It's okay, baby
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Summary

Rules exist for a reason. Namjoon is clumsy and oblivious when he’s in little space, and due to that, his daddy has always been concerned about his safety when he’s left home alone. Namjoon knows better than to run in the house when he is home alone. But as Namjoon stands in the hallway—eyes wide and mouth dropped open, staring at the broken pieces of the vase that fell, his oversized sweater hanging down past his animal-printed briefs—Namjoon knows he’s in trouble.

Notes

Hello. This is another self-indulgent fic that I had thought of months and months ago, just thinking about how cute Namjoon would look in a big and oversized sweater. I'll be honest, the writing for this sucks and I'm not expecting for anyone to read this because, well, it's cg/l with nonsexual little space lol but if anyone does read this then thank you and I hope you liked it.

This is unedited, probably has a lot of grammar errors. But anyways, here it is. I love little Namjoon T.T

See the end of the work for more notes.

Namjoon knows not to run in the house when he is home alone. He has always been clumsy and
overly excited: running without thinking when he wants to go from one room to another; or when he wants to tell his Daddy something and he starts jumping up and down, filled with so much excitement that his words come out in a jumbled rush. It’s because Namjoon can be so clumsy and oblivious when he’s in little space, that he was specifically told not to run in the house. And Namjoon is usually a good boy that follows the rules and doesn’t act out. He never talks back, has never once betrayed his Daddy’s trust, and hasn’t been punished in such a long time.

But as Namjoon stands in the hallway—eyes wide and mouth dropped open, staring at the broken pieces of the vase that fell, his oversized sweater hanging down past his animal-printed briefs—Namjoon knows he’s in trouble.

“Oh no,” he whines, a helpless whimper slipping past his lips. Momentarily, he forgets that he is home alone. He glances around the hallway as if someone saw what happened, then returns his gaze to the chunks of glass strewn across the floor. He bites his lip, hands twisting with each other and his heart racing when he realizes that yes, he did just knock over his daddy’s expensive vase. And usually his daddy is forgiving when it comes to accidents. “Accidents happen, baby,” he’d say. “I won’t punish you for something you can’t help.” But Namjoon’s accident is different this time.

Namjoon broke a rule.

He regrets running to the living room to watch his favorite cartoon—the one he almost missed, worried about being late. However, that thought is long forgotten now. The only thing on his mind is the shattered remnants of the vase in front of him that stares back with an unsettling gaze.

“Oh no,” he says again, panic setting in. His heart plops down to his tummy. “Oh no, Daddy’s gonna be so mad.” Without thinking, Namjoon drops to his knees and attempts to clean the mess he made. He gathers the broken pieces into his hands as he frantically tries to get rid of the evidence.

Rules exist for a reason. Namjoon is clumsy and oblivious when he’s in little space, and due to that, his daddy has always been concerned about his safety when he’s left home alone. There’s a list of things that Namjoon isn’t allowed to do or touch without supervision:

1. Namjoon is not allowed near the knives without his daddy there to supervise.

2. He’s not allowed to touch the kitchen appliances without supervision, and can only eat the snacks within the pantry (“Not a lot, Namjoonie. It’s unhealthy, baby. Make sure to eat your meals, too.”) and the premade meals his daddy made.
3. He’s not allowed to touch his daddy’s expensive things when he isn’t home. (This rule came into existence after Namjoon accidentally dropped his daddy’s ipad onto the Kitchen tiles when wanting to play candy crush, effectively shattering the entire screen. To this day, neither understand how the damage was so severe, but they both agreed that maybe it’s best if Namjoon doesn’t play with expensive devices or equipment that don’t belong to him.)

And another rule, among the many that exist, is that Namjoon is not allowed to touch things like broken glass while in little space.

4. ‘No sharp objects.’

Namjoon sits on his knees, picking up the glass, when he realizes. Guilt swarms in and pervades his mind. His heart sits heavy in his gut. It’s in that moment, when he reaches out to pick up another big piece of glass, that his thumb grazes against the jagged edge, and a cut forms.

Namjoon drops all of the glasses that were in his hands, and lets out a pained whine. He looks down at his wound with a pout, heart racing and eyes growing teary when he sees the blood that bubbles and drips down the skin in slow, thin drops. He sniffs sadly. He’s going to be in big trouble. And that thought has tears sliding down his cheeks with his face turning red and his nose getting runny. Namjoon hates disappointing his daddy. He hates that he’s going to be punished, and he hates that his daddy will no longer trust him. He worked so hard to gain his daddy’s trust; had even reached the point where his daddy no longer worries about him when leaving for work.

