**Really, I'm Fine!**

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**Really, I'm Fine!**

by KayahKey

**Summary**

Jungkookie is sick, and jungkookie is stubborn. When a sick Jungkook attempts to make his way through an award show, it doesn't go to plan. Why does this sound like the summary of a crack fic. It's not. Its dramatic and stuff. Oh well. Click here for some fluffy hurt/comfort (with a generous helping of angst) centering on a sick Jungkook and his many hyungs. (Including GOT7, I did tag that fandom for a reason) How does Yugyeom handle seeing his best friend in so much pain, and who will be there to comfort him when he breaks? (Don't read the tags and spoil the surprise I know that you demons will DON'T DO IT)
You shouldn't go. The fans are gonna notice either way, and it's better that you rest." Jin's voice sounded through the room as Jungkook studied his face in the bedroom mirror.

He looked like death. As cliche as that might sound, it was true. Instead of his ordinary glowing complexion, his skin was dull and his eyes ringed with dark purple circles that contrasted starkly with the pallor of his normally rosy cheeks. Sighing, he swallowed, reflex tears welling in his eyes as his throat screamed in protest. He felt a strong yet gentle hand rub the back of his neck soothingly, and he leaned sideways against his Yoongi-hyung as he closed his eyes slightly.

"They whitewash us anyways... the makeup noonas can cover up the dark circles," He said as he reluctantly pushed away from Yoongi, snatching one of Namjoon’s oversized sweaters and slipping it over his head.

Jungkook looked up at Jin, his eyes glassy with fever but full of determination. "I'm going. I can't miss it."

Jin sighed, shaking his head. Even though he wanted to force his stubborn dongsaeng into bed, Jungkook was 21 now. And, as much as it pained him to just stand by and watch Jungkook run himself into the ground, the younger boy had to make his own choice this time. Reluctantly, he nodded his consent despite the weight of Yoongi's incredulous stare. Jungkook tried to smile at Jin, but it came out as more of a grimace, making the older boy wince. Moments later Jungkook had left the room, as if worried that the other singer would change his mind. The instant that the maknae had left, Yoongi turned on Jin.

"How could you just let him go?! He’s obviously not ok, do you even care about him?!" To any other person, Yoongi's tone may have seemed venomous. But Jin could hear the concern dripping from the rapper's words, and he could feel the younger's fear for their maknae's well-being. Gently, Jin rested a hand on the other man's shoulder.

"Jungkookie is older now. We can’t keep him sheltered forever. He needs to make his own choices." Jin's voice was soft, but it left no room for argument. Yoongi, seeing the reasoning in the elder's words, sighed and nodded.

"I understand, hyung." Jin smiled slightly at him and turned to continue getting ready. Yoongi, knowing there was nothing left for him to say, also returned to his work.

An hour later found them sitting backstage, their makeup-noonas bustling around as they work to get everything set and add the finishing touches on the boys' outfits. The members kept shooting Jungkook concerned looks, each of them praying that the boy would cave and ask to stay behind. However, the maknae didn't notice their stares. He was to focused on trying to swallow down the acidic burning in the back of his throat, his stomach rolling violently. Pushing down the pain, he
attempted to zone out as to avoid telegraphing his discomfort to his anxious hyungs. He knew that, while he was being allowed to come to the awards show, he was treading on thin ice. If Jin hyung had been aware of the true extent of Jungkook's sickness, he would never have allowed him to come at all, so Jungkook kept his mouth shut. Suddenly he became aware of a voice near his ear and he jumped slightly, startled.

"Ya, were you even listening? You weren't? Aish, what to do with you..." It was his sunshine hyung, his Hoseok hyung. The dancer had an easy smile stretched across his face as he looped his arm casually around Jungkook's tense shoulders, his calm and ordinary behavior helping to calm the younger.

"Sorry hyung, what were you saying?" Jungkook plastered a sheepish grin across his face, pushing the aching in his head down in an effort to appear as normal as possible.

"I was just talking about our choreography! When I...." As Hoseok talked, Jungkook began to find it more and more difficult to pay attention. His vision was getting fuzzy, and his whole body beginning to feel heavy...

