You Have Me - Jikook

by IMJGSEJK

Summary

If rules are made to be broken, what about promises?

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Jimin comes with Yoongi to LA for the summer as an aspiring artist and stumbles upon his biggest celebrity crush - Jeon Jungkook.
A glance

Chapter Notes

Y'all in for a ride?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

FRIDAY JUNE 1st

Jimin and Yoongi clink their glasses together, causing the beer to spill over on the cheap wooden table below. Today Jimin released his first EP, produced by Yoongi. They had been releasing singles for the past 9 months, but this is the first big release, even having a label backing them up this time. Both Jimin and Yoongi have known that they are great at making music, but neither could have predicted that their rise to fame would happen this fast. Okay, maybe they aren’t really famous yet, but definitely somewhat recognized by the industry, and right now that is enough.

“Cheers to that!” Jimin says right before he finish the last of his beer. This is their big release party. The two of them, a couple of 4 dollar beers and french fries in the outskirts of Los Angeles, the city of stars. They had come here because this is where their label is based, and right now they are promoting in the US hoping for a breakthrough. It is very different from Seoul, where they met at night classes for music production, but even more different from Daegu and Busan, where they grew up. How the hell did they end up here? They have to be here for the rest of the summer, so the only choice really is to make themselves comfortable. The Airbnb they are renting isn’t too bad, but after only 2/10 weeks, the place is already a mess. Though, it's fucking LA! Every morning they wake up excited for what the day might bring. Just walking the streets here feels huge. It's hard not to compare yourself to others though, even in this shitty bar, but they at least have each other. When they’ve finally finished the fries, they leave the dark bar and head home.

“Goodnight Jiminie! Let’s dream about all the fun stuff we are going to do this summer” Yoongi says as he drunkenly trips over his own bag and shuts the door to his room. Jimin decides to stay and clean up a little, it’s better now when he’s drunk so he won’t have to do it hungover.

While mindlessly scrubbing a fork, Jimin finds himself lost in his own thoughts as always. He is scared about this summer. Even though it is an amazing adventure to be here, it feels like if they don’t get anywhere now, they won't ever. For years they've been trying with their music, and the progress have been awfully slow. What if the EP goes to shit and none of the events they have planned lead to anything good? Will they just head back to Seoul and give up? Go back to school? He checks his phone. The single they predicted to go most viral, Lie, has a few thousand streams after only a day. That’s really good! Maybe he shouldn’t worry too much. The label is taking care of all the marketing, and it seems to help a lot. Also, Jimin smiles as he remembers Yoongi, thinking how happy he is to be here with him. No matter how the music goes, the fact that he gets to do this with his best friend in the entire world will be enough for him. Jimin turns off the water, dries the cutlery and glasses (no plates, they only do takeout) and curls up on the couch. They will take turns on the bed, 1 week at a time, and right now it’s Yoongi’s turn. At least for the rest of the weekend. He closes his eyes and fall asleep.
Jungkook is woken up by the sound of the maid vacuuming on the bottom floor of the house. With heavy eyes he turns over to find his phone on the nightstand, but is caught mid movement by arms thrown around his body.

“Goodmorning Kookie” a girl giggles as she hugs him tight. Who the fuck is this? Jungkook doesn’t remember bringing home anyone from the party last night? Then again he doesn’t really remember much at all after 3 am… The parties in LA can get quite intense, especially when there’s celebrities involved, and there always is when Jungkook’s around. And he never turns down a drink. Thank god he didn’t plan anything for today, maybe he can enjoy himself for a while and actually remember it this time around? Before he kicks her out of course. He’s got sessions to head to later tonight, some bigshot producers wants to speak to him about mastering his up and coming, highly anticipated (if he can say so himself) new album. The girl seems to have the same intentions as him for morning activities as her hands begin to suggestingly travel all over Jungkook. He drops his phone and rolls back over.

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**MONDAY JUNE 4th**

The meeting with their label went incredible, and now Jimin and Yoongi are heading home to prepare for the gala tonight. There is some charity event going down and everyone who’s anyone is going to be there. This will be a great opportunity to make some valuable connections, and perhaps make some important friends, and their label trusts them enough to let them go, so everything has to be perfect. Jimin knows that friendship-making isn’t Yoongi’s strongest side, so he is hyping him up big time.

“Why are you suddenly being so nice?” Yoongi asks with a smirk

“I knew you wanted my dick since the first time you saw me, you don’t have to kiss ass, you can just ask you know”

Jimin rolls his eyes

“Shut up, you’re disgusting. I just want you to be in a good mood tonight because it is an important night.”

“I know, I’m just messing with you. Tonight will be fine, don’t worry.”

This will be their first big event ever, and although they are a bit established, they will definitely be in the lowest rank there. Jimin’s nerves are acting up.

“Who do you hope we get to meet tonight?” Yoongi asks

“I just want Usher to be there. That would be so cool”

“Does he even do events like this anymore?”

“No idea… Perhaps Troye Sivan? That would be amazing!”
“If you go home with him I’ll let you have the bed for the rest of this fucking summer” They both laugh

“I say the same if you go home with ANY of them soundcloud rappers. I bet they’d all turn gay for you”

“Now that’s a deal!” Yoongi tucks his shirt in his pants and stares at himself in the mirror. All black. Simple, yet deadly, Jimin always loved Yoongi in dark outfits. It makes him seem even more intimidating, even though whenever people think that, Jimin laughs.

“If Beyoncé shows up I think I’ll piss myself” Jimin confesses as he ties his shoes.

“How did they even allow us to go to something like this” Yoongi seems genuinely confused, and Jimin can’t help but join him in that.

“No idea. I guess we’ll just have to show them that they made the right choice signing us. Now will you help me with this bloody eyeliner?”

Jungkook usually never goes to events where he is the biggest celebrity there, because he had grown ever so tired of people trying to use his fame to add to their own. He had not censored himself while ranting about this on social media, so everyone were always a bit cautious around him now a days. Just how he liked it. He had been around in this industry for a long time, and had finally stopped having to mold himself around everyone else. After his third album released last year, he had built such a strong following that he could finally make his own rules, however, at events like the charity gala tonight, he still didn’t have much choice but to attend. He still has a bit of climbing to do, at least that’s what his managers think, so he’s there to network. Also, helping to save the oceans is never a bad thing on your list of achievements. Not to imply that Jungkook wouldn't be fine on his own (as you know, he's fucking Jeon Jungkook), but going alone is never fun, so he will be forever grateful for his best friend, Taehyung, who lets him drag him to all of these stupid events. Leaving Korea for America was a complicated decision, so having Taehyung who at least have some kind of connection to his home country saved his life many times. They have literally grown into one person over the years. Jungkook brings him any time he can, the boy practically lives as Jungkook's plus one. Taehyung himself isn’t famous at all, really, at least not yet. They met when he was working in Jungkook's local coffee shop to support his education in fashion design, and they hit it off right away. Now he’s finished with his education, and working on releasing his own brand, but he still finds time to escort Jungkook to all these very over-the-top events. Tonight Tae had come over to Jungkook's house extra early, because Jungkook is going to wear his newest unreleased suit-design to the gala.

“Wow Tae, you really outdid yourself this time!”

“I knew you would like it! I designed it with you in mind.”

Tae knows exactly what Jungkook likes. The white flower print on the jacket looks so good together with the white shirt and black pants, which of course compliments his black hair exquisitely. If Jungkook doesn’t get laid tonight… Oh what is he even thinking, of course he will
get laid tonight.

The limo arrives soon after they both we’re done getting ready, but it has to wait a bit more.

“I know I always say this, but should we really drink *before* the event? There’s always alcohol there. Also, it’s Monday” Tae says as Jungkook empties his champagne glass in one go. He then continues to pour one for Tae as well.

"Oh come on..." Jungkook pouts and gives the glass to Tae. “It’s no fun to drink alone.”

“Fine, but let’s bring this to the car. Let’s not make the driver wait any longer.”

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He doesn’t really know what he expected, but no one seems to even notice them. Not at the red carpet, nor at the pre drinks. Jimin can’t really think too much about that though, because right now he is literally in heaven. He has seen almost everyone he has ever looked up to in his own music making, and even introduced himself to a few, but right now him and Yoongi are standing alone at an empty table. It is really hard to join conversations when it feels like everyone already knows each other, and you are coming from the outside. No one is inviting them in. Suddenly Yoongi spots someone.

“Holy shit”

“What?”

“Don’t look but I think Namjoon is here!”

Jimin scans the room, but there are too many familiar faces to try to find a new one.

“Who? And where?”

“Namjoon! He has produced almost all of my favorite songs, I've told you about him literally a million times idiot. He is standing at the table in the middle, right next to Shawn Mendes!”

“Oh my god, we can’t go there” Jimin shivers. “They have no idea who we are, I don’t dare to.”

“He seems like the coolest guy, we have to Jimin” Also, he’s from Korea too - Goyang. We can at least bond over that.”

And just like that, Yoongi pulls Jimin with him as they move closer to introduce themselves. So much for Jimin being the outgoing one.

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When they arrive, the pre party is in full bloom. The drinks are served, and everyone Jungkook knows is already there. They go through the red carpet quickly, and then Tae finds some people he bonded with at the party last Friday. They were designers too, which means Jungkook was kind of
left out and doesn't really feel like joining in again. Instead he walks straight up to the table where
the drinks are served and grabs one. One thing that never goes away, no matter how much money
you make, is the pleasure of free alcohol. He takes a sip, but when he turns around to face the
guests it is like everything suddenly goes quiet.

He can hear nothing.
He can see nothing,
but a small figure in the middle of the room, crammed between tables, too shy to take up the space
it should. What a bea-

“Was it any good?”
Jungkook snaps back into the real world.
“Uh, what? It hasn’t even started yet?”
“I meant the drink, stupid. Anyway, what were you staring at? Already found a target for tonight?”
Tae laughs and flashes a wide, square smile as Jungkook playfully hits his arm.
“Let’s just go say hi to some people, alright?”

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Namjoon is a lot less intimidating than Jimin expected, and now him and Yoongi are deep into a
conversation about their biggest influences in their work, Yoongi of course complimenting the
other mentioning his impact on something something, Jimin doesn't really keep up. He can feel
that he probably looks really out of place. Maybe he should drink some more? Though, in the
crowd of familiar faces and familiar voices, one that he would recognize from miles away hits
him like an arrow through a thick babbling cloud.

“Namjoon my friend! How are you?”
No way. Fucking Jeon Jungkook makes his way through the crowd with a big toothy smile on his
face. He is coming here. Right to where Jimin is standing. Oh my god. Jimin looks up. Oh my
GOD! Abort. ABORT!

Without even thinking, Jimin turns around and squeezes his way out towards the table with the
drinks on it. His heart is pounding at 1000 bpm.

Jimin has had a crush on Jungkook since he first found his instagram 4 years ago. He loves his
music and everything about him. He even had a twitter dedicated to him for a while, but he never
told anyone. How could he not think about the possibility that Jungkook would be here tonight?
How could he have forgotten to prepare himself for that? Now he just ran away? Oh my god, his
biggest idol, the person that almost all of his music had been written about or because of since the
beginning, is now standing exactly where Jimin was standing 10 seconds ago. The mojito ripples
in his glass and he realizes his hands are shaking a bit. What the hell just happened. ‘Am I fucking dumb did I just blow my only chance to meet Jungkook?’ He chugs the drink and scans the room for some comfort, something to take his mind off this absolute failure. He'll regret that moment forever, thank you Jimin, really great work there, but also how the hell would he ever approach Jungkook... To his relief he sees some actual friends, Lisa and Jennie, that works at the label they signed with, so he moves closer to them, and soon after, the event begins and everyone moves to the dining hall. The room is dressed in gold and white, and looks like something out of a fairytale. Here, they will eat, watch a few performances, have an auction for stuff Jimin knows nothing about, and then it’s time for the after party. Jimin finds Yoongi in the dining hall.

“Where did you go??” He asks

“I had to grab another drink, then I found Lisa and Jennie! They are here too.” Jimin tried to sound as calm as possible, but he stumbled over his words and Yoongi notices.

“How come you didn’t panic when we saw fucking Billie Eilish and Rihanna, or even when we stood next to Shawn, but Jungkook made you literally run away? I know you love his music but really?”

“Let it go, I just got starstruck for a moment, it happens”

Yoongi chuckles. Then they find their seats and the dinner begins.

Chapter End Notes

I have a whole ass story for you guys oh my god I'm so excited to finally begin posting this. Y'all better stay updated, shit's about to go down.
Jungkook doesn’t really care about this part of the event. Everyone has their assigned places, so you can’t speak to anyone who is not seated nearby. Obviously he got a good spot, front middle to be exact (not that he cares, of course), but he already knows the people at his table. Tae is there, and Namjoon, his old producer, then the Chainsmokers and their managers. If Jungkook wanted to have dinner with his friends, he would have had it in his spare time. This isn’t much networking. The conversations going on around him quickly loses his attention, and now he’s scanning the room for people to speak to when ‘all of this shit is over’ as he would put it. Maybe he could try to make friends with some people from Harry Styles crew? They seemed like fun. Jungkook tries his best not to look for the person he saw when he first got here. He can’t get that face out of his head, and that is never good. Jungkook has slept with guys before, but he never picks them up in contexts like this. For some reason he had gotten this bad boy reputation that all of his female fans seem to love, and as much as he wants to act unbothered and just be himself, this part of him is tough to show. He knows that if the press got a glimpse of him walking home with a guy, they would turn it into such a big deal. Bisexuality is rarely understood in this world, and Jungkook isn’t ready to take on that whole fight. Not yet. To the outside world he seems careless, but he loves his job, and won’t do anything to risk losing what he worked, and still works, so hard for. Tonight there are too many cameras around for anything like that, and besides, it is not like he has to worry - as if there isn’t a hundred people in this room who would kill to go home with him tonight. He’ll be fine.

“Are we going to the after party?” Tae whispers as the lights dim. The first performance is about to start.

“Are we staying for the after party?” They all clap as the opening act gets off stage and the host for tonight, Kevin Hart, begins to welcome everyone.

“Uh are you stupid,” Jimin replies “of course we are, that’s our shot! People here might not know who we are now, but at least some will if we play our cards right tonight.”

“You talk as if you didn’t run away as soon as you got starstruck” Yoongi laughs

“Yoongi, we can’t just go up to the f-ing elite and be like “Hey please make us famous” we have to work our way up. Start with people a bit more approachable”

“Jesus, Jimin, have we gone back to high school?”

“Guess so”
this life will probably end. Yoongi has already shaken hands with the guy, so he can’t be too scary up close. It’s time for Jimin to let go of stupid crushes and get his head in the game. Cause that’s what it is when you boil it down. A game.

“That was fucking incredible. This is fucking incredible” Yoongi got so captured by all of the things going on on stage, that he is only now, when it’s all done, wrapping his head around where they are.

“I know, I can’t believe we got to be here. Let’s make the most of what is left of the night, okay?”

“Fuck yeah”

They leave their table along with Jennie and Lisa who had been sitting across from them, and walk in to the room that they had drinks in before. Now it has been transformed into a dancefloor with a bar and huge DJ stand. Jimin is trying not to bounce up and down in excitement, so he clings on to Yoongi, but when the party starts, the crowd is getting more sparse every second.

“Where is everyone going?” Jimin says after thirty minutes

“They probably have better parties to attend, but now we won’t have to worry about finding the people who are the most approachable. They are the only ones who will be here in an hour” Yoongi laughs.

“You’re right I guess” Jimin can’t help but feel a bit disappointed. Now he won’t get his rematch with Jungkook. The room isn’t empty though, there is still a lot of people here, and many familiar faces, so they can still do what they came there to do. He turns to look outside the massive windows who are facing the street. One of them is cracked open a bit to let in some air, and Jimin is dying for some relief in this exhausting heat. When he heads over, he can see Jungkook and his crew getting in a limo, and just as Jungkook is about to get in, he turns around and faces Jimin. The whole world stops. Jungkook has the most glistening eyes and when they meet Jimins there is no time. His hair lays perfectly down the sides of his forehead and even the wind is too shy around him to dare to mess it up. He glows just like Jimin expected him to in real life. It feels like Jungkook looks straight into Jimin's soul for hours, but he probably just glanced at him for a millisecond and didn’t even register Jimin's face. Fuck. Fucking shit fuck. The car eventually leaves and Jimin leans his forehead against the glass and closes his eyes. This is too unreal he thinks to himself. Even if nothing happens after this summer, and him and Yoongi go back to their normal boring lives, it’s possible to live on just this moment forever.

“Hey, Jimin!”

Jimin walks back to where Yoongi is standing, talking to some people they sat close to at dinner.

“Namjoon is still here, maybe we can speak to him again? I think he likes me?”

Jimin considers that to be a great idea, so they leave their new friends for a while to head over Namjoons way. He greets them kindly and introduces them to his friends. Jimin doesn’t recognize any of their faces, but Yoongi seems to know exactly who they are, so it must be good.

“Did you enjoy the dinner?” Namjoon asks Jimin.

“It was incredible. This is our first time at an event this big, and I am blown away!”

“I’m glad. Not every event is this well planned though, you got a good one for your first” he then
adds with a smile.

“Where are you guys staying?”

“We’re renting an Airbnb up in Glendale. You?”

“Oh that’s not too far from my new place. I just moved into an apartment downtown. It’s my first own place since i moved here 5 years ago.”

This is it. Jimin is about to make his first famous friend since they came here. Here goes nothing.

“I’d love to see it someday, it sounds incredible!”

“Of course, let me take your number” Namjoon seems genuinely excited and Jimin relaxes. So many people had warned him about LA and about the people here, but here he is, making some real friends! After they exchange numbers, Jimin and Yoongi head back to their friends from before. Yoongi had taken some of the other peoples numbers too, two girls and a guy, and Jimin feels ecstatic. Everything has gone so well.

The clock strikes 1 am and Jimin and Yoongi both grow more and more tired. It is exhausting to speak to people like this, way different than hanging out with your friends eating pizza straight from the box. Basically everyone interesting have left by now, so they order an Uber, Black of course, even though their bank accounts say they shouldn’t.

3 minutes away. Perfect.

They say bye to their freshly made friends, not yet in the hugging state. It seems like everyone are leaving now anyways, the room is only half as full as it was when the party began. When they are sure they have all of their stuff, they head towards the car, but just as they do, Namjoon catches them in the doorway.