(His daddy would spend a long time asking Namjoon if he was okay, making sure he had everything he needed, and giving Namjoon long and tight hugs or concerned looks. He would spend so much time that he would’ve been late for work if not for Namjoon—Big Namjoon, that is—reminding him of it like the responsible boyfriend he is. And even after Daddy had went through the entire checklist of questions and concerns, and was out of the house to work in the office, he would text Namjoon during work to see if he was okay. Namjoon always found it annoying, yet endearing, when he wasn’t in little space and had to reassure that yes, he’s Big Namjoon right now, and yes, he will text daddy if something happens or he feels unsafe while he’s little.)

Namjoon wipes at the tears with the sleeve of his sweater and sniffs. He gets up onto wobbly legs and walks into their shared bathroom, pulling the first aid kit from out of the bottom cabinet. Opening the box, he pulls out the box of bandages; the ones with little dinosaurs on them. His bottom lip wobbles with suppressed sobs as he wrapped a band-aid around his thumb, heart clenching at the way they remind of his daddy’s love for dinosaurs; how sometimes, when he asks really nicely, Daddy reads him books about them.

Plopped down on his knees before the mess he had made, with shaky hands, he continues to clean up the big chunks of glass and throws them in the trash. He makes sure to be extra cautious of any
tiny pieces that might have been left behind; doesn’t think he can handle it if he gets injured again while he’s in this state. He even pulls out a broom to sweep just in case. Quiet and with dim eyes, he sweeps at the pieces that glint beneath the bright recessed lights.

What Namjoon doesn’t expect, is for his daddy to come home right when he’s finished sweeping. The familiar jungle of keys has Namjoon frozen solid, and a fresh wave of tears filling his eyes. He wipes at his tears again and quickly turns to the front door at the sound of it opening.

Daddy’s home early.

His daddy stands in the doorway, smiling wide and gleefully until it falters, dropping into a frown. His eyebrows scrunch with concern as he slowly closes the door behind himself and drops his bag onto the door. “Joonie?” He asks. There’s a worried lilt to his voice that only makes Namjoon sniff again. He wipes at the tears again, this time more frustrated that he can’t get himself under control.

Jimin is a worrier, that is a fact. Even when he’s not acting as Namjoon’s daddy and is in boyfriend mode, he always manages to worry about Namjoon’s wellbeing. He always gets soft in the heart—the sight of an upset Namjoon enough to make any resentment vanish or argument end as Jimin decides that maybe tossing childish insults isn’t the best solution to a problem. He worries when Namjoon stresses over the simplest things, or when Namjoon has just the slightest hint of a frown. He worries when Namjoon hasn’t been little for a while, opting instead to stay closed off in their bedroom with life forcing down on his brain. He worries when Namjoon gets too caught up in hyperfocusing that he skips just one meal.

Jimin is a worrier. His mind automatically skips to the darkest thoughts when he sees a glimpse of possible trouble, mind stressing over all that is or could go wrong. So when he sees Namjoon standing in the hallway with tears dripping down his red and puffy cheeks, Jimin’s heart plummets and his thoughts are swarmed with any and everything that could have went wrong.

Tentative steps forward, Jimin approaches Namjoon and takes a hand in his. “Hey, Joonie baby. What’s wrong?”

Namjoon feels a tight squeeze in his throat and makes a pained, choked sound. His daddy nods in understanding. “Here, let’s sit down and talk.” Reluctantly, Namjoon follows as his daddy guides him with a gentle tug of their held hands.

In the livingroom, Jimin sits onto the couch and uses his hold on Namjoon’s hand to pull him into his lap. Namjoon straddles his daddy’s lap and keeps his gaze down, staring at the creases and folds in his daddy’s dress shirt.
Jimin’s voice is gentle and patient when he asks, one hand coming up to caress Namjoon’s cheek. Subconsciously, Namjoon falls into it. “What happened?”

The caress is followed by a thumb wiping away the tear that manages to slip out.

Namjoon sniffs. “I-I broke a rule and the vase that you co-costed a lot,” he stutters. Namjoon takes in a shuddering breath and raises his bandaged thumb up to Daddy’s gaze. His lip quivers. “I ran when I wasn’t s-supposed to. And-and I cleaned it up even though you told me not to touch glass and I got hurt, and it hurt so much.” In a quiet, whispered voice, his head hung low in shame, he adds: “I’ve been bad, Daddy. Joonie’s been bad.” The guilt weighs heavily on him as he speaks. He’s in big trouble.

Jimin purses his lips in thought. He watches as Namjoon avoids his eyes, takes in the pout on his lips and the guilt in his expression. The shame that’s apparent in the way he hangs his head. The liquid that still drips down from his eyes, and the crooked bandage on his thumb. “Baby, look at me.” He makes sure his voice is as gentle as before, lacking anger and laced in patience. Namjoon looks up without a trace of hesitancy, meeting Daddy’s gaze with folded shoulders and apprehensive eyes. Jimin leans forward to kiss at Namjoon’s cheek. “You’ve been bad, baby.”

Namjoon stiffens at that. His lips tighten in an attempt to steel himself for the inevitable punishment.