"Jungkook! Yah! Jungkookie!" Suddenly there were hands shaking his shoulders, and he blinked his eyes open quickly.

Hoseok was leaning over him, easygoing attitude long gone. The rapper's eyes were alight with panic, and when he saw Jungkook's eyes open he raised a hand to cup the younger's cheek.

"What happened?" Namjoon's voice came from behind them, and that's when Jungkook realized that the entire group had gathered around where he was sitting. "Hoseok, what happened?"

"Jungkookie, he just, he looked so dazed and then he began to slump forward-" Hoseok was cut off abruptly by Jungkook as quickly tried to play the incident off.

"It was nothing, hyungs, I was just tired and dozed off. Sorry," Jungkook offered what he thought was a reassuring smile, but the rest of the members saw right through him. Trying to get through to the younger, Jimin spoke up.

"Kookie, I know you don't want to disappoint the fans but-" Once again, the older boy was cut off by the group's maknae.

"Really, I was just tired. It happens to Namjoonie-hyung and Yoongi-hyung all the time, it's not a big deal."

Jin stepped forward, mouth open and ready to intervene, but within seconds the maknae had escaped the room and vanished into the hallways outside the dressing room. The oldest member turned back to the others and sighed, his lips pressed tightly together. They were all looking at him with helpless concern, knowing that their youngest was suffering but unable to do anything until he admitted it and accepted their assistance.

"Lets just make this as easy as possible on him, we can't do much more than that until we get back to the dorm." Namjoon's voice was quiet but steady.

The others nodded their agreement to the leader's words and they quickly grabbed some extra water for when they reached their seats. There was not much that they could do in this environment other than pray that Jungkook would manage to hold out for the entirety of the awards ceremony.

The rest of the ceremony passed in a blur and, in what seemed like seconds, BTS was brought up to perform. The cheers of fans were too loud for Jungkook’s sensitive ears, the cameras to intrusive.
Bright lights sent sharp, lancing pain through his tired eyes and his legs trembled as if they were about to collapse underneath him. The sharp, jarring motions of their choreography made his aching body scream in agony with each motion. His voice was strained, almost scratchy as it tore from his burning throat. Sweat dripped down his temple, soaking through his clothes and leaving him both shivering and overheated. The heavy layers of his stage outfit felt like a weight, pushing down on his chest and leaving him heaving desperately for breath. Then it was over. The lights went out, and deafening cheers filled the area. And Jungkook still stood. Barely. He stumbled backstage, tears burning in the corner of his eyes as he frantically tried to rid himself of the constricting layers of clothing. His back slammed against a wall, his fingers working frantically in an attempt to rid himself of the choker locked firmly around his neck. A small sob tore from his throat, and his motions got more and more frantic when suddenly, a cool hand covered his sweaty one. Immediately his motions stilled, and his whole body locked, almost as if he had been frozen in place.

"Hey, relax. Here, I'll help you get this off." The hands gently pushed his arms down and unclasped the choker, placing it in Jungkook's palm.

Jungkook kept his eyes locked on the ground, his hair swinging down in front of his eyes. There was a beat of silence. Then the man spoke again.

"Kookie, relax. It's me, Jackson-hyung." At the realization of who it was, Jungkook slumped down in relief.

He hadn't embarrassed himself in front of one of his idols, it was just Jackson-hyung. Jackson slid down the wall to sit next to the sick boy, glancing over at him in concern. After a while of sitting there, Jungkook catching his breath, Jackson spoke again.

"You know I'm going to have to tell your hyungs." Jungkook's eyes went wide and he shook his head frantically.

"You can't tell them! They'll make me stay backstage a-" A harsh coughing fit cut him off, his whole body shaking with the force of his hacking coughs.

Jackson winced at the sound and gathered the other group's maknae close to him, rubbing the younger's back as he struggled to regain control of his breathing.

"Kid, I gotta tell your hyungs. They're probably worried sick about you." Jackson threaded his fingers through the younger's hair as the singer tilted his head back against Jackson's chest without responding, his eyes fluttering weakly.