“Are you guys going to the party?”

“The what?” Yoongi answers

“The real after party!”

“The what?” Jimin copies

“No we’re just heading home”

“Oh,” Namjoon says “we were just about to go, if you want to ride with us?”

What is up with this night? What is even going on???

“SU- uh sure” Yoongi tries to sound casual but his excitement is too big to hide.

Jemin can’t say anything.
James Franco always throws great parties. Everyone knows that. Jungkook has been to plenty of parties in his life, but there is something about how his house can fit literally a million people that makes it so much fun. The alcohol is flowing, everyone is having a good time, some people even had a drunken freestyle rap battle in one of the main rooms earlier, and of course there is a sound system to support that which made it even more fun. Jungkook is seated in an ocean of Instagram models in one of the lounge rooms while Tae is playing pool with his designer friends across from them. He's already spoken to the people he wanted to connect with for future plans, so now he isn’t holding back on the drinks. The girls are all over him tonight, and he silently thanks Tae for the great choice of outfit. Usually he would change his clothes between the events and parties, but tonight he didn’t want to get out of his clothes. Someone would have to literally rip them off him. Speaking of that, back to the party. The girls are cute and all, but after living this life for a few years, they all start to morph in to one person. Everyone’s exactly the same, at least at shallow meetings like this, and Jungkook honestly doesn't care about getting to know them on a deeper level. He did once, and that turned to shit. He fell madly in love with a girl he met at a party like this. Her name was Ophelia and she was the most gorgeous person he had ever laid his eyes on. There was something so real about everything that she did, how she moved, how she spoke, how she broke his heart when she moved back to New Jersey for a new job. Love isn’t something he looks for now. He almost followed her and quit everything he had here, and that would have been a huge regret. Love takes time off work. Love takes time off friends. He never writes good music when he’s in love, it’s all just boring clichés. It’s more fun the way things are now.

“Tae, I’ll just go to the bathroom quickly, will you hold my incredible seat for me?” He winked towards one of the girls next to him as he got up and Tae took his place.

Through the oceans of people, he plows his way, occasionally stopping to greet someone that he knows, or to take a picture with someone that he doesn’t. He finds the restroom on the third floor, he decided to go there since he knows from experience that the other ones always had hour long queues. He was right of course, in line was only one person, so he pulled up his phone and scrolled through Instagram while he was waiting. The door unlocked and he raised his gaze as a reflex.

Suddenly there was no music again, no light but the light that bounced off the boys skin, into Jungkook’s eyes. Their eyes meet and Jungkook holds his breath. The guy who had been in front of Jungkook in the queue move the boy out of the way and locks the bathroom door. Now there is only him and this... someone left in the entire world. Who are you?

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Thank GOD Jimin just went to the bathroom, otherwise he would be about to shit his fucking pants. Why did he wish for a do-over with Jungkook? There is no way he can do this? But now, here he is, face to face with fucking Jungkook!! Jimin gets the sudden urge to get down on one knee, and battles in his head which mole he'll compliment him on first, but he collects himself. Jungkook is straight. Jimin had a fucking blog about him (yes that too, shut up) so he knows every single dating move Jungkook has made the last few years. No boys. Not a single one. His head is spinning but he manages to somehow gather his thoughts. He can’t ruin this now by making
Jungkook think he is hitting on him. What was it he said? *It’s time to let go of stupid crushes and get his head in the game.*

“Hi!” Jimin reaches his hand towards Jungkook

Jungkook switches the language right away when he hears Jimin's accent.

“I’m Jungkook” He says as he takes Jimin's hand

“I know” Jimin smiles confidently. He surprises himself with how calm he suddenly is.

“I saw you before, I just didn’t manage to say hi, I saw that you know Namjoon.” Jimin then continues.

“Yes he is a good friend of mine, he produced a few of my first singles. Do you know him too? He never told me about you.” Jungkook smiles a bit. Jimins heart skips a beat but he quickly restrains himself.

“No I just met him today, him and Yoongi hit it off quite well, so he invited us here.”

“Oh yeah I remember Yoongi. He seems nice.”

Was this happening? Is he making friends with Jungkook?

“He is, he’s my…”

The bathroom door swings open and the guy from before exits. Jimin stares at it for a second and can see in the corner of his eye how Jungkook moves towards it.

“I guess I’ll see you around” Jimin says and quickly turns to head downstairs again.

When he is out of sight, he sits down in the middle of the staircase and takes a deep breath. This is the best night of his life.
Jungkook stares at himself in the mirror, his heart beating out of his chest as he tries to make sense of his own thoughts. What is it with that boy? Jungkook has never seen anyone like him. Or yeah, he has met a lot of attractive people in his life, but holy shit. Who is he and why was he so casual? Is he famous? Jungkook doesn’t want to seem like he has hybris or something, but most people who Jungkook meets can’t keep their cool like that, they always freak out. Jimin. Jimin is different, he must already be famous. Come to think of it, Jungkook hasn’t really kept track of the things going on back home in Korea, there's no time, so maybe Jimin is a big star there? How else could he be so cool? What was he about to say lastly, though? Him and Yoongi? What were they? Jungkook pick up his phone and tries googling Jimin and Yoongi to see if anything comes up…

A knock on the door interrupt his thoughts. Maybe it's Jimin?’ he thinks for a second before realizing that that would not happen. Tae has come to look for him, probably thinking that he passed out somewhere, but then again, he hasn't been away too long. Someone who really has to pee maybe?

"Jungkook!"

Oh wait no, it's Tae. He opens the door, but to his surprise he is greeted by a heavy drunken mess that falls right into his arms, crying -

“"We have to go Jungkookie” Tae sniffles as a very confused Jungkook dries his tears.

“What happened??”

“I’ll tell you in the car, w-we have to leave” Tae is stumbling over his words and can barely breathe between his sobs. Jungkook takes the boy in his arms and lets his hand find it's way to Taehyung's hair to comfort him with soft scratching. He doesn't know what has happened, but like always nothing else matters when Tae is sad.

They get downstairs and one of Taes more familiar designer friends, Jiyong, carries him as Jungkook calls a cab. All thoughts about this Jimin has disappeared as he worries about his friend. Tae never get drunk like this, something awful must have went down. Jiyong takes him outside while Jungkook tries to find their jackets. They left them somewhere in the lounge room. As he pushes the crowd roughly out of his way he suddenly hears a familiar, but angry

“Hey!”

Jungkook is met by a frowning Jimin after he just a second ago shoved him out of his way. When their eyes meet Jimin looks away quickly and ignores him. God damnit. He can’t think about this now though, so when he locates the jackets he leaves and finds his friends outside.

“Tell me now” he says when the car leaves and he watches Jiyong walking back inside from the rear view mirror. The clock is only half past three and the party is really just getting started, why did they have to leave this early?
Oh my GOD when will this end? Jin and Tae had sex once two years ago, after months of Tae chasing him. He thought that they would end up together, but quickly after their hookup, Jin told Tae that he was too intense for him (which he really was), and broke poor Tae's heart. He had been so in love that he lost all his cool, which ended up ruining everything, and only a week later Jin got together with some girl named Sana. To Tae, this was the story of the one that got away. Sana and Jin had announced their engagement a month ago, and Jungkook didn’t hear anything from Tae, so why now?

“I saw him at the party. He was with her, oh my god, why can’t I just let this go?”

“Let’s just go home, I’ll make you some tea and we can watch Avengers again”

“Thank you, I-I’m sorry”

Jungkook can’t help but to think about Jimin again. He wants to not be mad at Tae for dragging him out of the party, but he didn’t even have time to get the boys number! And because he had to rush to get their jackets, now Jimin thinks he is rude. ‘Why didn’t I just apologize?’ Jungkook scolds himself. Jimin probably wouldn’t care for Jungkook either way, he didn’t seem interested at all when they first spoke to be honest, and he’s probably together with Yoongi already. They do make a hot couple. He was just being polite and Jungkook just answered that with being rude. Great.

Still, he pulls out his phone and searches for him on spotify. The taxi has bluetooth speakers, so they quietly listens to the music while Hollywood Hills pass them by outside. Lie.

Want me

The me who has lost the way

Even Taehyung is calmed by the song, and the streets they pass by almost every night seem calmer too. The blue and red more vivid. Traffic lights and stop signs are glorified by the voice of an angel. Jungkook rests his head against the cold backseat window, and when he blinks, flashes of angelic features tells him he won’t forget about him soon. That boy was something completely new. Who is he? Who is Jimin? He has to see him again.

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TUESDAY JUNE 5th

Yoongi and Jimin had a blast at the party. After Jungkook left, Jimin was able to completely relax and just enjoy himself. He wishes he didn’t give him that nasty look when he pushed him, but
honestly, it was only fair. They made so many new friends and enjoyed themselves way into the next day, so now, in the uber home, they pass people who are heading out to their regular jobs.

“I still can’t believe this. I’ll have to get Sejin to schedule in so many sessions now, how will I even have time this summer? I am so happy, Jimin”

“Me too, I just want to start working on the album right away. I know we have to sleep and all, but can we please begin as soon as we wake up? I don’t want to waste a second more if this is the life we could be living.”

The two boys has gotten a taste of a life that they never had. The life that everybody wants. Now they know how much they have to work to maintain this. Are they fit for fight?

SATURDAY JUNE 9th

All week Jimin and Yoongi have meetings and smaller gigs scheduled, and since Yoongi managed to befriend so many other great producers, they have been spending every night in different studios. Suddenly, after just three days, they have three new tracks. Only one of the tracks was fit for Jimin as an artist though, but they’re going to send off the other to other artists, so they would definitely not go to waste. After the party last monday, some people started following Jimin's artist pages, which spiked their streams a whole lot. Right now Lie has 100,000 plays on Spotify. That’s more than most of their songs who had been out for a long time. They are living in a constant state of bliss, but they still haven’t slowed down all week, so when Saturday comes around, they both sleep through most of the day.

“It’s 4pm Yoongi, maybe we should get up”

“Why? We deserve a break. Now push play, I hate waiting for the credits to roll.”

Curl up together in the bed, they are watching The Get Down on Netflix. Yoongi is half asleep on Jimin’s shoulder. For the past week they have been sharing the bed, they need all the sleep they can get, and the couch wasn’t doing it. The doorbell rings.

“Huh? Who’s that?”

Jimin gets up and opens the door. It’s the postmate with the Chipotle he ordered while Yoongi was dozing off last episode.

“Food’s here!”

Yoongi slowly gets out of bed and leans on the doorway to the bedroom. He’s only in his boxers and drowsily runs his hand through his hair, trying to fix the mess the bed has made. Jimin thinks Yoongi is cute, he can’t deny that. He used to have a crush on him when they first met, but that passed when they became such good friends. Yoongi wasn’t for Jimin in that way, which was too bad. It could have been great.

They finish their food and get ready, not quite sure for what, but it is always nice to clean up. The
plan is to head out for dinner and then maybe take a stroll downtown. Something is always happening in this town, so they'll probably stumble upon something. When Jimin gets out of the shower he is met by a smiling Yoongi.

“What is it?”

“Guess who just texted me”

“Who?”

“Namjoon.”

“What? What did he want?” Jimin is getting excited. Are they invited back to James Francos? Please God he prays silently.

“Namjoon is throwing a housewarming party in his new apartment, and he asked us if we wanted to come.”

Oh, that’s fine too.

“Of course we do! What did you tell him?”

“Exactly that! It starts at 10, maybe we should be there by then so we have a chance to talk to people before it gets too crowded?”

“Sounds like a plan”

Jimin makes sure he looks extra good tonight, with his black and white shirt and ripped black jeans. He hasn’t gotten laid since they got here, and he wouldn’t mind joining someone at their place tonight. Also, there is a small chance that Jungkook might be there too, and he wants to make a good impression. He thinks he did well last time, so maybe they can be friends? Jimin just has to keep his cool, seem unbothered. Just do what Jungkook does.

It’s half past eight when they finish their food. Tripadvisor had taken them to some vegan restaurant downtown, close to where Namjoon said he lives, but neither of them are satisfied.

“I know being vegan is good and all, but I’m really craving a burger” Yoongi groans

“Me too” Jimin agrees

So they walked down the busy street on a mission for some in n out, and lo and behold, a few blocks away they find one. God bless America right? On their way they pass a liquor store.

“Maybe we should get Namjoon something as a gift?” Yoongi thinks out loud

“Alcohol?”

“Easy and always appreciated”

They walk in, and out almost immediately, empty handed.

“We can’t afford anything of value, can we?” Yoongi sighs
“Why is this world so centered around money? I really feel that we can’t buy cheaper wine, or even reasonably priced wine, and that is so weird. What does it matter?” he continues.

“I don’t know, maybe we should find something fun instead? Go with sentimental value instead of something that will make us starve for the rest of this summer?”

“And where do we find something like that?” Yoongi likes the idea, but they don’t have a lot of time before the party begins, and they shouldn’t be too late. Jimin spots an antique store on the opposite side of the in n out they now have arrived at.

“There maybe?”

Antique store might be a little too fancy, it’s more like a worn down mix of that and a second hand shop. The place smells like garbage and dust, and when they enter, Jimin sneezes multiple times. But he has a good feeling about this. Walking around, they spot a few items that could make good housewarming gifts, but nothing that screams Namjoon. Obviously, they don’t know the guy that well, but there must be something better that this. Jimin stops by some action figures.

“Maybe one of these?” He picks up an Ironman figurine. It’s in great condition.

“Jimin I think I found it!” Yoongi is standing by a bucket full of rolled up posters, and when Jimin gets close he knows that that’s the one.

“How the hell did this end up here? They don’t even have Kakao Friends in America, do they?” Yoongi is holding a poster of the Korean character Ryan from Kakao Friends. This will do just fine.

It’s half past nine when they leave the store so they decide to walk to where Namjoon lives to save some cash. It’s a warm summer night, and neither of them are wearing jackets. They talk about the past week and the songs they are going to release as they watch the pink sky turn purple. It’s windy, and they can almost smell the ocean breeze from here. People in strange hairstyles and provoking outfits pass them by as if they are the norm, and it is making Jimin feel at home. He can be himself here. He loves Seoul and the cultures and fashion there, but here he can see boys holding hands with boys in the streets. Girls kissing girls at bus stops. It has been hard coming to terms with who he is, and he know that Yoongi has struggled too, so them being here is really comforting. They stop at an intersection and watch the traffic swarm by. Jimin takes Yoongi’s hand in his. It’s not a strange thing, the two are as close as two friends can be, but it has been, although never discussed, too much to be holding hands in public.

“What are you doing?”

“I don’t know. I’ve always wanted to hold hands with a boy in public.”

“Oh.”

Yoongi closes his hand around Jimins, enveloping it fully in that comfortable way it's done so many times before. They walk like that, hand in hand in silence until they close in on Namjoons block and Jimin feels braver. Liberated. Yoongi breaks the touch first.
They are the first ones to arrive, except for the few people that Namjoon had over for dinner. Namjoon loves the gift a lot and confesses that he has a whole collection of Ryan plushies hidden in his closet. Jimin gets to see one and it makes him smile from ear to ear. The apartment is quite big, perhaps five or six rooms, not counting the huge kitchen in the middle, which is also the main room, and they all sit down in the couches in the middle of the kitchen to crack open a beer each.

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At the same time, Jungkook is playing video games with Taehyung in his living room. They both have worked all week non stop, Jungkook making endless small changes to his songs and Tae having meetings with different brands and models for his first collection. Neither of them are ever satisfied with anything they make, it can always be better in their eyes. Right now though, they are taking a well deserved break, mindlessly playing Halo 3 on Jungkook's old Xbox 360. This is what they always do when they overwork for longer periods of time (which is always), and it is the only thing that can really clear Jungkook’s mind. However, right now his mind isn’t really blank. He hasn’t been able to stop himself from thinking about Jimin now and then, sometimes drifting away during sessions, but especially when he goes to bed. His face keeps popping up in his mind. Jungkook had called some old hookups and had boys over almost every night this week because of that, he couldn’t help himself. Not to be too explicit, but he closed his eyes when he came too, allowing thoughts of someone else fill the climaxes. He wants to fuck Jimin. It is obvious. He knows Jimin is gay, or at least bi. Not that anyone told him, but his gaydar is impeccable. Never had he ever been wrong. After years and years of hiding his own sexuality and trying to figure out others before making moves, he had gotten pretty good at spotting the signs.

“Jungkook what the fuck?” Tae shouts as Jungkook dies for the third time in a row

“Get a grip!”

They lose the match shortly after and Tae looks at him from the other side of the couch.

“What’s up?” He has noticed that something is bothering, or at least distracting his friend. Jungkook never loses.

“I just… Do you remember Yoongi?”

“No, who?”

“A producer we met at the Gala last week. He knows Namjoon.”

“Oh yeah the short guy? We hung out a bit at Francos! He was so cute, but why are we talking about him? Didn’t seem like your type.”

“He had a friend, Jimin, same height, black hair…”

“Really fucking hot with the most fuckable lips I have ever seen? Yeah I noticed him. Wow.” Tae sighs longingly and continues “Were you thinking about him? Did you even speak to him?”

“I met him in line to the bathroom for like a minute” There is a small pause. Tae sighs.

“You want to fuck him right? Jungkook honey, he seemed like such a nice guy, don’t ruin him please. You’ll just scare him and Yoongi away before they even manage to work their way into
this world.”

Jungkook is a bit taken aback by Tae’s words. He never cares about the people Jungkook brings home. Never has anything to say about it.

“Why do you care? You didn’t even speak to him.”

“I don’t know, him and Yoongi seemed real I guess. Not a lot of that kind at the parties we go to.” Tae genuinely likes Jimin, even though his biggest impression of him is through Yoongi. The guy spoke well about him.

“Speaking of parties,” Tae smiles and continues

“Were we thinking about going to Namjoons tonight?”

“Why? What did I miss?” Jungkook looks confused

“He invited us to his housewarming party last week. It’s tonight! I thought you remembered.”

This was supposed to be their night in, the one night they had in a while to relax and do nothing. Jungkook really doesn’t want to go to a party right now.

“What if Jimin is there?” Tae smirks.

Could he be? No why would he? Namjoon only met him and Yoongi last week, he probably wouldn’t invite them.

“I thought you didn’t want me to go after him?”

