that you and a friend are on a plane and you’re both about to skydive together. The plane reaches altitude and the doors open. You and your friend both walk up to the ledge, check your parachutes, and prepare to jump. Are you with me, so far?*

Jimin blinked.

Did she say parachutes??

*Yes- I think so?*

His gut clenched violently at just the THOUGHT of jumping out of an aircraft.

*Alright. The pilot gives you the signal, and at the very moment when you’re supposed to jump, you hesitate and can’t do it. Are you still with me?*

*Yes, I am.*

Jimin nodded vigorously in the driver seat.

He was with her completely, because chickening out is EXACTLY what he would have done.

*Now answer this: why would you hesitate?*
Um...

Her husband yelled something in the background, but she shushed him sharply.

**Go on, Jimin.** She encouraged, kindly.

*Fear?* Jimin blurted.

*I’d be terrified of falling to my death.*

**Ok. Now imagine at that same moment, your friend also hesitated. What do you think would make them do that?**

Jimin huffed.

What was the point of this?

Who wouldn’t be scared of jumping out of a fucking plane?

*Same thing, I guess? Because they’re scared?*

She paused and hummed, thoughtfully.

*It’s funny you say that, Jimin. You could have chosen any answer, but you decided that you both didn’t jump for the same reason, which was fear. The lesson here is that most people act in the same way for the same reasons. So, if you didn’t tell Yoongi about your encounter because you were afraid, the likelihood is that he was ALSO afraid of telling you that he’d visited the spa ahead of you.*

Jimin was struck into shocked silence for a long moment- and then promptly started laughing, his giggles echoing in the large car park.

Dr. Hwang was usually spot on, but she had it all wrong today.

**Noona-** Jimin struggled to get his words out between fresh peals of laughter.

*Yoongi isn’t afraid of anything. The man is completely fearless! The last thing on EARTH he’d ever be afraid of is me.*

The doctor chuckled, lightly.

*Jimin- fear takes many forms and is different for each person. I don’t know Yoongi personally and I haven’t had the chance to psychoanalyze him; but from what you’ve told me, I can infer that while Yoongi isn’t afraid OF you, he’s deathly afraid of LOSING you.*

She paused to throw something that sounded like snacks at her children. Jimin heard them quiet down and attack whatever was in the plastic wrapping.

*I think this is what causes the behavior that you hate so much, and honestly, Jimin-ssi, I understand why you’re upset, but remember when we talked about vicious cycles? If Yoongi is afraid that you will leave him, and the very first thing you do when you get angry is walk out, then you’re confirming his fears and he’ll never change; the cycle will just keep going on and on.*

Jimin had stopped laughing.
His heart was pounding and his mouth was hanging wide open. There was no way, just NO way that Yoongi had been experiencing the same sickening fear and trepidation as Jimin had.

This was YOONGI.

Her kids had picked up their whining again, but Jimin could barely hear them.

But I had to leave, noona… Jimin said, weakly.

You’re saying that I shouldn’t have left, but I had to? I almost said something unforgivable to him and I had to leave so I didn’t hurt him? I had to walk away? Right?

Dr. Hwang sighed.

Well, that was a good decision for today, Jimin, but you need to try and think of relationships as a small island surrounded by water. You can’t just walk off into the ocean every time you’re upset. You can take some space to yourself, but not in a way that leaves your partner thinking it’s over, unless that’s what you actually want?

Jimin’s chest convulsed from alarm.

No- I don’t want that. I don’t…

She hummed, soothingly.

I don’t think that’s what either of you want. If you had waited until our next session- she paused here for emphasis- I would have introduced the concept of rubber and crystal moments and how best to deal with them. In a nutshell, rubber moments are things we say or do that can be taken back or fixed with an apology, just like a rubber ball bounces back when you throw it. Crystal moments, as you can guess, are the opposite. Once those words leave us, they can’t come back. Those moments are shattered and ruined forever. Make sense?

Yes- yes, it does… Jimin whispered, tremulously.

He was still trying to wrap his mind around the fact that Yoongi was afraid of losing him- was afraid of ANYTHING.

Jimin knew he’d been doing better; improving with his temper and communication, but he clearly still had some way to go. It was important that Yoongi didn’t live in fear of being alone.

Let’s keep our Wednesday appointment, ok? I think you did a great job of recognizing a crystal moment today, but you can also learn to walk away without running. For now, just remember that you are in control of your actions and the outcomes- both good and bad. We’ll explore some techniques that could help you both tremendously- but for now Jimin-ssi, I really, really have to go… I’m sorry…

Jemin swallowed and nodded.

He felt a million times better.

Dr. Hwang was a godsend.

I don’t know how to thank you. I’m so sorry for this interruption. Your husband and children, they um, they sound nice…
There was a very pregnant moment of silence.

Jimin, I hate to be indelicate at a time like this, but I will have to charge a premium rate for today, considering that it’s my day off-

Oh, please- please do! Charge as much as you want, please!

Well… thank you. Be well and I’ll see you on Wednesday, ok? Are you able to get home safely?

I’m fine, really. Enjoy the rest of your time off.

Jimin wanted to ask her not to change her number either, but ultimately decided against it.

Goodbye, then.

The line went dead and Jimin exhaled heavily.

The rocky and emotional morning had drained him and Jimin was both tired and hungry- no longer accustomed to going long periods without food. He nodded decisively and exited the car, walking briskly through the multi-level garage to the building entrance.

He knew he should head home, but in his distress he’d driven to the closest safe haven and now he felt like he could use a drink of water and maybe a snack.

Jimin was surprised to find a few very intimidating guards standing stoically in front of the arched doorway into the building. A middle-aged couple and their chattering kids walked ahead of him and were immediately let through with a respectful nod from the watchful men.

They didn’t nod at Jimin, however.

Seemingly aware that he wasn’t a tenant of the towering complex, they formed a human wall in front of the doors and pointed him gruffly towards an intake window, where a severe looking, middle-aged woman sat behind what had to be at least 6 inches of bulletproof glass.

“Annyeonghaseyo...” Jimin greeted, dubiously when he reached her.

She regarded him with wary eyes.

“Hello, sir.” Her voice filtered through the speaker system, robotic and clipped. “How may I help you?”

Jimin cleared his throat and glanced nervously at the patrols.

What kind of apartments were these, for God’s sake?

Jimin had, on many occasions, dropped Yoongi off at Hobi’s place when the elder didn’t feel like driving- and even picked him up on nights where his fiancé was too drunk to operate a car without disastrous results. But during all those excursions, Jimin had never actually seen the redhead’s new home.

He knew it was a brand new construction, offering luxury apartments and condominiums, but he assumed it was something along the lines of where Yoongi lived before; classy and comfortable.

It was obvious that this was quite a few levels above that.

“I’m... Here to see... Jung Hoseok?” Jimin answered, hesitantly.
“Appointment?” She replied, crisply.

Jimin blinked at her, focusing for a moment on her bright, red lips and tight bun that sat like a judgmental eye on top of her head.

“I- do I need one??”

She huffed a tiny, haughty laugh.

“Visitations are by appointment only. This is a very secure building, as you can see.”

Jimin didn’t think it was a good idea to explain to the icy attendant that he couldn’t call ahead to make an appointment because he’d been in the middle of a breakdown, while talking to his personal therapist.

Besides, who makes appointments to see friends, anyway?

In fact, Jimin had no plans of coming here at all, but it was close by and gave him a destination to focus on while talking to Dr. Hwang. He bit his lip and considered just giving up and going home, but the ridiculousness of the situation was annoying him.

And he had to pee.

“Fine- can I make an appointment right now, then??”

“Appointments are taken 24 hours in advance.”

Jimin scoffed and shifted in annoyance.

The guards peered at him, readying themselves.

“Alright, listen. I just want to visit my friend, please? Can you help me with this?”

She glared at him, most unhelpfully, and then:

“Do you have a photo ID?”

Jimin slid his license through the small slit in the window and watched tensely, as she ticked away at her keyboard with long, pointy nails.

“You’re not on the approved list for Mr. Hoseok.” She declared, tonelessly. “I can’t grant you entry.”

List??

“Well, can’t you just call him??”

“We have a policy against bothering our important tenants.”

Jimin felt a small explosion go off in his head.

“FINE! I’ll call him, then!”

Before he could even bring out his phone, the guards were upon him, watching him menacingly and waiting for a directive.

“Sir, we don’t allow badgering of clients-”
“BADGERING??” Jimin interrupted, shocked. “I’m calling my friend!”

“And you’ll have to do it off the property or be removed.”

Jimin gasped and looked around, wondering if anyone else was witnessing this madness.

“Forget it.” He retorted, glaring at her cold face, pinched from the tightness of her bun. “Just give me my license and God help you all when I tell Hobi and Yoongi about this…”

She froze in the act of handing his license over.

“Min Yoongi?” She asked, her pitch higher. “The Min Yoongi that visits here?” She glanced at the ID still clutched in her fingers. “Are you related??”

“That’s my husband.” Jimin corrected, acidly. He wanted so badly to say ‘bitch’ at the end, but the patrolmen were still uncomfortably close.

The tiniest twinge of shock flashed through her eyes, but she quelled it quickly and picked up the phone.

“Mr. Jung…” She greeted cheerfully, completely opposite of her rude, pompous behavior from before.

Jimin listened attentively as she explained how they were carrying out “routine protocol” to determine the possibility of a “threat”.

The moment she said Jimin’s name, her face went ashen.

Jimin couldn’t hear Hobi’s voice through the thick window, but the stricken look on the receptionist made it clear that the conversation wasn’t friendly. After a few moments, in which she appeared close to fainting, she hung up the phone and swallowed, tightly.

Jimin smirked.

“Let me guess? You’re letting me in?”

She smoothed her savagely pulled hair and patted her bun with a strained smile.

“We’re sorry for the misunderstanding.”

“Oh, no problem.” Jimin mocked, taking his ID back. “It’s just routine protocol.”

The receptionist became very interested in some papers on her desk, while the guards backed off and opened the doors for him, as if they were the gateway to heaven. Jimin sauntered past them with evil eyes and stepped directly into an elevator.

Shit.

What level was Hobi on???

Thankfully, a young girl entered at that moment and selected her floor.

“Excuse me…” Jimin said with a small bow, as the elevator doors closed. “Do you happen to know what floor Jung Hoseok might be on?”

He figured it was a long shot, but Jimin was quite surprised to see her long curtain of dark hair sweep
around in a dramatic wave, when she turned to look at him.

“Hobi??” She asked, breathlessly.

“Yea- yes! Hobi! Thank you!”

She moved swiftly to punch the button for the 7th floor and a thought hit Jimin, suddenly.

“Oh, that’s ok. I can manage.” Jimin smiled, shaking his head. “I appreciate the help-”

“It’s no trouble!” She insisted. “I’ll come with you! I’m a friend of his!”

Jimin paused.

There were something about the maniacal glint in her eyes that was very disconcerting.

He glanced at the glowing numbers on the screen.

4th floor.

Almost there.

“You said you’re his… friend?” Jimin asked, slowly.

“YES!” She shrieked. “I knew him growing up and everything! We’re very close!”

“What’s your name?” Jimin inquired, shifting to face her fully.

She was tiny.

He would have been shocked if she was more than 16, but her scandalously short skirt and cropped top were doing a decent job of making her appear older.

“J-Jung Sunmi…”

He cocked a brow and darted another look at the screen.

6th floor.

“Jung, you said?” Jimin repeated, doubtfully. “Are you friends or relatives?”

She swallowed.

“I’m a family friend.”

Of course, you are.

Jimin couldn’t believe that he’d just been accosted and nearly denied entrance, while this obvious groupie was allowed to just sail right on in.

“Do you even live in this complex?” His voice was harsh now.
She ignored the question when they hit the 7th floor. The doors opened immediately and she flashed him a winning smile, while trying to charge past him.

He pushed her back into the elevator, gently.

“Find something better to do with your time, Sunmi.” Jimin admonished. “And your life.”

He hit the ground level button and stepped out, waving at her hardened face, as the doors shut.

Jesus...

Jimin was grateful that he and Yoongi lived in a quiet, hidden neighborhood. He didn’t think he’d be able to stand running into crazies like that all the time.

His heart throbbed with love for his fiancé.

While Hobi, Namjoon, and even Taehyung, basked in the frenzy of girls from time to time, Yoongi never paid them any attention; his focus always being on Jimin and his music.

He really needed to go home.

*I’ll just get a snack and some water and be on my way.*

Jimin approached the single door in the long hallway and found himself face to face with a smooth surface that had a small screen in the middle. He stared at it, longing for simpler times with less technology, when Hobi’s face suddenly appeared on the screen, startling him.

“Well, I’ll be fucked in the ass on a Monday morning.” Hobi’s image greeted, in surprise. The redhead’s bright eyes twinkled at Jimin’s shocked face. “Oh, sorry. Was that insensitive of me?”

Jimin grinned.

“You know you can just use a peephole like everyone else, hyung? It does literally the exact same thing.”

The screen went dark and the door slid open with a soft hissing noise, revealing the real Hobi standing behind it with a playful smile.

“Well, where the fuck is the fun in that?”

Jimin laughed and embraced the redhead in a brotherly hug.

“I’ve put you on the express entry list.” Hobi advised, patting Jimin warmly on the back. “Sorry about what happened down there. I don’t fuck around with my safety.”

THAT was an understatement.

Jimin wondered for an instant just who or what Hobi was safeguarding himself against.

He decided that he’d rather not know.

“The only thing you need safety from is saesangs.” Jimin quipped. “I caught one trying to come in with me. Do you know a Sunmi?”

The elder twirled around in an elaborate, maroon silk dressing gown to face the kitchen. The robe billowed and ballooned before resting, while Jimin watched, entranced.
“Sunmi…?” Hobi mused, thoughtfully. “Was she hot?”

Underneath the robe, Hobi was toned and shirtless, wearing only a pair of velvety black pants and fancy slippers.

“Yes, she was… really young, actually…” Jimin answered, walking farther inside.

“Then I don’t know her.” Hobi said, dismissively. “Wine?”

The redhead held up a bottle.

Jimin ignored him, ogling the black and blood red surfaces in the kitchen. He’d never seen anything like it. Everything was perfectly color coordinated, from the appliances to the dish towels.

In fact, EVERYTHING in the entire house was either red, black, or a combination.

“It’s all custom made.” Hobi waved his arm in a wide arc. “I picked everything personally. Check out these couches.”

Jimin floated behind him, speechless.

He’d been rather proud of his decorating job with Yoongi in their home, but it honestly didn’t hold a candle to Hobi’s eye for design.

The sofas were a spectacle.

Jimin ran his hand along the supple leather, tracing his fingers over the irregular shapes and modern arrangement. The look was polished and futuristic; like a sophisticated spaceship.

“Bedrooms are through there-” Hobi pointed down a wide hallway adorned with abstract art pieces and framed superheroes on both walls. “My office is back that way… And there’s a bathroom just off the kitchen. Where’s Yoongs?”

He glanced at the door through his tiny, rose-tinted glasses with a befuddled look.

“Oh… It’s just me…” Jimin muttered, evasively. “Hey- can I run to the bathroom?”

Hobi stared at him for a few seconds, but Jimin raced off into the restroom before the elder could say anything. When he returned a couple minutes later, Hobi hadn’t budged from where he was standing.

“You good, Jimin-ah?”

Fuck.

“Yea, hyung! Of course- I was just- I was driving past here and realized I was hungry. Can I get some water, and maybe something to eat?” Jimin fumbled a bit, but was pleased with his story, overall. “And wow, your place is amazing! I can’t believe Yoongi didn’t tell me how awesome this is!”

“Jealous, probably.” Hobi smirked and tied his silk robe at the waist, closing off the view of his chiseled abdomen. “No offense, but your house looks like a retirement home.”

Jimin had long ago learned that Hobi’s style of love was very abusive.

Honestly, it was the damndest thing. The meaner he was, the more he actually cared about you.
“Yet, you’re at my place all the time.” Jimin chided, unfazed. “And you can’t bullshit me, either. I can see Tae’s influence all over this décor. I bet he picked out that robe, too.”

Hobi returned with the water and his smile gone.

“Fuck you, Jimin.” The redhead handed him the glass and glided back to the kitchen. “I don’t have anything in here, except noodles and alcohol.” He slammed a mahogany cabinet, emphatically. “There’s a menu on the table- just order whatever you want from concierge.”

Jimin sat down on the couch and yelped when it started moving.

“Calm your nuts, it’s a massage chair.” Hobi explained, laughing. “Turn it off from the side buttons if you don’t want it.”

Jimin fiddled with the controls and went through a series of position changes before successfully switching off the massage feature.

“Noodles is fine for me, hyung. I don’t need anything fancy.”

Poverty was still recent enough for him that he would never turn his nose up at a cup of instant noodles.

More importantly, it was fast and easy so he could get home to Yoongi sooner.

“Then I suggest you get your unfancy ass over here and make them.” Hobi threw over his shoulder. “I was busy and you didn’t have an appointment.”

“Appointment?” Jimin scoffed, walking over and grabbing the small styrofoam cup. “You don’t seriously mean to tell me that people schedule to see you?”

Hobi gave him a reproachful look along with the middle finger.

“People pay to see me, shit face.”

“Hyung, I wouldn’t even pay you attention.”

Hobi lunged to snatch the noodles back, but Jimin dodged him, giggling.

Teasing Hobi was one of his favorite pastimes, but his heart wasn’t in it at the moment. Things had been way too tumultuous today and his fight with Yoongi was weighing heavily on him.

“I’m not surprised people are lining up to see you.” Jimin admitted softly, while preparing his meal. “Just look at what you’ve accomplished in under a year…”

Hope world was wildly successful and barely even a full length album. That wasn’t the most striking fact of all for Jimin, though.

When he met Hobi, the redhead, along with Yoongi, was only the slightest misstep away from being locked up for life. Now, he was flourishing and happy and it showed on his healthy, handsome face.

“I’m proud of you, hyung.”

Jimin turned to look at the elder, nodding his head with sincerity.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing!?” Hobi gasped, ignoring the compliment completely.
Jimin glanced at the cup in his hands, surprised.

“What-?”

Hobi flapped over, with his robe flailing behind him.

“There’s water everywhere- fuck, Jimin!”

The redhead snagged a towel with the same urgency one would grab a fire extinguisher in the middle of an inferno.

Jimin could only stand there bewildered, as Hobi mopped up two and half drops of water from the counter ferociously.

The elder continued to tsk, tut, and curse, while wiping down the sink, all surfaces, and even cleaning out the microwave that Jimin had only used for 90 seconds.

“You’re a fucking disaster walking!” Hobi accused, pushing Jimin out of the kitchen and into the living room. “Do NOT spill a THING on my carpet or so help me fucking God…”

If he wasn’t so terrified, Jimin might have laughed.

No wonder Yoongi never brought him up here all those times before.

Hobi was insane.

Jimin ate quietly and carefully, while Hobi stormed off in a huff, still muttering about the “god awful mess” the younger made in the kitchen.

He finished eating and inspected the entire area for even the tiniest sign of spills or stains, then disposed of his trash and washed up in the sink- making damn sure to wipe away all drops of water when he was done.

Satisfied that he’d cleaned to Hobi’s ridiculously high standards, Jimin relaxed on the couch with a drink. He was about to turn on the massager when something round, flat and hard smacked him dead in the face.

Jimin cursed and sat up straight.

“Hyung- what the hell!!?”

Hobi, who had changed into an olive colored, velour tracksuit, was glaring at him from a few feet away. His skin was dewy and the smell of warm citrus wafted into Jimin’s nostrils.

“It’s a called a COASTER, fuck tard.” The redhead admonished, acidly. “Use it.”

Jimin picked up the coaster with a shaky hand and placed it under his glass, then looked at Hobi with hard eyes.

“Happy now?”

Hobi sat across from him with a wary look, but didn’t complain further.

“You play Gran Turismo?” The elder inquired, pulling out a remote.

Jimin’s answer was lost, as he struggled to understand what he was seeing.
At the press of a button, what Jimin thought was a plain, wood paneled wall, split apart in sections, unveiling four equally huge TV screens that fit together to make one massive display.

“Well, you haven’t really played, till you’ve played on this.” Hobi continued, grinning at Jimin’s hanging jaw.

A blaze of excitement burned through Jimin, as he took the offered controller and watched the elder fire up the game on the gigantic quad-television.

Yoongi could fucking wait.

This was AWESOME.

Jimin was drinking in the crisp, vibrant colors on the big screens, marveling at how the characters were virtually life-sized, when heavy footsteps thudded towards them and a booming voice interrupted his giddy anticipation.

“Hobi-yah! What the FUCK!??”

Chapter End Notes

Ashkslksdkssdksdlkn

April Fool's.

Did you really fall for that? :D

And who just entered the room?? Ooohhh...
Rubber and Crystal Part: II

Chapter Summary

As this story draws to a very slow but inevitable close, I wanted to go back to something I did 20 years ago when I started this story: shout outs.

Everyone who reads this is part of my ASOE family. But in that family, I have some die-hard squad members and they really deserve recognition for that.

Chapter Notes

So, first and foremost, Mr. Spreading Legs, please take a bow and have a cookie. First-um, best username ever. I've said this countless times, but she was literally here from the start. She ain't in the ASOE squad, she IS the squad.

Poison Ivy, duhhh, my in- house, live-in critic. She's literally read everything and I depend on her like life support. She also doesn't take my shit and she sends me pictures of food that make me happy.

Yoonmin239 is such a dedicated, supportive reader. She's usually the first to read and leave a comment and that literally means EVERYTHING to me. We also have fun on Twitter!

Mochimonsterrrrr- omg such a sweetheart and actually worries about me if I'm gone for a while. Like for real, my own family wouldn't even look for me if I disappeared. Love you!

Nox is another long time reader and I feel like we're real life friends. She gives me the straight up, good, bad and ugly in a way that's never offensive and I always just get it?

Looby-- legit leaves the funniest comments. Like I laugh for DAYS, but I also totally feel the message?? Looby is the MVP.

Yoonmin City is actually a HUGE yoonmin fan account on Twitter, and she never stops supporting and promoting my work. Love you, sis.

Noir isn't even a friend, she's my blood. I'll kill for that girl. Also stan THIRSTY on AO3.

Shortcake is such a sweet, little bean. Oof im crying uwus right now just thinking about her. *wipes tear* She has fics on AO3, please check em out.

Starry4yngi... Thank you for jumping in and giving me so much motivation AND TY FOR BETA READING FOR ME. OMG I FEEL LIKE A REAL AUTHOR NOW.

Blysse- you're such a sweetheart. I enjoy screaming with you on Twitter.

I have 50 million more s/o to give, but I'll get to those in the next chapters. 😊
Jimin twirled in his seat at breakneck speed.

He hadn’t seen or heard anyone enter the apartment after him, so that meant…

There was someone else in the house the whole time?

Hobi expelled a lengthy, exasperated sigh.

“I thought- no- I hoped- you were finally gone.” The redhead groaned, holding his freshened face in his hand.

“I see how it is...” Hobi’s friend replied with a sulky shrug. “Now that you’re all high society, I guess you don’t have time for your old friends.”

The newcomer shot a condemning glance at Jimin, and Jimin stared right back at him.

His first thought was that the stranger looked a lot like his old landlord, Chen- when Chen was maybe 30 years younger.

While Hobi’s friend still had youth on his side, he resembled the grumpy, old landlord in almost every other way- from his greasy, disheveled hair, to his dirty clothes, and even the shifting, deceitful look in his eyes.

Jimin didn’t know him- no, not at all, but somehow, he already knew that he didn’t like him.

“Hongbin, just go home.” Hobi flapped a hand in the man’s general direction, then turned back to the racing game. “Do you even remember where that is??”

“I thought I’d hang out with you a little after the party, you know? Catch up on old times...” He kept his eyes pinned on Jimin, as he spoke. “But you’ve obviously upgraded your social circle.”

“Hyung- that party was three fucking days ago. Seriously, man- go home! You’re about to have a baby for fuck’s sake!” Hobi paused the game to look back at his friend, incredulously.

Rather than leave, Hongbin made himself comfortable right next to Jimin on the couch, kicking his bare feet up onto the marble table, carelessly.

Hobi visibly winced, his eyes jerking to Hongbin’s feet, but the redhead said nothing.

Meanwhile, Jimin was absolutely repulsed by the slovenly, smelly intrusion. He decided to remain silent and composed, determined not to condescend to the stranger’s level, despite Hongbin continuously throwing intimidating looks his way.
"I'm not the one having the baby, Hobi-yah. My *bitch* is having the baby. Besides, we don’t even know if it’s mine! Hani’s the biggest whore in D-town—"

"Quit it, hyung-" Hobi started, wearily.

"Seriously, though!" Hongbin drawled, ignoring the interruption. "Remember how she used to suck us all off in school? Behind your mom’s house?"

"Bin-" Hobi shoved a hand into his pocket and pulled put a wad of bills, thrusting them at the elder. "How much will it take for you to go home?!"

"ALL I’m saying, Hobi, is that baby could be *anybody’s..." Hongbin paused momentarily to swipe the money from the redhead, greedily. "Shit, for all I know, it could be yours! We can name it Hope World!" He slapped his thighs, laughing uproariously at the terrible joke.

A tense silence ensued in which Hobi glowered at Hongbin menacingly, while Jimin sat there like a living statue.

*Time for me to go.*

Jimin shifted slightly in preparation to leave, but was promptly interrupted.

"Aren’t you gonna introduce me to your new friend, Hobi-yah?" Hongbin twisted around to face Jimin with a genial smile. "Hello new friend! What’s your name, hm?"

Jimin gazed unpleasantly back at the elder.

If he wasn’t so unkempt, the man might actually have been decent looking. His hair was wild and pulled back in a stringy ponytail that hung over one of his broad shoulders. What would have been a passably good physique was ruined by an immense beer belly that made him look as if he really was carrying his own child.

Not one to be intimidated, Jimin abandoned his exit plan and turned to Hongbin with a delicately raised brow.

"I’m Jimin."

Hongbin grinned and Jimin blinked at his yellowing teeth.

*Gross.*

"Just *Jimin?* Tell me, *Jimin,* how long have you known Hoseok?" The man’s flat, brown eyes trailed from the younger’s jacket down to his patent leather boots and back up again.

"I-"

"I’ve known him all his life."

Hongbin declared proudly, cutting Jimin off. "I taught him how to steal, how to fuck, how to drink- I taught him everything he knows."

"Jesus Christ, bin hyung-* can you just shut up??*"

Hobi looked the picture of utter frustration, yet, he was being uncharacteristically patient with his friend’s disgusting behavior. Jimin guessed this had a lot to do with the fact that Hongbin was several years older than the redhead and clearly had a strong influence on Hobi’s younger years.