“You know not to run in the house and pick up glass. I’m very disappointed that you disobeyed me.” Namjoon tries his best to keep his eyes on his daddy rather than look away. He knows that looking away means he’ll be in more trouble, so he forces through the shame and fear that tells him to break eye contact. “Daddy’s vase was an expensive gift to me, and you know how much I loved it.”

Namjoon nods, resisting the urge to cut in with a response. He made his daddy disappointed and that makes his chest clench, an apology on the tip of his tongue. He does know how much daddy loved that gift, and he knows how expensive it was. Expensive and antique, it was a housewarming gift from Jimin’s parents when they first moved into their apartment. Jimin loved it dearly, and he was worried about having the vase sit out and within reach. He didn’t want it to get broken—it was a fear of his that plagued his mind for days after receiving it. But Big Namjoon had assured him that it would be perfectly fine. He had assured that both he and little Namjoon would be extra careful, because he knew Jimin’s mom would want to see her beautiful gift sitting out in the open for people to fawn over. He knew how Jimin’s mom would want to know that her gift is being appreciated.

That memory makes Namjoon feel worse. A broken promise, broken vase, and broken rules. He hiccups on a sob and feels his stomach twist.
“But,” comes daddy’s voice to cut through the guilt. “You told me instead of hiding it. You were honest with me, Namjoon, and I appreciate it.” Namjoon furrows his brows and squints in confusion. He was bad. Why isn’t he being punished?

Without thinking, Namjoon cuts in. “But…” he starts quietly. He can’t help it when he lets his eyes shift elsewhere, afraid. “I was bad. I should be punished?”

Fingers comb through his hair. “You were bad, but you acknowledged what you did wrong, and you told me about it, and you feel bad. I’m proud of you, baby. And I know you wouldn’t do this again, right?” Namjoon hesitantly turns his gaze back to look at his daddy, a little unsure and hesitant. “R-Right.”

“If you do, I will punish you. But baby has been so good lately and I trust you. You’ve learned your lesson.” Jimin kisses his cheek again. He knows that Namjoon is stressed and upset right now. There is a lot of guilt heavy on him, and he knows that for Namjoon, his mind is punishing enough. He’s too hard on himself even when he’s in little space, always doing his best to just be good. Right now, Namjoon feels relief and uncertainty settle inside him. His tears have dried up, his eyes are wet but not as much as before. He still sniffs occasionally.

Jimin takes in Namjoon’s appearance once again. “Do you need to forgive yourself? Hmm? Need help with that?” He asks, keeping a close eye on Namjoon’s reaction just in case. Sometimes, when Namjoon gets too caught up in guilt and stress, he needs a little bit of punishment to help him forgive himself even when Jimin doesn’t see it necessary. It’s been a while since Namjoon had needed that. It’s been a while since Namjoon has broken a rule, too.

Namjoon shakes his head. No, he doesn’t need help right now. He can do it. He can forgive himself. But right now, he still feels a lingering sadness that feeds on his conscience and tummy.

Jimin frowns at that, but he quickly puts on a soft smile before Namjoon can notice. “Hey, how about we go watch that Ryan and Friends DVD I bought you last week? And after that, we can make some hot cocoa and,” he leans in playfully at Namjoon’s ear, knows he’s ticklish there. Namjoon giggles and backs away slightly at the tickling sensation of his daddy’s breath near his ear. “And I’ll even let you drink it in bed, yeah? How’s that?”

Leaning away, he watches as Namjoon’s earlier frown tilts into a small, kind smile. His eyes are bright; lit up like the way he gets when he sees Christmas lights in early December.
“R-Really?” There’s a hopeful lilt to his tone as he perks up. When Jimin nods his head, Namjoon gasps in excitement. “I promise not to make a mess this time! I promise.”

Jimin hums at that. His small smile has turned into an amused grin, fondness slipping into his gaze as warmth blooms inside. “I trust you.” And those words always mean so much to Namjoon; makes his heart feel full, and has all of that pent-up self-blame and disappointment bleeding out. “This is your reward for being a good boy and telling daddy the truth, understand?”

Namjoon gives an enthusiastic nod and pulls off of his daddy’s lap. He tugs at the sleeve, urging him to get up so they can start the movie. Jimin gestures for Namjoon to go ahead of him, and at that, Namjoon drops his hold on Jimin’s sleeve to slowly walk towards their room. He gathers all of his ryan plushies and his favorite Koya doll in glee, a bounce in his step as he does so.

And like that, all is forgiven.

End Notes

Btw I just wanted to say punishments aren’t physical it’s just stuff like limiting what namjoon can do or taking away certain privileges or doing chores or time out, the basic stuff depending on what he’s done. Namjoon’s more upset about doing something wrong than he is of the punishment. He doesn’t like being bad or disappointing Jimin :c my bby is a good boy!

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