Jackson reached for his phone, careful not to jostle the exhausted boy who was slumped against his chest. He pressed Namjoon's contact and sent him a quick text telling his friend where they were and that he had Jungkook. The other rapper's response was immediate, and Jackson could practically feel Namjoon's relief and having his youngest member found. Jackson looked down at the boy he had cradled against his chest and sighed. He wouldn't be able to carry the younger all the way back to BTS's dressing room. The kid was heavy at best, and when he laid limp he was beyond even Jackson's impressive strength.

"Come on kid, get up. We've gotta get you back to your hyungs." Jackson slung Jungkook's arm over his shoulder, trying to get him to stand.

Jungkook's vision was hazy, his head lolling from side to side, knees shaking under his weight as he stumbled to his feet. He took a few tentative steps forward, swaying slightly as he leaned heavily on the older idol. Then his vision flickered like a shadow had passed in front of his eyes.
He blinked and shook his head, wincing as the motion sent a throbbing pain through his skull. Another step forward. The flicker was more pronounced this time and his knees buckled, his weight falling entirely on Jackson.

"Jungkook, are you alright? Kookie can you hear me?" Jackson's voice sounded distant, and Jungkook blinked up at the rapper in confusion.

“Jungkook! Answer me! JUNGKOOK!” The room was tilting, the light dimming. Another blink. And then there was nothing.
Sickness and Suffering

Chapter Summary

I have no mercy. Suffer through the angst. And enjoy it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harsh light greeted Jungkook as he opened his eyes, eliciting a pained groan from him as he squeezed his eyes shut against the brightness. His ears were ringing and his limbs extraordinarily heavy, leaving him paralyzed and unable to lift even a finger. Panic flooded through him as he struggled to make sense of where he was, frightened of the foreign feeling of helplessness that seemed to seep into every pore. He let out a strained whimper, tears building in his eyes.

Almost instantly, a hand was on his forehead and a gentle voice drifted through his ears. He pressed his head into the hand, desperate for any form of physical reassurance. Moments later, he was gently manhandled to be slumped against another person, their wide, strong shoulders making him sink into the security that the other seemed to exude. With a small whine he attempted to shield his eyes from the still piercing light but, before he could struggle for long, a slender hand with soft, smooth skin settled over his aching eyes. With the light diminished, Jungkook fell limp in the grasp of the man who held him cradled against a strong chest. As the ringing in his ears began to fade, a voice became clear through the overload of sensory input.

"Jungkookie? Can you hear me?" Jungkook jerked his head in a weak nod, hoping that his gesture had been seen. By the response he got, it seemed that it had. "I'm Mark, the one who's holding you is Jaebum, and Yugyeom is covering your eyes while Bambam hovers over his shoulder cause he's worried. Jackson is on the phone with your Namjoon-hyung, Jinyoung is getting you water, and Youngjae... well... I'm sure he's doing something."

Jungkook gave no visible response, content to rest against who he now knows is Jaebum, too tired to even attempt to move. Right as he was about to doze off, Yugyeom's soft voice sounded in his ear.

"Kook, Jinyoung-hyung is back with the water, and we dimmed the lights. I'm gonna move my hands from your eyes and you're gonna drink the water, kay?" Receiving no response from the comatose fellow maknae, Yugyeom removed his hands from covering Jungkook’s eyes and readjusted his best friend carefully.

Jinyoung placed the rim of the water bottle to Jungkook's lips gently, coaxing him to open his lips so he could drink. The younger's lips parted slightly and Jinyoung tipped the bottle to allow a small portion of the soothing liquid to slip down the sick singer's raw and painful throat. Bambam's hand rested on the back of Jungkook's head, supporting his heavy head as to prevent the slightly younger boy from choking.

As Yugyeom's members tended to Jungkook, he slipped away out into the halls. Got7's maknae leaned against the wall, squeezing his eyes shut in an effort to block out the helpless feeling seeping into his bones. His best friend was just down the hall, suffering, and there was nothing he could do about it. A ragged sob escaped from his throat, and he sank down the wall and curled up
into a ball, his face buried in his arms. People rushed through the halls without sparing him a second glance, and several times he was even kicked by staff members bustling around without care. He bit down hard on his fist as he attempted to muffle his sobs, his body trembling.