Anger surged through Jimin’s veins.
Being poor, while Taehyung was rich and privileged, was a reality that Jimin had lived for most of his life. But even at his lowest point, he never once took advantage of their relationship, nor did he ever guilt trip his best friend into doing things for him.

Jimin’s dislike for Hongbin hardened into something more sinister.

“Did you teach him how to rap, too?” Jimin inquired, lightly. “Or… How to write and produce music?”

A chill crept into the air, as the older man realized that Jimin was challenging him.

“I didn’t.”

Gone was Hongbin’s playful tone, replaced by a terse coolness.

“Oh.” Jimin shrugged nonchalantly, belying the hard edge in his voice. “So, none of the things you ‘taught’ him actually got him to where he is today?”

“Oh, fuck me…” Hobi muttered into his hands.

Hongbin gasped dramatically, clutching his chest as if Jimin had struck him, then leaned forward so close that the younger had to hold his breath to prevent the stench from entering his nostrils.

“Hobi wouldn’t even be here today, if not for me, pretty boy.”

Jimin leaned back, his eyes widening just as dramatically.

“Oh? Well, Hobi hyung must have just forgotten to mention you for the past year.”

He turned back to the TV display and resumed choosing a race car to play. Ugly silence blanketed the room for a long moment, broken suddenly when Hongbin barked a maniacal laugh, thumping Jimin on the back.

“I like him, Hobi-yah!!” Hongbin lunged and grabbed the controller from Hobi’s hands. “Order us some food. I’m gonna play with Jimin, here. He’s fun!”

The icy undertone of Hongbin’s otherwise friendly statement wasn’t lost on Jimin. He knew that he’d totally disrespected the elder and drawn enemy lines.

And that’s why it was so important that he kick his ass in Gran Turismo.

Jimin knew he needed to go home to Yoongi and knew that playing against Hongbin was petty and stupid and a complete waste of time.

*Let’s do this.*

“Jimin, you don’t have to-” Hobi started, wearily.

“It’s cool, hyung.” He nodded at the redhead and smiled. “I have time for one round.”

“See, Hobi-yah? Jimin and I are gonna be great friends. Hurry up with lunch, I’m starving!”

Hongbin leered at Jimin with another malicious smile.

“Ready, Jimin?”
“Born ready.”

“Ooh, the pretty boy was born ready!” Hongbin taunted, starting the game. “You should watch this one, Hobi! It’s gonna be a race to remember!”

“Fuck off, Bin.”

Hobi’s strained voice filtered in from the kitchen where he was obediently ordering lunch.

After a tense 5 minutes, Jimin beat the filthy man without even really trying.

Racing games were his specialty and his reflexes were light years ahead of Hongbin’s.

“Best out of three!” The elder screeched.

“No!” Hobi jumped back in from the kitchen. “We said one game. Come on, hyung. I wanna play now!”

“Best out of three.” Jimin agreed, tightly. “Don’t worry, Hobi hyung. This won’t take long.”

Hongbin turned cold eyes towards him.

Jimin didn’t care.

At this point, he loathed the slob so much, he couldn’t help the competitive streak that had overcome him.

Hobi sighed and padded back to the kitchen, then back into the living room, then back to the kitchen again.

The redhead was pacing; Jimin knew an agitated Hobi usually meant something evil was afoot, but he was too focused on the game to worry about it.

The next race was a bit closer, but Jimin still beat Hongbin by a healthy margin.

“That’s it!” Hobi threw up his hands. “You fuckers are done-”

“He chose the track.” Hongbin accused, pointing at Jimin. “You know that track- that’s how you won twice!”

Hobi gasped and cursed.

Pure, unadulterated hatred was pulsing through Jimin’s veins, making him jumpy with nerves. How could Hobi ever have fraternized with such a colossal loser? And how could Hani- whoever she was- have his child??

“Fine- new game. You choose the track and you can use my car!” Jimin switched controllers with him quickly. “You can even use my point of view.”

“Fine, then! Let’s see how you do on the black ice.”

Hongbin perched on the edge of the couch and selected a course Jimin had never seen before. He couldn’t believe he was stooping to this idiot’s level, but it was a matter of principle now.

Jimin leaned forward in concentration when the race started. The car he was using now was a piece of shit and the track was exceedingly difficult- meanwhile, Hongbin was zipping along in Jimin’s
customized Fiat.

*Focus!*

His heart was beating madly and if the stakes weren’t so high, he might have laughed at how childish this whole thing was.

Both men jumped when a heavy knock boomed on the door.

“Hobi-yah! The food’s here!” Hongbin commanded, his eyes still glued to the screens.

Jimin heard Hobi open the door and vaguely hoped that Hongbin would be so excited over the food’s arrival that he’d slip up and crash into a glacier.

“Jimin-ah.”

Jimin’s heart started a panicky ricochet in his chest when he heard the deep, warm, familiar voice rumble into his ears.

*Ohhh nooo.*

He chanced the tiniest glance, and sure enough, Yoongi was standing there, dressed in a black turtle neck, even blacker jeans, and unsurprisingly black sandals showing off his pale, perfect toes. His arms were crossed, as he looked down at Jimin like a stern shadow.

“We’re going home.”

Jimin didn’t have time to understand how or why Yoongi had appeared.

A particularly nasty turn was coming up and he actually tilted his whole body to the side, urging his sluggish car to power through the tight curve. He made it with a lot of luck and was whizzing towards the halfway point, when the game suddenly stopped.

“Well, if it isn’t the prince of D-town in the FLESH!”

Hongbin dropped his controller and stretched out a hand to Yoongi, while Jimin blinked at the still images on the screen with quiet fury.

That bastard had noticed Jimin gaining the advantage and *purposefully* paused the game at one of the most critical moments.

Jimin swallowed hard.

This wasn’t just a match anymore.

This was *war.*

“Yoongs, look at you! I don’t see you guys around my way anymore! Too good for the slums now, huh?”

Yoongi’s gaze, dark and frozen, flickered from Hongbin’s face to the offered hand that he left untouched.

“I was never around your way.” Yoongi answered, shortly. “Jimin, we’re leaving.”

Hongbin dropped his hand slowly, with a small, bitter smile on his face.
“Jimin-” Hobi suddenly materialized out of nowhere. “It’s fine, I’ll play your turn.”

“Just a second.” Jimin blurted.

Yoongi, Hobi, and Hongbin all whipped around to look at him in surprise.

“I just wanna finish this game.”

Yoongi’s razor sharp eyes cut over to Jimin in an instant.

“The game.” His fiancé echoed, coldly.

Jimin was still fired up and desperate to put Hongbin in his place. Also, a small part of him was a little embarrassed at the way Yoongi showed up like a strict dad catching his son at a party. He didn’t want to forfeit the race and walk out of there looking like a baby.

“Yea, I’ll just be two minutes hyung.” He glanced at Hongbin beside him. “Ready?”

“Born ready.” Hongbin returned, mockingly.

Yoongi scoffed and shifted, then pinned Hobi with a scathing look.

“What’d I do?” The redhead hissed.

Jimin blocked them out as soon as the game resumed.

As expected, he fumbled through the complex turn thanks to Hongbin stopping his flow and momentum. The older man gave a celebratory whoop when Jimin’s car skidded to a messy stop, costing him precious seconds.

Jimin was lagging behind considerably now, but that was fine.

He had a plan.

The next minute and a half was spent with Hongbin yelling in premature victory, as he zoomed along leaving Jimin in his wake.

Jimin darted a look at the map in the corner of the mammoth screen. There was one more turn before the finish line, but this one went downhill and was shiny with ice. Jimin had learned the course pretty well and had an idea that was so crazy, it just might work.

Hongbin hit the turn first and immediately swerved onto the dry part of the road, while Jimin ramped up high into the air and landed squarely on the dangerous black ice.

Hobi laughed out loud in understanding when he saw Jimin’s plan unfolding.

Jimin simply let his car slide down the ice at warp speed- much faster than Hongbin could accelerate- and before long, he was sailing towards the finish as the clear winner.

What happened next occurred too quickly for Jimin’s brain to follow.

In his peripheral vision he saw something strike out at him, and for a second, he thought Hobi was throwing another drink coaster at his head.

But it wasn’t a coaster.
Hongbin’s hand slapped the controller out of Jimin’s grasp and the younger mouthed a silent wail, as his car spiraled off the road, ending in a fiery crash.

Yoongi whisked forward in a blur.

In all his life, Jimin had never witnessed a human being move so fast. There was a series of grunts and some confusing clicking noises.

Jimin looked up and squealed in terror, falling off the couch and backing as far away from the trio of men as possible, only stopping when he bumped into the plasma screens.

“Yoongi…” Jimin’s voice was just a shaky whisper and nothing more.

“YOONGS!” Hobi’s voice, shrill and sharp, eclipsed Jimin’s plaintive call. “Don’t stain my fucking carpet!”

Yoongi had Hongbin jacked up by his grimy shirt, with a thin, long blade pressed against the larger man’s neck. At some point, Hongbin had attempted to draw a gun, but Hobi had been too fast for him, snatching the weapon away and training it back on its owner.

“Seriously, Yoongs!” Hobi pleaded. “I just had it steam cleaned!”

Hongbin laughed, deep and hollow.

“I guess there’s still some D-boy left in you, after all.” He panted out.

“Oh, you have no idea.” Yoongi replied, genially. “Now get on your knees and apologize to Jimin.”

Hongbin guffawed loudly, his laughter morphing into a wheezing cough. He looked at Hobi over the barrel of his own gun.

“Hobi-yah? Seriously??”

Hobi just shook his head solemnly; sadly.

“You should have left when you had the chance, Bin.”

“Are you joking??” Bin squeaked. “I’ve known you all your fucking life!”

“And you’ve never been able to understand the subtle art of SHUTTING THE FUCK UP!” Hobi shrieked, waving the gun angrily. “Look, hyung- I can’t get you out of this one! Just say sorry and be done with it!! Fuck!”

Hongbin glanced at Jimin cowering on the floor.

Jemin desperately wanted to say something, anything, but he was frozen in shock and trembling. Never in a billion years did he expect things to escalate so far and so FAST.

“Who the fuck is this kid, anyway??”

“Bin. Stop.” Hobi warned.

Hongbin looked at Jimin again, then back at Yoongi, who was still holding him at knife point, wordlessly.

He switched between the two men a few more times, then finally his eyes went round with shock.
“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.”

“Bin! I said STOP.” Hobi’s voice was hard as nails, but wavering just a little beneath the surface. Hongbin didn’t stop.

“I mean- I’ve heard the rumors, but… I never thought they could be true!”

“It’s true.” Yoongi offered, easily. “And you have thirty seconds.”

“HONGBIN! Fucking end this already!” Hobi screamed, pacing around the room. “Jesus! I can’t deal with this! NONE OF YOU HAD APPOINTMENTS TODAY!”

Hongbin stared at Yoongi openly, dismissing Hobi’s rant. “What happened to you, Yoongs?? Did you run out of girls??”

“Twenty-five seconds.” Yoongi answered.

The older man laughed again, before turning to the redhead.

“Get this fucker off me, Hobi.”

Hobi faced his friend slowly.

“It’s been nice knowing you, Bin.”

“Twenty seconds.” Yoongi continued, softly.

Jimin’s brain chugged slowly to life.

He tried to stand but his whole body was made of jelly.

“Yoongi…” He called out to his lover, loud and clear. “Yoongi! It's ok! Let’s just go home!”

“Fifteen seconds.”

Oh my God, Jesus God.

“YOONGI PLEA-”

“Quiet, Jimin-ah.”

The elder couldn’t have spoken more softly, more tenderly, but it had the effect of an invisible gag on Jimin.

“HOBI! Stop him!!” Fear had crept into Hongbin’s voice now, lacing each word. “You’re really sitting here defending these faggo-”

Hobi whipped out his own gun from underneath his sweater in a flash. Armed now with a weapon in each hand, the redhead cocked both and pointed them dead center at Hongbin’s forehead.

“Say it…” Hobi growled, his voice trembling slightly with unchecked fury. “Go ahead and say it.”

Hongbin stared at his friend in open-mouthed horror and Jimin wore an identical mask of alarm.

While Yoongi was tough and fearless, Hobi was- by far- the more brazen of the two and there was no doubt in Jimin’s mind that he would pull both triggers in an instant.
Hobi glanced at Yoongi, quickly.

“All right hyung, look- can I put down a towel or something first? The carpet’s imported.”

Jimin choked on the breath he was holding.

“I’ll be careful.” Yoongi responded, indifferently.

“Oh, my fucking ass, Yoongs.”

Hot tears stung Jimin’s eyes. He didn’t know what he was about to witness, but he was one thousand percent sure that he wasn’t ready for it.

“Fine! FINE!” Hongbin screamed, twisting to look at Jimin. “I’m sorry, ok?! Fuck! I’M SORRY!!”

Jimin blinked up at him, barely able to breathe, let alone speak.


“Shit.” Hobi said, with a resigned sigh. “I’m gonna have to replace this whole goddamn room.”

Yoongi had already pushed the man to the floor before Jimin knew what was happening. He stared at his fiancé questioningly, but the elder’s stormy eyes were on Hongbin’s kneeling figure which was less than a foot away from where Jimin was curled into himself.

“I SAID I WAS SOR-”

A horrible cracking sound cut Hongbin off with a wet choke and he promptly emitted the most ear-splitting scream Jimin had ever heard.

Yoongi was holding Hongbin’s limp arm at an impossible angle and Jimin actually screamed himself, blending the elder’s tortured howl with his own frightened shrieking.

Thankfully, the nightmarish image was soon obscured by Hobi’s body.

The redhead thumped his old friend on the back of the head with one of the pistols and Hongbin slumped against the table, silenced.

“See? No blood.” Yoongi pointed out, cheerfully.

Hobi glared at him.

“Why didn’t you just say you weren’t cutting him, asshole?”

“Why do you keep throwing coasters at me?” Yoongi quipped.

“To maintain the INTEGRITY of my coffee table!”

Jimin hugged his knees and squeezed his eyes shut, refusing to watch the two friends lift and move Hongbin’s lifeless body. The drag and bumps of their efforts weren’t leaving much to the imagination, however.

“Where do you want him?”

Yoongi’s deep, smooth voice was calming to Jimin, despite the horrendous act he’d just committed.

“I dunno… By the door, maybe?” Hobi suggested. “Hopefully, when he wakes up he’ll get the point
and go the fuck home.”

Jimin didn’t see how Hongbin could possibly miss that point.

“Is he gonna give you trouble when he comes round?” Yoongi asked, seriously. “We could break his fingers?”

The redhead just laughed, while Jimin was certain he was going to ruin the integrity of Hobi’s coffee table by vomiting all over it.

“Let him try, hyung. I haven’t been getting enough exercise.”

The friends chuckled while placing Hongbin at the entrance. Once finished, they cleaned up in the kitchen while chatting about their upcoming shows so casually that Jimin wondered if the last half hour was even real.

After what felt like a lifetime, he heard footsteps approaching him.

He looked up to find Hobi staring down at him, pityingly.

“You can open your eyes, Mariah.”

Jimin tried, but he couldn’t get any words out.

And did Hobi just call him Mariah??

“I texted Yoongs as soon as you got here.” The redhead admitted. “You’ve never shown up alone before. I’m not stupid.”

He just nodded, mutely.

“Come on, kid.”

Jimin took his hand and stood up, shakily.

He found Yoongi standing at the doorway without a word or glance in his direction. In fact, apart from helping the younger step over Hongbin’s face to cross the threshold, Yoongi appeared to be ignoring Jimin completely.

“Let’s do this again sometime.” Hobi sang sarcastically, before slamming the door on both of them.

Jimin followed Yoongi into the elevator in a daze.

And in a daze he stepped out to the ground level, watching the stuffy receptionist bid Yoongi goodbye with a huge smile and waving hands. A valet that Jimin never knew existed brought Yoongi’s dark SUV to the curb and the guards sprung forward to open the doors for them to get in.

Jimin was still out of it, as Yoongi drove them home silently. He threw a few quick peaks at his fiancé, but the elder’s face was expressionless and focused on the road.

Looking at Yoongi’s hands now, large, veined and strong; gripping the wheel carefully while weaving through traffic, Jimin couldn’t help but feel small.

Small and weak.

And he liked it…
This certainly wasn’t the first time Jimin had felt this way. Yoongi’s beat down of three men, plus Jungkook, back at the Emporium was still a very fresh memory. Jimin didn’t fully understand the passion he was experiencing back then. He’d reasoned it was perhaps just euphoria from surviving the whole ordeal.

And then it happened again with Tony.

Learning of that brutal mutilation had initially sickened Jimin. After confronting Yoongi, however, his repulsion instantly transformed into animalistic need.

On both occasions, Jimin just assumed that he’d developed a ‘kink’ for Yoongi kicking ass (like the elder had so aptly described); a natural attraction to seeing Yoongi go on the offensive. His quiet strength and quick, powerful moves were an absolute turn on.

But there was a little more to it than that.

Sitting there in the deep, comfortable seat of Yoongi’s Range Rover, Jimin discovered a terrible, haunting truth: he enjoyed hearing Hongbin suffer; enjoyed the screams of anguish and the crack of his bone snapping under the pressure of Yoongi’s strong, nimble hands.

*I’m disgusting.*

Even as shame flooded through his entire being, the lust was stronger. The knowledge that Yoongi could hurt him, could seriously do him bodily damage, yet only treats him in the softest ways possible made Jimin’s heart swell with savage pride.

He’d tamed the beast.

Jemin exhaled softly, unable to contain his arousal any longer. Images of the elder overpowering and subduing Hongbin flashed through his mind, making his cock harden and twitch in his jeans.

Yoongi shot a sharp, suspicious, glance in his direction, then immediately returned the road.

Fuck me, hyung.

*Please, please fuck me!*

Jemin screamed the words silently, praying that somehow Yoongi would get the psychic message. He needed it; needed that violent Yoongi.

Right now.

In fact, he had half a mind to yank the wheel from the elder and beg to be taken there and then.

Luckily, they reached home before he could act on this crazy impulse. And by the time he exited the car stiffly, Jimin had convinced himself that he was simply experiencing emotional confusion- that’s all. Dr. Hwang had explained how feelings can get jumbled if you cycle through too many of them too quickly.

That made sense, actually.

He’d started the day in fear after his nightmare, then panic at the grocery store, foreboding and desolation when he returned home, anger after his argument with Yoongi, sadness and despair followed after that, and finally abject terror when Yoongi went mortal kombat on Hongbin.

If anybody was a candidate for emotional confusion- Jimin was sure it would be him.
The lust? The hot, broiling frenzy of sex-induced madness? That was just his poor, frazzled feelings shorting out, Jimin reasoned. All he needed was a shower, a nap, and maybe a little more to eat then after a cooling period, he could sit down with Yoongi and have a mature, respectful conversation.

Jimin actually smiled, as he stepped into the house behind Yoongi. His therapy was really working and he was quite pleased with the calm and level-headed approach he was taking with everything.

He sidled into the kitchen keeping a wary eye on his fiancé.

Yoongi was absolutely stone silent, with a face to match. Jimin couldn’t tell if he was tired or angry, or both?? The elder kicked his shoes off and headed directly for his lab and Jimin knew that once there, he wouldn’t be coming out.

His throat itched to speak, but he was transfixed on Yoongi’s body. His pale skin peeking through the all black attire made the elder look like the moon moving through a midnight sky, as he walked towards his office, all smooth motion and assured movement.

If only Yoongi would turn around and walk this way, then fuck him on the kitchen counter…

Jimin was desperate for that strength; that aggression Yoongi seldom shows…

“Jimin?”

“Huh?!” Jimin jerked out of his daydream guiltily at the deep rumble of Yoongi’s voice. “W-what?”

“I asked if you’re hurt.” The elder repeated, his face deadpan.

Jimin’s level-headedness was gone, liquefied under the intensity of Yoongi’s gaze.

He realized that he was wrong.

There was no emotional confusion, no fancy psychological reasoning. He simply wanted to get fucked hard by the sexiest, most dominating man he’d ever known.

“Are you?” Yoongi repeated, taking a hesitant step in Jimin’s direction.

Jimin gulped, noting how his dick throbbed at the soft pink lips speaking to him and the dark, piercing eyes behind them. He forced his trembling mouth to respond.

“N-no…” He whispered, expecting Yoongi to continue advancing closer.

But the elder just nodded curtly and quickly typed in his door code, disappearing into his office a moment later.

Jimin gripped the kitchen island for support with a regretful sigh. His erection jutted against the structure uncomfortably and tears welled in his eyes that he swiped away angrily.

Why was everything so fucked up all the time??

Jimin choked back a tiny sob and staggered upstairs, resorting to his initial plan of shower and sleep. He was certain that everything would be fine after a refreshing wash and a little rest.

He was wrong.
The shower was warm and comfortable enough, but did nothing to placate his horniness. Jimin moaned softly and rutted against the tiles, stroking his cock under the heated waterfall, while his mind wandered back to the image of Yoongi, fearsome and dangerous, with a knife in his hand...

He tumbled further back to that morning, when Yoongi was bathing in the tub. How nice it would have been to just gently descend onto the elder’s cock, rocking on it as the water splashed and soaked the floor; Yoongi’s powerful hands on his waist, guiding him up and down...

“Fuck...”

Jimin’s eyes fluttered closed and he stroked himself harder and faster, chasing after his orgasm, but never quite reaching it.

After several fruitless minutes, he sighed and rested his head against the wall. This wasn’t working.

Jimin didn’t want his hand.

He wanted Yoongi.

The next few minutes were spent drying off, applying lotion and tending to his face routine. He hoped that these mundane tasks would eventually deflate his boner, but after fifteen minutes, he’d only seemed to have grown harder; needier.

Jimin collapsed on top of their expansive bed and traced one of the little space ships on the duvet with a finger. It had been hell on earth convincing Yoongi to let him put the space themed sheets on their new bed, but Jimin had prevailed.

He smiled softly.

There was very little he couldn’t get Yoongi to do.

Maybe...?

Jimin sat up, suddenly.

Maybe instead of wallowing here hoping for Yoongi to come to him... Maybe he should go to Yoongi? He glanced furtively at the bedroom door, as if waiting for its approval of this plan.

No.

No way...

Yoongi had on that no nonsense face. He must be absolutely livid at having to track Jimin down at Hobi’s place.

Agitated, Jimin sprang up from the mattress and paced around. He even threw his bathrobe on and opened the door a few times, preparing to confront the elder downstairs, but he’d inevitably scurry back to hide in the safety of the room.

What was Yoongi doing now?

Jimin strained his ears, but didn’t hear the customary bass pumping from the lower level.

Is he thinking about me??

He crossed his arms anxiously and stared at himself in the floor length mirror. What was it Dr.
Hwang had said earlier? About creating your own outcomes?

*You are in control of your own actions and outcomes, both good and bad.*

That was it.

And if the doctor was right- and she usually was- Jimin could either sit here with an aching erection and a hurting heart, or simply walk downstairs, put the bullshit behind them and claim what’s rightfully his to take.

After all, wasn’t it Yoongi who’d said Jimin should find him when he needs him?

Technically, he’d just be following the elder’s very clear directive… Right?

Jimin faced himself in the mirror again, steeling his nerves.

“Ok…” He whispered to his reflection. “I’ve got this.”

Next, Jimin spritzed on some cologne and rubbed in his special occasion oils, making his skin shimmer and glow. He quickly blew out and styled his hair in soft layers, parting it to the side, so he was partially blinded by the silvery waves.

He needed a color touch-up, but oh well, this was what he was working with.

Jimin figured full makeup was a little over the top, so he opted for a light lip tint and some barely there shadow on his eyes. Satisfied, he switched the damp bathrobe for a dry, sateen number, gunmetal gray and about knee length.

He’d always loved this soft, glossy robe, but he had to admit that Hobi’s floor length, oriental style was nicer.

With his preparations complete, Jimin hurried downstairs to Yoongi’s lab not wanting to lose the tiny bit of bravery that was fueling him. He reached for the door knob, but stopped abruptly before touching it.

Code.

What the hell was the code?

“Ummm…”

There was definitely the word ‘swag’ in it. Swag nation? No… There were numbers, too, but Jimin couldn’t remember what they were in his distressed state. Hesitantly, he reached out and typed ‘swag’ along with Yoongi’s birth year and got a bright red error message.

*Dammit.*

Of course, knocking was an option, but that felt silly, for some reason. He wanted to make an entrance, not stand on the threshold like he was selling girl scout cookies.

Jimin exhaled and tried again.

This time he used his own birth year and received another flashing error code.

With each failed attempt, Jimin could feel his resolve disappearing. And by the time he entered yet another incorrect sequence, he was certain that this was a terrible idea from the start.
What type of loser seduces their own fiancé?

And in what world would Yoongi be responsive to seduction, anyway?

Jimin cursed, anxiously.

_Stupid._

_This is stupid. I’m stupid._

Yoongi yanked the door open suddenly and stared at Jimin. His shrewd eyes flashed to the younger’s hand, still settled on the key pad, then down his body, taking in the gray robe, and finally up to Jimin’s face which was hot from embarrassment.

“What are you doing?”

_Oh, fuck._

The elder’s voice was somewhere between annoyed and amused, but it was his body that was rendering Jimin temporarily speechless. Yoongi, apparently eager to be comfortable again, had shed his all-black outfit except for the slacks which stood in stark contrast with his pale skin.

“I didn’t- but- how did you know I was here?” Jimin stammered.

Jimin had, on many occasions, wished for the ground to open up and swallow him. Being bullied at school, showing up at parties dressed in rags, and hitting on guys who turned out to be straight were just a few of such instances. But none of those compared to how humiliated he felt right now, standing outside of Yoongi’s lab, like he was lost in his own home.

“I got an intruder alert.” Yoongi looked at the key pad again with a hint of a sneer. “Swag 1000. Didn’t I just tell you this yesterday?”

“Yea...” Jimin nodded and mumbled.

He couldn’t understand why, but Yoongi’s sardonic, almost condescending tone was making him even hotter.

“I just- I wanted to talk to you. If that’s ok... I don’t need an appointment, do I?” Jimin asked, puffing out a painfully weak laugh.

Yoongi didn’t even crack a smile and seemed to take his sweet time considering the request.

Finally, he moved aside giving Jimin passage into the room, without a word.

Jimin entered and jumped, startled by the force with which Yoongi slammed the door. He felt a little queasy being in here after his horrible nightmare- everything looked exactly the same- but he reminded himself that it was just a dream, even though his present reality didn’t seem that much better.

Yoongi walked ahead of him, narrow hips and smooth back on beautiful display, then plopped down into his desk chair in front of his monster sized monitors.

Jimin swallowed and looked around.