“I didn’t say that, I just said... Well okay kinda, but I just really want to party tonight.”

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More people began dropping in a while after Yoongi and Jimin arrived, and now the party is in full bloom. Jimin finds himself in the center of attention around the dining table, telling an anecdote about his time in Busan as a child. He really fits in here, and everyone seems genuinely interested in his stories. Of course, they are all a bit drunk, but it doesn’t matter. Since they completely forgot to buy in n out because they spent too much time looking for gifts, Jimin is quite lightweight, so he can feel the liquor hitting him harder than usual. Most people love Jimin when he is drunk, so it is fine he figures. He becomes a lot more outgoing and fun apparently, at least that’s what people have told him. To his initial disappointment, Jungkook is nowhere to be seen, but that is probably only good. It would only be distraction from all the friends he is making now, and they need all of the connections they can to impress their label and to grow their popularity. Jungkook would most definitely steal Jimin’s attention. It’s better if he’s not around.

But of course, as if on queue, the front door, which Jimin is facing head on from his seat at the table, swings open, and there he is. Jimin’s heart aches for a millisecond when he sees the radiating boy. His presence changes the whole room, his confidence so natural and absolute. Every time he has held his phone close to his heart and cooed over that beauty comes back to him times a
thousand and he wonders what it would be like if Jungkook were to touch him. He can feel his heart beat but he suppresses it. No. I will not fall for a straight guy ever again, he tries to convince himself. But deep within he know that that is exactly what is going to happen if he gives that boy more than a second of his time. He cannot be around Jungkook, what is he thinking? They can’t even be friends, not yet at least.

Jungkook moves further into the apartment, stopping at every single person he sees to greet them. Everyone knows him and he knows everyone. Him and Tae find Namjoon in the corner of the kitchen, leaning against the refrigerator and join him in his conversation with Yoongi and the others. Yoongi and Namjoon are really hitting it off. Big time. A few times Yoongi has left Namjoons side because he felt like he was being clingy, but every time Namjoon found his way to him again. Jimin is watching them from the table, and really wants to join them now, but he doesn’t want to get too involved with Jungkook in fear of hurting himself. He can’t suppress his crush forever, he has to bury his feelings for good, because he really wants to befriend him. Also, he loves Tae so much. They haven’t officially met but Jimin knows exactly what kind of person is (because he knows everything about Jungkook, therefore everything about Tae) and he would love to hang out with them. Alright, now he has been staring for too long. Time to go back to reality, and to the others at the table.

As soon as Jungkook entered Namjoons apartment he saw Jimin sitting in the kitchen. He was surrounded by people laughing, and all eyes seemed to be on him.

‘This time I won’t let you get away.’

After answering all of the people who came up to greet him, he finally finds Namjoon.

“That’s Yoongi!” Tae whispered, barely heard over the loud music.

“I know, let’s say hi.”

Maybe if he stands by Yoongi, Jimin will eventually come over, Jungkook thinks, but Jimin doesn’t move. He seems a lot more interested in the people at the table. But they are nobodies? Jungkook can’t even remember any of their names. Why are they getting Jimin’s full attention and not him? Usually, Jungkook locks eyes with the person he is after, and they come walking his way, but Jimin won’t even look at him. Who the fuck does he think he is? Jungkook didn’t know his name before he told him.

“Why is he being such a brat?” he accidentally hisses between his teeth

“Jungkook!” Tae hits Jungkook with his elbow, knowing exactly what he is thinking.

“Who?” Namjoon looked confused. Yoongi just watches Jungkook carefully, quickly following his eyes to Jimin, then back. What’s going on?

Tae saves the day and brings the conversation back on track, and a slightly embarrassed Jungkook joins in. After a while, Yoongi and Tae head over to where Jimin is sitting to join him. The guy next to Jimin has put his arm around Jimin’s chair, and he is leaning slightly in to his touch.
Jungkook was right, as always. Also, this helps debunk his suspicions that him and Yoongi are dating, thank God. Still, a part of him is ready to throw hands. He turns around, away from Jimin, and moves over to speak to some random people who had been lingering at his back for a good few minutes, probably waiting for a chance to speak with him.

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Jimin is happy with how the night is evolving. The guy next to him, John something, (or was it Joel?) is obviously flirting and Jimin is bathing in the confirmation. He completely forgets about the gorgeous, incredible, talented boy on the other side of the kitchen. Totally. So when he heads over to pour him and J-whatever another drink, he is startled by the eyes who meets his, and the voice he knows so well.

“Jimin.”

“Jeon Jungkook” Jimin says indifferently

“I never told you my family name”

“You didn’t have to”

“Tell me yours”

“Jeon. At least if you keep staring at me like that.”

Okay, Jimin didn’t say that out loud, but it is what he thought. What he also thought was that on second thought, he shouldn’t pour himself another drink. Food is what he needs, the drinks have gotten to his head, but it is only now when he is standing that he notices.

“Woah” he says as he almost trips backwards, balance compromised by alcohol, but Jungkook grabs his arm in time and saves him

“Woah Jimin, never heard that name before”

LAs tempered air has nothing on the warmth that Jungkook's grip around Jimin's arm generates. Jimin is steady now, but Jungkook doesn’t let him go, and his entire body is burning. Is he on fire? It feels like it.

“Park” he whispers.

“Park Jimin”

Their stare-down is interrupted by Namjoon turning off the music.

“Alright, sorry friends, apparently neighbours have a say in what goes down in this apartment.”
The cops had shown up, shutting the entire thing down. It is only half past twelve, this sucks!
Jimin is disappointed, he had such a good time, but perhaps it is for the best. Him and Yoongi need all the sleep they can get. Also, he needs an excuse to get himself out of whatever this mess might be.

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Fuck no. He said he would not let him get away this time.

“After party at my place!” Jungkook shouts. Everyone shouts back in excitement.

“Need a ride?” Jungkook smiles as politely as he can towards Jimin so that he can’t refuse. And he doesn’t.

Chapter End Notes

Things are getting interesting... Should I create an instagram or something to post moodboards for this fic? I'd kind of like that, but only if anyone is interested. I post these three chapters together, but from now on I will post maybe once or twice a week. I haven't really figured that out yet. Tell me what you think about it so far, and what you hope will happen... I have a clear image of how it will progress, but I'm always up for suggestions!!
Yoongi and Tae is staying to help Namjoon clean up a bit, so Tae will drive them in Namjoons car in a few minutes after everyone has left, since neither him nor Jungkook had time to drink before the party was shut down. Jungkook still has his hand on Jimin's arm as he gently moves them both out the door. Everything is happening too fast for Jimin's drunken mind to comprehend, he completely forgets about the guy he was sitting next to. All he sees is Jungkook. Everyone’s leaving at the same time, so the stairwell is crammed with people, and when they get out on the street they all agree to meet back at Jungkook's place, some people that knows the way taking the lead. Jimin is quiet through all of this, not really sure what to say at all.

They both get in Jungkook's car that's parked less than a block down. It is a matte black G-wagon, the coolest car Jimin has ever seen, and when they shut the doors it immediately becomes awfully silent. Jungkook texts some more people about his spontaneous party and Jimin is dying in the passenger seat - both of awkwardness and alcohol, but mostly of hunger. His stomach growls to remind him of what he already knows.

“Hungry?” Jungkook breaks the silence with a cheerful tone and Jimin suddenly gets annoyed. His heart does that stupid thing again where it aches as soon as Jungkook opens his mouth, and he is not having it. Purposely he had stayed away from him, yet here he is, alone in his car. Can’t Jungkook see he doesn’t want to be here? Or more accurately, he can't stand the fact that he wants to be here. Still Jimin nods. He is hungry.

“Ever had In n Out? We can stop by on the way. My friends can wait at my gates for a few minutes, they won’t mind.”

There it is again. The aching.

A painful silence fell on the car as soon as they entered. Jungkook is getting impatient with Jimin, but he is not going to let it show. He thought that getting him into the car would force them to speak, but Jimin seems more interested in the street signs than in Jungkook and his cool car and the glimpses he gets of the boys profile as he turns the car is not enough. The confidence level of the great Jeon Jungkook is decreasing at a fast rate. He knows Jimin isn’t straight, and that he has no trouble speaking to people, nonetheless flirt with them, so why is he being all quiet? Is he just not
interested and Jungkook is making a fool out of himself? That must be it. Honestly, it's very rare for Jungkook to be turned down, if it's ever really happened at all in the last couple of years, and rejection doesn't sit well with him. It leaves a foul taste in his mouth and makes his cheeks pinker than they need to be. Jungkook hides his embarrassment well, but it is torturing him. He has to play this off as a friendly gesture now. And then probably ignore Jimin for the rest of his life to not go completely mad. Lovely.

“I would like to order two cheese and bacon burgers, extra cheese and bacon, with two large fries and” He looks over at Jimin

“What do you want to drink?”

“Water” Jimin answers

“Two medium vanilla shakes and one water too.”

While their food is being prepared, Jungkook tries to initiate some small talk. All he has to do is survive this car ride, then it is over.

"For how long have you been in LA?” Jimin looks at him for the first time during this trip and for some reason it sends chills down Jungkook's spine. He has to force himself not to stare so he won't crash the car.

"About three weeks now."
"First time in LA?"

"Yeah."

"Where are you from?"

“I came here from Seoul but I grew up in Busan.”

Are you fucking kidding me.

“What? Me too!” Jungkook can’t believe it. He hadn’t asked for a sign, but is this it?

Something changes in Jimin's eyes.

“No way!”

From there on the car ride goes on smoothly. Jungkook even takes small detours to keep the conversations going - shows Jimin where he used to live, where the nicest lookout spot is - and Jimin enthusiastically speaks about anything and everything while he simultaneously finishes his food. He tells Jungkook about his studies in Seoul, and how that’s where he met Yoongi. When he speaks about the music they make together, Jimin is in a different place. He has left the car and completely entered himself. They also speak about their families, Jungkook opening up a bit about his lack of contact with his own parents even though he despises talking about it. Jimin asks followup questions but he only says "it's complicated" because that's the truth. Jimin's family
seems like they are great people, and Jungkook would love to meet them one day. Or uh, if they ever are around the hills that is. Jimin looks so pretty when he speaks about his mother and Jungkook never wants his rambling to end. He really is something different. A rare beauty that is so strikingly obvious and ethereal. Every angle he catches him in seems to be his best. Jimin who are you? And who brought you here? Even when he isn't looking, Jimins presence is so prominent, it radiates energy that makes Jungkook feel his beauty. Electric, that's what he is. But also, what he's trying to say is that Jimin is like totally fuckable. What a shame he doesn't seem to be giving it up. Soon he is all out of options for detours and they arrive at his gated community. He lets all of them in and the twenty-something cars who have gathered around the gate make way for Jungkook and Jimin to ride behind them, like ducklings following their mother, to the front door. As soon as they get out of the car, people swarm Jungkook and pushes him inside. Let’s get this party started.

It’s getting a bit cold while Jimin waits outside for Yoongi, Namjoon and Tae to arrive. He can’t find the strength to go in just yet. The car ride had been so much fun that he completely lost his motivation to keep Jungkook at a distance. Maybe that isn’t the right strategy for him after all. He remembers how he managed to become just friends with Yoongi. That’s it! ‘Get to know him until your friendship means more that a relationship ever could’ he thinks to himself and smiles. He could do that. After their conversation tonight he doesn’t want to push him away, they get along so well. Jimin knows a lot about Jungkook, but he has never spoken about his past in the media, so he had no idea they were from the same city! Suddenly Yoongi steps out of Namjoons car, which just rolled up on the driveway, and throws his arms around Jimin, making him leave his own head.

“Let’s get fucking wasted now, shall we?”

“Let’s.”

Tonight everyones eyes are on Jimin as he moves to the pulsing music on the dancefloor created in Jungkook's living room. Thank god for all those years of dance practice back in Busan. Still, he doesn’t understand why everyone seem to like him. He has never gotten this kind of attention before? He is definitely not complaining, though - he loves being the life of the party. People are hitting on him from left and right, even people who are way more famous than he is. Still, he can’t get himself to hook up with any of them. All he can think about is Jungkook, all he wants is Jungkook. Maybe if he gets another drink, he will forget about that and just go home with one of the other equally hot guys? The last part is a lie, no one compares to Kookie, or uh, Jungkook, but fake it til you make it, right?

Jungkook is watching Jimin from the corner of the room. The way he moves his body is mesmerizing. Jungkook wonders how far he could bend it. How strong he really is.

“Stop thinking about it, I can smell your whoremones from here.” Tae smirks at him
“Fuck off”
“I think he might be having the same thoughts, Kook”
“No he’s not, I’ve tried already”
“You kissed him?”
“No, but he really doesn’t seem interested in anything more than a friendship. He pulled away when I was flirting, but talking was fine.”
“Are you okay with that? You won’t just hang out with him til you fuck, and then dip?”
“I guess so. And no.”
“Really? I didn’t expect that from you.” Tae seems surprised, but happily surprised
“We have a lot in common. He’s from Busan too.”

Suddenly it’s half past five, and Jimin is drunk out of his mind. The party has consisted of him bonding with Taehyung, which he loves even more in real life, dancing (of course), and taking shots whenever Jungkooks hair lays a bit messy and he wants to put it back in its place, and also run his fingers down his cheek and find the pulse on his neck to see if his heart is beating fast too. He has to stop thinking like that, so the shots are many. Perhaps too many. Right now he is drifting in and out of consciousness on a couch in a more private lounge room as J-whatever is putting his hands where they shouldn’t be, caressing Jimin's thighs while sloppily kissing down his neck. Yoongi who has been looking for Jimin enters the room, almost as drunk as him, and sees the scene going on in front of him. Before the guy even knows what hit him, Yoongi pulls him up by his collar and shoves him to the floor.

“What the fuck are you doing?” His voice cracks from anger

Since the party is basically over, the people who are left can hear his screaming, and come to see what’s up. Yoongi is seeing red and as the guy gets up and tries to explain himself, Yoongi throws a punch straight to his jaw. It hurts his hand but the alcohol numbs the pain even before it appears. The other guests have to intervene as Yoongi tries to straddle the guy who falls to the floor, but Yoongi is not having it. No one treats his Jimin like that. Jimin is family. No, Jimin is more than family and no one puts their hands on him. No one. When the guy collects himself, he screams back and swings at Yoongi, and now there is a full blown fist fight going on. The bystanders are too afraid or drunk to step in, so the fight only breaks up when Jungkook and Tae literally drag the two apart. Tae takes care of Yoongi and gets him outside.

“I’ll take you home”

“I won’t leave without Jimin!” Yoongi’s voice cracks.

They watch as Jungkook basically throws the guy down the stairs from the front door and tells him to fuck off and never come back. The guy runs out the gate and disappears behind the bushes circling Jungkook's garden. They all walk fast back inside to where Jimin is calmly passed out on
the couch. Yoongi holds back in front of the others, but whispers to Jimin

“I’m so sorry, I should have kept an eye on you”

Tae puts his arm around Yoongi to comfort him.

“Let’s get everyone out of here, the party is over.”


Jungkook watches Jimin on the couch. Thank god Yoongi found him in time. Jungkooks heart
hurts and he tries not to think about what could have happened otherwise. All the guests leave and
soon only him, Tae, Yoongi and Jimin are left so Tae makes the extra bed in his room for Yoongi.

“His room” is actually the guest bedroom, but since he spends so much time is this house he has
claimed it as his own. Tae actually lives by Venice beach, but with some roommates that he
doesn’t really get along with, so he likes it better here. Jungkook carries Jimin upstair to his room.
He is heavy for such a small guy. When he puts him to bed he squats down next to it and strokes
his hair out of his face, stopping by his cheek and letting his thumb explore the skin there. Jimin is
the most beautiful thing Jungkook has ever seen, even more beautiful than all the other people he
had ever brought home combined. He wants Jimin to be happy and for something like that to never
happen again. He makes sure that the duvet is covering all of Jimin's body before he switches off
the lights and crawl up in one of the couches downstairs.

“Is he alright?” Tae is walking down the staircase from where he can see Jungkook

“I feel so bad, he is only a kid in this, and this is how he's treated.... Did you know they only
arrived three weeks ago? How the hell did they end up here?” Tae curls up next to him.

“Yeah, he told me on the way here, but you see people like that all the time though. People come
and go in this world, it’s a lot to handle.”

“I know. I almost didn’t react when Yoongi told me what had been going on, it’s such a fucking
regular thing, isn’t that insane? He brought me back down to earth a little, I think.” Jungkook
thinks about what Tae just said, and if he is being honest with himself, if he hadn’t been chasing
Jimin's ass he probably wouldn’t have reacted at all. He would just have thrown them both out to
not ruin the mood and it scares him.

“Why do I so strongly feel I want to protect them?” He confesses. With them meaning Jimin.
“Because you can. I feel it too. They could really use a friend like you, who knows how this world
works. It sure helped me a lot.” Tae pats Jungkook on the shoulder and leaves him to his own
thoughts.

“Goodnight Kook.”

“Goodnight.”


--
What the actual fuck? Why is everything spinning? Why does everything hurt so much? Jimin twists and turns his body in bed to make sure everything is alive and well. He is so fucking hungover. With eyes too sensitive to open, he tries to find comfort in other senses, like feeling Yoongi's weight next to him, arm thrown around him. But… come to think of it, Yoongi is a lot further away than usual… In their own bed they are always crammed together without an inch to spare. Where are they? His eyes are forced open and after a second of getting used to the light, he looks around.

“What… Where?”

The room is huge, with a king sized bed in the middle, a full studio setup in the left corner, away from the door, shelves filled with action figurines on the opposite side, and a gigantic window facing the yard in front of them. The sun is facing the trees outside, casting shadows straight down, so Jimin assumes that he hasn’t slept for too long. Good. Yoongi stretches beside him.

“Morning”

“What are we?”

“Do you remember anything from last night?”

He drank. A lot.

“I remember dancing, drinking…” Jimin smiles at the thought. He also remembers everyone's eyes on him. But… “After that, not a lot.” Yoongi faces Jimin and suddenly Jimin is wide awake.

“What happened to you?!”

Yoongi isn’t the best fighter, the other guy had gotten a few hits before the fight was broken up, and now his face is putting it on full display.

“Some asshole tried to get with you while you were passed out.”

“What?”