He was left there, cold, alone, and hurting, for what seemed to be hours before he suddenly felt a hand rest on his back. It rubbed the nape of his neck gently, the soothing motion beginning to calm his panicked state. He leaned sideways against the body that had planted itself next to him, so desperate for comfort that he didn't even check to identify who it was that he was seeking security from. Whoever had come to his aid seemed unbothered by his show of weakness, and two slender arms looped around Yugyeom's shoulders in a reassuring gesture. In the back of his mind, Yugyeom registered the fact that the figure who was holding him was clothed in performance attire, signifying that he was clinging to an idol. However, the maknae couldn't bring himself to care as to who it was, to overwhelmed by his emotions and concerns. Then, a voice broke the silence.

"What's wrong?" The voice was filled with compassion, kind, and.... familiar. It was a voice he had heard on stage for many years, a voice that sounded remarkably similar to…

"Taemin-sunbaenim?!" Shock shot through Yugyeom like a lightning bolt, and his cheeks flushed cherry red in embarrassment as he realized that he had just been crying on the shoulder of one of his idols.

He tried to shrink away, humiliated, but Taemin just smiled at him kindly and held him where he was.

"You never answered my question. What's wrong?" Yugyeom swallowed nervously, his eyes darting up to read Taemin's features. Seeing only sincerity and gentle concern in the senior idol's eyes, he decided to risk it.

"Jungkookie... he's really sick. Really bad. He was in so much pain and... and I can't DO anything! I was just sitting there and I can't help him or anything... why can't I help him..." Yugyeom's voice trailed off into a despairing whisper, gnawing at his lower lip as he attempted to hold back a fresh wave of tears. Taemin's brows furrowed in concern, both for the sick boy and the other maknae he held in his arms. It was obvious to him that Yugyeom was working himself up to a near panic, and he took action to soothe the younger immediately.

He gently pressed his finger to Yugyeom's lip, effectively stopping any further damage to the already raw and bleeding lip, until the other released it from between his teeth. As he wiped the small beads of blood from the other's skin, he noticed that Yugyeom had clenched his fists tightly, nails digging into his own skin. Taemin immediately pried his hands open, grasping them firmly in his own.

"Hey, relax. Jungkook is going to be ok. If needed, they'll take him to a hospital. His company is good to him, he will get the care and rest that he needs. You need to calm down, panicking is only going to hurt yourself. He'll be ok. I'm sure that you've done what you can, no matter little or great of an amount of assistance that is. He's going to be ok, don't worry." At Taemin's firm yet reassuring words, Yugyeom crumbled. Tears of fear slid down his cheeks, and Taemin cooed softly.

"Aigoo, don't cry," Taemin swept the tears off Yugyeom's cheeks with his thumbs, cupping the boy’s face as he looked at the younger with concern.

"I'm just scared" His voice sounded pitifully small, and Yugeyeom cringed slightly at the sheer vulnerability that he was radiating.
Taemin, however, seemed unbothered. "I know, and it's ok to be afraid. I've been scared when my members have been sick, it's understandable to fear for a friend. Now, do you want to go back to your members and see if Jungkook is doing any better?"

Taemin's words reminded Yugyeom that he had been away from Jungkook for a while now, and he bolted upright. Taemin huffed a quiet laugh, rising to his feet and pulling Yugyeom up with him. Yugyeom began to run back to the dressing room that housed his hyungs and his sick friend before he stopped and turned back to Taemin.

"Thank you, sunbaenim" He bowed politely.

Taemin smiled and shook his head, "It was no bother. Also, feel free to call me hyung."

Yugyeom's smile lasted all the way until he reached the dressing room. The moment he opened the door, any joy at having befriended a senior idol slid right out of him and left him with a pit in his stomach. Jungkook was propped up on the couch, bangs plastered to his forehead by the thick film of sweat that slicked his skin. His hyungs were there, with Jin, Yoongi, and Namjoon attending to the sick maknae as Hoseok attempted to comfort the rest of the maknae line who seemed to be inconsolable. Tears pricked threateningly at Yugyeom's eyes yet again, and he slipped across the room to settle down next to Jimin. Jimin took one look at his tear stained face and still sluggishly bleeding lip and sighed slightly, dashing his own tears away and pulling Yugyeom close to him.