The housekeeper wasn’t allowed in the lab, but the elder was doing a pretty good job of keeping things clean and orderly.
Hobi would be proud, Jimin though bitterly.

Music equipment and a mid-sized recording booth were located against the far wall. The set-up had its own fully separate table, chairs and lounge space. Closer to the door, was a large, executive style desk, scattered with papers, where the elder sat currently.

What few awards Yoongi had won were hung in the living room, leaving the shelf space here mostly free, apart from some knick-knacks and gifts. On prominent display, however, was Jimin’s name change certificate which had been switched to a bigger, fancier frame.

Jemin sighed and shuffled towards his fiancé, who was seated with his back turned, typing away on his computer, as though Jimin wasn’t even there. Yoongi’s shoulders squared and tensed when the younger got close, but he gave no acknowledgement other than to turn off the monitors and wait.

Heart racing and palms sweaty, Jimin rested against the desk, facing Yoongi.

“Hey, hyung.”

The elder crossed his arms and glanced upwards, briefly.

“Hey.”

Jimin gulped.

“Um, you busy?” He hazarded.

Yoongi blinked at his monitors.

“Not anymore.”

Yikes.

“Oh.”

Jimin gulped and drew a blank. In his– admittedly- poorly thought out plan, there was a lot less talking and a lot more fucking.

“So, are you hurt?” Jimin countered the question from earlier, trying to find a verbal foothold.

Yoongi just shrugged, coolly.

Jimin blinked and felt his mouth go dry.

Was that a… No?

Or… Yes??

Jimin slid along the edge of the desk until he was directly in front of Yoongi, nestled quite snugly between the elder’s splayed knees. Staring down at him now, Yoongi’s crossed arms and taut face suggested that he was severely upset.

But for some reason, he looked sexier than ever in his slim black pants and pissed off face. There was just something about Yoongi in this mood. Jimin couldn’t make sense of it, but it was fucking hot.

“Hyung-”
“You left.”

Yoongi’s words were sharp and accusatory, but all Jimin heard was his beautiful baritone.

“I told you why I did it.” Yoongi continued, unaware that he was driving Jimin crazy. “I apologized to you and you still left.”

“Yoongi…”

“I asked where you were going and you didn’t tell me. Turns out you were at Hobi’s- of all places- with the biggest fuckbrain I’ve ever known. Jesus- you have NO idea what kind of people are over there-”

“I was bad.” Jimin confessed, huskily.

Yoongi stopped his frustrated monologue and squinted at Jimin.

“Huh??”

“I was bad, hyung.” The younger repeated, intensely. “I misbehaved… What are you gonna do about it?”

Confusion spread across the elder’s face in a moment that was so hilarious, Jimin would have died from laughter if he wasn’t trying so hard to get laid.

“Jimin-ah… Are you… In shock?”

“No…” He drawled, shifting again, so one of his thighs showed through the slit in his robe.

Yoongi’s brows went skyward.

“Jimin, sit down-”

The younger jerked and whined.

He didn’t want to SIT, he wanted to FUCK. How could Yoongi be so oblivious!

“You broke his arm, hyung…” Jimin’s hand strayed to his throbbing manhood, rubbing gently. “I heard it…”

The elder stared at Jimin impassively.

“Whose arm?”

Really??

“Hongbin’s! You broke Hongbin’s arm!”

“No, I didn’t.”

Jimin blinked.

“Wait - what?”

“I didn’t break his arm, I dislocated his shoulder. He’ll be fine.”

“Ok, whatever, hyung! Same thing!”
“It’s hardly the same thing, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin huffed impatiently and shed his robe, revealing nothing but glowing, tanned skin which he’d oiled carefully before heading downstairs. Yoongi’s eyes followed the garment’s journey to the floor, before gazing back at the younger- his face still a blank canvas, despite the fact that Jimin was completely naked and rock hard.

“I was bad, Yoongi… Punish me.”

Lust and aggravation were pushing Jimin to the brink of madness. Yoongi was usually stoical, but it was a new level of heartlessness for the elder to blatantly ignore a nude, trembling, begging Jimin right in front of him.

His heart plummeted in his chest. Did Yoongi not want him?

Was he THAT upset?

The elder bent over, his face passing mere inches from Jimin’s dick, and retrieved the fallen garment from the floor. “You dropped this.”

Jimin took the robe in quiet bewilderment.

This was really happening.

“I… but-” Jimin stopped to gather himself, feeling extremely exposed. “But you said-”

“I said what?”

“You… You said you were sorry. Before…” Jimin protested, childishly.

“So?”

The word was wooden and empty from Yoongi.

“And… I’m sorry, too?”

“So?”

Blushing self-consciously, Jimin hastily covered himself.

“So… I just- I thought-”

“Thought what?” Yoongi asked, nastily. “That you’d waltz in here, interrupt my work, and I’d just punish you?”

Jimin blanched at the contempt in his fiancé’s voice.

Yes.

Yes, that was precisely what he’d been thinking, actually.

Only now, with Yoongi saying it aloud, it sounded totally ridiculous. If Jimin was to be honest with himself, he really knew all along that this was a lost cause.

He swallowed the hurt and humiliation and shrugged a little, trying to keep his eyes away from the elder’s face with all its frigid perfection.
Unable to process this rejection any longer, Jimin turned around to tie his robe properly, then suddenly felt his upper body smash against the desktop with a merciless meeting of his cheek against the polished wood.

He blinked once.

Twice.

Three times.

Slowly, his stunned brain began to focus on the blurred mess of papers pressed against his face, while his jumbled thoughts struggled to organize the last three seconds.

Fear was his first emotion.

The elder made hardly a sound when he leapt from his seat and slammed Jimin onto the table like a rag doll, shocking and frightening him at once. Having just seen Hongbin’s fate, Jimin’s natural first assumption was that Yoongi, still enraged, had decided to continue his rampage.

Fear then became understanding, when Jimin felt the beginnings of a hard-on forming in the cleft of his ass, where the elder’s groin was fused to his scantily clad backside.

Yoongi had played him.

As usual.

Jumin struggled to refill his lungs, as understanding became molten, burning lust, throbbing down into his own reviving erection.

“H-hyung...” Jimin whined, but was too winded to say much more than that.

Yoongi’s fingers were clutching his hair painfully tight and the sensation was sending shivers down to Jimin’s toes. The elder’s other hand was braced against the table, and in a brief moment of clarity, Jimin could see the tiny patterns interlacing his ivory skin; the long fingers curving against the surface, ending in blunt, smooth nails.

He gasped when Yoongi yanked his head back with a quick snap of his wrist. Something soft and warm appeared around his left ear.

Lips.

“You were actually exactly right.” Yoongi murmured in a medley of dark syllables.

The elder released him unexpectedly, causing Jimin to flail and slide downwards, grasping pointlessly at the papers strewn all over the desk. Yoongi snatched the robe violently from where it hung on Jimin’s body and the younger was wrenched backwards from the force of the pull.

Huffing, Jimin hit the floor and quickly spun around to see Yoongi looming over him, arms crossed and jaw taut. He looked every bit as threatening as he was when staring down at Hongbin.

The only difference in this situation was the bulge straining against the elder’s dark slacks.

Jimin’s eyes were glued there, magnetized. He licked his lips and panted; wanting to move, but unsure of what to do with Yoongi being caught somewhere between sexy and scary.

“They won’t take themselves off.” Yoongi jeered, glancing down at the focal point in his pants.
The condescending tone was back and each word caressed Jimin dangerously; silken and sharp at the same time.

_Fuck…_

Jimin heaved himself into a kneeling position and stretched a trembling, hesitant hand towards Yoongi’s crotch. The elder’s mind-boggling flip from icy and disgruntled to domineering sex god left Jimin wary and wondering if this was another trick.

Yoongi clarified this by reaching forward and yanking Jimin’s wrist, jerking the younger roughly, until his small hand rested snugly against the stiff protrusion waiting to be freed.

Once there, Jimin squeezed gently, tracing and shaping Yoongi’s thickening member with his fingers, like a blind man feeling his way around a familiar object. He soon found the swollen head and quickly moved to press his tongue upon it, sucking and soaking through the fabric with saliva.

A quick buck of Yoongi’s hips signaled the elder’s impatience with Jimin’s preamble. Thus motivated, the younger tried his best to break through the simple zipper and two buttons that stood in his way, but his fingers were absolutely quivering and refusing to work with him.

He chanced a quick upwards glance and immediately regretted it.

Yoongi was staring him down with total derision, his arched eyebrow flying so far off his smooth forehead that it looked like a separate entity. Jimin swallowed his nerves and concentrated, while cursing his sweaty palms until he finally popped the buttons, feeling more accomplished with this task than anything else he’d ever tackled in his life.

Thin, milky thighs and a monster cock greeted Jimin once he tugged down the black slacks and charcoal boxers, puffing a small exhale of admiration at the close-up view. Yoongi’s dick was no stranger to Jimin’s eyes, mouth, face, ass, or pretty much any part of his anatomy, but a full frontal unveiling beneath the bright, revealing lights of his lab…?

Well, that was just something he didn’t see everyday.

Jimin trailed gentle, feathery kisses along Yoongi’s upper thighs, a ruse to buy him more time to drink in the glorious visual of his fiance’s manhood. Again, not an unfamiliar sight, but from this vantage point, he could count each individual strand of Yoongi’s scattering of jet black curls; undyed, unprocessed and irresistible.

Yoongi hissed irritably, but didn’t stop Jimin from threading his fingers through the coarse patch of hair, pulling slightly and tickling the sensitive skin underneath. Jimin sank lower into the plush cream carpet, his own erection rubbing into the rug’s fibers and sending shock waves through his groin.

He whined from the pleasure, both his own and that which he was giving, happy to have reached a semi-normal plane with Yoongi, who was huffing quietly above him. Carefully, he clutched the elder by the ass and anchored himself, sucking gently on the elder’s sack, moaning around the mouthful of skin and flesh.

A bulging vein was calling to him, so Jimin kissed and licked it’s trail from the base of Yoongi’s cock and followed it upwards to the flushed, glistening head. He was eager to suck it, but paced himself first, covering it with soft kisses and cleaning the pre-cum with the tip of his tongue, when the elder suddenly pounced without warning, shoving Jimin back against the desk with a large hand wrapped around his neck.

Jimmie coughed and spluttered, startled. The brass drawer handles pressed into his skin like icy...
fingers, digging in his back. He jerked his eyes north and had to squint against the bright halo surrounding the elder from the overhead light.

Even with his features obscured, Jimin could clearly make out the pair of crescent shaped eyes, focused and trained on him. From his view on the floor, Yoongi looked huge over him, and the back-lit glow gave him the appearance of luminescent wings.

The archangel of sin.

Fallen from heaven.

With his dick in his hand.

“Yoon-”

But as soon as he opened his mouth, the elder stuffed his cock as far in as it could possibly go and it was all Jimin could do to try and draw breath around it.

“Suck it.” Yoongi demanded, as if Jimin needed instructions at this point.

Fighting his gag reflex, Jimin did just that; hollowing his cheeks and enveloping Yoongi in the wet heat of his mouth. The trouble now was that he couldn’t execute a proper sucking motion, because the elder had him pinned so tightly against the desk, that he actually couldn’t move his head.

His attempt to request for his fiancé to back up a little only resulted in him gurgling unintelligibly and drooling all over himself.

Yoongi had a solution, however.

He locked the younger into position with a fist in his hair and rocked his hips forward, fucking into Jimin’s mouth roughly. Each thrust was accompanied with a strangled grunt and vile words from the elder, most of which were promises to fuck Jimin’s throat until he learns his lesson.

And Jimin was loving it.

He was also having a very traumatic time. His body was being mercilessly banged into the solid wood desk repeatedly, while papers, pens, notepads and other miscellaneous materials were rolling off the surface and raining down on his head. His eyes were too bleary to see anything beyond the few slicked inches of cock gliding in and out of his own lips and the tight grip of Yoongi’s hand encircling the base, holding it in place.

The ludicrous part of all this was that Jimin was choking too hard to beg Yoongi to choke him more.

Despite the fact that Jimin wasn’t entirely sure that he was getting enough oxygen through his nose to maintain consciousness, his hand strayed to his own dick, rubbing gently, cautiously, not wanting to interrupt Yoongi’s rhythmic assault which was releasing tart, salty pre-come on the back of his tongue.

“Don’t know- how to fucking act-” Yoongi stuttered brokenly, thrusting faster and sweating from exertion.

Jemin immediately moaned his wholehearted agreement and clutched his erection tighter, stroking it in harsh, jerky motions. He tried to voice his opinion, that he was so very bad and needed punishment; needed Yoongi to teach him a lesson, but couldn’t get a single word out around the obstruction in his mouth.
“Gonna fuck your face off-”

The full on unraveling of Jimin’s senses came after this statement.

He screeched, a high-pitched, desperate noise and proceeded to wipe at the drool along his chin to use in jacking himself off so forcefully that the elder ceased all action to just watch for a moment with wide, surprised eyes.

From there, a frenzy ensued.

Yoongi was bucking madly into Jimin's mouth, seemingly intent on fucking the face right off him like he'd mentioned, while Jimin struggled to match the elder's intensity with his own ministrations. He usually preferred to look down at his dick while masturbating, but that was impossible at the moment.

Jimin settled for blindly fucking into his own fist, his core working incredibly hard to push his hips in the opposite direction of his upper body. It was a mess of sucking, grunting, and the sickeningly sweet music of skin on skin.

Despite the physical burden, Jimin's climax was imminent and climbing. It was neither the sloppy, slobbering blow job, nor the feverishly paced hand job that was taking him there- not entirely- but rather, the power play involved.

Yoongi was in charge of a lot of things, but when it came to sex, it was generally an even playing field, with no one person asserting themselves over the other.

Until now.

To let himself go in this way was physically and emotionally freeing in ways Jimin couldn't explain and didn't quite understand- but it was about to make him explode.

Jimin closed his eyes and reveled in every single feeling.

The soreness of his jaw, being stretched and set for so long.

The numbness of his tongue from the constant friction of Yoongi’s dick, heavy and solid.

The pins and needles in his legs which had long since fallen asleep.

His own hand pleasuring himself, while the other held on to Yoongi’s slim thigh for support.

It was all so terrible and beautiful and he wanted to come just like this, maybe die just like this…

Yoongi disengaged without warning and stepped back, doubling over so his hands rested on his knees, while he tried to catch his breath.

Jimin’s jaw snapped back to it’s original position and he massaged it gingerly, waiting and breathing just as hard. He didn’t want to stop. Wasn’t ready to stop. He leaned forward, preparing to crawl over to the elder and swallow his cock again.

“Get up.”

Yoongi’s voice was like an invisible leash, yanking Jimin back. It took three tries for the younger to rise to his feet- consequences of not dancing as much these days. He leaned back heavily against the desk, literally requiring it to stay upright.
His smaller, swollen cock bobbed a couple of times from excitement and Yoongi eyed it with intent.

Jimin’s pulse quickened when the elder approached him and he hoped for a kiss, but Yoongi went straight for his chest, bending the younger backwards over the desk and teasing each hardened nipple with lips and tongue and teeth. He clutched at Yoongi’s neck, whining and craving any type of sweetness- a caress, a loving word.

But before Jimin knew it, Yoongi was on his knees, sucking Jimin into the cavern of his mouth with deep, slow motions. He cried out in surprised ecstasy, bobbing his hips slowly, physically unable- or maybe unwilling- to pummel the elder’s mouth in Yoongi’s more violent style.

"Love you-" Jimin gasped, while fixating on Yoongi swallowing him to the hilt.

The elder’s only answer was to lift Jimin’s leg over his shoulder and explore further with his tongue.

Jimin's heart sank a little at the lack of response, but that was soon forgotten when long fingers prodded and pulled his ass open, finding his hole to rub and tease.

"Did you bring lube?"

Jimin blinked down stupidly at Yoongi's glistening lips. The elder's finger was pressing against his opening at this very second.

"Um- what?"

"Lubricant." The elder repeated, impatiently.

Lu-lubricant?

Yes, lubricant!

"Yea- yes... Pocket of my robe..."

Yoongi sighed and patted the gray cloth down, until he found it.

"Turn around."

Jimin swallowed, debating whether he should try and kiss Yoongi; hold him, touch him. If the man was about to fuck him, then why not?

But there was something fearsome in the elder's eyes that filled Jimin with trepidation.

He decided against it.

"Ok, hyung." He whispered, turning to face the desk obediently and spreading his thighs.

Yoongi pushed him rather harshly onto the table top, and for the second time, Jimin's face was pressed against the scattered papers.

"I love you..." Jimin said again, eyeing a paperclip.

Nothing.

Yoongi gave him nothing as he massaged the slippery substance in small circles over his rim, breaching the tight barrier smoothly with a finger.
Jimin hissed and relaxed, easing into it. He was grateful for the care Yoongi was taking. The last thing he needed was for the elder to get rough and careless with the current mood he's in. It was still a bit hurtful that Yoongi wasn't giving him any verbal loving, but the elder was as gentle as ever while lodging a second digit into Jimin’s widening entrance.

Heavy, syrupy bliss melted over Jimin’s entire body, down to the marrow of his bones. He moved his hand to cover Yoongi’s, which was braced against the table, supporting the elder’s weight while he fingered Jimin open. He surveyed each long, sculpted digit, dusted with dark strands of hair, and mentally measured each through half-lidded eyes, amazed that the same ones on Yoongi’s opposite hand were somewhere deep inside his ass this very moment, twisting and pulsing, curving and stretching.

Breathy mewls were the only language Jimin knew now. He bent over further, giving more access and unconsciously started rutting against the cool gloss of the desk’s sleek finish.

Some punishment this was.

Yoongi stopped and moved away, sliding his fingers out tortuously slow. Jimin groaned plaintively and spread his legs wider, readying himself for Yoongi’s big, beautiful cock that had been brushing against his backside for the last few minutes.

Jimin waited, listening to Yoongi shuffling around in their discarded garments.

“The lube’s over here… On the table?” Jimin reminded.

Yoongi continued with his task, quietly.

“Yoon-”

“Shut up.”

Jimin’s lips formed a small ‘O’ of shocked silence, but DAMN if his dick didn’t just convulse.

Yoongi was approaching- in fact- he had arrived, cock first, bumping into Jimin’s crease. He caged his arms around the younger and draped himself over so his chest brushed again Jimin’s back, making his skin prickle with anticipation.

Warm breath was at his ear, and then Yoongi whispered:

“You really were bad.”

A light thud and a tiny metallic click caught Jimin’s attention. He was completely immobilized beneath the elder, but he could at least move his eyeballs. And what he saw made them nearly pop out of his head.

Yoongi’s belt.

Holy fucking shit.

Jimin’s breath caught then quickened, and suddenly he was panting harshly, almost hyperventilating on the table, staring at the long cord of flat, black leather and the small, stylish buckle at the end. The very last belt hole was worn and faded, signaling it’s extensive use on Yoongi’s slim waist.

Jesus, he remembered buying this belt for his fiancé a few months ago.

Handmade, full grain, Italian leather.
Expensive.

Solid.

Jimin gulped and liquid fire doused him from head to toe.

It was more than just arousal—this was the type of deep down, dirty, despicable desire that you dare not speak of out loud.

He hiccuped, nearly bursting from his impatience and wondered why Yoongi was just hovering there above him.

“Weren’t you?” Yoongi asked softly.

The question felt loaded with implicit meaning and Jimin finally understood what was taking the elder so long.

He was waiting for Jimin to stop him.

Jimin exhaled slowly, the rush of air rustling the papers in front of him.

“I was.” He agreed, quickly. “So, now what?” Jimin taunted devilishly, wanting his consent to come across loud and clear.

If Yoongi was expecting him to not want this, then the elder was sorely mistaken.

Jimin had DREAMED of this moment.

The leather snapped hard against Jimin’s ass and he shrieked from pure shock more than anything else.

He’d thought there’d be a warning, but then again, this was Yoongi.

“Daddy’s gonna teach you…”

Long fingers grabbed and squeezed the affected area and before Jimin could draw his next breath, the belt landed again with another sizzling smack that made his whole body jolt against the table.

He clenched his fists and steeled himself from crying out. Each whip sizzled and scorched, then simmered into a dull burn that hurt so good Jimin was almost too ashamed to admit it, even to himself.

Hearing no objections from the younger, Yoongi struck again and followed up with a third. He held Jimin’s hand in a tight grip, squeezing encouragingly, acting as both his comforter and cruel undertaker.

Jimin choked out a tortured wail and moved frantically to lubricate his palm and yank on his dick. The burn across his cheeks smarted and twinged in time with the throbbing weight in his hand.

“Don’t leave home again.”

He couldn’t hear Yoongi’s words over the buzzing in his own head. Pleasure and pain were now one and the same and Jimin was swimming in this ocean; floating on the blissful waves, where poetry was writing itself in the raw skin of his abused flesh.

“God, Y-yoonggii… God…”
Jimin was jerking himself off with both hands in a blinding haze of sparks and stars, his shoulders squared and working powerfully. Every time leather met skin, a spasm ripped through him, making him shake, shudder, and scream into the table.

Just a few more.

A few more and he’d get there…

“What did I say, Jimin-ah?”

Jimin didn’t know who he was or what Yoongi had said. He only knew that he was surfing the solar system and about to come somewhere near the trashcan under Yoongi’s desk.

“What did I say??”

Two quick snaps from the belt and then nothing.

Jimin squirmed and writhed on the desk like a fish out of water. How could Yoongi stop now? When he was so CLOSE??

“More- more!!” Jimin cried, a few errant tears spilling and staining Yoongi’s work documents.

“Please!”

Silence.

Yoongi wasn’t giving in.

Jimin’s cock weighed a ton, heavy with impending release, and he fought through the fog in his mind to remember whatever the FUCK Yoongi was talking about.

Don’t something…

“Don’t do- don’t go anywhere-”

“Wrong.”

“Please hyung!!” Jimin squealed in anguish. “Don’t leave home!! You said don’t leave home!”

Yoongi was quick to reward him with a succession of whippings. Jimin lost count after the first few strikes and focused on the sound of each sharp slap and the accompanying sting, immortalizing them in his memory to savor forever.

His face contorted and mouth hanging open, Jimin was only dimly aware of the cool slip of fingers and the incredible, slow, creeping fullness that followed: Yoongi inserting himself wholly and deeply with a shuddering groan.

Jimin gave up what last bit of control he had over his own body, turning himself over completely to the elder, willingly and happily.

It was Yoongi’s hand around his cock now, squeezing and pulling in time with the rhythm of his fucking.

It was Yoongi holding him around the chest and keeping him from crumpling to the floor.

The elder displayed remarkable multitasking ability, pummeling Jimin’s ass with perfectly measured
pulses, hard enough to make him gasp, deep enough to connect with his unseen sweet spot.

“Don’t you ever…” Yoongi stuttered between thrusts. His voice calm and level, despite the sweat that was dripping from his forehead onto Jimin’s neck. “Never again-”

Jimin didn’t quite see an incentive for behaving himself. If stupidly running off to Hobi’s would earn him more days like this, then wild horses wouldn’t be able to keep him away from the redhead’s penthouse.

In fact, the eternal brat within him wanted to challenge Yoongi; mess with him a little bit, but there was something slightly stressed about the elder’s voice- a strain that ran a little deeper than physical.

Jimin wondered just how much turmoil he may have actually put Yoongi through.

“I wo- I won’t hyung- I swear!”

Gripping the desk’s edges until his knuckles paled, Jimin promised with broken sobs to never repeat today’s fiasco. The more he pledged his fidelity, the harder Yoongi speared into him, until the white noise of his rushing orgasm roared through his ears.

Hongbin’s screams echoed in Jimin’s head when he finally released, pounding his fists on the table and yelling Yoongi’s name in surrender.

The elder pulled out carefully, one hand still pinning Jimin down and the other servicing himself to completion, the fattened head of his erection beating lightly and rapidly against the younger’s battered backside.

Jimin listened to half a minute of sticky, slippery tugging before Yoongi moaned- not his regular deep groan- but the high-pitched, almost girly whine he makes when he comes hard.

The warm, thick ropes hit his skin, which was aching gloriously, and Yoongi rubbed it in for him, a soothing balm to the lingering pain that Jimin acknowledged with an appreciative groan.

More movement, some fumbling, and then Yoongi was leaning over Jimin’s side so their faces were just millimeters apart. The elder brushed a portion of Jimin’s hair away and studied his face silently.

“I’m ok...” Jimin croaked, knowing this is what Yoongi was trying to decipher.

Yoongi squinted.

“You sure? Why don’t you go to the couch?” He jutted his chin towards the sofa on the far side of the room and Jimin nearly laughed in his face.

How the hell did Yoongi expect him to SIT right now?

“I-I need a minute, hyung.”

Yoongi swallowed and nodded.

“Can I get you someth-”

“I just need a minute, Yoongi.”

“Alright.” Yoongi hesitated, briefly, then kissed Jimin gently. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.” Jimin smiled, his heart soaring. “I learned my lesson.”
The elder grimaced and retreated with a reluctant look.

“I’ll be right back. *Don’t move.*”

Jimin moved the second Yoongi was gone, lifting himself painfully from the desk top. His lower back screamed when he was finally standing straight and he immediately held his waist and leaned backwards, trying to work the kinks out.

He was fine for the most part, but he didn’t want to adjust himself in front of the elder and worry him needlessly. After popping his back a few times and stretching out the tension in his neck, Jimin shook his tired legs and looked for something to clean his ass off with.

The desk was a disaster.

Shit had fallen all over the floor and papers were stained and matted together with a mixture of sweat, tears and saliva.

Jimin sighed and tried to straighten things out a bit, while he aligned his thoughts.

Their make-up sex had been out of this world, but he was still looking forward to having a real talk with Yoongi. He needed to apologize for acting up earlier and he also wanted to share some of his learnings from Dr. Hwang; maybe address some of those unspoken fears Yoongi might have.

“Hyung- how about we take a bath!” Jimin called out.

He’d showered earlier, but his sore muscles could use a soak and it would be a romantic way to have a discussion.

“Yoongi!?"

The elder was still washing up in the bathroom, deaf to Jimin’s call. He rolled his eyes and continued cleaning. Honestly, if Yoongi would just let the maid in here, he wouldn’t even need to do this.

Jimin was pondering the best way to get his come stains off the carpet, when his eyes flickered over a particular word, typed on one of the strewn sheets.

He must have seen it a thousand times while sprawled on the table, but it only registered now as something of interest. Curious, Jimin pulled the sheet out from under the others and gasped audibly, before slapping his hand over his mouth in shock.

Suddenly, he heard Namjoon’s voice wailing like a siren in his memory.