“I was drunk too, so I acted on impulse. The guy deserved it though.” Jimin runs his fingers lightly over the swollen bruises on Yoongi's cheek. It’s not too bad, but he still feels really guilty.

“I’m so sorry” His eyes widens, he can’t believe he is the reason for all this

“It’s not your fault, it’s that fucking guys fault. Only his, Jimin.”

“What happened?”

“We fought and then Jungkook and Tae came to break it up. They threw out the other guy and ended the party and then Jungkook put you to bed. I couldn’t sleep not knowing if you were alright or not, so I came in here too after a while.”

The last thing Jimin remembers is hanging out in the couches downstairs. Did Jungkook carry him here? That’s embarrassing.

“There’s water and painkillers next to you on the nightstand if you need it.”

Oh, that’s right, he’s in pain.

“Thank you.”
After about an hour of trying to get out of bed, Jimin is in desperate need of a bathroom. He’s walking around in last night's clothes, trying to remember how the house is planned out, but everything looks unfamiliar. The house is enormous, but definitely not as big as Francos, he remembers. There’s only two stories in this one, if you don’t count the basement, and it is a lot less open spaces. He finds his way to the staircase and remembers there’s a bathroom downstairs, but when he sees Jungkook asleep on the couch he stops mid step. He still hasn’t grasped the whole situation, and now he is in Jungkook's house. Give me a fucking break! He is feeling lightheaded, so he sits down on one of the steps. This is his timeline so far,

1. Falling for Jungkook (early 2014)
2. Running blogs about him (2014 - oh my god he has to delete them all when he gets home)
3. Moving to LA over the summer for work (2018) Still with the fattest crush on Jungkook
4. In jungkook's fucking house (last night and today)

Is he going insane? This must all be a dream right. Why didn’t he just kick them out too? Yoongi had taken Jimin home before without him noticing, so it wasn’t that. What is going on?

“Morning” Jungkook's voice is raspy from sleeping. Jimin shuts his eyes and tries to not clench his fist over his chest.

“Morning” he answers.

“Are you okay?” Their eyes meet and Jimin can’t take it. This is all too much for both his head and his heart to handle. If he really wants to get over this, he has to only think about him as a friend. Friendly thoughts. Not, ‘I want to feel his morning breath on my dick’. Fuck now he has a semi boner, he can’t get up now.

“I’m fine. Nice of you to let us stay, I’m sorry about the inconvenience. Heard I ruined the party”

“You did not” Jungkook chuckled while running his hands through his hair, trying to tame his bedhead.

“It was over anyway, please don’t worry about it.” he sits up and smiles at Jimin, letting the covers fall off him, revealing his naked torso. Jimin runs his eyes to all the places he wants his hands to go, but quickly looks away.

Friendly thoughts. Dead cats. Naked grandmas. Fucking a mousetrap. StOP! He can’t be here.

“Where’s the bathroom?”

Jungkook points down a hallway on the floor Jimin is on.

“Thanks” Jimin turns around quickly and almost runs to the last door on the left. When he shuts the door his boner has grown to full size, his mind is racing like crazy, and as he locks it, he grinds his hips towards the door.

“Jungkook” He whispers

He unzips his pants which had been restraining him - moans quietly as he touches himself slowly. The thought of Jungkook's naked skin, and Jimins lips on said skin, makes him throw his head back and thrust into his own hand. He is holding back his train of thought, to not go too far, they are supposed to be friends after all, but as he is getting closer, he shuts his eyes and imagines Jungkook tied up to the bed frame, ass on display, begging for Jimin.
The thought of Jungkooks sweet voice moaning Jimin's name is too much, and he has to bite his own hand to not scream for Jungkook as he cums in the sink.

This is bad. How is he going to not jerk off to that thought every fucking night until the day he dies? It was the hottest thing to ever cross his mind. As he tries calming his breath he stares at himself in the mirror. What a mess. Eyeliner smudged everywhere, lips and cheeks still swollen from the alcohol, hair pointing in every direction. He smells too. When he’s done fixing his makeup and hair, he’ll just go back to Yoongi and take him home.

After a couple of minutes he is done cleaning up, so he unlocks the door and steps outside, but he is met by a familiar, bigger, and partly undressed frame. Jungkook is standing right outside, and before Jimin can grasp what he is doing, Jimin's instincts makes him corner Jungkook who backs up against the wall. The sight of Jungkook begging for his dick is occupying every part of his brain that should be thinking rationally. There is only lust burning in his eyes and his breath is getting heavy, he can’t stop himself. He's craving Jungkook, there is no other way to put it. He needs him. But Jungkook grows small beneath Jimin… Jimin can see the discomfort in his eyes and in a second Jimin is brought back to normal. What is he doing? This here is ruining every chance he had of being friends with Jungkook. Jungkook probably came here to make sure Jimin wasn’t throwing up all over his bathroom and then he corners him out of nowhere, pissing on the hospitality of the host. The whole situation is just so messed up, Jimin thinks as he without a word turns and walks back to Jungkook’s room to get Yoongi. They have overstayed their welcome.

“Get up”

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Jungkook isn’t sure as to why he follows Jimin to the bathroom. Probably to make sure he’s okay, since he rushed off so quickly. When he’s just about to knock he can hear a slight moan coming from the other side of the door and it is making his dick twitch involuntarily. Is it Jimin moaning? It’s Jimin moaning. Jimin is moaning. Jungkook can’t help himself, he stands frozen outside listening to the boys panting. Normally he would pat himself on the back, Jimin wanted him too! But he is so mesmerized by the thought of Jimin fucking himself in his bathroom that his mind is completely blank. Time moves without Jungkook even noticing, and after what could be a second or a year, Jimin opens the door. Shit! Now he has to explain himself. He is fumbling in his mind for words, but taken aback when Jimin closes in on him, making him back into the corner of the hallway.

There is nothing else but Jimin in his view, with messy hair, swollen lips, and burning eyes. Jungkook is paralyzed from head to toe from the sight, and he can only watch the unfathomable beauty before him as if it was only portrayed to him on a screen.

KISS HIM JUNGKOOK. KISS HIM NOW.
But he can’t move. So he lets Jimin go. He blows his chance. When Jimin is out of sight, Jungkook drops to the floor. His knees barely held him that long. What is this feeling? Jungkook never chickens out, he is always the one making the moves, taking dominance. Jimin scares him, but in an intriguing way.

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Yoongi gets dressed too even though Jimin won’t explain what is going on. When they get downstairs they are greeted by Tae, who wonders where they’re going.

“Home.” Jimin says

“Thank you for everything but we have to get back now”

“Not even staying for breakfast? I was going to make omelettes for all of us” Tae looks disappointed.

“I’m sorry but it’s time for us to go.” Jimin thinks that Tae looks disturbingly understanding, which is why he at first turns down the offer to get a ride home, but Yoongi nudges him in the side, and accepts it for him.

Jungkook must have heard that they were leaving, because out of nowhere he rushes down the stairs

“Let’s take the G-wagon, Jimin you can help me navigate” Is he trying to restrain a smile? Is he taunting Jimin for what happened before? Playing with him? Jimins head is a full blown mess. He can’t keep himself on one train of thought, and since he met Jungkook he has given himself whiplash from trying to keep up with his own mind. He understands nothing and now he just wants to go home. This week has left him emotionally exhausted.

As they pull out of the gate, Jimin sees that Jungkook's mood drastically shifts. Paparazzi. They must have heard about the fight last night and is now trying to build a story around it. As soon as Jimin sees cameras he hides his face, this is not what he signed up for? Why the fuck did Jungkook have to come, he just wanted to go home!

“Just drive” Jimin says to hurry Jungkook

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Jimin is angry and Jungkook doesn’t know what to do. It was a desperate attempt to drive them home, but he had to because he didn’t know when he would see him again if he just left. He can’t let Jimin go, even if he seems fed up with Jungkook. Understandable. But that is going to change, right? Tae and Yoongi speak freely in the backseat, but in the front, a silence lays itself to rest, and fucking dies. It feels unbreakable. What is Jungkook supposed to say? They stop and an Ihop without a drive through to get breakfast, and when they get back, Jimin takes the backseat.
Jungkook gives up. All he wants is to look at Jimin, sit him down at a table and just stare as Jimin tells him everything about himself. But he is in the backseat, as far away from Jungkook as he can get in this car, eating his toast in silence. Jungkook starts making conversation with Yoongi while sometimes glancing at Jimin through the rear view mirror. Is this defeat? Probably.

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Jimin thought that moving to the backseat would change something, but now he can freely stare at Jungkook as he drives, which he does. His head is rested against the tinted windows and he keeps his eyes on the driver. Jungkook is being so nice to Yoongi, and they all are getting along so well. With the others he is so nice and cool, but now Jimin made it awkward between the two, and Jungkook thinks he’s weird. Jimin was doing so well until this morning. He almost drank him away last night! Why couldn’t he just have gone home with anyone? Then it would have been fine! But now he is stuck in here, staring at the boy who made his heart flutter from overseas, actually close to him. So close he could reach out and trace the veins on his right arm. So close he can smell his perfume. Even the nape of his neck is breathtaking and all Jimin wants is to feel the buzzed hairs on his lips. He needs to be closer. So much closer than this. Why the hell does Jungkook have to be kind too? Why did he have to save Jimin last night? Why did he have to listen with such care of whatever Jimin was saying? He is nothing short of perfection and Jimin’s heart is burning. All of Jimin is burning, but it will eat him up and leave him in ashes if he doesn’t put it out, cause Jungkook is unobtainable. Jungkook doesn’t kiss people like Jimin. Jungkook doesn’t kiss boys.

Tae hugs Jimin before he exits the car. Actively avoiding Jungkook’s eyes for the sake of his own well being, he says thank you and goodbye to the driver and takes Yoongi with him. As soon as they get to their front door Jimin breaks down in tears.

“I am so fucking in love with Jungkook” Jimin speaks first 5 minutes after he broke down. Right now Yoongi is making tea for him in the kitchen.

“But he’s straight”

“Don’t you think I fucking know that?”

“Hey, you don’t have to give me attitude.” Yoongi seems upset.

“Can’t you just let me be heartbroken for a second?”

“What even happened back there? Did you try something? It seemed really awkward.”

“I don’t know, maybe. I can’t see him again if this won’t pass, please help me”

“I don’t know what to say, Jimin, I’ve never had a real crush.” Yoongi joins Jimin on the couch and hugs him tightly while he sobs into his shoulder

“I-It’s just t-too much”
“Let’s just stay away from him okay? We made other friends, just because he’s famous doesn’t mean we have to put up with this.”

“We never hung out with them because they are famous. Okay maybe the first few minutes, but I like them Yoongi.”

“I think we should stay away still.”

When Yoongi goes to sleep that night, Jimin sits by his computer, thinking. Whenever something like this happens to Jimin, when his mind is scattered all over, writing about it always helps. So many times has he come to conclusions in his life just by pouring his heart out on his google drive. He opens a new document.

This is no coincidence.

Just as much as my heart flutters,

I’m scared

I’m here to meet you

Touch me now

Everything has been planned

Just let me love you

This is what he is feeling. It’s beginning to make sense. He can’t hide his feelings from himself, it will only make things worse. Allowing himself to feel is the only way for this to truly pass, so here goes nothing.

When Yoongi wakes up at 8am Monday morning, Jimin has a finished song. They have their first meeting for the week tomorrow, so they spend all day producing and recording it. One of Yoongi’s new friends lends them her studio downtown so they basically have everything mixed and mastered by tuesday morning.

“Now we really have something to show for at the meeting today.” Yoongi is satisfied, the song turned out better than either of them could have expected. “What should we call it?”

“Serendipity” Jimin gives a sad smile.

“Did it help at all?” He had figured out what Jimin is trying to do. Nothing less would ever be expected from his other half.

“A bit I guess. I just need to give it time now”

“It will pass. Now, let's get going, we both need some coffee before we meet anyone. Promise me we will sleep tonight?”
“I promise” Jimin laughs.

“I can’t believe we are releasing it so soon!”

“I guess they wanted us to ride the wave while we’re here. Our streams have spiked like crazy since we came here and started making friends.”

Jimin is happy that something good could come out of this mess. The label loved the song and wanted it released next Friday. They even booked them another gig so that Jimin would get to perform it live the same day, at the Spotify HQ in LA. That was good, you always want them on your side when it comes to promotion. He’s back on track!

UNKNOWN NUMBER

‘Hey, It’s Jungkook. I got your number through Namjoon. Me and Tae are nearby and wondered if you guys wanted to join us for dinner?’

Jimin knows that Jungkook is probably trying to turn the page on whatever happened last time, but he isn’t ready to meet with him, so he ignores the text. He is too busy anyway, now they have to rehearse for the gig on Friday, finding the best way to perform the song live. Tomorrow they have a packed schedule as well, having to attend a label brunch to network, and then sessions at night, and so it continues. This is good, he won’t even have time to think about Jungkook.

FRIDAY JUNE 22nd - 4 pm

Jungkook had tried texting Jimin one more time, but still no response, and after that he would just be clingy if he kept going. It’s been two weeks now. Fuck, I guess I really did blow my chance. It hasn’t affected him too much though, he kept his bed warm with other people. Less controversial people. Girls, you know. It doesn’t allow him to picture Jimin, not fully at least. Today is no different. It’s Friday, so he will probably head out to some party soon, he just hasn’t picked which one yet. Work is over, and tomorrow he has nothing to do. Unfortunately, Tae is busy tonight, out with his designer friends at some event, but that is fine, they don’t always have to hang out. Although… the house always feels a bit empty when he isn’t here. Right now Jungkook is zapping through channels while scrolling through Instagram on his phone. With over 10 million followers, there is always something going on there, so he is never bored. While on the ‘explore’ page he sees that Namjoon has liked a post from Jimin (he doesn’t follow him, because Jimin probably doesn’t want him to). The post is about… a new song? Everyone seems to be praising it in the comments, many influential people that Jungkook knows very well. He gets a bit jealous. Why do they get to comment and everything, but Jungkook has to be over here stalking? He finds the song.
Serendipity?

*I’m scared, just as much as my heart flutters
Because destiny keeps getting jealous of us
*I’m just as scared as you
When you see me
When you touch me

Thank God Jungkook is home alone because something about this song is making him cry. There is meaning in those lines that hits him where it hurts, and when sung by this angelic voice…

*Let me love let me love you
*Let me love let me love you

When the last lines are sung, Jungkook sits quietly, drying his tears with the arms on his sweater. He had heard Jimin sing before in his other songs, but there is something about this one that stands out. Jungkook can’t wrap his head around why, but he feels like he can relate to every sentence. He listens to it again and again. And then again.

He knows that he shouldn’t because the open playlist on his spotify page is vastly monitored and Jimin will definitely find out, but he has to add it. To the top. Everyone needs to hear this song.

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Serendipity has been out half a day and last time Jimin checked, it was already almost at 100,000 streams. Jimin and Yoongi celebrates with real champagne this time on the roof of the Spotify HQ. They are to perform in two hours, so they have time to enjoy themselves. Sejin and some of his manager friends are here, and so are Jennie and Lisa who are going to perform afterwards too, and then they are all heading out to go clubbing. Jimin has his phone in his pocket, and suddenly it starts vibrating like crazy, with new notifications every second. To excuse himself he says he has to use the bathroom, and when he closes the door and opens his phone he can’t believe his eyes. Jimmy Kimmel, John Cena, Hailey Baldwin, Kendall Jenner and so many more random celebrities are now following him? What is going on? He checks his spotify and almost drops his phone. A million streams. Everyone is tweeting about the song, and after a few scrolls he understand what is going on. Jungkook has added it to the top of his playlist, which apparently had been untouched for months, until now. Everyone is speculating about Jungkook and the newcomer (that’s Jimin)’s friendship, and people are tweeting pictures of the two together, from the parties, and from the car.
He even sees an article spreading dating rumours, apparently it is now common knowledge that Jimin is gay. They have pulled out an old picture of him and his ex boyfriend from the pride parade two years ago, which he thought was private on his personal facebook page. Apparently someone he knows decided to share that one. It's fine though, he promised himself to never hide it and to embrace it as an artist, but it doesn't help with the rumours. He hopes that they will stop at just that one article though. Fuck, he wrote the song to try and let Jungkook go, and now he is being associated with the damn guy. LET ME LIVE. To ignore it all he turns off his phone and joins the others again - he will at least not let this ruin the performance.

It doesn’t. It all went great, they got standing ovations from everyone, although most people were already standing when they began. Jimin has almost forgotten about the drama, but when Yoongi comes running towards him after Lisa and Jennies performance, he is quickly reminded.

“Have you seen??”

“Yeah”

“This is incredible! But also, are you okay?”

“I’m fine, I just want it to blow over soon.”

“It probably will.”

The drinks are flowing, and everyone are having a good time. The party has moved to the rooftop terrace where they had drinks before, and the sun had set a long time ago. Some people mention the twitter hysteria that is happening, but nobody seems to care, so it will probably end soon like he thought. At least it’s not trending. Maybe this will only get him some good publicity, and that’s always something, in addition, more people have found their music and socials, and have followed because of that only. And at least now he didn’t have to make anything about coming out, it seemed fine to everyone.

“Should we leave soon?” Lisa suddenly asks

“Yeah, lets. This place doesn’t have a dancefloor!”

They grab their stuff and head out. There’s a club downtown where Namjoon can get them in, so they start heading there. It’s only 11.55pm, which means there is no rush, so they stop at Burger King on the way. Jimin holds their seats while the others order, and while waiting he turns on his phone.

1 missed call

Chapter End Notes
It's getting more and more intense... I hope you guys like it, and don't think the chapters are too fast. I'm kind of eager to get to the good parts hahahah

THANKS
He shouldn’t call back. Yoongi said to stay away, and that is probably the right thing to do, but after a few drinks he can’t restrain himself. It’s already ringing.

“Jimin!” Jungkook exclaims

His heart stops for a full second as he processes the voice on the other end.

“Hey, you called?”

“I just wanted to make sure you’re alright. I’m sorry about the fuss, I just thought the song was so good and wanted people to hear it. If I knew this would happen…”

“It’s fine, won’t it blow over soon anyway?”

“Yeah I guess. So you’re good?”

“Uh-huh”

“Good”

There is a pause. Jimin wonders if he should end the call.

“What are you doing right now?”

“I’m with friends, we are heading out, but stopped for some food on the way”

“Oh, okay, maybe I should go then I don’t want to disturb you g-”

“What are you doing?” Jimin interrupts Jungkook.