"Your hyungs were worried about you when you just left," Jimin's normally clear voice was thick, and his hands shook slightly where they rested on Yugyeom's shoulders.

Yugyeom looked down at the ground, silent. Jimin sighed.

"Don't run off again, ok? Jungkook is going to be ok, he's just a little sick-

"-we need an ambulance here, we have an idol who is running a dangerously high fever..."

Everyone grew silent as they watched Namjoon talk, hearts sinking. No one spoke a word as the leader hung up the phone with a quiet beep and looked up, meeting the anxious eyes of the others. Everything was still in dreaded anticipation. Then, suddenly, the room was blazing with motion. A team of paramedics came bursting through the door, hurriedly lifting the now unconscious Jungkook onto a stretcher and carting him away. The members of BTS followed, clinging to each other for support as their beloved younger brother was wheeled away to the hospital.

Yugyeom was still, as if frozen. His face was blank, muscles rigid. Jaebum crouched down next to him, reaching a hand out carefully. Yugyeom took one look at his sad face and burst into tears. Even as his group member held and comforted him, he felt cold. Jungkook's fever had been high, too high. He had felt the panic in the room, sensed the hurried motions of the paramedics as they rushed a little faster than normal for a sick person. Jungkook was in a bad state. So bad that he needed professional care. What would happen if they couldn't lower the fever in time? What if that was the last time that Yugyeom saw his closest friend alive?

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this pain-filled nightmare (or heaven, depends on what you're into). Leave Kudos, comments, anything really. I'll be back with another chapter soon. It might be the last chapter, or I might extend this again to be 4 chapters. Who knows. I
suck at planning stories like these, I just go for it lol Anyway, thank you for reading and I hope you have a great day!!!
Hope and Hardship

Chapter Summary

What happened to Jungkook? Is Yugyeom ok? Don't fucking sit here and read this summary read the chapter already!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Several days passed, and not a single word was heard of Jungkook's condition. Yugyeom laid on his bed, staring blankly up at the beige ceiling. His eyes were vacant of feeling, his body limp. Several times his hyungs had entered the room, offering food or water. None of them succeeded in eliciting a response from their makane. The youngest had been shaken to his very core by his fear for his best friend, and it seemed that no one except for Jungkook would be able to pull him from the trance-like state he had placed himself in. Everyone was praying that they would receive the call that Jungkook had awoken, out of concern for both BTS's maknae's wellbeing as well as that of their own.

Bambam's slender hand turned the brass colored doorknob slowly, making as little noise as possible. He pushed the door open slightly, peaking his head through to check on Yugyeom. He had hoped that the maknae would be asleep, but he expected to see Yugyeom in the same state he had seen for the past several hours. But when his eyes landed Yugyeom he saw neither what he had hoped for nor what he had expected. Instead, tears were slipping slowly down the boy's cheeks, his lips pressed together with aching force as if to hold in cries. Bambam gasped and ran to his side, gathering the lanky maknae into his arms. Yugyeom attempted to push him away but his feeble attempts quickly deteriorated, leaving him hitting his fists weakly against Bambam's chest.

Reassurance that Jungkook would be ok bounced off of Yugyeom, the hollow statement offering no true comfort. Bambam could do nothing but hold his maknae as he cried.

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A harsh beeping noise rang in Jungkook's ears as he began to stir, eyes flitting back and forth behind heavy eyelids. He was laying on a hard bed, the thin sheet covering him doing little to block out the chill of the room. The scent of antiseptic burned his nose as he inhaled abruptly. He tried to swallow, coughing as his dry throat prevented the motion. Upon hearing his cough, someone gasped near him. Then there was rustling, a small yelp, and then the rim of a cool glass was pressed to his lips. He greedily gulped down the cold water, whining slightly when it was pulled away before he could drink his fill. There was a light but slightly watery chuckle and then a voice, as sweet as an angel's yet filled with distress, was speaking to him.