*“We’re supposed to be holding auditions, but Yoongs hasn’t been handling it- he’s moody and totally distracted..”* 

He stared at the paper in his hands, reading it over and over with huge, round eyes.

*Distra...*

Jimin started digging through the entire desk, pulling out anything that appeared to be related to this staggering discovery. Within seconds, he’d pieced it all together, then quickly glanced at Yoongi’s dark monitors...

That’s what he was doing when Jimin first got here.

That’s why he switched it off as soon as Jimin came close.
So Jimin wouldn’t see…

“I told you not to move.”

Jimin yelped and spun around to find Yoongi standing a few feet behind him, staring intently at the small pile of evidence he was clutching in his hands.

He’d remained topless, but changed into loose sweats with his hands hidden deep in the pockets.

Jimin stood there totally dumbfounded, and dropped the papers, as though they’d caught fire.

“Y-yoongi…?” He stuttered, incredulously. “I…”

“You what?”

His face was unreadable and he did not appear amused at having caught Jimin red handed in his things.

Jimin licked his dry, chapped lips.

Words had escaped him; failed him, completely. The air between them was supercharged, electrified, crackling and popping with thick, palpable tension.

He tried to fight the million emotions overtaking him; tried to calm himself, but he didn't stand a chance.

The elder’s face blurred and distorted through Jimin’s cascading tears. His chest tightened in an invisible vice grip and his throat squeezed shut- breathing was nearly impossible through his streaming nose.

Seeing without understanding, Jimin watched Yoongi saunter to the small coat closet and retrieve something hidden inside, which he lifted for Jimin to see.

The world went completely dead for a moment...

Then Yoongi stepped forward.

“No- no no…” Jimin begged, holding his arms out in protest. “Wait- please-”

He advanced again.

"Yoongiii..." Jimin wailed, miserably, his whole body wracked with tremors. "Don't please-"

The elder took one final step and reached Jimin, holding him prisoner once more between his body and his desk. Jimin hid behind his hands, sobbing pathetically. His life seemed to be crashing over and over again on an endless loop.

"You might as well look at me. Honestly, Jimin-ah, I thought you already knew."

Jimin raised his flooded, puffy eyes to Yoongi’s in disbelief.

How could he possibly have known??

Yoongi was secretive about everything and his office was a FORTRESS.

"Ok, well now you do." The elder confirmed with a shrug. "What-?"
Jimin grabbed Yoongi's face fiercely, pressing their lips together with savage aggression, smothering the elder's words with a fiery kiss. He felt disgusting covered in tears, with drying semen caked on his ass, but he didn't care.

He'd knocked the breath right out of the elder, who stumbled backwards and dropped heavily into the large, office chair behind them and Jimin didn't give him a second before clambering into his lap and launching a full scale offensive on his neck.

"Shit-" Yoongi huffed, when Jimin bit and sucked at his Adam's apple. "Jimin-"

"Shut up-" Jimin snapped, tonguing his way back into the elder's mouth, rubbing his hands wildly over his chest.

Yoongi moaned and nipped back at him, throwing his head back to enjoy Jimin's fingers teasing his nipples into taut peaks. He jerked upright again when Jimin started tugging at his trousers.

"What-the fuck are you doing?"

Jimin spared him an impatient glance, breathing hard.

"Take them off..." He resumed peppering light kisses on Yoongi's lips, ignoring his bewildered look.

Yoongi gasped and wiped Jimin's tears off his face and mouth.

"Hey-!"

Jimin had no time for talking. No time for reasoning.

He lifted and maneuvered himself so he could yank the garment down, slipping it off Yoongi's waist. The elder gave no assistance other than to keep a steady hand on Jimin's hips, but he eventually managed to tug them down to the floor without his help.

"Fucking hell, Jimin-ah..." Yoongi groaned. "Haven't I done enough?"

"Come on, hyung..." Jimin pleaded, taking a light hold of his impressive, but still flaccid manhood. "Get hard for me..."

He drowned Yoongi's protests with another savage kiss, biting and pulling on his lower lip.

Gripping the elder's neck tightly, Jimin started grinding on him in slow, sultry circles, trying to coax his dick to greatness. It gave a few promising twitches, but wasn't getting more than semi-solid.

"Jimin-"

"Don't you wanna bend me over again?"

Urgency was building in Jimin's body and he was slightly put off by the fact that Yoongi was lagging behind.

"I do, baby." Yoongi kissed him gently. "But- maybe later?"

Jimin stiffened and his heart sank.

Later wasn't good enough.
Three minutes from now wasn’t good enough.

Staring down at Yoongi's uncooperative cock, Jimin weighed his options. The elder could usually go for another round, but considering how tired he must be after the crazy day, it didn't seem likely.

Jinnie was certain he could get Yoongi on the right level if he gave him head, but that’s not what he wanted at the moment.

*Well, only one thing left to do.*

"Alright, hyung, change of plan."

Jinnie hopped off his fiance's lap and pointed at the desk.

Yoongi sat frozen with a mildly scared expression.

"What??" He squeaked, finally.

"Well, you're clearly not in the right state to lead." Jimin explained impatiently, gesturing between the elder's legs. "So I'm taking one for the team."

He patted the desk and held his rock hard erection aloft like a trophy for Yoongi to see.

"Jinnie- I think *I'd* be the one taking it for the team." Yoongi's eyes were wide and he hadn't budged from his seat.

"Semantics, hyung."

Jinnie busied himself with the lube and fixed a suggestive stare on the elder when he was done.

"Ready?"

Yoongi only stared in stunned silence.

Jinnie pulled him by the wrists and guided him to the table, helping him into position. It was almost humorous how the elder looked like a little sheep being led to slaughter.

"Calm down, hyung, I'm only going to fuck you."

"But not hard-" Yoongi turned to look imploringly in the younger's eyes. "I'm sore."

"I'll think about it."

"I mean it, Jinnie! You have that look that makes me nervous!"

Jinnie smiled and pressed Yoongi parallel with the surface.

"I haven't the slightest idea what you mean..."

Yoongi swiveled his neck and glowered at up at him.

"Ok, Yoongi..." He whispered, huskily, spreading the elder open with oiled fingers. "I'll be good- but *f*uck- look at your ass..."

"Stop it."

Jinnie ignored him and focused on parting his cheeks gently, finding his rim which he circled
slowly with pad of his thumb. Yoongi wriggled appreciatively when Jimin lowered his other hand to fondle his sack, while slipping a finger inside, watching the instant tension rippling through Yoongi's back.

"Is it ok?" He inquired, lovingly. "Can I add more?"

"F-fuck..."

Jimin took that as a yes.

The elder's pale, perfect skin was almost iridescent under the lights; bright and magical. Jimin added another digit, trailing wet kisses along his spine. It took literally nothing to bring color to the surface of Yoongi's back, which was, if possible, even whiter than the rest of him.

"So pretty..." Jimin whispered between shallow bites to the soft flesh. "Look so pretty like this..."

Yoongi spread and cursed softly, maybe from pleasure, maybe from pain, maybe from Jimin's hushed compliments- but Jimin couldn't hear, couldn't see, couldn't feel anything other than sex.

The elder was pliant and easy to enter, thanks to their activities from the previous night, and despite his initial hesitation, he was rocking into Jimin's hand with muffled whines.

By the time Jimin was three fingers deep, his lips had found Yoongi's, both of them gravitating to each other like circling planets. He leaned over, back arched to reach the elder and swirled their tongues together in an erotic whirlpool of moist heat and shared, shallow breaths.

"Fuck, hyung- gonna give it to you-"

So overcome was Jimin with a desperate, dangerous passion that it took him much longer than normal to line up and execute a smooth entrance into Yoongi's prepped and waiting opening.

"Jimin-" Yoongi was quivering in the younger's hands. "Fuck, Jimin-ah!"

"I'm going as slow as I can!" Jimin panted, delirious from the tight, slick walls sheathing his cock.

"Jim-"

"What is it, hyung!?"

"Don't spank me!"

Jimin froze, then erupted into dry giggles that almost dislodged his cock.

Big, bad Min Yoongi, who could pop a man's shoulder in a second, couldn't take a few swipes of a belt.

"I'm not gonna spank you, hyung, Jesus..."

The humor evaporated, once their fusion was complete.

Jimin pulled Yoongi's arms back behind him, linking their fingers tightly, and pumped from his core, which had hardened into a flat slate of muscle. The elder's ass bounced and slapped against him and Jimin marveled at how plush and soft he was here, despite being nearly skeletal everywhere else.

He almost fainted when Yoongi pushed backwards, taking Jimin deeper and the tight band in his groin suddenly stretched and twisted, slowly coming undone.
It had been barely a minute, but Jimin already suspected that he wouldn't last long.

Not after what he'd seen.

"Gonna come-"

They slowed their pace with one mind and body, silently agreeing to ride out the final waves and elongate their pleasure as much as possible. Jimin came like this, in slow motion, but still crying out from the force of the searing liquid passing from his body into Yoongi's.

He slipped out and slumped on top of the elder's sweaty back. Yoongi hadn't achieved a climax, but there was little that could be done about that now.

"You ok, hyung?" Jimin choked out.

"Gerloff me." Yoongi mumbled, his face shoved into the mess on his desk.

Jimin smiled between the elder's shoulder blades.

"Tell me you love me."

"I'd love it, if you got the fuck off me."

Jimin obeyed, still laughing. They were dirty and sweaty and sticky and he'd never been happier in his life.

"Kiss?"

Yoongi stalked off without another word.

What am I supposed to do with two rings?"

Jimin had enticed Yoongi back with food and a hot bath. The elder was initially wary, but the smell of lamb skewers won him over. Jimin had to actually put the food IN the bathroom, since Yoongi refused to bathe and eat separately. The elder's theory was that this would get them into bed twice as fast.

Yoongi dropped the empty plate of decadent cheesecake he polished off after consuming more food than Jimin had ever seen him eat at once. The dish clattered on the small side table near the tub in which they were currently reclined soaking, the younger leaning back against Yoongi's chest.

"Alternate them." Yoongi hummed, snuggling down further into the warm water. "God, I love these water jets. Do you feel those? Amazing..."

Jimin could feel them.

Yes, they were amazing.

But that wasn't the point.
"Two wedding rings, though, Yoongi?" Jimin repeated, staring at his hand that was now freshly adorned with both baubles. "Really??"

The latest addition sported a stunning blue diamond, fit snugly into a thick, silver band.

It was breathtaking.

And totally unnecessary.

He heard the elder fiddling with the waterproof control panel and the water pressure picked up, shooting massaging streams of heat into Jimin's limbs.

"Fuck, that feels so good in my back." Yoongi murmured, contentedly. "Think I twisted something when I fucked Bin up..."

There was still so much to discuss, probably hours' worth, but everything became secondary when Jimin heard Yoongi in pain. He quickly turned around and faced the elder, straddling his waist easily in the large tub.

"Where does it hurt, hyung?" He asked softly, kissing along Yoongi's jawline.

The elder positioned Jimin's hand somewhere around the middle of his back and Jimin started kneading, adjusting to harder or lighter strokes depending on the quality of Yoongi's groans.

They stayed like this for a while, Jimin massaging gently and Yoongi staring at the ceiling with heavily lidded eyes and a slack mouth.

Eventually the elder turned searching eyes to Jimin's face, watching him quietly.

"You should have told me, Yoongi." Jimin admonished in a whisper, staring intently at him through the steam. "You gotta stop with all the secrecy. First the Jungkook thing and now this-"

"I know."

Jimin's hands faltered momentarily.

Did he just agree with me?

He resumed the massage, moving up to Yoongi's tense neck.

"Well, if you know, why do you keep doing it??"

"It's a bad habit, Jimin-ah." Yoongi sighed, taking Jimin's hands into his. "When you haven't got shit, you hide everything so you don't lose the precious little you do have. It's just not in my nature to readily give up information. I was born this way."

The pair shifted underneath the surface, bare bodies sliding together. The water was their ally, wrapping them in a wet, warm embrace, encouraging them to stay close.

"Yoongi, I really think you should consider talking to Dr. Hwa-"

"I'm not seeing a shrink." Yoongi spat, drooping his head, so Jimin could rub beneath his hairline. "I don't need one."

Jimin had a sudden urge to snap his neck, but willed himself to breathe.
Yoongi could be so goddamn ignorant sometimes.

"I called her when I left the house today, you know? She really helped me, hyung."

"Is she gonna help with the bill?" The elder replied, acidly. "Cus I might need therapy after paying that shit."

A tiny twinge of guilt quickened Jimin's heart rate.

Dr. Hwang's premium rates must be very... Premium. He cleared his throat, delicately.

"Well, the point is, if your past experiences are negatively impacting you in the present, you might want to talk to someone about that. And I think you have deep rooted fears that cause some of the stuff that hurts us. I have them, too. The difference is I'm getting help and you're being cocky."

Yoongi shook Jimin's hands off and exhaled.

"Jimin, every day I step into the studio- that's my therapy. The words I write are my therapy. My FANS are my therapy," He paused and took Jimin's hands in his again. "You're my therapy. Nothing will top that. Not even Dr. Hwang. What's the big deal, anyway? Are you really upset about what I did? Truly??"

"It's our wedding, Yoongi. Not yours. Not mine. OURS."

A silence fell over them in which the bubble jets replenished the dwindling supply, covering them almost to their chins in fluffy, fragrant foam.

"Ok. I'm sorry." The elder whispered, finally. "You shouldn't have found out like that. That wasn't the plan."

Jimin couldn't help but agree.

When he'd initially spied the word "matrimony" on the desk, Jimin had been too preoccupied with getting spanked to really notice. After all, Yoongi was a lyricist. He had random words and phrases scribbled everywhere.

But after the elder left to wash up, Jimin, still reeling from the best dicking of his life, saw the same word three more times- and this sparked his curiosity.

It turned out they were invitations.

Yoongi had printed invitations for their wedding day.

At first Jimin's confused brain tried to reason with his eyes.

Maybe it was an album concept?

Maybe Yoongi had lost his mind?

Ten seconds of digging eventually revealed the biggest bombshell Jimin had ever witnessed to date.

Yoongi had quietly and secretly planned their entire wedding, down to the date, venue, food, guest list, and most importantly- the foreign officiant who was being flown in to observe and solemnize the union.
No wonder he wasn't making any progress with the auditions. He'd been too busy playing wedding planner for weeks, while Jimin was napping and doing little else.

A huge part of Jimin was elated.

Their engagement seemed like it would go on forever with the country's restrictive laws, but the elder had taken the bull by the horns and figuratively ripped them right out of the beast's head.

When Yoongi revealed the second ring, Jimin's elation grew into an indescribable cocktail of emotions, fracturing his composure into a billion beautiful shards.

He'd only intended to kiss Yoongi, but well, that went further than expected, propelled by a mixture of tears, happiness and need.

*We're going to be husbands.*

*Actual husbands.*

It was still too unbelievably real and raw to conceptualize.

The problem Jimin had was that, if not for the unplanned, hectic sex that caused half the contents of Yoongi's desk to jostle and fall the floor, he would STILL be in the dark about this.

And the wedding was two fucking weeks away.

**TWO WEEKS.**

"What the hell was your plan, hyung?" Jimin shook his head in utter confusion. "Were you just gonna wake me up and take me to the altar?? And why would you even shoulder a burden like this at such a critical point in your career? You've been ignoring your real job which pays our BILLS to tackle something you've *never* done before, while I'm sitting around doing nothing all day!?!"

Yoongi shifted beneath him, his cock bobbing in the water against Jimin's stomach.

*Focus.*

*Focus, dammit.*

"I just wanted it to be perfect- I was almost done." Yoongi answered, dejectedly.

Jimin's eyes blew wide; stunned and insulted.

"So, you're saying I'd *fuck it up*?"

"I'm saying you don't handle stress well. I know you're working on your anxiety, Jimin-ah, but this is huge. This is important!"

Jimin blinked in astonishment.

"So you *do* think I'd fuck it up, then. Fine. I won't even argue about your distinct lack of faith in me, but have you ever heard of a *wedding planner*? At least then, I'd be able to participate in the most important day of my life!"

Yoongi sighed and raked his hair back, matting the wet strands to his head.

"I couldn't find one that would..." The elder hesitated. "I couldn't find one. And we don't need one."
They locked eyes for a second, before Jimin dropped his gaze and shook his head.

Of course.

Jimin looked up again, sadly. He'd endured sexual discrimination for years, but poor Yoongi was encountering it for the first time.

"Hyung..." He breathed, softly. "There's ways around it... We could have found a small company. Like a start-up or something? I bet you went straight for the biggest, most expensive firms in town and of course they're gonna refuse us. This is why you should have told-"

"Forget them." The elder implored, pulling Jimin close. "Let me do this for you... Please."

Jimin expelled a hurricane of a sigh.

"This means a lot to me, hyung. It kind of means everything, actually."

"So you are angry..." Yoongi concluded, starring at Jimin with puppy dog eyes. "You hate me."

The younger scoffed, disgustedly.

"Knock it off, Min Yoongi..."

"But you do..."

"I don't." Jimin conceded. "I'm just worried sick because two weeks isn't SHIT for time and this is really happening!"

Yoongi was nuzzling into Jimin's neck now, his hot breath mingling with the steam against his skin.

"Don't worry about it, baby, I've got it..." The elder mouthed the words into his shoulder. "All you have to do is show up and say 'I do'..."

"Yoon-"

"Fine... You can take it from here, ok? I won't do anything else."

Jimin didn't have it in him to deny Yoongi pressing against his lips. Didn't have it in him to restrict access into his mouth, when Yoongi licked his way inside.

They melded together in the hot water, elevating the kiss to a breaking point that left them breathless.

"There's barely anything left to do, hyung." Jimin pouted, when they parted for air.

"Not true." Yoongi was back, searching for Jimin's tongue with his own. The bubbles went off again, throwing them into a heady musk of lavender. "I don't have our outfits." He admitted, sucking his way down Jimin's chest.

Jimin perked up at this.

He knew a thing or two about groom wear.

"It still won't be legal though-"

It was getting harder and harder to hold this conversation. Their erections were sword fighting beneath the surface and Yoongi had Jimin's entire left ear in his mouth.
Yoongi stopped to look him dead in the eyes.

"Not in Korea, no. But it will be legal almost everywhere else in the world. We're not waiting anymore."

Jimin nodded stiffly, fresh tears threatening to fall.

That was good enough for him.

It was perfect.

"Thank you, hyung..."

Yoongi was silent, teasing Jimin's nipples in the most delicious ways with the slippery bubbles.

His hands slipped under the wall of foam where they became invisible agents of pleasure, caressing their way down the younger's stomach and lower, trailing feathery fingertips all over the hidden parts of his body.

Jimin moaned into Yoongi's mouth, nibbling on his lower lip, then yelped when he felt a slender digit prod at his rim.

"Hey- what are you doing?"

Yoongi scowled.

"Calm down, Jimin-ah, I'm only going to fuck you…"

Jimin wiggled backwards a little. The intimacy was great, and they had yet to consummate their bathtub, but he was devastatingly tired.

"I already came twice..." Jimin complained into their kiss.

"Yes, you did." Yoongi retorted, icily. "I'd like to know the feeling, if you don't mind."

"Tomorrow, hyung..."

"You kidding?" Yoongi yelped. "Turn the fuck around."

"Nooo." Jimin whined, clinging to the elder's shoulders. "Wanna go to bed."

Yoongi's eyes went wide with shock, then narrowed to cold, black slits.

"You fucking hypocrite bastard."

_Uh oh._

"I know, hyung, I'm sorry-"

"Apologize on my dick-"

"Yoongi, ppleaseeasssee..."

"Denied, Jimin-ah."

Jimin pouted and took hold of Yoongi's cock, which seemed to pulse angrily in his hand, much like it's owner. He swiped over his slit softly, eliciting an irritated growl from the elder.
"Not what I asked for..." The elder bit out between gritted teeth.

"Ssshhh..."

Yoongi bucked and gave him a scathing look.

The sudsy, soapy water made pumping easy, and Jimin used both hands to enhance the experience, sliding rapidly along the shaft, then squeezing Yoongi's engorged head through the tight circle formed by his thumb and forefinger.

He worked blindly, the bubble layer being too thick for visibility, but Yoongi was making tidal waves in the tub, thrusting furiously into Jimin's fists, his objections long forgotten.

"Can't come- in tub-" The elder struggled to speak between bouts of water aerobics.

"Why not?" Jimin latched onto his mouth, trying to land a kiss in midst of all the motion. "Who cares..."

"It's- ohhh-" Yoongi's face was twisted between disgust and pure rapture. "That's fucking gross-ah!"

Jimin rolled his eyes and upped the speed, working steadily faster until Yoongi emitted short squawks that forced Jimin to bite his tongue to keep from laughing.

Water was spilling over onto the floor now, but Jimin held on and continued to twist and pump, pump and twist, playing his thumb across Yoongi's sensitive cockhead and feeling very much like he was riding a mechanical bull.

"Ji-Jimin..."

Yoongi was absolutely losing it, his hands braced on the tubs edges, rocking so hard from his waist that Jimin wondered if the elder might collapse and drown from the workout.

"I don't think you're winning this battle, hyung..." Jimin drawled.

"Jesus! FUCK-"

"Nobody takes a bath to get clean, anyway-"

"Oh, Goddd..." Yoongi cried. "Faster- fast-!"

Long accustomed to the signs of Yoongi's final throes, Jimin eased the shrieking elder to the very precipice of his orgasm, then drew a deep breath and descended into the water, capturing Yoongi's cock in his mouth to suck him over the edge.

It took much longer than he expected for Yoongi to empty himself and his lungs were burning for air by the time the elder was finally done.

Jimin crashed through the surface and spluttered, struggling to breathe and swallow at the time.

"See-" Jimin gasped, once his mouth was clear of the warm, bitter liquid. "Problem solved!"

Yoongi huffed shakily at the ceiling, groaning as he came down from the clouds.

"Let's get out..." Jimin squeezed his skinny thigh, gently. "We look like raisins."
It was easy to lose track of time in their gigantic tub. The comfort settings ensured that the water never grew cold and the bubbles never stopped coming.

"Come on, Yoongi, I wanna lay down..."

It took another fifteen minutes, but the pair eventually made it out of the bathroom, Yoongi staggering along and throwing himself face down onto the bed, still soaking wet.

Jimin sighed and dried the elder off, promising himself to get Yoongi involved in some kind of physical activity before the man's heart gives out on him.

"That mermaid suck was amazing." Yoongi mused sleepily, as Jimin towel dried his head. "Jesus Christ..."

Jimin chuckled and began brushing the elder's half-dried hair.

"You're marrying a man of many talents, hyung."

"Fucking right, I am..."

Jimin moved on to moisturizing, massaging deeply into Yoongi's scalp.

"God, I love you..." The elder croaked.

"You need to touch up your roots before the show." Jimin remarked.

"Whatever. To the right little..."

"I'll make the appointment."

"Mnhmm."

"I'm pregnant." Jimin stated, dryly.

"Congrats, baby."

Jimin tsked and brushed his own hair out, then took a quick minute to text their stylist before flopping into bed.

Yoongi turned and threw a leg over the younger and they laid in peaceful stillness for a while. It actually wasn't even that late, and Jimin watched the sky through the large bay window, smiling as the colors changed from the orange palette of sunset to the purple hues of dusk.

"I'm really happy, Yoongi."

The elder pulled Jimin into his arms, but said nothing, which was actually quite typical. Jimin had grown quite accustomed to holding one-sided conversations.

In fact, it was a miracle the elder was even awake at all.

"Everything is perfect, hyung, so perfect."

"Not everything..."

Jimin started at Yoongi's deep voice and turned to face him.

"What do you mean?"
Yoongi sighed and reached for a glass on the edge of the nightstand, sipping languidly.

"Hobi doesn't know about Jungkook and Tae yet." The elder explained, solemnly. "That's going to be… Interesting."

Jimin blinked.

*Interesting??*

"Why? You know about them? You're ok with it?"

"I'm not *ok* with anything, Jimin-ah." Yoongi corrected, swiftly. "I just don't *care*. I can't promise you that Hobi will share that sentiment."

Fear rippled through Jimin's very soul at the elder's casual comment.

The memory of Hobi with a gun in each hand merged and blended with his recent nightmare of Tae's accidental shooting. Suddenly, their huge, master bedroom shrank to the size of a broom closet, suffering and smothering Jimin in white hot terror.

*Oh, God no...*

He scrambled on top of Yoongi and stared wildly into his eyes.

"Yoongi!! You can't let Hobi do anything crazy! You can't-"

"Woah, fuck, Jimin-ah!" Yoongi placed the younger firmly back onto his side of the bed. "You see why I don't tell you things?!!"

"BUT HYUNG-"

"I'll handle it, Jimin."

Jimin couldn't understand why there was anything to handle at all.

"Yoongi, you're the one who got hurt!" His eyes snapped towards the healed wound in emphasis. "Why would Hobi hold a grudge if you're not?!"

The elder exhaled and shook his head in annoyance.

"It doesn't work like that, Jimin."

"How does it work, then!!??"

"*Not like that.*"

They stared at each other and Jimin tried to stifle a sob, but it exploded out of him anyway.

He was afraid.

Afraid for Taehyung. Hell, he was even concerned for Kook.

"There's an honor code, Jimin." Yoongi explained, seriously. "Kook broke it. And where we're from, you don't get to just walk free because you're dating someone we know."

Images of Tony's mutilated genitals flooded Jimin's mind. Sure, he despised Jungkook the moment he came face to face with the kid at the spa, but he never would have *hurt* him.

"You can't let Hobi do anything crazy! You can't-"
Hobi, on the other hand…

"But what about Tae, Yoongi?" Jimin whimpered. “This is Tae Tae…”

"I said I'll handle it. In the meantime, you should tell Tae Tae to cut back on the romantic grocery store trips."

Jimin jerked in alarm and Yoongi chuckled darkly.

"You really think Namjoon didn't see them?"

Words died in Jimin's throat, choking him into stunned silence.

He reached over and grabbed Yoongi's glass with a trembling hand, hoping the water would loosen his tongue.

It didn't.

"Hyung... I-"

"What did I tell you about trying to fool me?"

Yoongi kept his tone light, as he powered on the media system.

The paper thin, ultra-everything television folded out and lowered itself from the ceiling. Yoongi adjusted the position until he was satisfied, then proceeded to channel surf, while Jimin had a complete mental breakdown beside him.

Namjoon knew...

He knew everything.

And if he told Yoongi about the Taekook dilemma, then...

That meant he also told him about...

"So, a baby, huh?" Yoongi asked, confirming the worst of Jimin's fears. "I had no idea."

Acidic shame churned in Jimin’s gut.

_Somebody kill me._

"I was- I had to think of something to say in the moment..."