“I’m at home. I was going to go out but I kind of lost the hype. I’m making ramen and watching movies now.”

“With Tae?”

“No.”

Don’t ask him if he’s alone Jimin! He stops himself. He should end the call, because he can say a lot of things to ruin this again. Just basically say anything that he is thinking right now.

“I’m alone” Jungkook adds.
Jimins heart begins to beat faster. What is he saying? Does he want Jimin to come over? To invite himself? It sounds like he does. Have Jimin been wrong all along? Scratch the part about Jimin being confused before. Now he understands NOTHING. He had been following everything about this boy for years, he wasn’t bi? Or was he, and nobody knew? Or maybe people knew, just not the press, and therefore not Jimin? So many questions. He should just go for it. Right now he honestly has nothing to lose.

“Can I-”

“Do you-”

They speak simultaneously. Oh my god. Jimin begins to giggle to himself.

“I’ll pick you up. Where are you?” Jungkook's smile can be heard over the phone

“Burger king, close to Sunset Strip.”

“Give me 20 minutes”

“Alright”

“See you soon”

Then they hang up. A few minutes later the group comes back with the food and they begin eating.

“Guess what.” Jimin whispers to Yoongi while the others are laughing loudly over the table. Yoongi is almost done with his fries and he looks up to meet Jimin's eyes with a smile.

“What?”

“Jungkook called”

“And you answered?”

“He’s coming to pick me up. I think I might have been wrong all along, Yoongi. There’s something here.” Jimin is smiling from ear to ear, making his eyes almost disappear. Yoongi isn't anymore.

There’s a small pause.

“I thought I told you to stay the fuck away from him?” Yoongi raises his voice and the others go quiet.

“What the fuck were you thinking?”

“What? I’m sorry?? I just-” Why is Jimin apologizing?

“You just what, can’t wait for him to use you until he gets bored of you.”

“Where is all of this coming from?” Jimin can’t help but to feel hurt from Yoongi’s words. Does he really think Jimin is stupid? Why is he saying all of this?

“That’s what all of them do and I’m sick of it. Get a grip Jimin”

“What do you want from me?” Jimin stops caring about the others around them and raises his
voice too.

“You only care about yourself Jimin. I’ve had enough of your bullshit.” Yoongi gets up and leaves and Jimin is trying his best to fight back his tears.

“What was that all about?” Jennie puts her hand on Jimin's arm and watches Yoongi leave through the windows. Jimin collects himself.

“I truly don’t know, none of it made sense. He has never acted like that before.”

“Are you okay?” Lisa asks

“Yeah” Jimin can see Jungkook's car further down the street. Thank god, he wants to leave now.

“I have to go, I’m sorry. Enjoy your night and tell Namjoon I said hi!”

Before the others get a say in it, he is out the door.

--

Jimin told him what had just happened when they drove off. He had seemed as if he was on the verge of tears so Jungkook had known something was up, however they slide into new topics easily, and Jungkook manages to cheer the other up a bit. Now they are closing in on Jungkook's neighbourhood and he is struggling to maintain conversation. Thank god Jimin is so good at speaking. Jungkook never thought he’d get this far, and now that he can see the gate to his premises, he is clueless about what comes next. He wants to kiss him as soon as they are out of sight of paparazzis, but he figures he shouldn’t. Slow, Jungkook. Slow.

When they enter, Jimin gets shy. He doesn’t know where to sit or what to do with his hands it seems, so Jungkook leads them to the couch where he had a bowl of chips and some unopened red wine.

“Do you want some? I’ll get glasses.”

“Sure”

He picks his nicest looking wine glasses and pours some for them. Jungkook feels as if he must be the one to start a new conversation.

“I really loved the song.”

“Thank you. We performed it for the first time today, too.”

“How did it go?” Jungkook breathing is jagged. He forgets to breathe between sentences when looking at Jimin. He is wearing a red t-shirt with light blue ripped jeans, and round sunglasses. Jungkook has never worked so hard to get anyone, but this boy is worth it. But what does he even want? Now that Jimin is here. Are they only going to fuck and leave it at that? Shouldn’t they?

“It went so well, not even the twitter thing could distract me.”

“I’m not surprised” Jungkook smiles. They are sitting furthest out on each end of the couch, curled
up so they can face each other. Jungkook extends his right leg an inch so that the two of them are touching.

“I’m sorry I didn’t answer your texts”

“It’s fine, I guessed you were just busy. It’s a busy life here, you don’t have time for much other than work and partying, which in a way is work too”

Jimin answers his touch and moves a few inches more.

“It must be hard living here all the time.”

Jimin leans forward to grab some chips, and switches position so that his side is towards Jungkook, inviting Jungkook to come even closer.

“It’s fine” Jungkook follows Jimin's lead “You get used to it”

Suddenly they are almost face to face. Jungkook can only hear his heartbeat now. Jimin's mouth is moving, he sees because he is staring at it, but he can’t hear anything.

Jimin kisses Jungkook. Their lips touch delicately at first, exploring one another, but Jimin can’t hold back for long. He puts his hand on Jungkook's thigh and deepens the kiss, forcing Jungkook to open up and meet his tongue. Squeezing his thigh lightly, a breathy moan escapes the other. Jungkook puts his hand in Jimin's hair, pulling slightly, and it is driving Jimin nuts - blood is pumping so fast to his dick that he feels lightheaded for a second. Jimin is fucking kissing Jungkook right now?? He moves closer, insinuating Jungkook should get on his back, and he obeys, pulling Jimin towards him with all of the strength that he's got. Their hands travel inside each others shirts as their tongues dance together as if they had done this before. But Jimin has never kissed like this before. Not with this much greed. His hips are tightly pressed towards Jungkook's, and he can feel the other's boner against his own thigh. He can’t take it. He can’t fucking take it. With one hand holding himself up, to make some room between the two, he unzips Jungkook's pants with the other hand. The light touch makes Jungkook thrust his hips upwards, to which Jimin answers with automatically restraining him. Their eyes meet, Jungkook's full of confusion and lust, and Jimin bets he usually tops. Not today, Kookie. Jimin might be smaller than Jungkook, but Jungkook follows his every move, so when he tries to remove Jungkook's shirt, the boy lifts both of his arms obediently. The sight itself could make Jimin cum right this second, but he holds back. If Jungkook is only using him for sex, let it be the best fucking sex both of them ever had. He’s going to enjoy himself.

The air is steaming when Jimin finally decides to remove Jungkook's pants, and when he’s done he sits back for a second to admire the sight in front of him. Jungkook is laying naked beneath him, dick fully erect only because of Jimin. It’s big - bigger than Jimins - and he is glad he won’t be bottoming, that would have taken a long while to stretch for, and he is getting impatient. He moves down and licks the shaft slowly, not breaking eye contact with Jungkook until Jungkook throws his head back. The panting boy is squirming below him, unable to wait any longer.

“Tell me what you want” Jimin breaks the silence
"What?" Jungkook looks up at him

"Tell me what you want" he almost growls and Jungkook licks his lips.

"You"

"And?"

"I want to fuck your mouth"

"Good boy" Jimin takes all of Jungkook in his mouth in one go as Jungkook moans loudly.

"Fuck" he whispers "Jimin"

Having his own name in Jungkook's pretty mouth is music to his ears and to answer, Jimin hums, sending vibrations all over Jungkook's cock and it makes him moan again. Jungkook grabs his hair and Jimin lets him take the lead, opening his mouth as wide as he can while Jungkook thrusts his dick down his throat. The sound of Jungkook enjoying himself is almost too much for Jimin and he restrains himself from fucking him raw right this second.

"I'm close" Jungkook whimpers

Oh hell no. Jimin lifts his head and Jungkook almost pushes him back down in despair, but instead he decides to pulls on Jimin's shirt, making him fall back on to his chest, and kisses him deeply. Jimin's heart is fluttering and he smiles into the kiss. Jungkook seems eager to get going again, because he almost rips off Jimin's shirt (it's H&M so it's fine) and begins to palm his boner through his jeans. What Jimin did not expect however is that Jungkook picks him up, making him throw his legs around Jungkook's hips. Without breaking the kiss, he carries him upstairs to the bedroom where Jimin and Yoongi slept two weeks ago and drops him on the bed. When he backs up to make room for Jungkook, he starts unbuckling his belt, but Jungkook wants to do it for him. Slowly he pulls the belt out of the loops on his jeans and throws it away. Then, while stroking his dickprint, Jungkook unzips Jimin's pants and pulls them and his underwear down in one go. Jimin's dick is now on full display and he loves the way Jungkook is staring. Sweat begins to pearl at their temples while they kiss for a minute more, but then Jungkook moves his kisses ever so slowly down. Finally Jimin gets the touch he has been waiting for. Jungkook's warm, wet mouth around his length is the closest to heaven he has ever been. He lets the other boy do all of the work, barely blinking because he wants this sight tattooed on his fucking retinas. Spit dripping from his lips, eyes tightly closed in a frown while he bobs his head up and down, taking all of Jimin in. This is art. This should hang in the Louvre. Jimin caresses Jungkook's cheek and pulls his hair out of his face before placing a finger on his chin. He lifts Jungkook's gaze.

"I want to fuck you now"

--

Jungkook pulls out the lube from the night stand by the bed. He hasn't bottomed in forever, but fuck, there is something about Jimin that makes him want to bend over backwards. He stares at Jimin's naked body, kneeling on the bed in front of Jungkook, who is on his back. It is unreal, nobody looks like that, he thinks. Jimin doesn't seem to notice his staring, because he is staring
too. How did he end up in bed with someone like Jimin? There is no way he can wait any longer, this could be his only chance to get with Jimin, so he will not waste it. Jungkook hands Jimin the lube.

“No.”

Jungkook is surprised, what does he mean? Does he not want it anymore?

“I want you to prep yourself, in front of me.”

Jungkook blushes from the unexpected command. What a dirty boy. He finds he likes it. Jungkook reaches out his index finger for Jimin, who puts it in his mouth, not breaking their eye contact. The sensation of Jimin's lips and his warm tongue around him makes him remember what happened on the couch before, and he tries to suppress his moaning. It doesn’t work. It’s like his mouth is back on his dick, and it is driving him crazy. Suddenly Jimin stops, bringing him back to his bedroom, and he is feeling a bit embarrassed. Is he really going to fuck himself while Jimin watches? He is not allowed to discuss it with himself for very long though, because Jimin abruptly grabs his hips, pulling him close, and buries his face in Jungkook's ass.

“Holy fuck” he whispers after a loud moan. He knows he can sing very high, but the pitch that that moan just reached was beyond that. Jimin really is making him his little bitch. The movements of his hips are out of his control as he sways to meet Jimin's tongue at his entrance, slowly and shallowly penetrating him. When Jimin stops, Jungkook's hesitations are long gone, and he lubes up his own fingers and pushes the first one in. Waiting is not an option anymore, he wants to get this done right now so that he can feel Jimin inside of him. It’s been a while though, so he is a bit tense, making it harder for himself. He has had his eyes shut tightly, but now he opens them to perhaps find comfort in Jimin, and oh boy does he. Jimin is moving his eyes all over Jungkook, mouth half open, panting in sync to the boy beneath him. He meets Jungkook's eyes and there is something in them that he hasn’t seen in Jimin before. For a moment his gaze is not filled with lust or want, but rather with euphoria. He looks at Jungkook the way Jungkook looks back, like they both can’t believe what is going on. Jungkook relaxes around his finger and is quickly ready for another one. The only thing they can hear are their own heaving and heartbeats. Jungkook can’t reach his prostate from this angle, but that is only good in his mind, if he could he would probably not be able to make it very long, not with this view in front of him. Jimin caresses his inner thighs, and moves one of Jungkook's legs to lay on top of Jimin's shoulder. Not that Jungkook is inexperienced, as you know, he had boys over before, but never has he been on display for someone like this, never exposed himself like this.

--

Jeon Jungkook is fucking himself in front of Jimin in his own house, and soon Jimin is going to bury his dick inside of him. Never did he ever think this day would come, the day he had literally been dreaming about for years. He places light kisses on the inside of Jungkook's calf. He looks flexible… With Jungkook's leg on his shoulder, he reaches down to kiss him, his leg following gracefully. Fuck that's hot. Although he said he would take his time, Jimin can’t wait any longer, he has to fuck him now, so he coats his right index finger in his own saliva and enters Jungkook, making them almost lock hands. A growling moan escapes the boy below him.

“Good boy” he thinks out loud
They scissor their fingers inside Jungkook, and then Jimin finally hears it

“Fuck me, Jimin”

He wants to scream, Jungkook is begging for him! He smiles and closes his eyes, he has to hear it again.

“What did you say?”

“Fuck me, Jimin”

“Again.”

“Please just fuck me already” the boy whimpers and moves towards their fingers in a thrusting motion. Jimin follows, hitting his prostate head on. The sound exiting Jungkook is almost enough to push Jimin over the edge, and he has to step out of his mind for a quick second to stare into the white wall in front of him. He can’t look at that face for too long, it is dangerous. As he removes his finger, Jungkook does the same, and opens the lube for Jimin.

“As you wish.”

After he puts on a condom that Jungkook also had in his nightstand, he gets his dick up against Jungkook’s tight entrance. Finally. The feeling of slowly being devoured by Jungkook is better than any sensation Jimin has ever experienced. Sex is nothing new to him, he has had plenty of guys over the years, fucked almost every way, everywhere, but the combination of having an insanely hot guy beneath him, the fact that it is Jeon Jungkook, and the way his heart is pounding… This is a drug, he thinks. How will he ever come back from this?

He pushes all the way in, and they both moan loudly as he does, stopping for air as he is fully buried inside. Jungkook is the first to move again, and Jimin follows, slowly building up the pace. For a while he purposely avoids hitting his sweet spot, knowing damn well that they both will lose it if he does, but as he feels his release creeping up on him, he pushes both of Jungkooks legs to his shoulders, leaning over him and ramming his prostate with every thrust. Jungkook is screaming with pleasure, and after a few seconds, their eyes meet.

--

Jungkook looks as Jimin drives him over the edge, making him come untouched between their warm bodies. The way his body feels, the way his eyes meet his… He just couldn’t hold back. As he comes, he feels tears streaming down his temples and his breath begins to hitch. He turns away and wipes them off.

--
As Jungkook comes on himself, he clutches around Jimin's cock, making him come deep inside, in the middle of a thrust. Looking Jungkook in the eyes was too much. Jimin closes his and collapses on top of Jungkook, whole body shaking from exhaustion. He buries his face in Jungkook's neck, kissing and licking the sweat of his skin. Still, he wants to be closer. However soon after, he pulls out and slides off, removing the condom simultaneously, not wanting to crush Jungkook with his weight, and gets under the covers. They might be sweaty and covered in cum but they can always change the sheets later. Jimin throws his leg around Jungkook who pulls him in close, and with a light kiss Jimin drifts off to sleep.

When he hears the heavy breathing indicating that the boy next to him is sleeping, Jungkook slowly, quietly, crawls out of bed. He can’t hold it in anymore, he can’t breathe.

Chapter End Notes

Oopsie
He finds his way to Taes room, as he always does when panic creeps up on him, but Tae isn’t here. Instead he kneels by the bed and begins to sob loudly, burying his face in the pillows to not wake Jimin. Jimin. Jimin, Jimin. Jimin. He doesn’t know why he is panicking, but it has something to do with this fucking Jimin. It has everything to do with his Jimin. This Jimin. Fuck. His heart is hurting so bad that he sinks to the floor, curled up to a little ball, still not managing to catch his breath. He can’t move anymore. Thoughts are moving way too fast for him to comprehend in his mind, but it goes something like this;

He can’t let this be a one time thing.
What if Jimin wants it to be a one time thing?
Jimin is moving back to Korea in a few weeks.
Jungkooks fans would never approve of him dating a boy.
Even if they did, he would never find out because he is too scared. He would never kiss Jimin outside.
Why can’t he just be straight?
Jimin is so confident and beautiful and Jungkook is so unsure and weak.
Jungkook is so fucking weak.

When he finally catches his breath, the sobbing comes back. He knows from experience that that is a good thing, meaning that he will able to collect himself soon. All he wants is to go back to Jimin and curl up in bed next to him. He wants Jimin to stroke his hair and kiss him on his forehead, but that is a bad idea. Why does he want to make things worse. Maybe he should Just kick Jimin out. He can’t have anything more to do with him, it will ruin him. He gets up and puts a pair of Taes boxers on, wipes his tears and head back to his room. The hallway is dark, so he moves slowly, and stops in the doorway. The moonlight is casting light on the bed through the window, making Jimin's silhouette glister. He wakes up.

“Sorry, I fell asleep”

A tired smile is distinguishable in the dark room. Jimin rubs his eyes and rests his weight on his elbows. He looks perfect.
“It’s fine” Jungkook pauses. “uh” he scratches the back of his head, not knowing what to do with his hands. He just has to say it.

“Maybe you should go”

The room goes quiet for what seems like forever. They just look at each other from opposite sides of the dark room, eyes getting more and more used to the absence of light. Jimin looks hurt.

“Do you want me to go?”

Jimin is the one to break the ear piercing silence. If Jimin leaves, he will feel really bad, but not for too long. He will forget about Jimin soon. Where they are now is too dangerous, both for his heart and his career, and Jungkook loves his career more than anything. But he cannot say the words. He doesn’t know what it is he wants, but the thought of losing it… The thought of Jimin leaving…

“No”

--

Jimin holds Jungkook as he sleeps next to him. His body is warm, and Jimin can’t stop running his hands up and down his arms. He is so beautiful. So, so beautiful.

The morning after they both shower, and Jungkook removes the sheets while it’s Jimin's turn. They order breakfast and sit in the couch when they eat, conversing shallowly, yet effortless. They don’t talk about anything that happened last night, and after a while Jimin feels like he must go. The fight with Yoongi is still unresolved, and he cannot get it out of his head. Jungkook is having some people over for lunch, so he can’t give Jimin a ride back to his place, but it’s fine Jimin thinks, he needs some time to think before he meets Yoongi. The Uber arrives and Jimin leaves, wearing a grey T-shirt which Jungkook gave to him, and his other clothes in a tote bag, also gifted by Jungkook. In the doorway he stops.

How does he say goodbye? They are standing a few feet apart from each other, Jimin outside, and Jungkook inside.