"Jungkookie~" Jungkook groaned, turning his head to bury his face in the too-thin pillow he was resting on. "Come on baby, open your eyes."
At the gentle coaxing, his eyelids began to flutter slightly, straining against the weight that seemed to hold them shut. After a moment, he forces them open, blinking rapidly as the face of Jimin swims into view in front of him. Jimin's eyes are filled with repressed tears, his smile strained as he looks down at the maknae. Upon seeing the youngest's eyes open, a small sob shuddered through him as he cradled Jungkook's head gently in his hands.

"Hyungs," Jimin's voice wavers, but his words are clear and his voice loud. "He's awake."

There was a slight groan, as if someone was disturbed from sleep. Then a gasp of realization, and suddenly there was another body beside Jungkook, pulling him close to the person. Broad shoulders, firm chest, gentle grasp... Jin-hyung. Then, all at once, tears that had been held back for hours upon hours came flooding to the surface, rushing down his cheeks and soaking the fabric of Jin's sweatshirt. Rough sobs tore from the maknae's throat, rousing the other members and causing them to gather quickly to console Jungkook.

"Shhh baby you're ok now, you're at the hospital. No! No no no don't touch that, that's an IV you can't take that out." Jin's hand shot out to catch Jungkook's arm as he attempted to tear the needles out of his skin, the younger panicking at the sight of the tubes attached to his body. A distressed whine made its way from the back of his throat, his struggling increasing as he was restrained before Yoongi settled next to him, pinning his arm and blocking his view of the needles at the same time.

"Kook, I know you're confused, but you can't pull that out. You're in a hospital, you were very sick." Jungkook's frantic motions calmed slightly at Yoongi's voice, soothed by the sound of the raspy voice.

He blinked, looking around the room quickly to see that all of his group members were gathered around the bed, each with a hand resting on him in some way as if to reassure themselves that he was ok. He tried once more to pull at his arm, but Yoongi's grip was firm and did not allow him to struggle. Suddenly, a wave of exhaustion crashed over him, and his body slumped against Jin. The flood of emotion had exhausted his already frail body, and he felt his consciousness begin to leave him yet again. Right before he was pulled under, the voice of his leader echoed softly in his ears.

"Rest, Kookie. We'll take care of you."

--

"JUNGKOOK IS AWAKE!" Jackson's shout echoed through the room as he burst through the door to come face to face with Bambam and their maknae. Yugyeom bolted upright from where he had been cradled against the slender form of his groupmate.

"He is? Is he ok? Where is he? Can we go see him?" His eyes were alight with panic and hope.

"He's going to be ok. He woke up, didn't he? Now calm down, we're all going over to see him."

Yugyeom had his shoes on in a flash and was out the door seconds later, his hands shaking slightly as adrenaline and stress shot through his veins

He called a taxi, jumping in as his hyungs ran to the door, calling out for him to wait. But they were too late, and the car sped off onto the road. The moment that the car had stopped in the hospital parking lot, Yugyeom shoved the money for the fare to the driver and was up and into the
“Where is Jeon Jungkook's room?” He stared at the woman at the front desk impatiently, his nails tapping the desk as he waited for her response.

After what seemed to be hours, he got a response. The moment he had heard the three digit number he was off again, sprinting through the white corridors, his shoes thudding against pristine floors. He burst through the doors of Jungkook's room, startling the members of BTS who had been sitting around a bed in the center of the room. Yugyeom seemed not to notice the stares of the 6 men as he rushed across the room to Jungkook's bedside, his face pale and eyes anxious.

Jungkook's chest rose and fell shallowly as he breathed through his mouth. His form appeared frail, dark bags hanging under his closed eyes. His hair was mussed and dirty from sweat and his skin dull, but he was alive. Yugyeom's shoulders dropped in relief, the fear that had been coiling around his heart loosening its grasp slightly. Now that he had seen that Jungkook was ok and the crushing panic had been lightened slightly, he could feel the rest of his body beginning to protest against the mistreatment it had endured during his self-imposed exile.