"Oh yea?" Yoongi's eyes never left the screen above them. "Excellent choice."

Jimin gulped down more water, but his mouth was so dry, he may as well have been drinking sand.

"I had a dream that you ambushed Jungkook, and accidentally shot Taehyung..." He blurted. "You were crying and begging me for forgiveness."

Yoongi turned his attention away from the cartoon he was watching.

"Crying?"

"Yes, crying! Hyung, I've never been under more fucking stress than I have in the last 24 hours, so please, for the love of GOD, cut me some slack. PLEASE!"
The elder pursed his lips and appeared to be deep in thought. Finally, he switched off the TV and stretched a hand towards the younger.

"Come here."

Jimin whined in relief and crawled into his arms.

"Listen, Jimin, it's pointless to hide things from me; I'll always know. But I understand that you were protecting Tae. That's the code of honor I was talking about earlier, and I respect it. I would have done the same."

Jimin could feel Yoongi's words rumbling in his chest as he spoke and it was more soothing than a hundred years at the Cocoa Clubhouse.

"How will you handle Hobi?"

Yoongi nuzzled the top of Jimin's head.

"I have no fucking idea."

Jimin absorbed this like a kick to the gut.

"Should I be scared?"

"Probably."

He glanced upwards.

"Are you just fucking with me now?"

The elder paused, seemingly unwilling to answer that.

"Like I said: I'll handle it. Stop worrying."

"EVERYTHING you just said makes me worry, hyung!"

"Boy or girl?"

At first, Jimin was thrown by the abrupt question and had no clue what Yoongi was asking.

But after a second, understanding dawned on him.

"W-what...?" Jimin squeaked.

"Boy...?" Yoongi repeated, slowly. "Or girl?"

The blood ran cold in Jimin's veins and he wasn't even totally sure why.

"Um, I... I've never actually thought about it."

Yoongi rubbed Jimin's back, tenderly.

"So think about it."

Jimin thought about it.

"I don't know..." He admitted, tremulously, feeling like a failure for not being able to choose. "Ok..."
Girl. No, boy! Girl! Fuck!

He bobbed up and down on Yoongi's chest from the elder's laughter.

"You're a mess."

"Ok- what's your choice, then?!"

"Girl." Yoongi answered immediately. "Umma would shit herself from happiness."

A strange sensation crept over Jimin's body, like a warm, fuzzy blanket.

A girl...

He blinked rapidly, shaking off the flash vision of a smiling baby girl, snuggled between him and Yoongi.

That was just NUTS.

They were two men in their mid-twenties with a combined experience of NOTHING when it came to children.

They didn't even have a dog.

"I don't think we're quite ready for something like that, hyung." Jimin stated, carefully.

Yoongi was silent for a while.

"Monnie's sister is really nice, you know..."

Jimin shot up like a rocket.

"Fuck you, Yoongi-"

The elder was all gums, roaring with laughter and struggling to pull Jimin back into his embrace.

"I'm just kidding!"

"FUCK YOU!"

"Ok, but seriously, Jimin, wouldn't you want to be related to your child if we were to have one?!"

Jimin pinned him with a withering glare.

"Imagine how many good kids never find a home because of that reasoning, hyung? I wonder what that's like?"

Yoongi's eyes widened at the realization of his mistake.

"I'm sorry."

"You're such a dick."

"You're right." Yoongi agreed sorrowfully. "Dump me."

"Just shut up, hyung." Jimin bit his lip, thoughtfully. "It's sweet that you want a mini me, though."
"Of course, I do. Look at how pretty you are."

Jimin's praise whore woke up instantly and waved hello.

"Really?"

Yoongi tugged him back down and leaned over him, propped up on an elbow.

"I'm blinded by your beauty."

"Blinded...?" Jimin was grinning stupidly.

"Blinded." Yoongi confirmed. "From day one."

Jimin gulped under Yoongi's unflinching gaze.

"You're pretty, too, hyung..."

"We're not talking about me."

Oh.

Well, ok then.

Yoongi's eyes trailed downward.

"You still closed for business?"

Jimin puffed a surprised laugh.

"Hyung, what's gotten into you?"

"Can I get into you?"

Jimin's smile faltered.

"I'm really worried about Tae, Yoongi. He's so happy now, you wouldn't believe it."

The elder kissed him, his lips growing softer with every touch.

"You wouldn't believe how little I care, Jimin-ah..."

"That's not true-"

"Enough..."

Jimin wanted to press the issue further, but was still too high on praise to stop the hot, open-mouthed kisses trailing down to his navel. He figured he'd give the elder a few moments to enjoy himself down there, before settling into sleep.

When Yoongi removed his fresh pair of boxer briefs and travelled to his inner thighs, running his tongue over the supple flesh, Jimin didn't think much of it.

They'd be going to bed soon.

Surely, surely Yoongi would be falling asleep any minute now.
How he ended up eagle spread with his feet locked behind his head was an absolute mystery to
Jumin.

One moment he’d been enjoying Yoongi’s caress, carding his fingers lazily through the elder’s hair,
and the next, he was in full yoga position watching the pink slip of Yoongi’s tongue plunging into
his hole.

Desire rolled through his groin out of nowhere, evaporating his need for sleep.

He peered at his own cheeks, spread apart by slim fingers. There was just enough fading daylight left
to watch the dark circle of his rim, glossy and wet, pried open from Yoongi’s explorations.

Jumin pulled his legs farther back, spread wider, worked harder; red faced and gasping from the
compression, begging Yoongi to go deeper with filthy words of encouragement in a voice he didn’t
recognize.

They remained like this until darkness descended, triggering the automatic lights glowing softly from
the vaulted ceiling. Jumin released one ankle in favor of shoving Yoongi’s face into his ass,
whimpering while the elder ate him noisily, both of them breathing hard.

The scene shifted fluidly, like the intricate dance of a naked ballet.

Now, Yoongi was riding Jumin’s tongue, pale legs straddling and hugging the younger’s face. The
usual slow lead up and cajoling necessary for getting the elder into such a compromising position
was abandoned tonight.

Their switch from giver to receiver was a rushed, non-verbal agreement, made entirely by the
exchange of dark looks and the meeting of hot, clammy skin.

Jumin wheezed beneath the elder, sucking furiously at the lingering bath water on Yoongi’s skin
mixed with the distinct flavor from inside his body, just past his barrier of puckered flesh.

Yoongi urged him on quietly, his cock resting heavily on the younger’s forehead. His weight was
evenly distributed through his hands that gripped the headboard, allowing him to bounce lightly; a
favorite of his, Jumin was learning.

Sweaty and spent, the pair slipped into a silent trance; somewhere between wakefulness and sleep.
They held hands lightly, bodies intertwined, and stared at each other in a moment too profound to
ruin with speaking.

As if on cue, they resumed after their short break.

It was now Jumin’s turn on top of Yoongi’s face, according to their unspoken discussion. The heat of
Yoongi’s mouth was rendering him senseless and he had to keep reminding himself to lift and not
smother the man beneath him.

Much like Yoongi before him, Jumin was pleading in hushed broken sentences, rocking back and
forth and chasing the long wet, licks roving over his asshole which still throbbed from it’s earlier
abuse.

The elder’s moans were thick and dirty, an aphrodisiac all on their own, but when coupled with his
probing tongue thrashing wildly in and out of Jumin, they were the devil’s music, luring Jumin into
eternal damnation.

They tumbled in a writhing mass of limbs until they found themselves linked in an unexpected, but
not unwelcome 69 pose, with Jimin still valiantly holding himself above the elder—only barely hanging on while Yoongi devoured him as though he was in an ass eating competition, with the whole world depending on him.

Jemin shakily snaked his tongue into Yoongi’s dark, damp abyss, parting the elder wide with slippery fingers, trying to match his tempo, but Yoongi was executing an excruciatingly slow swirl with the tip of his tongue, nudging softly inside before retreating and teasing around the rippled skin, and Jimin could really only lay limp and mewl for a while.

Trying to keep up with him was hard...

Jemin had only just managed to mimic the swirly tongue bit, but Yoongi had moved on to kitten licking just over his opening which fluttered in anticipation whenever the elder ghosted over the tight ring of muscle.

Once again, Jimin had to pull his eyes from where they’d disappeared in the back of his head and gather himself to give Yoongi the same treatment, only getting as far as a few little licks, before Yoongi impaled him with his wet, wiggling muscle.

Eventually, Jimin gave up and settled on sucking the elder off, groaning and slurping along the length until he met the dripping head with his lips, before descending again. Yoongi jerked weakly under him, and Jimin screamed around the cock in his mouth when the elder filled him with two long fingers, probing down to the center of his being.

Jemin came to the realization that third orgasms build slowly.

In the end, it took him being furiously finger fucked, balls buried in the heat of Yoongi’s mouth, and his own hand wedged between them rubbing and petting his weeping cockhead before he came with a surprisingly small dribble on the elder’s chest.

Yoongi held him there, both hands splayed across the fullness of his ass, squeezing and releasing the flesh gently. Finally, they maneuvered so Jimin was kneeling between the elder’s legs, looking down at him.

He wanted to say something, but it felt inappropriate somehow. They were still in the globe of silence, where words weren’t necessary or even very effective.

Instead, he leaned over and sucked at Yoongi’s hardened nipples, moving back and forth to each one, and stoically ignoring the tiny puddle of come between the twin peaks.

Yoongi swiped at it, however, scooping everything on the pad of his thumb and looking intently at Jimin’s mouth.

Jemin wasn’t quick enough to comprehend what was coming next, and by the time he realized it, Yoongi had already coated his lips, moving his thumb across the younger’s mouth like an obscene lipstick.

Jemin exhaled forcefully through his nose, wide-eyed with shock and not sure what to do in this unfamiliar situation.

Yoongi cocked his head and laughed weakly, smoothing the secretion in like a lotion, before kissing it off, licking the excess off his own lips first, then returning to Jimin’s mouth to suck him clean.

They ended up kissing anyway, drawn together as always, and Jimin didn’t mind his own taste as long as he could take it directly from Yoongi’s tongue.
Eyes locked on Yoongi’s in an unwavering stare, Jimin leaned to the side and slid open the drawer in their nightstand, fumbling around one-handed until he’d successfully breached the box cover and extracted the feather.

No talking necessary.

But the tittering smiles they exchanged were worth a thousand words.

Jimin started with playfully tickling over the elder’s chest and stomach, causing Yoongi to brandish his gummy grin and breathy giggles.

It was enough to just see him like this…

So happy and pretty…

He hunched down between Yoongi’s thighs and there was something wonderful about the way the elder relaxed, arms crossed behind his head, willing and compliant.

The relaxation stiffened into apprehension when Jimin lifted Yoongi’s legs high into the air and back towards his shoulders- not quite as far back as Jimin was able to go- but close.

Jimin flicked soft eyes up to Yoongi in a wordless exchange asking for his trust.

Yoongi hooked his hands behind his knees with a hard look, clearly telling Jimin that this had better be good, or else.

A small kiss to the elder’s calf symbolized his promise that it would, indeed, be very good.

Silently, Jimin pushed Yoongi’s pale legs back a little further, opened him a little wider, and plugged into him with his tongue, moaning instantly in unison with the elder. Gravity was their friend at this angle, and Jimin didn’t waste the opportunity to probe farther and taste deeper.

Fully in control now, Jimin returned the favor of Yoongi’s circuit style tongue dance, kissing gently, licking lightly and rapidly, toying with his skin, and dipping into him on rotation, until the man’s legs were shaking in Jimin’s hands.

It was going to be a feat to get Yoongi off for the third time and Jimin decided he had to be strategic about it.

He tapped suggestively at Yoongi’s entrance, preparing the elder mentally for the coming intrusion. It was at this moment that he realized with a sinking heart that their lube was all the way downstairs. In the studio.

Shit.

Jimin thought rapidly, trying to find a solution that didn’t involve pausing everything to gallop downstairs naked.

But hadn’t Yoongi just fingered him moments before…?

Did they have an extra bottle somewhere??

Jimin couldn’t remember. He was too lost in that moment to recall anything.

Unwilling to waste any more time, Jimin licked judiciously, letting saliva roll off his tongue and pool
at Yoongi’s hole.

It wasn’t enough.

Yoongi choked on his moan when Jimin went for it, spitting delicately and coating Yoongi completely, so it slid down the crack of his ass to his back.

He almost expected the elder to break through their silent barrier and say something, but he just clutched at the sheets and keened.

Jimin couldn’t tell if that was a happy sound or an unhappy sound, but it ticked up an octave when he slowly lodged his middle finger deep inside, pleased with the easy glide. Jimin retracted his finger to just a shallow penetration and licked softly at Yoongi’s sack, nipping lightly.

Yoongi jerked and hissed, a large hand straying down to Jimin’s hair.

Only then, did Jimin re-introduce the feather.

Using his free hand, he stroked along Yoongi’s cock, tickling playfully at his head. Yoongi spluttered a laugh that transformed into a protracted groan. Motivated, Jimin licked and teased his thighs and the puckered ring of skin, wrapped tightly around his finger.

Yoongi was convulsing on the bed, face flushed and twisted.

His cock jumped gleefully every time the soft fibers came close, then slapped heavily back down onto his stomach.

Jimin stopped touching him and a confused, mangled moan ripped it’s way out the elder’s mouth.

He waited until Yoongi’s chest stopped heaving, before latching onto his balls again, sucking them entirely and flitting the feather on his cock once more. Jimin rubbed at his hole, pressing inside and out, teasingly, until Yoongi cried out, at which time he ceased his movements once again.

Yoongi gasped pathetically, a sheen of sweat covering his face and his mouth hanging open. Their eyes met, and the elder’s questioning gaze was desperate.

Jimin almost felt sorry for him.

But he had to stick to the strategy, or else they’d be there all night.

He edged Yoongi to his orgasm two more times, racing him to the pinnacle, then hitting the brakes until the elder roared in frustration, kicking and thrashing around, like a toddler having a tantrum.

Jimin finally took pity on the poor man and allowed him to climax; which he did, profusely, all over his stomach with a strangled string of curses mixed with Jimin’s name.

“You did so good…” Jimin praised, kissing the skin and bone of Yoongi’s knee. “Love you..”

Yoongi shuddered in response.

Jimin swiped up a considerable amount of Yoongi’s come with a devilish grin, then quickly rubbed it all over the elder’s mouth, while he was still recovering.

“How’s that feel, hyung?”

Yoongi went unnaturally still for so long that Jimin was beginning to wonder if he’d fucked up,
when suddenly, shockingly, the elder stuck out his tongue and licked his own come from his lips, careful to get it all.

Jimin was still stupefied, when Yoongi pulled him down for a kiss that started sweetly, but ended with elder ejecting his literal load into Jimin’s mouth.

He retreated and laid back down, calmly blinking up at Jimin, while the latter went into coughing spasms, his throat constricting horribly, as he fought to swallow without looking as shaken as he felt.

He wiped his mouth quickly with the back of his hand when it was over.

“Good?” Yoongi asked, innocently.

Jimin nodded, stiffly.

Dick.

Yoongi glanced at his huge, bejeweled watch.

“Don’t you dare wake me up.” He ordered, turning on his side and burrowing underneath the covers.

Jimin woke him up two hours later, bent over, his ass spread and lubed up, begging to be taken. It took a while for Yoongi to fully open his eyes, but he eventually obliged, fucking the younger face down into the sheets, so hard, that Jimin had to tap out, pleading for mercy.

“How about I put you in a choke hold, Jimin-ah?” Yoongi threatened, adjusting his cock back into his boxers. “It’s guaranteed to put you to sleep.”

“I’m sorry! I just can’t sleep when I’m worried!”

Jimin stared wistfully at the inky sky, dotted with twinkling stars. Every time he closed his eyes, he was plagued with Taekook nightmares.

Yoongi sighed, irritably.

“I told you-

“Not to worry! I know, but I’m still worried, hyung!”

Jimin launched up and sat on the edge of the bed, too jittery to even lay down.

Yoongi got up himself and padded into his closet, shuffling around while muttering nastily.

“Where are you going??” Jimin called after him, panicking.

“Mexico.”

“Yoongi!!”

“Holy shit, Jimin!” The elder returned wearing a fluffy robe and a disgruntled face. “I’m going downstairs to work. Might as fucking well.”

Jimin stared at the elder, dumbfounded. How could he just go work at a time like this??

“Yoongi, promise me. Promise me that everything will be ok.”

Yoongi glared at him.
“If I could see the future, I’d be trading stocks not making music.”

Jimin rushed to the door, grabbing onto the elder’s robe and burying his face in it.

“Please, hyung… I can’t sleep.”

Yoongi held him close.

“The choke hold offer still stands, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin sniffed heavily and his breath hitched in his throat. He held on tightly to Yoongi, trying to keep himself together.

“Oh my, God… Ok.” Yoongi exclaimed, tiredly. “It’s ok, baby. I promise you, everything will be ok. I’ll make sure of it. Look at me…”

Jimin looked up without a tear on his face, grinning at the elder’s confusion.

“Hey- what the _fuck_, Jimin!?”

“Thank you, hyung.”

He kissed his fiancé chastely and closed the door in his face, finally able to get some rest.

Chapter End Notes

This is the longest chapter in the story!? What did you think? Thanks so much for reading! Love you guys!

-M
This chapter was fun for me. Thank you to those who advised me, silently supported, and influenced this chapter and/or the characters. Apart from the 7 boys, most of my extra characters are influenced by people in my life! I'm lucky to know some really fun and interesting people!

Three chapters to go in this never ending story!!

If you are on twitter, and haven't given up on my writing completely, please try my twitter thread fic at Mizzteek

Read, enjoy, eat and drink well, and have a happy weekend.

Yours,
M.

Time had lost all meaning to Jimin.

He was constantly so entangled with Yoongi that there were times when he couldn’t distinguish his own limbs from the elder’s.

They’d taken a hiatus from life itself; hunkering down in the house as though riding out a terrible storm, but really just riding each other without stopping.

Every now and then, they’d take the requisite breaks to eat, shower, and sleep; but even then, they did everything together, always attached at the hip.

And always rushing back to bed.

Or the floor.

Sometimes the stairs…

“Ugh...”

Jimin groaned and rolled over, his shoulder bumping painfully into the glass wall of the shower door.

He tried to lift himself, but ended up slipping on the polished marble floor and landing heavily on his ass with a thud.

Blearily, he glanced around, seeing evidence of their debauchery littered everywhere: strawberry flavored lubricant, an empty bottle of vodka, their feather wand (broken and essentially destroyed) a sinister looking black butt plug, and finally- Yoongi’s belt, coiled on the floor like a sleeping serpent.
The last item triggered the memory of Yoongi bending him over the tub, delivering blow after delicious blow, until Jimin could scarcely breathe between his sobs and his tremendous orgasm.

He wiped his face, confused.

The bathroom didn’t look familiar..

Where was their beautiful waterfall shower??

It took a moment for him to register that he wasn’t laying in the master bath upstairs, but rather, in the smaller, private bathroom located in Yoongi’s studio.

Oh…

Fresh memories washed over Jimin, suddenly.

The music, the drunken midnight dancing that somehow ended in Jimin putting on a sultry strip tease for the elder, which somehow ended in him fucking Yoongi right on top of his precious equipment.

Or was it Yoongi that had laid him atop the many knobs and dials and slammed into him while spreading the younger’s legs wide?

It was all a blur, really.

“Yoongi…?” Jimin called, shocked at the deathly croak that was supposed to be his voice. “Are you out there…?”

A deep hum floated in from the studio, followed by footsteps.

“Sleeping beauty rises…” Yoongi remarked, leaning against the door with an infuriating smirk.

The man himself was immaculate in a floor length black, silk robe and matching pajamas.

Jimin rubbed the back of his head, wondering if he might be mildly concussed.

“Thanks for leaving me down here, hyung.”

Yoongi shrugged.

“I made sure you were comfortable.”

Jimin guessed that by ‘comfortable’ Yoongi meant the rock hard, decorative pillow that was stuffed under his neck and the thin scrap of bedsheet currently wrapped around his left ankle.

“You’re the best, hyung.”

The elder grinned and helped him to his feet, immediately fawning over him with sweet words and soft touches.

“Go to bed, baby…” Yoongi suggested, kissing his double ringed hand.

“No, hyung- I just managed to get up!”

“Fine, I’ll give you a bath, then…”

Oh no, you don’t...
Baths were just a gateway drug to more sex, and for the first time, Jimin’s body was too battered to take anymore.

“Later, ok? Promise.” He pecked the elder on the cheek and squirmed out of his arms gently.

“Do I have clothes anywhere, hyung?”

“What for?”

Jimin ignored that and staggered out of the bathroom with Yoongi clinging to him like a baby sloth.

What he saw in the studio made him forget that he was naked.

“Jesus… what- why?!” He exclaimed, panning his gaze over the destruction.

More fractured memories came crashing in, making Jimin’s head swim.

He recalled waking up refreshed yesterday, taking a quick shower, and going downstairs to find the elder still hard at work in the morning. Yoongi had looked so adorable hunched over his keyboard, scribbling notes, trashing some and saving others; the tip of his tongue jutting out from between soft lips in concentration.

He remembered giving Yoongi some coffee, which the elder drank gratefully.

He remembered asking him what he might want to eat for breakfast.

He remembered Yoongi saying that he wanted to eat Jimin for breakfast.

And that was how it all started.

Jimin huffed and surveyed the collateral damage.

Once again, Yoongi’s desk was in shambles; there was virtually nothing left on it and it was interesting to see the walnut grain surface clearly for the first time.

There were more bottles of alcohol, some empty, some barely touched, all over the room, along with food containers from two or three different restaurants.

A particular shelf was totally bare, its entire contents having been dumped on the floor.

Jimin’s heart picked up speed, as he recalled hiking Yoongi up in his arms and pounding him against the wall, while the elder flailed his arms like a helicopter, knocking everything over within range.

“We fucked a lot, drank a lot, and ordered a lot of food.” Yoongi explained, wrapping Jimin up in a soft towel and placing a sweet kiss behind his ear. “Not a bad couple of days…”

Couple of days??

“No… no.” Jimin corrected, tightening the towel around his waist. “I came-”

“You came a lot-”

“-came downstairs yesterday morning… and we slept down here…. and- and now it’s… it’s Tuesday morning…” Jimin trailed off, confusedly.

He was at Hobi’s on Sunday…
Yesterday was Monday.

And now it was Tuesday.

Had to be Tuesday morning…

Right??

Yoongi let out a low whistle.

“I knew the Louis XIII wasn’t a good idea, Jimin-ah, but you insisted we open it…” The elder admitted, regretfully. “And now look? You fucking blacked out and lost a whole day…”

Jimin’s eyes landed on the empty bottle of $3000 liqueur and the broken shards of his blurry memories started coming together slowly.

The pair of them giggling their way into the kitchen…

Swapping strawberries between their mouths…

Sucking whipped cream out of each other’s… out of… out of their…

“Shit…” Jimin brought a shaky hand to his aching forehead. “Shit…”

“I’m sorry… Is there a problem with making love in our home?” Yoongi’s tone was sharp, but his delicate facial features looked dejected. “I don’t know about you, but I certainly had a good time.”

Time…

“What time is it??” Jimin demanded, frantically.

“Hey, listen to this…” Yoongi ambled over to to his equipment, with a mischievous grin.

Jimin flapped a hand at him, impatiently.

“Hyung, what time is-”

Jimin froze, silenced, when the sound of his own voice spilled out of the surround sound speakers, screaming Yoongi’s name in the most ungodly of ways. Yoongi’s voice chimed in as well, deep and dirty, answering Jimin’s call of the wild.

Their heavy breathing and soft hisses filled every crevice of the studio, penetrating Jimin’s brain and setting his face aflame.

How dare he-

Jimin could hear himself begging for more, more, more in a tight squeak that went higher every time he repeated the word. A series of small crashes in the background indicated the mess of fallen items all over the floor, but everything was eclipsed by the lewd noise of skin on skin as both men yelled their way to the crescendo.

He was suddenly activated into movement out of sheer humiliation.

“Turn it off, idiot!”

He slapped Yoongi’s hands until the elder finally obeyed with an evil laugh.
“Heyyy! That’s my best work!”

Jimin glared at Yoongi hard enough to bend steel, but he didn’t have time to worry about the elder’s nasty little games right now.

“WHAT. FUCKING. TIME. IS. IT!?” He spat from between clenched teeth.

Yoongi frowned and checked his massive watch, playfully taking way too long to answer.

Jimin yanked the elder’s wrist and looked for himself, then immediately felt his stomach plummet with a sickening drop when he noted the time and date.

“Fuck, hyung!”

“What is it!?!?”

“It’s Wednesday- oh my God….”

Yoongi wrested his arm back from Jimin’s clutches.

“So?? I have enough time to get ready for Saturday, Jimin-ah. We have a meeting with the venue tomorrow, it’ll be fine.”

Jimin raked his hair back nervously and walked to the door.

This had nothing to do with Yoongi’s show this weekend.

“I-I have therapy on Wednesdays…”

“Are you late?” Yoongi freed his keys from within a pair of discarded boxers. “I’ll drive you, just get dressed.”

“No.. hyung… wait.”

Jimin thought he might pass out.

“I’m having my therapy here… at home.”

Yoongi’s face scrunched up, puzzled, but smoothed out after a few seconds.

“Fine, baby. Whatever you wa-”

“With you…” Jimin finished in a nearly inaudible whisper.

The elder went unnaturally still, his eyes fixated on Jimin’s wringing hands.

“With… who?”

Jimin gulped.

He’d emailed Dr. Hwang the other night after Yoongi had famously abandoned him to go work in his lab. He really only meant to thank the good doctor for her help and apologize again for interrupting her day off, so it was no small surprise when she offered to modify their Wednesday appointment into a couples session… with Yoongi.

Knowing damn well that he couldn’t convince Yoongi into going to her office, Jimin decided to invite the doctor to the house instead.
It had seemed like such a good idea.

Jimin knew the elder would explode, but he figured he had plenty of time to butter his fiancee up and get him to see reason at the end of the day. Little did he know his precious window of opportunity would be lost to a drunken sex romp.

“With uhh… with you, hyung…”

Yoongi moved fast.

In a flash, he twirled in his billowing black robe and flew to his desk like a gigantic bat, where he yanked his phone from a drawer and thudded back to Jimin in mere seconds.

“Call her and cancel. Now.”

The elder thrust his hand forward menacingly, shoving the proffered phone at Jimin.

_Shit!_

_Argue?_

_No… pout!_

“But _hyuuunnngg_—”

A knock interrupted Jimin’s whine and the elder lifted terrified eyes to the door.

“Calm down, Yoongi.” Jimin sneered. “It’s not like she has the key to our house!”

Jimin opened the studio door to find the maid standing on the other side, looking slightly pale and stricken.