“Um, thank you for letting me stay”

“Thank you for staying”

“I guess I’ll see you around”

“Yeah”

None of them leans in for a kiss, or even a hug. They just stare at each other awkwardly. Yesterday Jimin had his face buried deep in this boys ass, and now he can’t even touch him.

The thought makes him laugh, it’s kind of funny. Jungkook laughs too, probably thinking the same thing. Jimin smiles widely as he says goodbye and turns around to walk to the car, and he can feel Jungkook’s eyes following him. He gets into the Volvo and it drives off.
Yoongi isn’t home. Jimin had prepped an entire apology in the car, he was going to tell him that he knows that he has made bad decisions with guys before, often neglecting Yoongi while doing so, but this time it wasn’t like that. He hadn’t neglected him at all. But now Yoongi is nowhere to be found, answering neither his texts nor calls. So he spends the day cleaning up, doing laundry, even vacuuming the place, to get his mind off the two boys. He doesn’t want to think of either. He orders pizza for dinner, and eats alone, watching mukbangs on youtube.

--

Tae is back in Jungkook’s kitchen, heating up frozen lasagna in the microwave. He has told the stories about last night, how he got drunk and almost hooked up with Selena Gomez’s security guard after he saw Jin again. This time they spoke though, which is a big step forward.

“I told him I was happy for him and Sana. It’s a lie of course but it felt good. It might not be a lie forever.”

“I’m proud of you, Tae.” He really is.

“So what did you do last night? Did you go out?”

“No I stayed at home.”

“Oh, I thought you said you were going to some party? What made you change your mind? Did you call any old hookups?” Tae smirks at Jungkook.

“Uhh…”

“Or did you stay because of the twitter thing? I laughed so hard when I saw it, like come on, people are pulling stories out of their asses for attention nowadays. You added his song to your playlist and suddenly everyone went bat shit crazy. I even saw an article spreading dating rumours.”

“Um..” Jungkook doesn’t know what to say, he knows Tae will scold him if he tells the truth, but he also can’t not tell him? He stays quiet, avoiding looking Taehyung in the eyes, but Tae knows Jungkook better than anyone.

“Shut up.” Tae says after a moment of silence.

“What?”

“Shut the fuck up”

“I’m not saying anything?” he snorts trying to suppress his laugh. Fuck it.

“You had Jimin over, didn’t you? You bastard, what did you do to him?”

“More like what did he do to me…” Jungkook is still trying not to laugh, but it is really really hard.

“Wait I’m confused” Tae doesn’t understand. “Are you okay? What did he do? What the fuck happened?”
Jungkook is both laughing at the absurdity of the situation, and because he knows that Tae isn’t ready for this tea. He takes a bite out of the steaming lasagna which he just removed from the microwave.

“He fucked me good, Tae”

Tae’s jaw drops to the fucking floor, and you can almost hear it shattering the wood panels.

“Wait”

“He fucked me so good.”

“JUNGKOOK!” Taehyung lets all thoughts about Jungkook ruining Jimin go, Jimin wasn’t as innocent as he might have thought…

“How? What? Tell me everything!”

Jungkook tells Tae everything, even the part about him freaking out afterwards. He really needed help with this.

“I knew he was good at fucking, you could see it in his face”

“Tae!”

“Sorry”

“What should I do?”

“I know you probably already know this but you obviously like the guy.”

“I don’t know”

“... Like I said, you obviously like the guy. The question is first and foremost, does he like you back?”

“I don’t know, maybe”

“Hmm, we need to find out. But maybe it’s more important for you to know what you want to do if he likes you back. I know you, Kookie, I want the best for you, so I know you care about your fans.”

“They might leave”

“You think so?”

“Yes, even my managers think so. We built my image so much around the whole bad-boy thing that I don’t even know how they see me anymore. I’m supposed to be this playboy figure, which I’m not sure that I am right now.”

“Don’t you think your fans will love you for you?”

“Maybe if I just come out, sure, but you know how they reacted to Ophelia.”

When Jungkook posted a picture on instagram with his ex, Ophelia, his fans started a whole
hashtag to break them up. It wasn’t very popular, but it scarred him. Most of the response was negative and nobody was happy for them.

“Oh. Yeah.”

“I tried kicking him out, but I didn’t have it in me. I just couldn’t.”

“In a dream world, what would happen? If everything worked in your favour, what would it look like?”

“I just want to see him again. That’s all I know.”

“Then let’s see him again.”

--

Jimin wakes up from the sound of the front door being swung open. Loud thuds are heard from the hallway, it sounds like someone stumbling. It’s 11.50 pm and he just went to bed an hour ago, what is going on? With a still groggy mind, he gets out of bed, barely making it out of the bedroom before he runs into a drunk

“Yoongi?”

“W-why the fffuck are you here?” Yoongi stumbles before he finds his balance, barely maintaining it.

“You’re drunk, where have you been?”

“Out.”

“Are you okay?”

Jimin and Yoongi have fought before, but always keeping it very respectful. They love each other too much to be petty. But not this time. Jimin’s question awakens a side of him which neither of them has ever met.

“Am I okay?” He hisses between his teeth. “You are so fucking oblivious Jimin. Are you really this fucking blind?”

Jimin can’t say anything. What is this? This is not real. This is not Yoongi?

“Fuck you. Fuck you Jimin.” He continues.

“I’ve been here for the past, i don’t even know, six years? I’ve worked day and night with you, doing everything for you. We finally get to where we want to be, almost at least, and then you find someone else?”

Jimin can feel his chest starting to hurt. What is he saying?

“I love you Jimin. That’s what I’m saying.” His breath staggers as he tries to hold back tears. It’s not working. Jimin doesn’t know what to say or do or even think. Everything is just blank.
“I fucking l-love you so much, fuck.” Yoongi grabs Jimin's waist and kisses him. There is no time to react, but he answers the kiss for a split second. Jimin would lie if he said he hasn’t thought about it. A lot. His tongue feels warm against his own, tasting of tobacco and alcohol, and warmth spreads through Jimin's body. Nobody has ever told him that they love him before, and it is making his knees weak. But he is just confused right now. This is not what he wants. He backs off.

“I…” He tries, but Yoongi pushes him back hard as soon as he opens his mouth. Jimin is baffled. Never has Yoongi laid his hands on him.

“What the fuck?” Jimin is pissed and pushes him back. He hasn’t done anything wrong! But Yoongi isn’t having it. He cramms Jimin between the wall and himself, pinning him back so that he can’t move. His breath stinks of beer and tequila but he speaks as if his mind is completely clear. That’s what scares Jimin the most.

“Park Jimin. The glorious star that everybody loves. You think you can do so much better, huh? Chasing someone like Jungkook. You know he doesn’t want you right? He’s using you, because there is nothing valuable you can give him in the long run. You think you’re so great but we are nobodies. When will you realise that? I’m all you got, and now you don’t even have me. I don’t want to see you, get the fuck out. And don’t come running to me when Jungkook kicks you out too.”

He lets go of Jimin, finally allowing him to breathe. Jimin can’t say anything, he just walks around Yoongi while keeping a safe distance, packs a bag roughly, and leaves. Outside, right after the door closes, he can hear Yoongi screaming, throwing stuff around. Then it hits him. Everything is changing. In one moment, with just a few words, nothing will ever go back to what it was. Is he losing everything? Is this it? It feels like his heart stops, then everything goes black.

A neighbour finds him and wakes him. He doesn’t know how long he has been passed out for, but his neighbour is drunk, so it must still be nighttime.

“Do you need an ambulance?” The drunk girl tries her best to take care of the situation.

“No thank you, I just need some air.”

She helps him outside and they sit down on the pavement, leaning against their building.

“What happened? I-I’m sorry if I bothered you, if you were trying to sleep or something, I sometimes sleep in hallways too!”

She is obviously really drunk, but he appreciates her effort of trying to comfort him. It is very sweet.

“What’s your name?”

“Christine! But everyone calls me Chris.”

“Hey Chris, I’m Jimin.”

They small talk for a few seconds, but Jimin isn’t really in the mood. However, they exchange numbers before they say goodbye and she walks back inside to get some sleep. Thank God she found him and not Yoongi. However, it did feel kind of weird to talk to someone, and exchange socials without hidden intentions. This whole trip had been exhausting, and now everything is going to shit. Will he even be able to see Yoongi again after this? He will try of course, no doubt
about that, but what if he really has had enough? What if he means what he said?

Why can’t Jimin love Yoongi back? The lump in his throat grows bigger and bigger. Nothing is making sense again. If he would go back in there and tell Yoongi he loves him too, everything would go back to normal! They would continue to work together, live together, the only difference would be that they would sleep together too. He could do that. Eventually his feelings would probably come back, right? Then why doesn’t he? Why is his mind still with Jungkook? Why is his heart still with Jungkook? It is like the universe wants him to have nothing. He can’t call Jungkook now, there is no way he could go there! He almost got kicked out last night, Jungkook doesn’t want him th… He cries silently into the palms of his hands, feeling the tears soak his skin before they make their way through his fingers. The people who pass him by doesn’t even seem to notice. LA is a scary place at night, especially if you’re not in the busiest streets. He can’t stay here, but he definitely can’t go back inside. He doesn’t want to. If they are going to repair this then they need some time apart.

He could call Sejin, or Lisa and Jennie, or maybe even Namjoon, but he knows he won’t. He knows that no matter how long he contemplates it, he will end up going for only one person, so why not do it right away. Fuck it, right? It’s only 1am, Jungkook is probably awake.

Me

“You up?”

01.12

He presses send without giving himself a chance to hesitate. He has to.

‘Kook’ is typing...

But no message appears, even after he stops typing. He was right, Jungkook doesn’t want to see him tonight. With heavy steps, Jimin starts walking, having to go somewhere else and find a place to sit. How did this happen… How did everything get so turnt, it was all going so well. But now he has nowhere to go. No one to call. There’s a McDonalds not too far away, its open 24/7 so he can spend the night there. He finds it and orders some coffee and a cheeseburger before sitting down in a booth by the window. This night can’t get any worse. Having to keep his mind off Yoongi to keep at least some of his sanity, he begins scrolling through twitter. The drama is dying down already, some people are still posting about it, but no major accounts or papers, so it’s fine. It will have blown over in the morning.

Kook
“Where r u??”

01.25

Oh.

Me

“McDonalds by my place, you?”

01.25

Kook

“An Uber will pck u up in 2 mins.”

01.27

What? Also, why is he typing like that? He must be drunk too. Is Jimin the only sober person in this entire fucking town? Anyway, he won’t be for long, he needs a drink. Fuck this night, he just wants to forget.

He finishes his coffee in the Uber. It’s taking him up into the fancier parts of Hollywood Hills, and Jimin secretly hopes he’s going back to Francos, but knows he’s probably not. He’s not gonna lie, this is pretty exciting, and just what he needs. Day-dreaming (or uh, Night-dreaming?) about where he is going is a great way to take his mind off the chaotic scene that took place not even two hours ago. He doesn’t want to think about anything related to his future tonight, because that has only been fucking with his mind. He has been so caught up in “what ifs” that he has barely enjoyed his now. Jimin is tired of thinking too much.

--

Jungkook didn’t think he would see Jimin so soon. Thank God he is drunk, or else he would have been freaking out again.

Jimin-ssi

“I’m here”

01.50
Okay so he’s freaking out a tad bit, but there are so many people at this party, there won’t be space for them to do anything really. They will just party together, right? He picks him up outside the gates, Jimin looks kind of like a mess. He must have tried doing his makeup in the car, and his outfit, consisting of black jeans and a white and blue striped top, is very questionable for a place like this. It’s cute though.

“Hey, Jiminie!”

“Jungkook.”

“I’m so glad you came” he wraps his arm around Jimin and starts moving them inside

“Didn’t have much choice” Jimin laughs “But me too, thank you.”

“Sorry for not being properly dressed…” Jimin acts self-conscious, probably realising he’s in a mansion again. Jungkook tries to remember how he felt the first times, but he can’t.

“You look perfect”

Oh no, why did he have to use that word? It’s true, but he doesn’t want to scare Jimin away right off the bat! He just arrived!

“But if you want to, I can make Tae grab you something, he is still at my place.”

“If that’s alright with you?”

“Of course!”

He knows exactly what he wants Tae to bring. They can work with the pants, but Jungkook wants to put Jimin in his sparkling Gucci jacket. That would look so good on him.

Me

“Can you bring the jacket that’s on my chair? And a white t-shirt when you come?”

01.38

Tae-Tae

“Sure, what for?”

01.38

Me
“Jimin’s here”

01.38

Tae-Tae

“IM COMING”

01.39

They go inside. The party is almost in full bloom, not yet, but it is still quite crowded. Tonight they are at his friend Bianca’s place. Or it’s actually her dad's place, but he travels all the time doing whatever you do when you own a bunch of hotels, so the place is almost always empty. Jungkook remembers that Jimin and Bianca probably met at his party last time, he will introduce them again when he gets dressed. He will also try introducing him to some good playlist promoters. It’s always good to be friends with that kind of people. And maybe if…

“What?”

Oh shit, Jungkook had probably been staring for a good while. He lost track of his mind and drifted away while Jimin was making drinks. Oops.

“Uh, nothing, just drifted.”

“Right” Jimin smiles to himself, but Jungkook sees, as he takes his first sip for the night.

Tae-Tae

“I’m here, upstairs!”

01.50

“Lets go Chimchim!”

Only Yoongi calls him that.

Stop thinking about Yoongi.
They find Tae in line to the bathroom, carrying the clothes he brought for Jimin.

“Hey Jimin!” He hugs him tightly.

“Hey Tae! How are you?”

They catch up while waiting in queue, and soon it is their turn, so they go inside and closes the door, hearing only the muffled sound of Redbone playing outside.

“Take it off” Tae commands. Jimin follows his orders.

Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck for a split second Jungkook forgot about how good Jimin looks. Memories of kissing his bare torso flashes before his eyes, and now he’s probably staring again. Who cares. Tae smirks as he gets out a white T-shirt and puts it on Jimin. It says “LOVERS” on it. When Jimin sees it he laughs. Oh my God Tae! Jungkook is embarrassed.

“What’s with the jacket though? I can’t wear that”

“You don’t like it?” Jungkook is surprised, he thought it would fit Jimin perfectly.

“It’s incredible, but how expensive is it? What if I rip it or spill something? I can’t afford to get you a new one…”

“Then you can have it. I want you to. I just want to see you dance in it tonight.”

Is he losing his mind? Why is he saying this stuff? Maybe he shouldn’t have had those shots right before Jimin came, because now he’s saying things he wants to say, and it’s getting dangerous.

“I can’t accept that” Jimin’s eyes are big, and Jungkook is holding himself back to not kiss they guy right now, in front of Tae.

“You don’t have a choice!” He answers.

“Take it, Jimin, you look so much better in it than Jungkook does so it is no loss at all. Trust me.”

Jungkook nudges Tae in his side playfully.

“Hey!”

“I brought a choker as well for you, Jungkook. You can’t be friends with me and not let me style you.” Jungkook sighs as he grabs the black satin choker. It’s cute, very big, but it will work great with his black basics, and red suit-jacket.

“And for Jimin, some rings too. I thought they would look nice on you.”

“Thank you guys, really. You’re saving my night in so many ways.” Jimin smiles a genuine smile, making his lips curve in the cutest way. He puts on the rings and Jungkook notices for the first time how cute Jimins hands are. He wants them around his neck.

Jimin leaves his bag in one of the bedrooms upstairs, then they head down again. Some people are
playing drinking games in a group of couches, and they decide to join.

“Jimin!” Some people remember him from the party a couple of weeks ago. He barely remembers them, but says hi as if he does anyway. More people probably know about him now, with this whole twitter-thing. Maybe he should think a bit about how he acts tonight, not wanting the rumours to continue. He takes his seat next to Jungkook, his heartbeat unexpectedly steady. Is he finally becoming more comfortable around Jungkook? Or maybe this whole Yoongi thing threw him off. His mind is shifting rapidly between Yoongi and Jungkook, not really coming to any type of conclusion. Jimin doesn’t know what he wants anymore, which sucks because things might actually be going well with Jungkook. He will have to figure this thing out soon.

They play never have I ever. Of course. Jimin has to drink at almost everything to his surprise. He is very experienced but he didn’t think he would keep up with the others, you know, them being the real LA people. Jungkook drinks a lot too. Suddenly it’s Bianca’s turn, Jimin met her at Jungkook’s place, and she’s the one hosting tonight.

“Never have I ever… slept with someone playing this right now”

Oh fuck. Should he drink? It’s just a game, he can lie. But should he? Will Jungkook drink?

“Cheers Kookie!” some random girl sitting across from them exclaims as she raises her glass in Jungkook’s direction. He raises his back and drinks. Ouch. A few more people drink too and Jimin wonders how many of the sips were meant for Jungkook. Jungkook probably doesn’t know how much Jimin knows about him, and Jimin himself keeps forgetting. Jungkook is so different from what he thought, so he doesn’t really pay attention to his previous assumptions, but this one seems to be true. He gets around a lot. Jimin has been played before, and it always goes like this, him thinking he matters, thinking he is more special than the others. He feels that this is different, but is it really?

Whenever Jimin has to drink from this point on his sips are more like chugs. He just wants to get wasted. This night is too much.

“I’ll get another drink” he says as he gets up from the couch, not even looking back at Jungkook. When he stands up and gives his blood a real chance to circulate the alcohol hits him even harder. Good. He makes himself a mojito, taking his time, and when he’s done and looks back at his spot, it’s been filled by another girl. The aching in his heart is back. He doesn’t know what he thought, really. A part of him was hoping that Jungkook would act like he doesn’t care, just to get it confirmed, but now that he is… Jimin starts caring even more. This fucking game, why does it have to work like this? As he stands pondering by the drinks, he gets a tap on his shoulder.

“Jimin!”

It’s that J-whatever guy from the party. Who Yoongi tried to beat up.

“Oh, umm, what do you want?”

“I just wanted to apologize for last time. I am so sorry that I acted like that towards you. Is your friend okay? He was completely right in everything he did.”

Wow, that’s nice? It doesn’t make up for what he did at all, but it probably means he won’t do it again to someone else? Maybe?
“He’s fine. I appreciate your apology. Please never act like that again, though.”

“I promise, I don’t know what happened. Maybe I can get another chance?”