His stomach became a center of agony as hunger tore at his insides, reminding him that he had barely eaten for the past several days. His head pounded and his eyes were painfully dry from having cried thousands of tears. His body swayed, and then there was an arm wrapped firmly around his waist, pulling him down onto someone's lap.

"Hey, easy. He's ok, really." It was Taehyung's deep tone that filled his ears, “Now what about you? You don’t look so good.”

“No surprise, either.” Namjoon spoke this time, his voice filled with sad fondness, “Jackson told me that he had been unresponsive ever since that day. Barely ate or drank anything.”

Taehyung sighed softly, moving a hand to rub over Yugyeom’s side. But, when he made contact with Yugyeom’s skin the younger flinched away with a hiss of pain before freezing. The others exchanged a slightly confused but concerned glance.

“Yugyeom, are you ok?” Jimin’s fairylike voice implored

“I’m just hungry, hyung. I’m fine,” Yugyeom attempted to pretend nothing had happened, but Taehyung simply pressed a slender finger lightly into the younger idol’s side, eliciting another flinch.

Ignoring Yugyeom’s protests, Jin stepped forward and rolled up his shirt, revealing a large bruise blooming across Yugyeom’s ribs, vibrant black and blue coloring his side.

“Where did you get that?!?” The eldest singer’s voice was filled with shock as he looked at the injury.

“I… um… ya know when I ran out of the room at the awards ceremony?” Jin hummed slightly in affirmation. “Well I was sitting on the ground and a staff member accidently hit me with a prop…”

They all winced sympathetically, and Jin rolled down his shirt gently.

“Well, it seems like we have two maknaes to take care of.”

Chapter End Notes
Hi! Sorry for the long wait, I had some writers block and my life went crazy. Plus, I just needed some time to rest. I hope you all enjoyed this chapter, and please leave lots of comments! I love responding to comments! I also hope that this lives up to expectations. Ah well, I tried. There will be one more chapter, and it will probably be a bit shorter than the rest. It'll be cute tho! I promise! Anyway, talk to you next time! (Or in the comments LEAVE A COMMENT)
Tussle

Chapter Summary

Jungkook and Yugyeom, together at last. And not as in dating. Have ships really ruined your brain that much?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

3 days later, Jungkook was discharged from the hospital. Yugyeom's ribs were almost healed, the majority of the discoloration that marred his porcelain skin having faded away.

Jungkook laid on the soft couch in the center of the living room, his gaze on the TV screen in front of him. He had not been allowed outside since he had fallen sick, and he was beginning to feel claustrophobic, even in his own home. While it was better than being confined to a hospital bed, he was beginning to tire of the whole ordeal.

He sighed slightly, dropping his gaze from the screen to instead focus on his fingers as he twisted the fringes of the blanket into tight braids. A hand fell to rest on his shoulder before a body wiggled its way underneath him, situating itself so that Jungkook's head fell on the person's lap. The maknae looked up to see Hoseok's blinding smile beaming down at him, and the younger couldn't help but mirror the action despite his less than happy mood.

"Guess what~" Hoseok's joyful tone caught Jungkook's attention, and he cocked his head curiously as he gazed up at his hyung. "Yugyeom is coming over in an hour!"

Jungkook practically bolted upright, his eyes alight with excitement, "Really?!"

"Yes really, idiot," Hoseok's voice was fond and teasing, his glowing smile growing even wider as he watched his maknae practically vibrate with excitement.

"FINALLY SOMETHING NEW!" Jungkook's shout of elation was met with chuckles from the other members who had heard his scream, even through the walls.

They all knew he had been going crazy in the enclosed space with no one but the members to keep him company, and they were happy that he could finally get the interaction that he craved. 20 minutes and one very impatient Jungkook later, the doorbell finally rang.

The moment Yugyeom set sights on Jungkook, he practically pounced on him. Jungkook laughed, he suddenly had an armful of Yugyeom, the other maknae's eyes gleaming with mischief and joy. Jungkook rolled over and attempted to pin Yugyeom to the ground, a wrestling match ensuing between the two young men.