“Are you boys ok?? It’s a mess out here?!?”

Wednesdays were also cleaning days.

Of course.

“Bo-hyun noona!” Jimin exclaimed, slapping a hand over his bare chest and bowing low. “Wow, hello! We’re… we’re ok!”

Yoongi waved sheepishly from behind him, with a quick bow.

She eyed them warily.

“You have a visitor. Shall I let her in?”

“No.” Yoongi ordered.

“Yes, please, noona.” Jimin corrected, throwing him a dirty look. “Hyung and I are just going to run upstairs and change quickly. We’ll be right there.”

“Ok…” She kept edging her eyes around the men, trying to see the mess behind them, but they shifted together, blocking her view.

“You’re _sure_ everything’s ok…?”
“Oh, yes! Thank you, noona!”

As soon as she left, Jimin dragged Yoongi upstairs, shamelessly using his bigger muscle mass to force the elder into their bedroom.

“Clothes.” He commanded, pushing Yoongi into the closet, before rushing into the bathroom to wash his face. “And try not to look like you’re being eaten alive by a black hole.”

“This is fucking preposterous!” Yoongi huffed. “No heads up? No discussion at all, and now I can’t even wear what I want??”

Jimin was throwing handfuls of water into his hair now.

“Hyung, I’m sorry. I thought I’d have time to bring it up! YOU didn’t make it easy by swearing off therapy, as if you’re better than everyone-”

“I never said that! What I said was I don’t need a shrink.”

Jimin made way for Yoongi to use the sink and decided not to comment on the elder’s defiantly dark grey track suit.

It was literally one shade off from black.

They paused to brush their teeth, scowling at each other over mouthfuls of toothpaste.

“Fine! If a shrink is so terrible for you, then just look at it as pre-marital counseling.” Jimin offered, patting toner on his face first, then slapping some on Yoongi’s, perhaps a little harder than necessary. “Lots of people do it!”

“Lots of people-” Yoongi doused himself in what had to be half a bottle of cologne, while Jimin jumped and shimmied his way into a pair of jeans. “-can kiss my fucking ass.”

They checked themselves out in the floor mirror.

“We look like shit.” Jimin groaned, buttoning up his white blouse. “Spray me.”

The elder sighed and spritzed fragrance up and down Jimin’s body, while the younger tried to force his hair into something presentable.

“Please, hyung. Do this for me… for us.”

Jimin combed Yoongi’s hair out softly, jealous at how easily the waves styled into position without a trace of product in it.

Good hair.

Great skin.

Yoongi had it all without even trying.

“If she says ‘daddy issues’ even once, I can’t be held responsible for what I say or do.” Yoongi threatened.

“Yoongi, just come on, we’re so late…”

Jimin threw on some accessories and tumbled down the stairs, while Yoongi lazily made his way
down, step by slow step.

“Doctor Hwang, I am so sorry!” Jimin sang apologetically on his way down. “Did Bo-hyun noona get you something to drink? Can I offer you anything??”

Jimin felt his heart quite literally detonate when he reached the living room and saw the strewn sex paraphernalia all over the carpet.

Oh my God…

Thankfully, they were fairly innocent items that didn’t immediately give away the erotic acts they were involved in.

“Kids…” Jimin mumbled, grabbing the bandana they’d used as a blindfold and the silky neck scarves that served as binding for their wrists. “They just… they get into everything…”

The doctor rose from her seat with a wide smile.

“Hi, Jimin! You have kids?!? I had no ide-”

“No- no, no- but I have a… niece… nieces. My nieces….”

Jimin was on his knees collecting feathers now.

Why the fuck didn’t Bo-hyun clean in here before letting the guest in??

The doctor frowned, stooping to help him pick up stray feathers and Jimin hoped to high heaven that she was a frequent hand washer.

“I didn’t know you had any family to speak of, Jimin! Do you have siblings in the area, or…?”

Dammit. Dammit!!

“So, actually, it’s weird, they’re, like, the kids of my very, very close friend.” Jimin scrambled to to grab a bottle of massage oil. “They really- you know- feel like family to me.”

“A close friend? Do you mean, Taehyung??”

Jimin had to catch himself from laughing at that.

“No… it is… definitely not Tae, no.”

Jimin raced into the dining room to deposit his arm load and avoid more questions.

When he returned, he was relieved to find Dr. Hwang focusing on the décor.

“You have a gorgeous home- are these walls natural materials??”

Finally.

Something he could deal with.

Jimin preened like a peacock and broke out into a little strut as he crossed the room.

He loved receiving compliments on his home almost as much as he enjoyed receiving them for himself.
“They are…” Jimin drawled, with a smug smile. “There’s a three year wait list to have these installed, but we were lucky to get them with the house.”

Dr. Hwang gave an impressed nod, as she took her seat, looking every bit the picture of pretty professionalism in a knee length floral dress, with accompanying cream blazer and matching pumps. Jimin particularly liked the high ponytail she kept her hair in- it always waved around like an excited puppy’s tail when she talked.

“Well, they’re gorgeous.” She repeated. “Absolutely divine. The fireplace is beautiful, too, wow!”

Jimin was certain his ego would jump right out of his chest and devour something, if they kept on like this.

“Thank you, noona- we’re truly very fortunate and hyung works hard.”

Her face lit up at the mention of Yoongi.

“Speaking of him- where is the man of the hour? I’m so thrilled to finally meet him!”

Jimin twirled once, confused.

Where the hell WAS Yoongi??

Ah, fuck.

“Uhh…” He glanced around quickly, looking for the closest dark blob that resembled his fiance. “I’m excited for you to meet him, too…”

Jimin giggled, nervously.

“Just a minute, noona…”

He darted off down the hallway and into the lab just in time to find Yoongi raising a shot glass to his lips.

“Yoongi!” Jimin hissed like a cobra.

The elder went rigidly still, eyes wide and glass suspended in the air.

Jimin was shocked there was even any alcohol left in the house, at all.

“Are you serious??”

Yoongi slowly replaced the glass on his desk.

“I don’t wanna go.”

Jimin closed his eyes, with a resigned sigh.

Perfect.

Now he’s gonna be a big fucking cry baby.

Instead of back-handing him across the face, which was Jimin’s first and strongest instinct, he walked over and held the elder’s hands instead, squeezing them tenderly.
“Yoongi, there’s no pressure, ok?” He promised, softly. “There’s nothing special that you need to say or do. It already means everything to me if you’re just there. Quit sweating over it.”

The elder didn’t look convinced.

“I’ll listen to that gross audio you made.” Jimin bargained.

“I can do that on my own.” The elder, countered.

“True… but you can’t make one on your own, can you?”

They both paused, contemplating.

“So, to be clear…” Yoongi said, slowly. “You’ll get into this studio, fuck me, and I can sound record the whole thing?”

Jimin nodded, nonchalantly.

Who cares, anyway?

It would never leave this house.

“Then I want it on video, too.” Yoongi demanded, suddenly.

Wooaahhh…

Jimin felt his face flush deeply.

“We never said anything about video!”

“I just did.” Yoongi quipped. “You should practice better active listening.”

“No deal, hyung!”

Yoongi shrugged and sat down.

“Yoongi! Get up!!”

The elder started spinning around in the office chair.

“Please.” Jimin asked through his tightly clenched jaw.

Time was wasting and this was bordering on rude for the waiting doctor.

“I’m not in good enough shape.” Jimin finally admitted, quietly.

Yoongi stopped spinning.

“I’ll be the judge of that.”

“It could leak.”

“To who?” Yoongi laughed. “CNN?”

“I bet that’s what Kim Kardashian said…”

“She sold the tape, Jimin-ah. Everybody knows that.”
Jimin huffed and hugged himself, protectively.

The idea of it was actually pretty hot…

They’d made love in front of mirrors, sure, but imagine the detail they’d be able to see in HD.

A thrill of anticipation ran down Jimin’s spine.

Red silk sheets… Never before seen angles…

“Ok. When I’m ready, I’ll do it- but only when I’m ready- and that could be 50 fucking years from now, so don’t hold your breath.”

Yoongi stood up, smirking.

“I’ll wait... Now, let’s go share our personal problems with a total fucking stranger.”

“With a total professional.” Jimin corrected, pushing the elder along.

They found Dr. Hwang inspecting the dining room chandelier when they returned.

Jimin immediately checked to make sure they hadn’t thrown something nasty up there, but it looked clear, thank fuck.

“I know I’ve seen this design in a magazine recently!” She gushed, excitedly. “The geometric pattern is really oh-” she stopped suddenly when she noticed Yoongi, “Mr. Min! A pleasure to meet you, finally!”

She lunged forward, ponytail swinging, and held out her hand.

Jimin had to elbow the elder lightly before he moved to shake her hand with a respectful bow.

He may have said hello, but his mumbling was so indistinct that Jimin wasn’t even sure that he used real words.

“Well! Let’s have a seat, yes?”

Dr. Hwang perched on one of the big armchairs and motioned to the sofa across from her. The men shuffled over and sat down, while she pulled a sheaf of papers from her leather briefcase.

“I’ll ask that you sit on opposite ends, so you can face each other? Is that ok?”

Jimin glanced at Yoongi quickly to make sure that he was good with taking direction from someone other than Umma, but the elder only pursed his lips slightly and obediently slid over to the far end of the sofa.

“Lovely! So now-”

A crash from the kitchen interrupted her sentence, followed by more noises and a few curses.

Jimin stood up and craned his neck towards the disturbance.

“Uhh… Bo-hyun noona… is everything ok? We’re actually having a meeting...”

“THERE’S SO MUCH WHIPPED CREAM EVERYWHERE-” she screamed from the kitchen.

Jimin smiled and smoothed back his hair, tensely.
“Uhh… Bo-hyun Noona, you can just leave it for now-”

“I’M ALMOST DONE! BUT IT’S ALL OVER THE PLACE-”

Jimin bowed in apology and stalked into the kitchen, where he had to yank the mop out of the cleaning lady’s hand and force her into another section of the house… far away.

By the time Jimin sat back down, he was desperate for a shot of whatever Yoongi had been trying to drink earlier.

“Kids again?” Dr. Hwang inquired, kindly.

“Yeah- you know it!” Jimin replied, cheerfully, steadfastly ignoring Yoongi’s befuddled face.

“Mine get into everything, too… little devils!”

Jimin just hummed and nodded.

“Well, then! Tell me one thing you love about each other.” Dr. Hwang asked, leaning back in her chair with her legs crossed. “Anything at all.”

The men glanced at each other, dubiously.

“Don’t be shy, guys, come on.” She clapped her hands and giggled at their stricken faces. “The funny thing is, most couples expect to discuss all the negatives, but that’s not my preferred strategy.”

She smiled wide and waited.

“Um, well…” Jimin cleared his throat and sat up. “Yoongi is really-

“Don’t tell me, Jimin-ssi…” Dr. Hwang, interrupted. “Tell him.”

Shit.

Jimin pivoted towards the elder, who regarded him with cool interest.

“Yoongi… you’re extremely talented… and you have an incredible work ethic.”

He glanced at the doctor, as if waiting for her to confirm that he’d done it right.

“Very nice, Jimin.” She nodded at the elder. “Yoongi?”

If not for the light blush staining Yoongi’s cheeks, Jimin may have thought that the man had frozen to death in that position.

“Yoongi…?” Dr. Hwang repeated, softly.

The elder moved suddenly, sitting upright and forward, leaning in Jimin’s direction.

“Ok… Jimin-ah, you’re… in great shape.” Yoongi started with a decisive nod. “You don’t dance anymore and I know you think it’s taken a toll on your physique, but it hasn’t.”

Jimin burned and tried to hide his embarrassed smile.

The sentiment was sweet, but did Yoongi really have to start with THAT??

“Uhh… thanks, hyung…”
“Anything else, gentlemen?”

They stared at her.

“Surely, you have a little more to say?” Dr. Hwang hazarded, blinking between both men. “I know from my sessions with Jimin that you both care very deeply for one another.”

Yoongi caught Jimin’s eyes with a smoldering gaze.

_I never should have done this._

Jimin crossed his legs primly and tried not to look as stressed out as he felt. For some reason, it was only just dawning on him how terrible of an idea this was.

“I’ll go…” Yoongi declared.

Jimin shifted to face him, surprised to hear the elder volunteering to speak again.

“Please do!” She encouraged with another bright smile.

Yoongi took a huge breath.

_Oh, Jesus…_

“I don’t know… if I can… classify things about Jimin into a list, actually. There’s so many amazing things about him.”

Dr. Hwang nodded encouragingly, while Jimin inspected the empty fireplace in shocked silence.

“He’s a writer- one of the best I’ve ever read.”

Jimin could feel Yoongi staring at him, but wasn’t man enough to meet his eyes.

“I wish he’d let me see more of his work, to be honest…”

“Oh!” Dr. Hwang yelped and grabbed her pen, her ponytail swinging wildly. “That’s a great request, Yoongi!”

“Jimin is strong and selfless…” Yoongi continued. “Um, he puts family first, despite not having one for the majority of his life, and I find that incredibly admirable.”

The doctor hummed and jotted more notes on her legal pad.

Tired of the fireplace, Jimin stared at the carpet instead, until his vision blurred out of focus.

“I was thinking the other day that, despite Jimin being around for only a small fraction of my lifetime, all of my most significant events are centered around him.” Yoongi mused, as if he was just thinking out loud.

“I don’t know where I’d be without him.”

Finished, the elder fell silent and leaned back into the sofa.

Dr. Hwang’s note taking went on for a moment longer, before she capped the pen and set it down.

She pulled something out of her purse.
“Can I offer you a tissue, Jimin?” She asked softly, placing the little box on the table between them.

Jimin stirred and cleared his throat.

“No- no… I’m fine. Thank you.”

He was not fine.

Nothing Yoongi had said was new, so Jimin couldn’t understand why it had the impact of an arrow to his heart.

Maybe it was the fact that Yoongi had bulldozed his way out of his safe zone and opened up like this in front of Dr. Hwang.

God, I fucking love him.

“You know what I find interesting, gentlemen?” She flipped through her papers. “So much of what Yoongi said mirrors what Jimin has told me in the past- some of it word for word!”

“Listen to this: the most important parts of my life involve Yoongi.”

Jimin snapped his head up in horror.

Those were HIS words.

Whatever happened to doctor-patient confidentiality!?!?

“…he always puts me first.” she continued. “…he’s the strongest person I know…”

Jimin was one second from ripping the notebook from her hands when, miraculously, she closed it and put it down.

“You guys probably think that you’re so different, almost incompatible, even- but in reality, you have nearly exactly the same thought process and feelings towards each other… isn’t that awesome?”

She beamed at both of them, in turn.

Yoongi blinked at her.

Jimin grabbed a tissue.

“Right then.” She clapped her hands, like an excited cheerleader. “I’m happy to see that you have a really strong foundation for your relationship, and that’s the most essential component. So- let’s move on to the fun stuff.”

Both men stiffened and glanced at each other.

Jimin winked at his fiancé and smiled.

This was going to be good.

This was going to help.

“Can I ask you gents to hold hands?”

This is going to be terrible.
One look at Yoongi confirmed that he was thinking the same thing.

Moving with one accord, they slid closer together and clasped hands, Yoongi’s engulfing Jimin’s in his grip.

Dr. Hwang flipped to a fresh sheet of paper.

“Yoongi… can you name an area of opportunity for Jimin?”

The elder frowned.

“Opportunity…?”

“Yes. I don’t like to use the term ‘flaws’.” The doctor grimaced and shook her head. “We’re all inherently flawed, anyway, right? I like to think of them as areas of opportunity instead. These are just things we can work on and be better at.”

_Here we go…_

Yoongi’s fingers twitched around Jimin’s.

“I see…”

She nodded once and waited.

And waited.

And waited…

Finally, Jimin turned to the elder with a questioning expression.

“Can I… pass?” Yoongi asked, tightly.

Dr. Hwang chuckled.

“This part is never easy, even for long established couples- but I promise you, as long as we stay respectful, everything will be fine.”

Jimin snorted mentally.

_I wouldn’t bet on that._

“Oh, fine. Jimin could… try to be more open-minded, and see things from my point of view for a change.”

Jimin gave a haughty huff of laughter.

That was _rich._

“Thank you for sharing that, Yoongi.” She glanced at the younger. “How about you, Jimin? Are you ready?”

Oh, he was ready, alright.

Jimin was careful to keep his voice level.

“Yoongi hyung could try to not assume that he knows better than everyone else on this entire planet,
for a change.”

Dr. Hwang coughed, delicately.

“Ok, then… Uh, how about you, Yoo-”

But Yoongi didn’t need the invitation.

“Jimin would do well to respect the fact that I simply have more experience than him in most things, and just let me handle certain situations without butting in.”

“Ah, ok-” she spluttered. “-well that…”

Jimin turned fully to face the elder.

“Well, YOONGI might benefit from remembering that I’m not a child- and as for EXPERIENCE- I’m pretty sure there’s quite a few things that I taught you-

“Hands!” The doctor shouted, like a referee.

Red faced and furious, Jimin noticed that they had all but let go, only holding on by the tiniest bit of their pinkies.

“You have to hold hands…” she reminded.

Yoongi exhaled gruffly and grabbed Jimin’s hand again with more than a little bit of aggression.

“Jimin is always-”

“No-no, we are quite good on that.” Dr. Hwang interrupted, before taking a long gulp of her water. “I think we have plenty to go on for now- as a matter of fact- you gentlemen pretty much just echoed a long standing theme that Jimin and I have discussed many times before…”

She took another swig of water, emptying the glass.

Jemin wanted to offer her a refill, but wasn’t sure if he’d be allowed to release Yoongi.

“Ok! Let’s extract and examine this… Yoongi, you said that Jimin should be more open-minded and Jimin, you are essentially saying that Yoongi-

“-is secretive and condescending!” Jimin finished with a slight yell.

The room was suffocatingly silent after the outburst and the trio could hear Bo-hyun vacuuming and singing from somewhere upstairs.

“Sorry.” Jimin said stiffly, cursing himself for arranging this at all.

Dr. Hwang smiled, gently.

“That’s ok, Jimin. Temper is just another area of opportunity that we can all work on.”

“You can fucking say that again…” Yoongi piped up.

“Oh, shove it, Yoongi-”

“See?” Yoongi pointed at Jimin beside him with his free hand. “He explodes over absolutely nothing!”
“And YOU’RE the saint, right??”

“At least I’m not always looking for a fight!”

“BUT YOU CAUSE THE FIGHTS-“

The pair jerked in surprise when a soft object landed between them on their couch.

Yoongi reached over and picked up what appeared to be a pair of very ugly socks.

He glanced at Jimin, who inspected them and shrugged in total confusion.

“They’re puppets!” Dr. Hwang explained, proudly. “My kids made them with me.”

Jimin looked down again at the thick socks with button eyes and sewn mouths. One was blue and the other red, the latter having long tendrils of black yarn hair.

“Oh…” Jimin noted, softly. “Cute…”

They were hideous.

Seriously, the stuff of nightmares.

Yoongi didn’t seem able to formulate a response.

“It’s a great bonding activity for you guys to try together!” She continued. “Just gather a few scraps from around the house and you’re good to go!”

The look Yoongi gave her was equal parts dangerous and hysterical.

Jimin had to squeeze his toes and hold his breath to stop himself from laughing.

“We’ll… we’ll certainly bear that in mind, noona…” He managed to say, but only barely.

Yoongi just couldn’t stop staring at the things.

“So, I’ll ask you gentlemen to put these on your free hands, like so-” she demonstrated by pulling a bright pink, polka dotted sock with green hair and buggy eyes onto her own arm. “-and voila! You have your own sock puppet!”

“Why…” Yoongi asked faintly, squinting at her puppet’s green hair. “Just… why?”

Jimin squeezed his fiancee’s hand, admonishingly.

Whether they liked it or not, this session was expensive and it was important that they followed her, admittedly strange, instructions.

Dr. Hwang had never once introduced sock puppets in any of their private appointments, but Jimin knew he could trust her.

The woman was damn good at her job.

“Actually, I’m glad you asked, Yoongi!” Dr. Hwang leaned forward, thrusting her puppet in their faces. “Communication is tough, right? The truth is hard to speak and harder to hear, but that’s usually because of the person saying it. You and Jimin can’t even get a sentence out without yelling over each other. So, you’re going to speak with these instead. Make sense?”
“No??” The elder answered, emphatically.

Jimin sighed.

This was disastrous.

“Don’t worry. You’ll get it as we go along!” Dr. Hwang promised with her ever-patient smile.

Jimin took the blue puppet and pulled it awkwardly over his own arm, using the hand that was still linked with Yoongi’s.

*Might as well just get this over with.*

Yoongi made no move towards his, so Jimin picked it up and forced it onto the elder’s balled fist and up to his elbow.

“Open your hand, Yoongi…” Jimin whispered, nudging him until he wore it properly.

“Would you like to name them?”

They stared at her.

“Okaaayyyy, we’ll just start, then… Why don’t you begin, Jimin?”

He lifted his puppeted hand, stupidly.

“What do I do…?”

“Have a tough conversation.” She directed. “Have the type of conversation you usually can’t have, but just let your puppet do the talking instead.”

With that, the doctor leaned back and waited, her pen and notebook ready.

Jimin took a deep breath.

This was probably the singular most ridiculous thing he’d ever done in his life.

“Ok, uhh… Yoongi…”

“You’re puppet’s not talking.” Dr. Hwang, interjected. “You should be looking away, your puppet should be looking at him, and its mouth should be moving for authenticity.”

Jimin faced the fireplace, while his sock puppet ‘looked’ at Yoongi.

“Yoongi, I feel like we’re always in a competition.” Jimin admitted, careful to move his hand so the goddamn sock made talking movements.

“I…” he broke off, giggling. “I’m sorry, noona, this feels so silly!”

“Good!” She encouraged. “It IS silly! That’s the point! Humor takes the edge off a difficult situation. Just embrace it…”

*Ok…*

*Embrace it…*

This whole exercise was probably pointless, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t going to try.
“I feel like we’re always in competition for who can stay 10 steps ahead of the other.” Jimin forged on. “When things are good, they’re great, but that… that weirdness is always present, like a shadow.”

Jimin paused, slightly embarrassed, and waited for instruction.

“Go on, Jimin-ssi…”

“Ok… It can be as small and stupid as picking a place for dinner, or as big a deal as the Tae and Kook situation, but it’s always the same thing: you want to stay a step ahead of me, you want to already know the outcome before we get there, and you make sure I stay in the dark and only know what you want me to know… and it’s so… it’s so…”

Jimin floundered.

His neck hurt from twisting to look at the opposite wall and his arm was tired from holding up the puppet and he felt 100 types of fucking stupid for using the ugly thing in the first place.

But he didn’t care…

For the first time, he could speak without Yoongi interrupting him with an argument or an apology; without having to stare into those sharp, cynical eyes that made Jimin feel so small, sometimes in a good way and sometimes in the worst way.

“It’s so twisted and wrong and demeaning… and…”

Jimin wanted someone to stop him from finishing this sentence, but nobody said a thing.

“It’s ok, Jimin, go on.”

He swallowed hard.

Don’t…

 Fucking…

Cry!

“… and I’m scared our marriage is gonna fail.”

Yoongi sucked in a long, low breath and squeezed Jimin’s hand.

“Jimin-”

“Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!” Dr. Hwang cut the elder off with a wagging finger. “Where’s your puppet helper?”

Jimin was glad he couldn’t see Yoongi’s face at that moment.

“I don’t know what he wants fr-”

“You’re not supposed to be addressing me, Yoongi.” The doctor corrected. “Jimin, you can look at him, Yoongi- you look away and speak through your puppet.”

Jimin faced the little red monster on Yoongi’s arm and wondered what their lives had come to.
Yoongi’s face was almost as red as his helper’s when he spoke.

“I don’t know what you want from me.” He whispered in a raw and breathless voice. “I feel like I’m always trying and failing at everything, and you get so angry that I’m afraid to try anymore.”

Dr. Hwang scratched a few things out on her note pad.

“Afraid of what, Yoongi?”

A brief pause and then:

“Afraid that he’ll hate me… that he’ll leave me. Sometimes I think he already hates me.”

Silence.

Jimin felt that the silence could fill his chest and suffocate him from the inside. He focused on the rolling, googly eyes of the sock puppet and tried to put on a brave smile, but it was useless.

“Any remarks to that, Jimin?”

He had a lot of remarks.

“It’s impossible for me to hate you, hyung. I just want you to include me.”

She scribbled some more things down.

“Yoongi, go on…”

“Include you how??” The elder countered.

Jimin scoffed.

“Include me by not excluding me.”

“Easy, Jimin…” She soothed. “Try that again, but calmer this time… and your puppet isn’t moving.”

Jesus Christ.

He adjusted his hand in the sock puppet’s head.

“I don’t want to be the last to know everything. I don’t want secrets and I don’t want to keep going through the work of trying to figure things out.”

Suddenly, Dr. Hwang clapped her hands, as if they’d just finished a spectacular performance.

“We’re out of time, but that was GREAT, wasn’t it??” She stowed her notebook and beamed at them. “So much progress in just an hour! Honestly, I’m impressed…”

Yoongi exchanged a slow, bewildered look with Jimin.

How the hell could she say that was great??

The atmosphere was worse than a funeral.

“I know it feels heavy right now, but that’s typical following an unpacking like that. Give it 5 to 6 more sessions and you won’t even recognize yourselves from today.”
She glanced up from her briefcase.

“You don’t have to hold hands anymore… and can I have the sock buddies back? My kids go nuts when I don’t bring them home.”

They parted and removed the puppets mechanically, and Jimin felt empty the second he lost Yoongi’s grip.

“Thanks! I just have a few easy questions for you gentlemen.” She pulled out a tablet and started tapping away at the screen. “It’ll help me prepare for my next visit.”

Jimin nodded stiffly, while Yoongi did a fabulous impression of a stone figurine.

“Do you sleep in the same room?”

“Of course.” Yoongi returned, sounding offended.

She made a note.

“Do either of you suspect the other of unfaithfulness?”

“What?!” Yoongi bristled like a wild animal. “No!”

“These are just routine inquiries, I assure you.” She recorded the last answer and looked up. “Do either of you feel endangered by the other?”

“No way- not in the least.” Jimin rushed to answer, fearing that she was endangering herself just by asking the question.

“Perfect- and how would you rate your sex life?”

Jimin could have sworn he heard Yoongi’s bones stiffen inside his body.

Dr. Hwang blinked at them, expectantly.

“You can use a scale of one to ten, if that’s easier?”

“Seventy-five thousand.” Yoongi spat.

Jimin had never heard so much venom in the elder’s voice before.