Jimin thinks about it, but answering yes doesn’t make any sense to him. Why would he, even if he had been interested in the guy?

“I’m sorry, but no, you kind of blew it big time”

“I understand. I wish you everything well Jimin.”

“Thank y-”

“What the FUCK do you think you’re doing?” Jungkook pushes Jimin out of his way, making him spill his mojito. Fuck, it’s on the jacket. His eyes are piercing the guy Jimin just spoke to as he grabs him by the collar.

“Hey man, let me go! I was just apologizing!” Jimin can see Jungkook clenching his free fist. He has to step in.

“It’s true!” What he did might have been bad, but this isn’t the way to deal with it. Also, they have a small crowd now, which is not good.

“Let him go, Kook.”

And he does. Sort of, anyway. He throws him to the ground and screams at him to “stay the fuck away from both of them” and when the guy runs off he turns to Jimin. Jungkook’s eyes are full of worry, he looks at Jimin as if to check if he is still alive. It’s really hot, but also kind of annoying.

“I could have handled that myself, you know. It was fine”

“I’m sorry for caring, the fuck? You’re welcome.” Jungkook looks really troubled, and then he walks away. The opposite way from the couches where they sat. Where is he going?

Chapter End Notes

I am so so sorry about this, my Yoonmin heart is BLEEDING

Please tell me what you think, I love to hear your guys's opinion, it makes writing this so much fun! Next chapter will be posted next wednesday (11/7-18)

LOVE YOU
He finds Jungkook outside, on a bench facing the Los Angeles skyline. The view from up here is insane, oceans of cars painting the streets with white and red lights, and smog that blurs the city, making everything float together. Jimin sits down next to him.

“I’m sorry, I know you meant well. Thank you for caring about me.”

“I’m sorry too.”

They sit in silence looking at the light from the cars moving around the city.

“Did everything work out with Yoongi?” Jungkook asks after a few minutes.

Jimin has tried so hard not to let it get to him. He completely shut it off, almost convincing himself that it was fine, or at least will be fine. But will it? He honestly doesn’t know.

“No.” Jimin chokes up.

“Tell me.”

He lets it all go.

“He’s all I got. I left my parents and brother in Busan to go to Seoul and he became my family. We do everything together, he’s the only reason I am here, and this was supposed to be the best thing to ever happen to us. We were going to make it big together. But I can’t give him what he wants anymore.” Maybe Jimin shouldn’t say this but he has to talk about it.

“He’s in love with me, and I don’t know for how long it’s been like this. I didn’t want to break his heart but I can’t lie, can I?” The tears start flowing, but Jimin keeps talking.

“What if I lost everything? My best friend? My family? We make the music together too, so what if I lost my career? What do I have now?”

Jungkook hugs him. He doesn’t know what to say, so he just holds Jimin, comforting him, and they sit like that for a while. This must be really hard for him. Jungkook remembers how it was when he himself first moved here, no family, no friends. He came here to pursue his music, following a loose connection with a management. It was all so scary in the beginning because he never had a solid person to lean on, not until he met Tae. Losing Tae would be the absolute worst thing to ever happen to Jungkook, and that is probably what Jimin is feeling now. He wants them to resolve things, he really does, but at the same time his heart can’t help being selfish. Yoongi is in love with Jimin, and that is a threat, Jungkook can’t deny that. They know each other so well, why wouldn’t Jimin choose Yoongi over him?
Jungkook really really really likes Jimin. No matter what he says, no matter what others say, he cannot hide it from himself. He likes Jimin so much. His happiness matters to Jungkook.

“I’m sorry, I wish there is something I could do. My place is always open for you if you want to stay a few days.”

Jimin wipes his cheeks.

“Thank you Jungkook, I would love that. Are you sure though? I don’t want to be a hassle”

“Never been surer” Jungkook almost whispers. His heart racing again.

Jimin looks up and meets Jungkook's eyes. The skyline is glowing in his peripheral vision, and the air is almost completely still. It is hot and humid, but Jimin isn’t sure where the heat is coming from, if it's from the air around them, from Jungkook, or from himself. Jungkook looks scared. Not scared as if he doesn't want to be here, but scared because he do. Jimin feels the same way. Them being together would endanger their careers, and Jimin's friendship, or whatever it is, with Yoongi. Either way, tonight he said he wouldn't become caught up in “what ifs”. He puts his hand behind Jungkook's ear, his hair feeling soft under the touch. Jimin wish he wasn’t wearing rings so he could feel it all over. He moves his hand down, caressing Jungkook's neck, moving his eyes along with it, and he can feel Jungkook watching him. He tightens his grip of the side of Jungkook's neck ever so slightly, and Jungkook leans in to the touch, closing his eyes simultaneously. Jimin forgets to breathe for a while, but when he does, he looks up at the boy in front of him. Jeon Jungkook. Literally the man of his dreams. They both lean in at the same time, Jimin's plump lips meeting Jungkook's more delicate, in a tender kiss. Jimin just want to be as close to Jungkook as possible so he pushes himself forward, until there is not room for a single atom between them. It is uncomfortable, considering they are seated next to each other, but like this they can feel each other's hearts. It's like they synced, beating just as hard, just as fast. When he feels Jungkook's hand on his waist he can’t wait any longer, and pushes his tongue through Jungkook's lips, spreading them apart, but the kiss doesn’t last for long. Jungkook backs away and leans his forehead against Jimin's. They are both breathing heavily. Heavenly.

“What do you feel?” Jimin has to know. He is in it too deep now.

“Euphoria.” A soft whisper responds.

Jimin loves Jungkook.

When they come back to the party, everyone else are a lot more drunk than them, dancing, playing games, and Jungkook even sees some people doing coke off each other in a corner. This is the type of parties he loves the most, nobody cares about their images anymore, they are all in a fog, trying to forget about everything outside of this house. Tonight he won’t care either. He takes Jimin's hand and they join a group of people making drinks.
“What do you guys want?” Jiyong, Taes friend, is pouring red drinks out of a shaker.

“Whatever! Surprise us.” Jimin says and flashes his perfect teeth. Almost perfect. Jungkook notices his front tooth is a bit crooked. Fuck he is so cute.

Tae joins them when he notices that they are back, and Jiyong hands him a drink before the others.

“Thank you. Hey! Where have you guys been?” He smiles a huge square smile after he winks at Jungkook.

“We were just checking out the view”

“Alright... Anyway, Jimin you have managed to keep the jacket, I am proud of you.”

“I’m trying not to move too much, it feels weird wearing a month of my salary on my body. Or more? This must have been at least $2000.”


“What do you mean you’re not moving, I thought I told you I wanted to see you dance in it!”

“Then we are going to have to do some shots first.”

Jiyong and Tae both look excited.

“Did someone say shots?” Jiyong pours a round for everyone at the counter. They must be at least 15 people doing shots at the same time, that’s why Jungkook flinches when Taehyung shouts

“Here’s to Lovers!”

They all shout back and do their shots. Oh well. Jungkook takes his too.

The way Jimin sways the sequence on the jacket is mesmerizing to not only Jungkook, but many more at the party. A crowd has formed by the dancefloor in one of the main rooms, and Jimin and some other people are taking turns in the spotlight. Jungkook wishes he had the same type of bravery. He loves dancing, but only does it on stage when it is choreographed, not like this. People chant

“Jimin! Jimin! Jimin!” and his powerful moves are making it hard for Jungkook to focus. When he’s done, and some other guy, unexpectedly equally skilled, takes over the dancefloor, a sweaty, panting Jimin stumbles over to Jungkook and kisses him swiftly. In the middle of the party. A small panic builds up inside Jungkook. Did anyone see? But when he looks around, nobody had been paying attention. He kisses him fast again.

“Damn, Jimin, you can move!” They guy who had been dancing after Jimin walks up to him after he is done too.

“Thank you, I was just going to say the same thing to you!”

“I’m Jung Hoseok.”

“Nice to meet you!”
Jungkook follow the exchange in front of him while sipping on his fourth drink. It’s almost empty. Jimin and Hoseok speak for a while, then exchange all their socials, and soon they both turn to him.

“Jungkook, meet Hoseok.”

They shake hands, and when Jungkook gets a closer look he notices that he kind of recognizes him from somewhere.

“Hey, don’t I know you?”

“We’ve never met before, but maybe you heard my music?”

Now it clicks.

“Fuck... J-Hope isn’t it? Oh my God, I love your latest album! Daydream is my favorite track.”

—

At the same time Tae is in the backyard with Jiyong and some others, relaxing by the pool. Of course there’s a pool, what did you expect? It’s kind of cold outside, but they have been dancing for hours, so it will be nice to cool down a bit. He is just getting ready to get in, being the last one on dry land, but then he hears a familiar voice calling his name. Jin. Jin? When he turns around and is met by a distressed, drunken, yet still very handsome face.

“Tae!”

He hasn’t approached Taehyung literally ever, only making Tae chase after him like a little puppy. What is this?

“Jin? What’s up?”

“I…” He holds up his hand, with the back of it facing Tae.

No ring.

They barely make it to the bathroom before they start ripping each others clothes off. Tae knows that this is probably the worst idea he has ever had, but fuck it. Honestly just fuck it. He can’t control anything he is doing right now, and it just has to be like that. Jin kisses down his neck, pressing him up against the door. His hair feels like silk in Taehyung's hands as he pulls slightly, making Jin having to push against it to reach his neck. Tae almost forgot how good it felt to have his tongue sweeping his naked skin. This time he’ll make sure never to forget it again. Jin unzips Taes pants, releasing the massive boner that was previously restrained, and doesn’t even wait a second before he takes it all in his mouth. With Jin kneeling in front of him, choking on his dick, Tae is in fucking heaven. He has waited so long to touch Jin, whos lips had been the center of his daydreams for two years. The weak memories of his moaning had been enough for him to cum over and over again, even after all this time, so when Jin moans right in front of him, Tae can’t take
it anymore. He pulls Jins hair and switch their positions, pushing the back of Jins head against the door as he rams his dick all the way down his throat. Taes deep growling into the rocking wooden door can most definitely be heard outside, but that doesn’t even cross his mind once. Tae is as filled with thoughts of Jin, as Jin literally is with Tae. He keeps fucking Jins mouth aggressively, not being able to stop himself until he cums at the back of his throat. Jin swallows it all and inhales deeply when Tae pulls out, sitting himself down at the opposite side of the bathroom, against the tub. When he comes down from his high he is heated. Never has he ever lost control in this way. It was cruel. For two years he has been chasing this guy… Two fucking years of Taehyung's life, wasted. Why in the world did Jin come to see him like this?

“Why the fuck are you here?” Tae pants.

“I came to fuck you, wasn’t that obvious?” He smirks and wipes his mouth.

“How dare you” Tae hisses with despise. What is wrong with this guy?

“Don’t act like you didn’t want me to.”

“You don’t know what I want!” Tae stands up, he has pulled up his pants, but his belt is still hanging loose around his waist.

“Oh come on baby, don’t be like that.” Jin gets up too, closing in on Tae.

“Get the fuck away from me.” He can’t let Jin act like this, what a fucking brat! Tae passes Jin and heads for the door, making sure to push him out of the way with his shoulder as he does.

“You think we’re done?” Jin grabs Taes arm, forcing him to turn back around before he can yank it away. Tae is steaming, he is so mad.

“I fucking hate you so much.” He pierces his eyes through Jins, spitting every word. “I never want to see you again.”

“Really?” Jin pushes Tae, causing him to stumble back and hit the door, then he traps him by putting his arms on both sides of his shoulders. With a rough grip of his neck, Jin turns him around, making him face the door, and presses his hard bulge against his ass. Tae can feel his blood rushing back to where it was a few minutes ago as Jin grinds up on him, breathing heavily into his ear. He subconsciously grinds back, meeting Jins movements, as Jin's hands find their way to Taehyung's abs under his shirt.

“Say that again”

He doesn’t.

Chapter End Notes

I even surprised myself with that ending lmaoooo OOPSIE, did not plan that! I am really working in all of the ships in this, so theres something for everyone hahah also we finally met Hoseok <33
Please tell me if you enjoyed this!!

Sorry that this was so short too, but next chapter is going to be like 10 pages so bare
with me <3
See you next week!
Hoseok is really cool, Jimin likes him. Out of all the people here, they are probably the ones with the most in common, and he seems very non judgemental. They have all found a sideroom with a few couches and a TV, where the small group takes a seat. Jimin, Jungkook, Hoseok, Bianca and her newest guy. Jungkook and Bianca tell the story of how they met. Jungkook was struggling working as an assistant at Columbia Records, where he is now signed, and Bianca was hanging out, visiting some friends.

“I was meeting up with Taylor, and I just thought he was so cute, so I invited him to come hang out with us later.”

“I said yes because I needed all the friends I could get,”

“Wow, thanks for that one” she laughs

“so it was good she didn’t tell me that the Taylor she was referring to was Taylor Swift. I almost pissed my pants when she walked through the door later that night.”

“Holy shit” Hoseok laughs

“Who would have thought you would sleep with her a couple of months later, hahaha”

Jimin should feel awkward talking about Jungkook's previous hookups, but this one makes him burst out in laughter.

“You- You slept with Taylor Swift?” He didn’t know that. That would have been an amazing addition to his old blogs. Which he still hasn’t deleted.

“Shut up, it was a long time ago! Bianca why did you have to tell them that?”

They all laugh and Jungkook's cheeks are burning. Jimin's heart flutters when he watches him getting all embarrassed next to him on the couch. Because of the great atmosphere and drunken haze that has settled in the room, Jimin gets a bit daring. He leans into Jungkook, who answers with putting his arm around him. To the others it might have been nothing, and looked natural, but Jimin can feel their heartbeats.

“How did you guys meet?” Hoseok asks, referring to Jimin and Jungkook. He probably assumes they are together, or at least something like that.

“um…” Jimin doesn’t know what to say really, is Jungkook comfortable speaking about them like this? Like them meeting is a big deal? They only really began something yesterday...
“I saw him at the big charity event a couple of weeks ago, you know, the ocean thing?” Jungkook finishes his, what, ninth drink? Jimin is still on his fifth.

“Yeah, I wish I could have been there, I was abroad.” Bianca says.

“I was getting drinks, then I saw him standing with some of my friends.” He smiles to himself. Jimin didn’t know this? They first met in line to the bathroom! Jungkook begins to mindlessly play with Jimin's hair as he continues.

“I saw him and I think the whole world stopped for a second, but he disappeared before I could find him and say hello. You looked so beautiful that night.”

Jimin can’t believe what he is hearing. He pushes his cheek against Jungkook's shoulder and Jungkook holds him tighter, swaying his fingers over the sequence on the jacket.

“I tried really hard not to look for him during dinner, because you know how it is. I didn’t want to give myself away.”

“I know exactly what you mean.” Hoseok nods, and Bianca follows.

“Could you get me another drink, sweetie?” She asks her “boyfriend” and he gets up. She understands that this is an important conversation. Now it’s only them left in the room.

“I was a bit bummed about going to the afterparty, thinking Jimin wouldn’t be there, because I didn’t recognize him, but I still went. I saw you in the window right before I left, do you remember that? I couldn’t stop staring at you. Tae had to literally push me in to the car.”

“I remember. But I thought I just imagined that. I didn’t know you saw me too.” Jimin curls up in Jungkook’s arms, intertwining their hands as he does. Tonight, in this room, they can be whatever they want. Nobody will judge.

“I thought the first time you saw me was when we met in line to the bathroom at the afterparty. We weren’t going at first. Me and… Yoongi were actually heading home when Namjoon stopped us to invite us.”

“Thank God for Namjoon, huh.” Bianca smiles.

“Yeah. But I saw you at the event too. When you entered. The reason I was gone when you approached was because I was about to pass out because I got so starstruck” He laughs out of embarrassment. Hoseok snorts.

“I love this story, have you guys not spoken about this before?”

“Haven’t had the time.” Jungkook smiles, showing off his front teeth. He looks like a bunny almost.

“But I don’t get it, you were so cool when we spoke? You weren’t nervous at all!”

“I almost shat my pants, Kook. I had been in love with you for years and then you were suddenly in front of me. I couldn’t mess that up so I snapped myself out of it.”

Uh-oh. What did he just say. Did he just expose himself in front of not only Jungkook, but two people he just met?
Jungkook's heart stops. Holy shit, Jimin, you sneaky bastard. How had he not noticed this?

“Wait,” he straightens his posture in the couch, making Jimin face him.

“I thought I was chasing you?”

“What??” Jimin laughs. Hoseok is almost dying, clapping as he almost falls off his chair.

“You were so cold towards me! You didn’t answer my texts, and barely made notice of me at Namjoons!”

“I was crushing on you so badly, but I thought you were straight, so I kept my distance to cool down before I could approach you.”

This. This right here breaks Jungkook's heart. The image of him that the press is portraying, god dammit, that he is portraying, almost deprived him of his chance to have his heart race again. To have Jimin and whatever this is. He is panicking again. Where’s Tae when you need him?

“I need some air”

Jimin follows him, probably not understanding what is going on.

“Wait Kook, did I say something wrong? I’m sorry!” He screams over the music as they push through crowd after crowd. The fact that he can’t stop and explain to Jimin why he is acting like this is only worsening his feelings. Nobody has seen him like this except for Tae in so long, he never shows this side of himself. His weakness. Why can’t he just get his shit together and tell Jimin that it isn’t something he said. It is Jungkook's fault for being so frail and unreliable. Whatever that was, in that room, is just for tonight, a drunken moment of bravery, of not caring. This is not sustainable in the long run, this will never happen again. Jimin doesn’t deserve to be treated like this, no he should be with someone who will show him off. Jungkook is too much of a coward to do that.

“Kookie...” Jimin pleads as Jungkook jogs out the front door. He isn’t getting any air. There is only one spot in Bianca's garden where no one will be, he found it when he panicked at one of her parties before. In the corner of the fence that’s supposed to protect people from falling down the steep hill there is an opening. He crouches through it, to a dusty platform completely isolated from everyone else. No one is this entire city will find him here. Except for Jimin who is right behind him, of course. Jungkook sits down and covers his ears, blocking out the blasting music from the party and focuses on finding his breath. It’s almost working.