Several minutes later had Yugyeom struggling to breathe as Jungkook sat on his back, smirking at his victory over his lanky friend.

"Kook, get off I can't breathe!" Yugyeom wheezed, wincing slightly as pressure was put on his still slightly tender side. Jungkook rolled off of him, half laughing and half apologetic. Yugyeom dragged in a gulp of air dramatically, glaring at the other with fake hurt.
"Look at what you've done! You broke me!" Yugyeom rolled over onto his back, sprawling his limbs across the carpeted floor.

Jungkook’s laughter filled the room and he flopped down next to Yugyeom, flashing a smug smile at the other.

"I won~"

"Muscle pig."

"Beanstalk."

Yugyeom huffed, unable to stop a small smile from creeping across his face. They laid there in companionable silence for a minute as each attempting to regain their breath.

"Yugyeom...." Jungkook's voice trailed off, and uncertainty lingering in his tone.

"Hm?" Yugyeom turned his head to face the other as Jungkook stared up at the ceiling.

"My hyungs told me you got hurt?" Jungkook's head turned, his gaze burning into the other maknae as if daring him to lie.

"I... Yeah. I um well I got hit by a staff member by accident," Yugyeom smiled awkwardly, unsure of whether or not he should tell Jungkook why he had been outside around the staff.

His hesitation must have shown on his face, judging by Jungkook's raised eyebrow and gentle prompt. "What happened?"

"I uh I freaked out when I saw you and ran out of the room so like I was um," He couldn't seem to say that he had been crying, that he had been so afraid that Jungkook wouldn't pull through.

"Don't tell me you cried," Jungkook's voice was teasing, his smile both fond and mischievous.

"Pfft. Me? Cry? Over you? Never." Yugyeom's response was delivered with the normal sass that accompanies any maknae, but the remnants of the fear that had taken such a strong hold on him still glittered in his eyes.

Jungkook rolled his eyes, playing along despite having seen through the other's fragile facade.

"Are you better now?" His voice took on a slightly concerned tone, his hand seeming to reach toward his friend before he hesitates.

Yugyeom smiled slightly, nodding. "It's pretty faint now, just a little bit of bruising."

"My hyungs told me that when you first showed them it looked like someone had decided to paint on your ribs." His lips were curled in an amused yet concerned smile.

Yugyeom rolled his eyes, "They're exaggerating. It was just black and blue."

"Well if that's your definition of just black and blue, then I don't think I believe you when you say it's pretty faint now."

"Kook, I'm fine."

"Prove it."
"How- Hey get off!"

Yugyeom's voice was filled with both indignation and laughter as Jungkook pounced on him, tugging at the hem of his shirt in an effort to see the injury.

"If someone sees this they're gonna think the wrong thing!" Yugyeom sputtered, his cheeks slightly red.

Jungkook looked at him with wide eyes, "Just what are you thinking about?!

"NOTHING!" Yugyeom screeched as Jungkook dug his fingers into the other maknae's side and tickled him, causing Yugyeom to squeal as he wiggled in an attempt to escape the stronger man's grip.

Jungkook cackled, only relenting after the other was red-faced and panting with tears gleaming in his eyes from laughter. Then, taking his chance, he flipped up Yugyeom's shirt so he could see the damage. Jungkook's laughter faded as he trailed a finger over the still slightly upraised bruising, a small frown taking the place of his cute smile.

"I'm fine, Jungkook," Yugyeom smiled up at him reassuringly. "Just don't press on them, that would hurt."

Jungkook rolled his eyes, "Of course I won't press on them. How stupid do you think I am?"

Yugyeom finally squirms out of the muscle maknae's grip, rolling backward and popping to his feet with a little bounce. "Do you really want me to answer that?"

"Hey! I'm not that bad!"

"Whatever you say~"

"YUGYEOM!"

Chapter End Notes

So that was the final installment of this story! I hope you enjoyed your little journey with me (I sound like a fucking tour guide). Comment, tell me how you liked the story, give me some ideas, anything will do! Thank you for reading and I hope you all continue to support my writing :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!