_Fucking hell…_

“Wow.” Dr. Hwang hummed and wiggled her brows. “Healthy…”

Jimin stood up, briskly.

“Thank you for coming, noona. It was a pleasure to have you- and we appreciate your time.”

He walked her to the door with Yoongi trailing reluctantly behind.

“I was happy to come!” she gushed, stepping out into the bright sunlight. “My professional advice is to just continue on with your normal activities; don’t try and extend the session by talking about it all day. Studies suggest that it’s better to section off time to work on these things. I’ll have my assistant send you a list of my upcoming openings. Sound good?”

“That sounds amazing, doctor. Thank you and drive safe!”
“One last thing.”

Jimin froze in the act of closing the door.

“Yes?

She peeked around his shoulder into the house.

“Can you send me the designer of your chandelier? I can’t stop thinking about it!”

Jimin grinned and glowed.

“With pleasure, noona.”

Once she was gone, Jimin sighed and rested his back against the door.

*What a day.*

Yoongi stood directly in front of him with a cold glare that melted slowly into a face full of hurt.

“I can’t believe you said that, Jimin-ah.”

“Said what, hyung...?”

“Seriously?? You said our marriage is going to fail when we’re just two weeks away from the fucking wedding day? How do you think that made me feel??”

Jimin wanted to point out that it was technically the blue sock puppet who said that, but decided not to.

Not to mention that the fast approaching wedding date was Yoongi’s fault, not his.

He sighed again and closed his eyes.

It was never his intention to hurt the elder, but that was what therapy was all about: releasing those painful feelings and working through them in a healthy way.

“Yoongi, I love you… and I *never* said anything was gonna fail. I said I was AFRAID that it could fail. Big difference.” He took Yoongi’s hand and tugged him closer. “Honestly, hyung, it’s better that we calmly say these things to each other with sock puppets than scream hurtful things in the middle of a fight. Don’t you understand??”

Yoongi crossed his arms, tensely.

“I feel like you’re out.” He spoke to the floor. “Like it’s over, like you’re-”

“That’s just your fear talking, hyung.” Jimin smiled, pulling him in again. “It’s kinda cute, actually. I’ve never seen you scared before.”

“Don’t fucking start-”

Jimin kissed him, slowly at first.

And really, it was just supposed to be a conciliatory kiss; something to calm the elder down and assure him that everything was ok.

He should have known better…
Yoongi licked his way into the younger’s mouth with a desperate yearning, pinning him back against the door.

Jimin’s whole body twinged with discomfort— a painful reminder of their rough and wild past couple of days— but he still pressed into Yoongi’s chest with abandon, urging him on with the slip of his tongue and muffled moans.

Something was nagging Jimin at the back of his mind, but he was too preoccupied with sucking gently at Yoongi’s bottom lip, his leg lifted and hooked around the elder’s waist, which the latter held onto with a firm grip on Jimin’s ass… grinding him into the door…

“I’m finished upstairs.” A voice called out from behind them.

Yoongi stilled for a moment, then slowly released Jimin, as the younger loosened his grasp on Yoongi’s hair.

They stared at Bo-hyun who gazed back at them impassively.

The maid.

That was the niggling little thing he couldn’t quite remember.

“I found your phone.” She advanced boldly and stepped right between the men to hand Jimin the device. “It was under the bed. I had to move the whole headboard to get to it.”

Jimin retrieved it with a red face.

“Oh… thank you-”

“The case was in the bathroom, behind the toilet.”

“Oh-ok...” Jimin muttered.

She turned to Yoongi.

“I’ll go make lunch, then.”

Yoongi stopped her and opened the door.

“Take the rest of the day off, noona. Full pay.”

She hesitated for a moment, glancing between Yoongi and the door, as if waiting to hear that this was a joke.

“Double pay.” He insisted.

Eventually, she shrugged and high-tailed it out of there.

“I’m banning women from this house.” Yoongi caged Jimin against the door again, pressing kisses to his neck.

Meanwhile, Jimin’s eyes were glued to his phone, specifically the message from Tae.

Just when I thought today couldn’t get any weirder...

“Hey.” Yoongi banged into Jimin with a playful hip thrust. “Pay attention to me…”
“Uhh… actually hyung… I’m leaving.”

Yoongi’s whole body tensed.

Jimin rolled his eyes.

“I’m leaving the *house*, hyung, not leaving you.”

“To go where??” Yoongi pouted. “I’ll drive you??”

Jimin shifted, uneasily.

*I wouldn’t advise that…*

He kissed the elder softly and slipped away from his hold, making sure to get a good few feet of distance.

“To Jungkook’s place.”

Yoongi had been despondent ever since Jimin mentioned that he was going out.

After his shower and makeup, Jimin found himself standing in the middle of the huge closet, trying to figure out the perfect outfit that screamed money, but not too loud.

“How long are you gonna be gone?”

The elder was currently moping on one of the plush chairs, staring at Jimin like a puppy would to an abusive owner.


Yoongi slid down in the seat, bonelessly.

Jimin eyed him through the wall mirror and couldn’t believe this was the same man that dislocated Hongbin’s arm.

“I’m supposed to be in charge of our outfits right?” Jimin asked. “That’s what I’m doing! This is a good thing…”

Tae’s message turned out to be an invitation to Jungkook’s home to look at possible groom outfits for the wedding.

According to Tae’s follow-up voicemail, Kook’s father had his own personal stylist who made house trips to fit the older Jeon man for his business attire. Taekook (as Jimin now called them) thought it would be a good idea to tap into this resource for Jimin’s wedding as a way of extending an olive branch.

Jimin knew his suits; he sold them for a living for years, but he couldn’t deny that having a high society stylist sure beat the drag of visiting dozens of different boutiques.

As far as olive branches were concerned, this wasn’t a bad one, and already Jimin was starting to feel the first giddy pangs of excitement for his big day.

“Why can’t we just find our own fucking suits?”
Yoongi looked so droll and lifeless that he actually appeared to be melting off the seat.

“Why should an asshat like Kook be involved in picking my wedding outfit??

Jimin spun around to face him, still only wearing his boxers.

“He’s NOT involved, hyung. He’s giving me a connection.” He pressed the button to make the wardrobe revolve. “Besides, you’ve done literally everything else! This was the ONE part that’s mine to handle, so let me handle it! Please!??”

Jimin stopped the spinning rack and grabbed a black cashmere turtleneck along with the silver embossed, black velvet blazer hanging next to it.

_Hell yeah._

“That’s my favorite turtleneck!”

“Oh my _God,_ Yoongi!”

“What’s with the fancy get up, anyway?”

Jimin glared at him.

“Don’t you have something to do? Anything??”

The elder snickered a sinister giggle.

“You can’t fool me, baby… you know that.”

Jimin slowed in the act of pulling on a pair of crisp, black slacks. Being Yoongi’s, they were a size smaller than Jimin- perfect for hugging his ass and thighs at every angle.

“What are you talking about?” He asked evenly, tucking the turtleneck into his pants and zipping them up.

Yoongi had turned upside down on his chair, so his legs were waving lazily in the air.

He looked fucking seven.

“I think you know exactly what I’m talking about.”

Jimin put on some socks and headed for Yoongi’s jewelry drawer, flipping on the embedded light and entering the access code that controlled the glass cover.

“I think I don’t.”

The cover slid off with a mechanical hiss, and Jimin was nearly blinded by the amount of bling in there.

Yoongi sure liked his big chains and big rings.

“Why’d you order a chauffeur when I offered to drive you?” The elder’s tone was sly and jeering. “That really hurt my feelings, you know…”

_Ugh, shit._

In his haste, Jimin had forgotten to use his own credit card to book the car. Yoongi’s payment info
was already programmed into everything and it was just easier, dammit.

“Jungkook’s place is almost an hour away, hyung.” He argued in a honeyed voice, while covering himself in various gemstones. “Do you really want the love of your life driving all over creation with no idea where I’m going?”

He heard Yoongi unfold himself from the chair and walk over.

A moment later, large hands encircled his waist, and Yoongi’s reflection peeked out from behind his shoulder.

“Didn’t realize the love of my life needed a stretch limo to go 40 minutes away.”

Jimin pulled a funny face and grabbed a thin, silver chain.

“Did I reserve a limo…?” He asked Yoongi’s reflected face with mock curiosity.

“You did.” Yoongi confirmed, flatly. “Like you’re Madonna or something. I’ve never even been in one for fuck’s sake.”

“I think you mean Mariah Carey, hyung.”

The elder took the clasp from Jimin’s fingers and helped him secure the necklace.

“I get it, baby…” Yoongi stepped back and grabbed the blazer, helping Jimin shrug it on. “You wanna flex. You wanna ride out like billy bad ass and show off all the things Daddy bought you.”

Jimin sucked in breath.

Yoongi knew it drove him fucking insane when he talks like that.

“Well, don’t let me stop you.” He murmured, sliding a seventh ring on one of Jimin’s free fingers. “You look good…”

They surveyed Jimin’s finished look and Jimin had to admit…

He did look good.

Jimin grabbed his phone and wallet and turned to face his fiancé.

“Know what, hyung? If my car wasn’t almost here, I’d fuck you right on top of this jewelry case.”

Yoongi grinned, gummy and wide.

“Except that it’s not a car, it’s a goddamn limousine, you spoiled, little fuck.”

“Keep talking and I’ll get a helicopter next time.”

They laughed into their kiss.

“Don’t stay out too late.” Yoongi warned, as Jimin was leaving. “People get hurt when I have to come find you.”

The drive was actually less than 40 minutes long, and Jimin felt like a movie star for every second of it.
He finished his complimentary champagne and poured another glass, sipping languidly, wishing that he never had to drive himself anywhere ever again.

The cost of the short-notice charter had been astronomical- Jimin seriously felt sick with himself- but the fact was, he still didn’t like Jungkook very much.

Sure, he’d advocated for the kid’s life, but it was really to spare Tae any pain and agony, and not so much to help Kook.

There was nothing in this world that would ever erase the memory of Yoongi getting shot, point-blank, right in front of Jimin’s face.

Nothing.

And so, for that reason, it was of the utmost importance that Jimin enter Jungkook’s home with grace, dignity, flair, and a FUCK TON of swag.

Kook could NOT be allowed to assume that he and Jimin are equals.

Not even for a second.

“Almost there, sir.” The driver informed Jimin, via a hidden speaker.

He’d tried to make conversation with her, but she was super professional and even more stoic and silent than Yoongi, the stone god himself.

“Thank you.” Jimin murmured.

He relaxed into his seat and took another swig of champagne, as they turned a corner.

Jimin tapped his polished dress shoes, nervously.

They’d been on this street for a while, already. He leaned over and pressed the intercom button.

“Um, hello? Hi… sorry, I just thought we were almost there…?”

There was a brief pause, before the female voice replied.

“Sir, we’re already there- this is Jeon Drive. I’m approaching the house now.”

Jimin set down his glass.

_Jeon fucking drive??_

He slammed on the intercom button again.

“But I thought this was a street!?”

“No, sir, this is their driveway.”

Jimin grabbed the bottle and chugged the champagne straight.

_Holy shit._

The car came to a smooth stop and there wasn’t a house in sight.

Jimin rolled down the partition window and leaned forward, almost falling through the gap.
“Where’s the house??”

The chauffeur regarded him coolly.

“We’re awaiting escort, sir.”

“Escort??”

“Yes, sir.”

He looked around, wildly.

“Why??”

“The residence doesn’t have free drive-in privileges, sir.” She clipped off like a recording, staring straight ahead. “Our company thoroughly vets and researches every destination and tailors a drive plan that best suits your-“

“What are you saying??”

“I’m saying, sir-”

“Please- please just call me Jimin!”

“-that according to our pre-trip planning research, this residence requires all guests to be escorted onto the property- but not to worry- our experienced routing representatives already alerted the residence of our impending arrival and we’ll be escorted in shortly-”

“- don’t say it!”

“-sir...”

Jimin sighed and collapsed against the seat.

“Is there any more alcohol in here?”

Just then, two security vehicles pulled up with flashing yellow lights and flanked the limo on either side. Four, FOUR SECURITY OFFICERS alighted and approached them, and for a crazy second, Jimin wondered if he was being arrested.

“ID please?”

Jimin stared at them, speechless.

“Here you go, officers.” She calmly handed over a couple sheets of paper. “For myself and the passenger, Min Jimin.”

She looked back at Jimin.

“We also take care of your identification process, sir! Just one of the many levels of assistance that we offer our esteemed clientele!”

Jimin nodded, dumbly.

Thus verified, the officers instructed the limo to follow them.

It came as no surprise that Jungkook’s house looked like the Taj Mahal of homes; pure, unblemished
powder white exterior, surrounded by Grecian style columns.

“Are we still in Korea?” Jimin joked, but she didn’t make a sound.

The car stopped and she jumped out of the driver seat like a woman on fire, then sprinted all the way around the vehicle to wrench Jimin’s door open.

“Thank you for riding with us, sir!” She exclaimed, breathlessly.

Wow.

Jimin wanted to argue that he could have let himself out, but he kind of already knew it was pointless with her.

He stood up and stared down at her with his most disarming smile.

Huh.

Not often that I can do that.

“Thank you. What’s your name?”

The woman looked stunned, as she gazed up at him with huge eyes, partially hidden by her smart hat.

“We- I- we hope you found today’s service outstanding, sir. “She rattled off, sounding scripted. “I’ll be right here waiting at the vehicle until you’re ready to lea-“

“What is your name?” Jimin repeated.

“Sohee, sir!”

He peeled off a wad of bills from his wallet, Yoongi style.

“Here, Sohee…” He pressed the money into her hands, struggling not to laugh at her expression. “For the love of God, don’t sit around just waiting for me. Go eat or have a drink or something.”

Sohee looked like she might self-destruct when he mentioned a drink.

“Sir! We have an ABSOLUTE ZERO drinking policy for ALL drivers, not only on the job, but even OFF the job-”

“Ok, ok, ok…” Jimin hushed her. “Then just go do whatever makes you happy, alright? Joyride around the city, or whatever.”

“But… I…”

“That’s an order, Sohee.”

“Yes, s-”

“Jimin.” He reminded.

“Yes, Jimin, sir!”

Exasperated, Jimin turned towards the house and slammed suddenly into Jungkook’s chest.
The younger didn’t budge an inch, but Jimin bounced back several feet, thankfully correcting himself before he crashed.

“We keep meeting like this, hyung!”

Jimin picked up his wallet with a thinly veiled scowl.

“Hello, Jungkook.”

“Crest Cars, huh?” The kid smiled and nodded towards the retreating limo. “Good service! They took me to school.”

“The limo service?” Jimin had to ask. “Took you to school??”

Jungkook shrugged with that fucking innocent, bright-eyed look, as if the whole damn world was a brand new place he was just seeing for the first time.

“Well, only until I was 16?” He amended. “Then I… you know, drove myself?”

Nice.

Him and Tae were made for each other.

“Right. So…?”

“Oh, sure, let’s go inside.”

He led the way and Jimin followed, noting that just the front lawn alone looked like the veritable garden of Eden.

“Sorry about the security protocol.” Jungkook opened a door into an all-white marble room, letting Jimin go ahead of him. “I can make you an express pass, if you think you might be visiting again anytime soon??”

The cautious hope in Jungkook’s voice was unmistakable.

Jimin slipped off Yoongi’s absurdly priced sunglasses and gave a little shake of his head to ruffle his bangs.

“We’ll see.”

Jungkook pressed a button and the small room moved, because it was, in fact, an elevator.

Jimin observed him on the way down.

The kid was in serious competition with Tae for who wore the most ridiculously oversized clothes.

He was dressed casually in shorts and slides, with a tent-like tank top. Jimin noted that every inch of his exposed flesh was veined and powerful- from his tanned legs to his bulging arms, and even his feet.

Jungkook grinned at him with his cute front teeth.

Ugh.

“I’m doing the bangs thing, too.” Kook remarked, touching the black strands covering his eyes. “I’ve
been growing it out, look!”

He pulled his hair up, showing Jimin the beginnings of a decent man bun.

“Mhm.”

“Want a drink?” He opened a compartment, showcasing an assortment of beverages. “Water, soda, beer, juice??”

Ok.

*There’s a fucking fridge built into the elevator.*

“I’m good.”

They stopped moving and the doors opened to a dark room.

Jimin waited for his eyes to adjust to the gloom and surveyed what appeared to be a man cave dream house on steroids.

Huge computer monitors flashed with various games in play or on pause and they seemed to be set up in stations, each area having its own couch, tables and TV.

It actually reminded Jimin of a furniture showroom, where several decorative styles were on display for people to view and sit on.

“It gets difficult remembering where I left off in different games, ya know?” Kook explained, weaving through tables full of snacks and drinks. “So I have Halo there…” he gestured towards a red sofa. “Call of Duty here, sports in that corner, and racing games where the bean bag chairs are- do you play Mario Kart?”

*Yes!*

“Not really.”

“Oh, damn… that’s my jam!”

*Nobody says that.*

“Where’s Tae?” Jimin grunted.

“Just through here, but he’s sleeping.”

“Sleeping?”

They exited the game room through a hallway with a couple of bedroom doors.

“Yea…” Kook replied, sheepishly. “We just- we had a late night.”

Jimin stared at him, disgust written all over his face.

“It was my mom’s birthday.” He added, quickly.

*Sure, it was.*

“Right.”
“But hey- we’re here!”

‘Here’ was an open concept room with an indoor pool and a goddamn floating bar in the middle of the water.

The pool itself only occupied about half of the gigantic floor space, while the other part had a huge gazebo structure reminiscent of an outdoor cabana on a tropical island.

“I have the theatre room on the other side—“ Jungkook shed his shirt, as he spoke. “But I figured it’d be way more fun if we do it here?”

Jimin watched in mute mortification as Jungkook stripped down to a pair of swimming trunks.

“Sauna and changing rooms are back there if you need them…”

Changing room??

Sauna??

Tae never said a WORD about a pool.

Jimin couldn’t believe he’d taken so much time in careful preparation, just to get here and jump into a fucking pool.

“Tae didn’t tell me about this.” Jimin’s voice warbled slightly with rage. “I’m not really intere-“

“I can get you some trunks!”

Jungkook looked as if his life goal was to swim with Jimin.

Jimin twisted his face nastily at the suggestion.

“I’m not gonna wear your trunks, man!”

“Oh…” Kook’s whole body drooped. “I’m sor-”

“But he’ll wear mine…”

Tae strode in, tall, tanned, and immaculate in his glittery emerald shorts. His hair had grown out, as well, settling over the back of his neck in a style Jimin had never seen on him before.

Jimin’s heart did a leap of joy into his throat.

Despite his brief, painful stint in Seoul, he never went too long without seeing his best friend. He hated how much time they’d spent apart since this whole shit storm started.

“Tae tae!! Hi!”

Tae threw an obscenely small pair of red shorts in Jimin’s face as a form of greeting.

“Did you get lost on the way to Vogue?” He joked in his deep, warm voice. “What are you wearing??”

Jimin burned, slightly.

“I- what about the stylist??” He asked jerkily, evading the question. “I thought that’s what I was here for??”
“You are. The presentation will start soon, so hurry up.”

Jimin willed himself to breathe.

He had to be cool; he had to act as if he watched poolside presentations all the time.

“Oh, sure, whatever.”

He tossed his 5 million won blazer onto one of the deck chairs, like it was nothing, and casually pulled off his turtleneck.

A huge splash interrupted his progress, spraying him with a few drops of water.

Jimin turned to pin the couple with a damning glare.

“Sorry!” Jungkook waved adorably and dove underwater.

Tae simply smirked and splashed Jimin again.

“Hurry up.”

Jimin strut his way to the sauna like a GQ model and finished changing there, while secretly losing his shit over the sheer opulence of the place.

Fuck, it was amazing.

The game room, the pool room, the theater room that could sit at least 30 on luxurious velvet recliners.

No wonder Tae spent so much fucking time over here.

It took a while to remove all his jewelry, but Jimin finally made it back to the pool and daintily dipped his toe over the side.

“Jimin, I swear to God, I will drown you and send your remains back to Yoongi if you don’t get in now.”

He gave Tae the finger and sat on the edge, before carefully sliding in. He’d only recently learned how to swim, and was still pretty skittish in water.

“Is there a lifeguard somewhere?” He spat at Kook.

The kid looked around, confusedly.

“No…”

“That’s great.”

Kook looked downcast.

“It’s mostly shallow- the deep end is way over on the other side.” He offered.

“Yup.”

Tae waded over, his hair dark and matted against his princely face.

“Drink? It’s your favorite. Moscow mule??”
Dammit, that was his favorite.

Jimin accepted the cool, metal cup of alcohol with a thin smile.

“Ok, let’s get it!!!” Kook shouted, pointing a remote at the ceiling.

A huge projector screen lowered, because, why not?

Why wouldn’t there be a projector in this Olympic sized pool room?

“I’m just gonna see if Jongha-nim is here.” Jungkook climbed out of the water quickly and powerfully. “He’s always fashionably late!!”

Tae guffawed at this, and Jimin lifted a dismissive eyebrow at both of them.

The moment Kook was gone, Tae rounded on Jimin like a demon spawned from his worst nightmares.

“What??” Jimin yelped.

“Don’t give me that shit, Park Jimin.”

“It’s MIN Jim-”

“How about kiss my ass Jimin!!?”

Tae looked ready to breathe fire.

“What the hell are you tal-”

“I’m talking about how much of a DICK you’re being to Kook!”

Jimin slammed his cup on the pool’s edge.

Fine, then.

If Tae wanted to do it the hard way, then they’ll do it the hard way.

“What do you want me to do?” Jimin hissed, balling his fists at his sides. “Jump into his muscular arms??”

“Noooo, but I didn’t expect you to come in here being an asshole to someone in his own fucking house!!”

Jimin gasped.

“Oh, please. He’s lucky I even came-”

“HE APOLOGIZED A MILLION TIMES!” Tae bellowed. “When will you ever let it go!!??”

“I’LL LET IT GO WHEN SOMEONE SHOOTS HIM IN FRONT OF YOU!”

They glared at each other from across the floating bar.

“Wow.” Tae breathed, astonished. “Your parents would be proud of you for that one.”

Jimin’s breath hitched in his chest.
“How dare you…”

“Fuck you.” Tae retorted. “I don’t even know who you are!”

Jimin stepped into his face.

“I’m the only reason Hobi hasn’t kicked his bunny fangs through the back of his head.”

“Spare me.” Tae smirked. “Hobi wouldn’t even make it to the rose bushes before he’s gunned down by security.”

“I’ll let him know you said that.” Jimin threatened.

A flicker of fear passed over the perfection of Taehung’s face.

“I hate you!”

“Well, I hate him!”

They whipped their heads towards the door, checking to see if Kook had returned.

“I thought you’d at least try! For me!” Tae’s eyes were watering.

“I would do anything for you-”

“But not that?!”

“No! Not that!”

“Then I’m divorcing you.”

Tae crossed his arms, stubbornly.

Jimin cocked his head, dumbfounded.

It had been a long time since they’d divorced each other over something. It was a stupid childhood thing that Tae was resurrecting and it shouldn’t have made Jimin’s heart hurt, because it was immature as all hell, and yet there he was… hurting.

“We’re not 10 years old anymore, Tae…”

“I don’t care. We’re divorced.”

Tae turned his back to him.

“Don’t- Tae! Stop that!”

“No.”

“Dammit, Tae! Turn around!”

“No.”

Jimin had a feeling Tae would still be divorcing him even when they were grandparents.

And it would probably still make him feel like shit, even then.
“Alright, fuck! Divorce court.”

Tae turned around.

“You mean it?”

“This is SO fucking stupid, Tae-”

“Are we in court or not??”

Jimin grabbed his cup and downed the contents.

“Fine, Tae, whatever. You go first.”

“I’m sorry I brought up your parents.”

“You should be.” Jimin agreed.

“Well?” Tae sniffed and stared at him. “Your turn.”

“I’m sorry for being mean.”

“And…?”

“I’ll try to forgive him.”

“Really try??”

“I’ll really fucking try, Tae.”

Tae nodded once and spat into his hand.

Jimin stepped back in the water, startled.

“No way. Fuck you…”

“It’s not real until you do it.”

“What is wrong with your brain? None of this is real!!?”

“Grow up, chim! I bet you’ve done grosser stuff with Yoongi in the last 24 hours.”

Jimin had to pause at the accuracy of that statement.

*Ah, fuck it.*

He spat into his own hand and shook on it with Tae, grimacing at the nasty sticky feeling.

“Say it.”

Jimin grinned, ruefully.

God, this was taking him back to the days when Tae’s mom forced them to say it.

“I love you.”

Tae embraced him, rubbing his gross hand on Jimin’s back.
“I love you, too, chimmy.”

Jimin turned to find Jungkook ogling them crazily, with his big doe eyes.

“Oh~” He squirmed out of Tae’s bear hug. “You’re back- didn’t see you...”

Kook turned his befuddled gaze to Tae.

“Everything good, babe...?”

Tae poured himself another drink.

“Everything’s great. Right, chim?”

“Yes, it’s absolutely splendid.” Jimin replied, tensely.

Jungkook stared at them for a long moment.

“Ok...”

A man entered behind him, dressed in canary yellow from head to toe, with a long ponytail that rivaled Dr. Hwang’s. He was tall, thin, platinum blonde and had a pinched expression on his face, as if he was constantly smelling something yucky.

“Hello, bitches.”

He sashayed over to the cabana like he owned the place and dropped his gigantic yellow purse, then proceeded to connect his laptop to a long cord.

A bright message suddenly appeared on the projector screen that happened to read: hello bitches.

Jimin was overcome with so many questions.

What... who... why the fuck?

The ostentatiously dressed man faced the trio in the water.

“Who’s the lucky fucker that’s marrying that man candy Min Yoongi??” He demanded, hands on his hips.

Jimin was actually afraid to answer that.

“That would be Jimin!” Tae pointed at Jimin, laughing. “He’s marrying that man candy!”

The flash of yellow turned to him.

“Well, hello Jimin. I’m Jongha. If you unexpectedly die, please will your man to me.” He pursed his perfectly pouted lips and tossed his head. “But in the meantime, I’m gonna make you look delicious.”

Jimin stole a sideways glance at Tae and Kook.

This was a joke- had to be a joke.

They’d set him up, and this was Jungkook’s cousin or something.
But as images of different runway models started crossing the screen, Jimin realized that this was very real.

“He styles IU!” Jungkook whispered from somewhere around Jimin’s left elbow.

“I dunno what he sees in that girl.” Tae added, sounding less than chipper.

“Girl??” Kook looked offended. “She’s not human.”

Tae had gone stone faced and Jimin saw his opportunity.

After all, Tae wanted them to bond, right?

“I mean… IU is pretty gorgeous.” Jimin commented.

“RIGHT?” Kook gushed. “And her voice, my GOD.”

Jimin smirked, merrily.

“Heavenly.”

“Like an ANGEL’S!”

The kid looked one small splash away from creaming his trunks.

“Funny…” Tae squinted at Jimin. “Very funny.”

“Do you have her latest album?” Jimin asked, ignoring the brunette.

Kook squawked.

“Are you fucking with me? I bought out three stores just to attend her fan meet.”

Jimin actually liked IU a whole lot.

Which meant they had something in common.

*Interesting.*

Kook handed Jimin a shot glass and smiled hugely at him.

“To IU…” He toasted. “May she live forever in my fantasies.”

“To IU!” Jimin cheered, clinking their glasses and swallowing his shot.

The pair of them took a couple more shots and dissolved into easy laughter, while Tae looked on with hatred.

Jongha cleared his throat, loudly.

“Quiet children!” He commanded. “Jimin, do you have an idea of what you’d like to wear?”

Jimin mulled this over for a moment, head swimming from the drinks.

“Hmm, I’m not su-”

“Well, whatever you had in mind? Forget it.” Jongha snapped. “Your ass is mine now and I will not
dress it in less than silk spun from the web of gods.”

Jimin balked.

“O-ok…”

Jongha moved to stand importantly in front of the screen.

“Prepare your butts and wax your nuts, bitches, because this is BIG… This collection hasn’t even hit the runway yet. You’d be icons- the first in Korea to wear this look. I give you: The Dionysus Collection from Gucci.”

Jungkook hooked an arm around Jimin’s neck, shaking with laughter.

“The what???” Kook screamed. “What did he say???”

Jimin was laughing so hard, he could barely breathe.

“I th- I thought-“ Jimin struggled for air to land the sentence. “-thought he s-said DINOSAUR COLLECTION!!!”

They held on to each other for support, cackling and flailing and choking on the water.

Jimin roared and reared his hands at Kook like a T-rex, making the younger actually fall underwater, howling.

They recovered slowly, panting and trying to catch their breath.

“You guys are idiots.” Tae proclaimed, sipping his cocktail. “Look at the suit, Jimin. Do you like it??”

Jimin finally focused on the screen.

The suit had a next level fit and look, but the mind-blowing part was the flamboyant, silky sash that wrapped intricately around the shoulders and waist, falling gently all the way to floor.

“Wow…” He swam to the edge and gaped at the models on the screen. “This is unreal…”

Jimin had never seen anything like it.

“I have samples … touch and try not to climax all over it.”

Jongha approached them with a few swatches of cloth, and they oohed and ahhed, rubbing the supple material.

“You can do a number of color variations for the suit and sash.” Jongha clicked through a series of pictures. “Black on black, black on white, white on white, or my personal favorite- black on wine.”

Everyone had fallen silent, watching attentively.

Jimin imagined walking down the aisle with Yoongi, hand-in-hand, wearing these futuristic, out-of-this-world outfits on their journey to begin eternity together.

“I want them.” He said, huskily. “I’ll take them.”

“Of course, you will.” Jongha purred, flipping his hair like a whip. “You have no choice. Superior
“cut. Supple fabrics. You’ll be unforgettable. The perfect picture of beauty and power.”

Jungkook clapped his hands like an excited seal.

“Hyung, I can’t wait! This is my first wedding!”

“Mine too, Kook-ah…” Jimin replied, flushed from happiness and alcohol.

“WE NEED TO DRINK TO THAT, HYUNG!”

Jimin was beginning to love Jungkook a little bit.

“YES! YES, WE DO!!”

“I just have two quick questions, before you get shit faced.” Jongha interrupted, smoothly. “First… what’s your preferred payment method?”

Jimin blinked.

Payment.

He’d forgotten about that.

“Uhh… well, how much are they?”

“How many are in your groom party, baby?” The stylist returned.

“Oh.. um…” Jimin bit his lip, calculating. “Me, Yoongi, Tae, Kookie, Hobi, Namjoon…. so… six?”

“Alrighty… that will be…” Jongha smiled and wiggled his fingers. “55!”

“55 million won??” Jimin repeated, incredulously. “Only??”


Jimin’s world ceased to exist in that moment.

“What if we split it, Kook?” Tae suggested. “My family and yours? As our wedding gift to them?”

Jongha hummed, appreciatively and snapped his fingers in a wide circle.

“I like how he thinks!!”

Jungkook nodded slowly, rubbing his chin.
Between his wet, spiky jet black hair, blemish-free skin, handsome face and ripped physique, he honestly looked like an aquatic anime character.

“Ok… I’ll, um- I’ll have to talk to my dad, but yea- let’s do that…”

“Hello??” Jimin yelled. “Are you guys crazy?? That could feed a nation!! It’s like, 100 billion won!!”

“Actually, just over 800 million, sweety.” Jongha piped in, checking out his nails. “But priceless when it comes to commemorating your special day.”

“Whatever!! Yoongi is never gonna go for this!”

“Which Yoongi??” Tae shot back. “The one who has a diamond studded ducky??”

“Ooh! Is it the Cartier edition??” Jongha inquired.

“I wouldn’t know..” Tae answered. “BECAUSE I DON’T HAVE ONE.” He turned to Jimin again. “I bet that thing cost half the price of these suits!”

“At least half, sweety…” Jongha chimed in. “I’ve only heard of those in my broke bitch dreams.”

Jimin shook his head, trying to think.

There were too many numbers and facts being thrown at him after all those shots with Jungkook.

“I dunno, guys…”

“Jimin, listen to me.” Tae swam over and held his face. “You’re just experiencing sticker shock. It’s not that much in the grand scheme of things- right babe?”

Tae glanced at Kook for back-up.

The kid looked absolutely flabbergasted at his boyfriend’s statement.

“It isn’t??” He squeaked, wide-eyed. “I mean- no, no- it isn’t… There’s more expensive ones than that, right, Jongha hyung??”

“No.”

Jungkook coughed a little into his drink.

“Ok, well… that’s… why you should get it, Jimin hyung!” Kook appeared to be convincing himself more than anyone else. “…because you deserve the best… the absolute best.”

Jimin had heard enough.

“I’m not getting them, guys. And that’s fin-”

A loud crack and sharp sting interrupted Jimin’s sentence.

He touched his cheek, faintly.

“Did you just slap me, Tae Tae…?”

“Thank me later.” Tae nodded up at Jongha. “Put that order in, please. Our accountants will be in touch.”
“On it!” Jongha trilled.

Jimin blinked at Jungkook in disbelief.

“Did he just slap me?”

Kook just handed Jimin another drink with an apologetic shrug.

“I find that it’s safer to stay out of arm’s reach when he’s mad.”

Jimin sipped the cocktail in a daze.

“Ok!” Jongha snapped his purse shut and crouched down at the edge of the pool. “Last thing before I go: is Yoongi’s dick as big as his stage presence?”

Jimin peered into his cup, wondering if his drink was perhaps drugged and he’d hallucinated that question.

Tae smiled widely at Jimin. “Well, chim?”

“Excuse me??”

Jungkook snickered and refilled his drink.

“I’ll make it simple honey.” Jongha flipped his hair, addressing Jimin directly. “Research has shown that Yoongi’s packing a NASA space shuttle down there, but some haters believe that he can’t be that big because of his overall stature… and you’re the lucky bitch riding that rocket. So? Is he??”

“Research…” Jimin echoed, dimly. “You really just said research.”

“Close research.” Jongha repeated, unabashedly. “I’m talking Hubble telescope inspection, here.”

Well, hell…

Jimin had a great deal of pride for many of his prized possessions… but he never considered that Yoongi’s penis would be one of them.

Then again, why the hell not?

It was glorious.

“It’s bigger than his stage presence, actually.” Jimin stated matter-of-factly, taking another sip of whatever Jungkook was feeding him. “Way bigger..”

“Whewww, bitch…” Jongha fanned himself, dramatically. “I KNEW IT, I knew it, I knew it!! Just wait till I tell the girls and gays.” He winked and stood up. “We have a fan club.”

Jongha departed the same way he entered: in a whoosh of color and swaying from side to side.

“Holy shit!” Jungkook resumed his favorite position of hanging off Jimin’s neck. “Yoongi hyung’s dick has a FAN CLUB!”

Jimin tittered, embarrassed.

“I guess that makes me his biggest fan…”

Tae pretended to retch into the water.
“Do you know he used to be called motionless Min?” Kook knocked back another shot and passed Jimin one. “Not even that long ago??”

They laughed into their drinks.

“Really??” Jimin was surprised to hear it. “Well, not anymore.”

“Hobi has one, too.” Tae said, unexpectedly.

Kook and Jimin swerved to stare at the brunette beauty.

“He has one what?” They asked in unison.

“A fan club…” Tae climbed out of the water like a golden mermaid. “For his ya know…”

Jungkook’s arm tightened dangerously around Jimin’s neck.

“For his what?”

Jimin tried to pry the kid’s arm away, but he was too drunk and Kook was too strong.

Tae just sauntered off to the sauna, without a backwards glance, leaving Kook to do that thing where he looks like a confused child that just woke up in a forest.

“Hey…” Jimin ruffled his hair a bit. “Tae’s just playing around, ok?”

“He is??”

Of course, not.

“Of course, he is!”

Kook smiled, warm and so sweet.

Jimin finally understood what Taehyung saw in him.

“Hey hyung?”

“Hm?”

“Wanna play Mario Kart?”

Four hours of Mario Kart later, Jimin knew he’d made a new best friend.

Yoongi was his lover.

Tae was his brother.

Hobi was… well, Hobi.

But Jungkook was a different beast, entirely. They had so much in common that they often fell into shocked silence after finishing each other’s sentences or understanding those weird nuances that other people just didn’t get.

What Jimin loved the most was that Kook not only shared his competitive spirit, but also had the strength and stamina to actually be a worthy challenger.
And challenge, he did.

Races, exercise, video games… they went head to head on everything, stubbornly refusing to give up until a clear winner was established, then challenging each other again to steal the title.

Fun.

Jimin was having so much fun.

“I think I need to go…umm.. go…?” Jimin paused, struggling to think of the word. “…home?”

Yes, that was it.

“Noooo…” Kook wailed from the floor.

They’d ended up laying there after 347 consecutive games of rock-paper-scissors. Jimin tried to stand and felt like he was parasailing through the room.

He gave up and slumped on top of the younger.

“But Yoongi… Y-yoongi…”

Jimin forgot the rest of what he was going to say.

“Just stay, though…” Kook passed him a bottle of something and Jimin drank it. “I’ll make eggs!”

“Oh my God, Kookie…”


Jimin took another burning swig of vodka.

“I fucking love eggs!”

“Bro!!” Jungkook wiggled and squealed. “I love eggs, tooooo!!”

“Fried eggs!!”

“BOILED EGGS.” Kook thrashed, enthusiastically.

The pair drifted into content silence, no doubt full of egg related thoughts.

“I bet IU loves eggs.” Kook said, dreamily.

“Kookie- she fucking loves eggs… she must.”

Jungkook’s smile faded.

“Shit, hyung…”

“Whassit…?” Jimin made a humongous effort to look at him.

“Yoongi called me a goose.”

“A whaa…?”

“A golden maknae goose.”
Jimin frowned.

“Why the fuck would he do that?”

“Because I laid golden eggs… I think?” Kook explained, miserably. “But they weren’t good eggs, hyung.”

“I…” Jimin found that in his drunken state, this actually made sense. “Well, sometimes we lay bad eggs.”

“But I was the bad egg.”

Jimin reflected on this.

“You’re a good egg now, Kookie.”

“No-“

“Yes.”

Jimin shifted and wrapped his arms around the kid.

“You are! You and- Hobi… Joon… and… wait… fuck- and…”

“And Yoongi?” Kook supplied, resting against Jimin’s shoulder.

“Yes, him! You’re all good eggs now.”

“Ok, hyung.”

They drank to that.

“Where’s Tae?” Jimin slurred.

“Wait, who…?”

They both had to think about that for a moment.

“Kim… Taehyung?”

“Oh… he never stays up late.” Kook replied.

“Well, fuck him!”

“I do, hyung.” The younger snickered.

Jimin stuck out his tongue and Jungkook immediately tried to catch it, but was too slow. And so began a new game of catch the tongue that they played for a while, until Jimin’s face was tired.

“I miss Yoongi.”

“Really?”

“Mhm… even after like, ten minutes, I fucking miss him.”

Jungkook hummed.
“I believe that term is *whipped*, hyung..”

“I believe you’re right, Kook-ah.”

“Is he mean all the time?”

Jungkook sounded like they were talking about satan himself.

“He’s never *mean*… but we’re in therapy.”

“What!?” Kook laughed. “For real??”

“For real, for real.”

“I bet he loves that…”

Jimin chuckled.

“He was pissed, but he still did it for me.”

“I kinda don’t believe it, hyung.”

“Shit, me neither, Kookie.”

They paused to take a drink.

“I’m gonna sing.” Jungkook declared, smacking his lips. “Gonna sing at your wedding…”

Jimin didn’t understand why this sounded like the greatest idea EVER, but it did.

“That’d be *awesome!*”

“Yoongi hyung will murder me, though…”

“Definitely…” Jimin agreed, wholeheartedly. “But, like, before you die? It’d be *so awesome.*”

Jungkook suddenly broke out into song, waving his hand up and down in time with the different notes he was belting.

Jimin stared at him, eyes wide in rapt attention, especially when Jungkook hit a particularly high note.

He was so fucked up that he couldn’t even understand the words, but even through his thick haze of inebriation, there was no doubt that Jungkook was gifted.

“I sing for Tae all the time.” The younger admitted shyly, when he was done. “He loves it.”

A very rusty wheel was turning slowly in Jimin’s head.

What was it that Yoongi was doing with singers??

Hadn’t he mentioned… something… singing related?

“Do it again.” Jimin demanded, shifting beneath Jungkook’s bulk of muscle.

“Do whaa?” Kook lolled his head upwards, questioningly.
“Sing! Sing again!”

“Ok…”

Jimin willed the fog away and really concentrated this time. He knew he wouldn’t remember this later, but that was ok- he just needed to hear it right now.

Jungkook sounded even better the second time around. Jimin had always heard that alcohol messed up your vocal abilities, but apparently not with this kid.

Kook finished fantastically with a long, vibrating note, then fell silent.

“Good?” He asked, softly.

“Really good.” Jimin assured him.

Kook’s whole face squeezed, bashfully.

“Are you excited to get married, hyung?”

Shit.

I’m really getting married.

Heat flared in Jimin’s chest, flushing his face.

“Fucking ecstatic.” He looked down at the younger. “Do you think about that?”

“About what?”

“Marriage, dumb ass.”

Kook spluttered and blushed.

“It’s cool, if you don’t. You’re still young…”

“Hyung, you’re two years older than me!”

“I’m wise beyond my years.”

“You’re drunk beyond your years.”

More laughter.

“Tae is really special…” Kook said slowly. “So, you know… maybe one day.”

“If I okay it.” Jimin added.

“Only if you okay it, hyung.”

Jimin had probably never had a more chill day with anyone, but it was time to go home.

He started a slow, painful crawl towards the elevator, which activated a race between the two.

They climbed and clamored over each other, each man pulling and dragging the other back, until they both tumbled inside, exhausted.
“I won!” Kook declared, breathlessly. “My foot was in first!”

“Bull shit! I hit the call button!”

“So??”

“SO the doors wouldn’t have opened, if not for me- I won!”

Kook covered his mouth suddenly, when the elevator moved.

“I think I’m gonna puke, hyung…”

“Oh, fuck… hold it, please…”

“Shouldn’t have ran like that…” The younger gasped, gripping his middle. “My stomach…”

Jimin was nearly climbing up the walls, trying to get as far away from Kook as the small space would allow.

“Gotcha!”

Jungkook smirked at Jimin’s horrified face.

“You little shit!”

They laughed all the way to the ground level, where the pair stumbled outside, assisted by security, until they reached the limo where Sohee was dutifully waiting- already standing to attention with the passenger door open.

“Wait, wait, wait!” Jungkook shrieked, as Jimin was taking his seat. “Hang on!”

The younger weaved a bizarre pattern back to the house, barely able to stand upright.

Eventually, he came staggering back to the car, while Jimin laughed uproariously at his progress.

“Here…” He thrust a card into Jimin’s hands. “It’s an express pass… to... for my house… to get in.”

Kook looked suddenly uncomfortable.

Jimin stored it safely and carefully.

“Thank you, Kook-ah.”

“You’re welcome… uhh, get home safely.”

“Walk home safely.” Jimin returned, grinning.

“I will… hey, hyung? Can I take your number from Tae?”

Jimin rolled his eyes.

“Duhhhhh, Kookie…”

Jungkook grinned, brandishing his bunny teeth that Jimin had now come to adore.

“Ok, thanks! Bye!”
“Bye…”
“Bye!”
“BYE!”
They shouted until they couldn’t hear each other, then waved until the car was out of sight.

Jimin was not a child.
He was a grown, capable man, who didn’t need a babysitter.
Or so Yoongi had been telling himself for the last three hours.
But as the clock ticked ever closer to 4am, he wasn’t so sure.
On at least three different occasions throughout the night, Yoongi had come very close to calling Crest Cars and asking for his fiance’s whereabouts.
But he didn’t.
Because Jimin was not a child.
Yoongi sighed and rolled his chair back from his desk. He’d spent more time just cleaning the fucking place than actually working, but even when he got down to work, he couldn’t do much.
Thankfully, because there wasn’t much to do.
The songs were good, sales were good, money was great, and after tomorrow’s meeting, he’d be ready to play his biggest venue ever on Saturday.
He still had to find a vocalist for future work, but there was time.
No, work wasn’t the problem.
Jungkook was the motherfucking problem.
Of all people in the shitting world for Tae to go gay for, it just HAD to be that little bunny faced fucker, didn’t it??
Yoongi wasn’t even dwelling on the kid’s mistake that had nearly cost him his life.
Jungkook was young, dumb, troubled, and genuinely sorry for what happened- and these days, life was simply too good for Yoongi to hold grudges.
Hobi, on the other hand, would likely see things a bit differently.
Underneath that bubbling energy and bright personality, the redhead was literally made of malice.
Yoongi stood up restlessly and started a slow pace in the living room. He’d already given this problem extensive thought and had even come up with a workable solution.
But now that they were talking with Dr. Hwang, his normal methods weren’t going to work.
Yoongi never quite understood why Jimin would be against faster, easier, more efficient processes,
even if he was kept in the dark.

However, their first therapy session had started giving him insight into how the younger was wired and how he reasoned, and though Yoongi was loathe to admit it, he was beginning to see the error of his usual ways.

_Fuck._

If only they’d held off on therapy for _a couple more days_, he could have resolved this quickly, but nooooo… that woman had to come in here with her goddamn leg warmer toys and fuck everything up!

_FUCK._

_FUCK, FUCK, FUUUUUUCCKKK!!_

Yoongi wasn’t accustomed to hitting dead ends, but this was hopeless.

Every possible answer he came up with would either end in Jungkook getting hurt (maybe even killed, depending on Hobi’s mood that day) or Tae being heartbroken, (which Yoongi still didn’t see how that was his problem) or the worst of them all, Jimin walking out on him forever.

Honestly, why couldn’t Kook just _move away??_

_AND WHERE THE HELL WAS JIMIN???_

A sudden ruckus just outside the house interrupted Yoongi’s inner rantings. He jumped to the window and saw a limo in the driveway.

Yoongi’s pleased smile drooped and fell off his face, as he watched Jimin… wrestling??

The car’s windows were tinted, but Jimin’s side was rolled down so Yoongi could just make out a silvery-blond haired figure struggling to climb into the front seat of the vehicle, while someone else was desperately trying to push him back.

_Oh, sweet Jesus…_

Yoongi sprinted outside barefoot and wrenched the passenger door open.

“What the hell are you doing??”

The younger stopped and looked at Yoongi with glazed, vacant eyes, his full lips pulled back in silent laughter.

“Hyung!! Hiyyeeeee!!”

Yoongi sighed tiredly, even as his heart throbbed with love.

“Hi, pretty baby. C’mon, let’s go ho-”

“No, hyung! I just wanna change the radio station-”

“Sir! SIR! I think he’s been drinking, sir!”

Yoongi stared at the tiny woman with a mass of brown hair stuffed under her black cap.
“You think?” He snapped. “Turn the car off.”

“But sir-”

“DO IT!”

“Her name’s Soheeeeee…” Jimin slobbered into Yoongi’s ear. “She- she doesn’t drink…”

Jimin went rigid the next moment, when the car and music suddenly shut off.

“What… what happened…?”

“Party’s over.” Yoongi explained, yanking him out of the car. “Let’s go.”

“Awww, that sucks…” Jimin slurred.

They were both standing outside now and Yoongi was trying not to pass out from the exertion of holding Jimin upright.

“Sir, that was very good thinking!!” Sohee congratulated. “At Crest Cars, it’s our mission to have a 100% safe return rating for ALL of-

“Stop.”

Sohee cut herself off with a small yelp.

“Do you write trip reports?” Yoongi asked.

Her eyes lit up.

“Yes, sir! It’s protocol after every ride for the driver to write a comprehensive rep-“

“One word answers only, Sohee.”

“I- oh. Yes… sir.”

Yoongi leaned Jimin against the car and fished his wallet out of his back pocket and simply emptied all the cash into the backseat.

“This doesn’t go in your report, ok?”

The woman looked about ready to dematerialize.

“Please?” Yoongi asked again, softer this time.

The last thing he needed was to be banned from his favorite car service because of Jimin’s drunken antics.

“Ok... yes, sir.”

“Cool. Thanks.”

“No problem, sir! At Crest Cars, we believe in total customer satisf-”

Yoongi slammed the door on her mission statement and began the tortuously slow walk to the house with Jimin on his arm.
It took a lot of time and determination, as well as three rest stops along the way, but Yoongi eventually made it upstairs and plopped Jimin on the bed.

The younger was flushed and giggling, as if they’d just hopped off an amusement park ride, and meanwhile, Yoongi was kneeling on the floor heaving for oxygen.

“Ok…” Yoongi marshaled himself and crawled to the bed. “Alright, let’s get these clothes off…”

There was no way he was letting Jimin sleep in his favorite turtleneck.

“Hyung…”

“Hm?” Yoongi peeled the cashmere garment off the younger. “You ok?”

“Guess what?”

“What honey?"

“We’re gonna wear the dinosaur collection from Gucci…”

Jimin laughed, squeakily.

Yoongi made a mental note to ask about that later, because… what the fuck?

“Hyung!!” Jimin smiled wistfully at the ceiling.

“Yes?”

“I wanna pool!!”

Yoongi was currently struggling to get Jimin’s pants off and was only half listening.

“Since when did you want a pool, sweetheart?”

“Kookie has a pool…” Jimin argued.

Kooky??

“Lift your leg up, baby.” He grunted, while stripping the tight trousers off.

Yoongi didn’t give a good goddamn about ‘Kooky’s’ pool, but he knew better than to voice his opinion right now.

After a lot of work, Jimin was sufficiently undressed for bed and Yoongi took a long moment to appreciate the younger’s muscular legs and soft skin, mindlessly running his fingers up and down his thigh.

Jimin hummed and smiled, so Yoongi decided to trail some kisses along his stomach, letting his hands roam freely over Jimin’s body.

“Hyuunnggg…” Jimin whispered, breathlessly.

Yoongi paused while giving Jimin’s ass a loving squeeze.

There was something there that didn’t feel like ass.

“What is this…” Yoongi murmured, snaking his fingers into Jimin’s boxers.
“Stop, hyung!” Jimin squealed, swatting his hand away.

“Hang on-”

Yoongi pulled out a dark, laminated card.

“What the-?”

Jimin jumped at least a foot in the air and lunged forward to snatch the card from Yoongi’s grip.

“That’s Kookie’s express pass!” Jimin shouted. “I can’t lose it!”

Yoongi tried to process this.

“So, you put it in your fucking underwear??”

Jimin just groaned and rubbed his eyes, irritably.

“Eyes hurt, hyung…” He complained.

Yoongi leaned over him, noticing his lighter eye color.

Oh.

Contacts.

“Here…” Yoongi nudged Jimin’s hands away and gently lifted one of his eyelids. “Open your eyes wide… and stop moving.”

Jimin stilled.

“Hyung! Jungkook can sing!” He exclaimed, suddenly.

What?

“Ok…?”

“Like, really well!”

“Uh-huh- stop smiling baby, it makes your eyes close.”

Yoongi plucked out one of the contacts and moved to the other eye.

“You don’t understand, hyung- he’s good.”

Whatever.

“That’s great, honey.”

He managed to get the other contact lens out and hoped the domestic gods were proud of him tonight.

“Get some rest, ok?”

Yoongi put a few things away and switched off the light. His plan was to go mull over the Jungkook problem a little more before turning in for the night, but he’d barely made it out of the door when he was stopped by a loud thump and high-pitched giggle.
He froze and turned around, peering into the darkness.

“Jimin?”

Jimin was shaking silently with laughter and trying to drag his way over to Yoongi.

_Holy fuck._

“Hey! What are you doing??”

“Had to show you- but- fell down-” Jimin roared, barely able to speak. “-fell off the bed!”

Yoongi pushed, pulled, dragged and shoved him back onto the bed, aggressively.

“Show me what??” He demanded, exasperated.

Jimin held his phone up to the elder’s face.

“Play it!”

“Jimin, can’t you show me tomor-”

“NO, hyung I’m serious!!” Play it!!”

“Jesus…”

Yoongi grabbed the phone and played the video.

The wobbly, sloppy recording showed a portion of Jimin’s lower body and what might have been Jungkook’s shoulder, but Yoongi wasn’t sure.

He also didn’t fucking care.

That is, until Jungkook started singing.

Yoongi watched entranced, for the full 45 seconds of the video, then played it again two more times.

“Is he singing IU??” Yoongi asked, baffled.

Those were advanced vocals, but Kook sang each note on point, despite being totally piss drunk.

All those years.

All those fucking drug runs.

How did he not know that Jungkook was some kind of musical prodigy??

“Jimin-ah, who else knows about this?”

He glanced over at the younger.

“Jimin?? Did you speak to Hobi or anyone else about this??”

A loud snore was the only response.

_Aaannd he’s gone._
Of course.

Yoongi stood there for a long time, millions of thoughts racing and crashing through his head.

There were several ways he could play this.

Most would end horribly.

Unless…?

Yoongi looked down at Jimin’s serene face, beautiful in sleep, as it was in wakefulness. He stroked a gentle line along the younger’s chiseled jaw and bent down to place a soft kiss on his parted lips.

This next move could ruin them… then again, it just might work.

“Goodnight, baby.”

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