Jimin finds him. He doesn’t say a word, but Jungkook can feel his footsteps as he closes in. He sits by Jungkook, lays him down so that his head is in his lap and starts stroking his hair, removing his choker to ease his breathing. Jimin puts it in his pocket and begins to speak after a minute if thinking.
“I had a place like this in Busan, close to my house. Whenever I was sad I would climb this small mountain and sit there quietly until I had figured everything out. I could see only the city and the ocean, but neither could see me.”

Jungkook takes a deep breath and tears begin to fall from his eyes, wetting his eyelashes and cheeks, and probably Jimin's pants as well.

“My mother was worried at first, but after a while she always knew I would come back eventually. I just needed some time. I started going there when I had my first crush, his name was Taemin. Suddenly all the songs about love made sense, but there was something wrong still. He was a boy. I sat up there more and more often, until summer break, when I actually spent a full week in that same spot, only coming down to sleep. From sunrise to sunset I would sit and watch the people of Busan doing their daily stuff, and the ocean crashing over and over again. I thought about who I was, and who I wanted to be, and I cried a lot when I realised that who I am isn’t what people want me to be. The people I was watching would probably reject me if they knew me.”

Jungkook cries harder, and Jimin keeps stroking his hair and cheek.

“I told my brother first. It took a day or two for it to sink in, but then he came to my room, told me he loved me and asked what I wanted for dinner. I thought he was asking for our parents, but when I entered the kitchen later that night, he was making dinner for just the two of us. We ate in silence, and then we played video games all night. My parents were very supportive too, but I have never felt as loved as when my brother cooked for me.”

Hearing Jimin choking up slightly is beautiful. He is so real and so brave and so, so beautiful.

“My friends finding out was the worst part. I lost all of them basically, and that’s one of the reasons I decided to move to Seoul. I had no reason to stay really. I never look back though. I clearly made the right choice.” He smiles down at Jungkook.

Jungkook doesn’t deserve someone like Jimin. Yet here he is, comforting him. Doing what so many others failed to do.

“I’m sorry for being this way. I wish I was strong like you.”

“You are. I know you are, that’s why I’m here. I like you. A lot. I won’t leave.”

“Promise me?”

“I promise you.”

Jungkook is exhausted when the panic finally settles. The alcohol makes his tired eyes even heavier, and he tries really hard not to fall asleep in Jimin's lap.

“We should go back, I don’t want to fall asleep here.”

“I’ll help you up.”

When they stand up, Jimin puts both of his cute, warm hands on Jungkook's cheeks, wiping them dry. He silently fixes Jungkook's hair, and then his clothes, wiping of the trail of dust that stuck on him from the ground. Then Jungkook does the same for Jimin, taking his time dusting off the back of his legs. Then they just stand there, looking at each other. The sun is rising in the distance, casting pink and purple shadows against their already golden skin. Jungkook grabs Jimin's waist
and pulls him close, pressing their noses together, then Jimin kisses him. Slowly, controlling the pace of every movement. Jungkook surrenders completely.

The party is still going on, but they both decide it’s time to leave. Jungkook waits outside as Jimin grabs their stuff, and then they begin to walk. It will only take them 30 minutes to Jungkook’s place, so it’s fine. Cars pass them by sporadically, blinding them with expensive headlights. It’s 6 am Sunday morning, and he wonders what kind of people are sober enough to drive. Jimin takes Jungkook’s hand, and he accepts, but now the cars passing them by have a lot more significance. Who will see them? Not tonight Jungkook. Worry is for tomorrow. They finally make it back, and crawl down in Jungkook’s bed, falling asleep almost immediately. But just before Jungkook drifts off, like Jimin has, he gets as close to Jimin as possible, intertwining their legs and hands. Jimin’s heavy breathing permeate the room, and he kisses his scalp, whispering into messy hair

“If I had known about you, I would have loved you for years too, Jimin.”

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**SUNDAY JUNE 24th**

A part of Jimin had assumed that last night was a dream. A lot because he wanted it to, with everything that happened regarding Yoongi, but mostly because his interactions with Jungkook seemed so unreal. He wakes up still in a snoring Jungkook’s embrace and his heart is the warmest it has ever been. He isn’t even close to as hungover as he was the last time he woke up in this bed, but he could really need some water. And a bathroom. As quietly as possible, he leaves the bed, and walks out in the hallway wearing only his boxers, but when he does, he can hear the front door opening.

“Tae?”

Over the railing by the staircase, he watches as Taehyung enters, still wearing yesterday's clothes.

“Oh, uh, hey Jung… Jimin?”

When he looks up, Jimin sees large purple hickies covering Taes neck, and by the look of it, probably the rest of his upper body too. Damn.

“Holy shit, I see you got some action last night. That’s why you disappeared!”

“Shit,” Tae fumbles with his collar “yeah, sorry about that. Did you have fun?”

“Well, a lot happened last night, but in the end I think I am happy with the outcome. I’m here at least.”

“Are you gonna get together now?”

“I don’t know...” Jimin lowers his voice.

“I know Jungkook can be difficult. He has a lot of work to do before he can be exactly what you want, but I know he’ll be good to you. He cares about you, Jimin. I know it’s only been a few
weeks but he really does. Jungkook will understand that that is what matters most. Just give him time.” Tae seems to understand the situation completely. It’s almost scary.

“I will.”

As he spoke Tae dropped his bag on the floor and removed his jacket. Jesus christ, what happened last night? He’s got small bruises all over his arms, especially by the wrists. Not even Jimin has ever left someone looking like that. He kind of wants to, though.

“Now go to the bathroom, I can see your struggle from here. You’re almost making me pee my pants.”

“Thank you!” Jimin runs off.

He didn’t check his phone all night, last night, but that’s what toilet breaks are for! He opens it, immediately being flooded by notifications. 11 missed calls from Yoongi, spread out from 2am to 5am. He will call him back later, after all they have work tomorrow. Something needs to be done. A couple new cool followers, among them are Christine, Bianca and Hoseok, some emails and an Instagram DM from Hoseok too.

“Hey! Is everything okay? What happened last night?”

10.55

“Sorry for disappearing, everything is fine. Jungkook just needed some air :)”

11.30

Nice of him to check in, Jimin thinks. He ignores the rest of the notifications, washes his hands, and gets down to the kitchen to make breakfast. He’s starving. Tae had gone to his room and is probably sleeping by now, but maybe he can make something for him to reheat later. There’s enough eggs to make a couple of omelettes, but other than that the kitchen is basically empty. They probably don’t have time to cook very often.

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Jungkook wakes up an empty bed. At first he gets scared. Where is Jimin? Did he go home? But when he can smell food he realises that Jimin is probably in the kitchen, so he gets up to look, and lo and behold, there he is. He is standing at the bottom of the stairs, just observing the scene in front of him. Jimin’s boxers are hugging his strong legs tightly, and Jungkook can’t help but stare at his ass. Fuck he is too hot. Jungkook isn’t wearing anything else than boxers as well, and he gets a bit self conscious when he compares the two. He knows he shouldn’t because he works out a lot, and people compliment him on his appearance all the time, but he wants to look his best for this
boy. Jimin hasn’t taken any notice of his arrival, and probably doesn’t know he’s there, so he stares a bit more before he creeps up behind him, hugging him from the back. Jimin is startled, but immediately leans into Jungkook's embrace. The feeling of their naked skin against each other is intangible, a drug that Jungkook is hooked on. So very hooked on. He kisses Jimin's neck.

“Morning.”

“What are you making?”

“Omelettes. I hope you like them, it’s the only thing I could make with what you have.”

“I’ll love them.”

He runs his hands over Jimin's body, burying his face in his hair. Jimin responds by slightly arching his back, making his ass press against Jungkook's front. Shit. His boner is almost immediate. He pushed back harder, trapping Jimin between himself and the stove, and starts grinding against him. Jimin leans his head all the way back, making it possible for Jungkook to kiss him. He puts his lips on Jimins, tickling them with a light touch before going in. Jimins lips are the prettiest ones he has ever kissed, and he's not thinking that just because he has a big fat crush on him. Anyone would be blessed kissing lips like this.

“Keep your eyes on the food, baby. You don’t want to burn it, do you?”

Jimin doesn’t like him commanding, snorting in disapproval, yet he straightens himself. Oh how Jungkook will tease him now. With a smug smile, he kisses Jimin's shoulder and moves his hand to the front of his thighs, almost touching Jimin where he wants, but always going back down before he does. Jimin grinds back on his dick, whining silently, but Jungkook pushes forward again, trapping him again.

“What did I tell you?”

Jimin isn’t having any of it, he can tell. How far he can push it before he snaps? He gets rid of Jimin's boxers, earning a gasp from the boy when he is liberated, and cups his ass. As Jimin flips the second omelette, Jungkook squats down, placing kisses and small bites on Jimin's cheeks and finishes by licking his lower back. He has his hands at both sides of Jimin's boner, so close he can feel its radiating heat, but far enough to drive Jimin nuts. He will try one more thing. Getting up, he slides down his own boxers, freeing his pulsating dick too. He’s gonna love this. He spreads Jimins asscheeks and places his cock between them, slowly thrusting upwards, jerking himself on Jimin. It feels so fucking good to touch Jimin like this, so he speeds up the pace, grabbing Jimin's neck in a choke hold with one hand as he does. But he barely has the chance to tighten his grip before Jimin pushes him back, turning off the stove in the same movement.

“Alright, you’ve had your little fun now.”

There is lust burning in his fierce gaze and Jungkook smirks at the sight. He did that.

“Get down.”

Oh shit. Jungkook does as he is told and gets on his knees, still smirking while Jimin gets out of the boxers that were left at his ankles, and then walks around him slowly. What is he going to do? An ominous smile grows on Jimin's face as Jungkook looks up at him, fuck what has he gotten himself into? His heart is picking up a steady pace.
“Stay.”

Facing away from the staircase, Jungkook can only hear as Jimin climbs it with his light steps. He is suddenly a lot more aware of everything, smelling the omelettes that are cooling on his counter, the cold wooden floor under his knees. What is Jimin doing that is taking so long? Now he has time to imagine everything Jimin might do to him. Last time they fucked, Jimin took full control, but what if that is just a glimpse of what he really is like in bed. He could be into some kinky shit, Jungkook thinks. ‘His face is so pretty and innocent, I bet he wouldn’t hesitate to beat me up if I gave my permission.’ Maybe he should? The pure thought of it makes his whole body shiver, and his dick twitch in excitement. Why is he acting so submissive all of a sudden? Jimin is too powerful for his own good. Then he hears footsteps again, quickly making their way down the stairs, until they are right behind Jungkook's naked body. He hasn’t moved, he’s been good, and Jimin acknowledges that as he squats down, still behind him, whispering into his ear

“You’re such a good bunny”

Bunny? That's a first.

Petite hands are placed on his thighs, running up and down as Jimin continues to whisper.

“Now what am I gonna do with you?”

Fucking hell… Jungkook leans into Jimin, exposing his neck as he leans his head back to rest at Jimin's shoulder. He may regret this in a second, but he doesn’t care, and he almost moans the words

“Don’t hold back.”

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Goddamn Kook… Jimin could feel those words as if they were licking his body. What are you getting yourself into? What am I getting myself into?

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Jimins shallow breathing is probably a sign that he heard what Jungkook just said. He doesn’t answer him, though, and suddenly Jungkook's eyes are forcibly shut. Jimin ties the black choker that he was wearing last night around his temples, depriving him of his vision. He can feel Jimin's breath on his neck and it fills the entirety of his mind. Without a warning, Jimin pulls his arms behind his back, holding his wrists lightly in place with one hand as he begins jerking Jungkook off with the other. The small hands around his big cock is extraordinary and makes Jungkook thrust upwards out of pure impulse. He needs more. Jimin won’t give him more, though, because as soon as he takes his initiative, Jimin lets go of his grip around Jungkook's length and bites down into his shoulder. It hurts. A lot.

“Just when I thought you’d be good…”
The absence of Jimin's hand is unbearable as he is deprived of the contact. His mind doesn’t go to the burning in his shoulder, but rather his neglected boner. Needing Jimin to continue where he left off, he lowers his head as an apology, not sure what else to do, but Jimin lightly grips his jaw, making him tilt his head in the opposite way. Then he gets up, and slowly moves to stand in front of Jungkook's kneeling, naked body. Exposed, vulnerable, blind, and ready to follow whatever Jimin commands, he waits in silence.

“Open your mouth.”

He does.

“You have such a pretty mouth Kookie” His voice is soft and both their heartbeats race at the words, then Jungkook closes his lips around Jimin's thumb which he placed on his tongue. Tasting Jimin's skin is the remedy to everything broken in Jungkook's life. Right now, in this moment, the only thing he knows is Jimin. There has been something missing for so long, but not anymore, and he never wants to let this go. Fucking Jimin is so much more fun than fucking all Instagram models, and he would exchange every kiss he has had the past years for one with this beautiful boy. I love you so much Jimin.

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He is breathing heavy as he pulls out his thumb from Jungkook's mouth. Obediently, Jungkook opens his mouth again, still with his arms on his back despite them not being forcibly held there. He knows what's coming. Jimin takes a moment to appreciate the view as he gently strokes his hardening cock, then he places it between the soft lips in front of him. Jungkook has to open his mouth a bit wider to take it in, and Jimin pushes forward slowly, taking his time processing the sensation on every inch of his dick. He gasps as he is fully inside Jungkook, and by placing his hand on the boys neck he can feel the stretch he is causing. This boy isn’t even budging, although he most certainly cannot breathe. Now that’s a good bunny, Jimin thinks to himself. Then he pulls out, granting Jungkook one breath before he enters again, violently hitting the back of his throat, again and again. Accelerating, he cannot find it in himself to stop, his mind clouding as he hears Jungkook gagging and gasping for air. Only when he sees the tears coming out from under the choker covering his eyes, Jimin snaps out of it and stops. Shit, is he okay? Jungkook is panting and coughing, hunching over himself as he finds his breath again. Fuck… He didn’t mean to be so rough. Jimin is just about to say something when Jungkook sits up straight again, hands behind his back, and opens his mouth. Holy shit. He has to see what he looks like, so he crouches down and removes the blindfold. It takes a second for Jungkook to adjust to the light, but soon Jimin meets his confused eyes, swollen from crying. The sight is making his whole body shiver, and he kisses Jungkook hard, tracing his tongue all over the places his dick was just a few seconds ago. Endorphins are rushing through Jimin, blurring everything around them as he straddles Jungkook. He pulls his hair, exposing his strong neck and begins sucking on it, wanting to mark him as his for everyone to see, but he stops quickly. Not on the neck. Instead, he licks and bites Jungkook's collarbones, leaving the skin around them a deep shade of purple. Feeling Jungkook's boner against his own is distracting, and he begins to think about what comes next. He can’t hold it much longer. He gets up, leaving Jungkook on the floor, with eyes begging for him to come back.

“Get up” Jimin's heart races as the taller boy gets on his feet. He pulls him to the dining table, and Jungkook bends over.
He understands exactly what Jimin wants, and he will give him that. As he lays his cheek on the table he can see Jimin licking his lips in the corner of his eye, already fucking Jungkook with his glare. Jungkook gets impatient quickly.

“What are you waiting for?”

Jimin meets his hooded eyes

“Are you getting eager, Kookie?”

“Mhm” Jungkook nods and makes his eyes as big as possible. Jimin seems to like it when he acts cute.

“Are you trying to persuade me?” He smirks

“Honey, you don’t have to try to do that. I’m so fucking hooked on you.” A small laugh escapes the boy, and Jungkook's heart is wrapped in a big, soft, cuddly, pink blanket. But he is still impatient. He’s getting blue balls if Jimin doesn’t let him cum soon.

“Then fuck me”

“All good things come to those who wait” he answers as he wets his index finger and inserts it completely inside Jungkook, who moans loudly at the sudden stretch. It hurts a bit, but Jungkook kind of likes it. He moves himself on Jimin's finger, slowly jerking his dick at the same time, which is trapped between his body and the table. He can’t move quick enough though, so he puts his hands by his sides and pushes back and forth. Then Jimin pulls out and Jungkook's arms are vigorously grabbed by the wrists and pulled to his back, making him fall face down to the table. Jimin wraps the choker they just used as a blindfold around his wrists.

“Tighter” Jungkook whispers out of instinct, as the cloth didn’t hurt him enough. It surprises both of them, but Jimin does as he says. Why is he like this? He doesn’t have any time to reflect, because out of nowhere Jimin enters two fingers this time, not giving him any time to adjust. He squeals and squirms as the pain shoots through his body.

“Isn’t this what you wanted?” Jimin almost spits as he speaks with a clenched jaw.

“Y-yes” Jungkook manages to say between his grunts. It is what he wants. He wants Jimin to split him in fucking half, making Jungkook his little bitch. Everything in his mind, in his life, is erased and replaced by Jimin, he desires no other feelings, no other thoughts, no other day that this one. Jimin moves his fingers and the pain eases gradually. Soon he feels nothing but pleasure. Boring. So before Jimin enters a third finger, he speaks.

“Fuck me now, I’m ready”

“What? Jungkook it will hurt.”

“I want it to.”
Jimin knows he can have some fucked up fantasies, however he has never acted on them. But having Jeon Jungkook, the fucking Jeon Jungkook who he doesn’t only admire, but has quickly fallen madly in love with, agreeing to everything he commands him to do is clouding his mind for the worse. He cannot control himself, and it should be scaring him, but he is beyond that. He won’t stop ’til Jungkook tells him to. Will he tell him to?

There’s a condom and lube in one of the drawers in the kitchen. Jungkook would lie if he said he hadn’t done this before, had sex in the kitchen that is. He certainly hadn’t fucked like this before. Feeling the tip of Jimin's lubed up cock at his entrance is making his heart race, and the burning of his unprepared hole trying to swallow Jimin's length is ecstasy. Jimin grunts as he slowly pushes himself inside the tight entrance. He is barely fitting, so when he finally makes it, they both take a moment to adjust and to breathe. Then Jimin moves. Gently at first, but when Jungkook whimpers in both pleasure and pain he goes faster. The first spank comes unforeseen, and the noise leaving Jungkook’s throat can only be described as some sort of shriek. He tries covering his mouth in surprise but is prohibited by the fabric at his wrists. Jimin grabs on to the choker and leans back, making Jungkook bounce back and forth on his dick. It hurts so good. The second spank is harder, but this time he is prepared. He wants Jimin to know how good this feels, so he moans a little louder.

“You like that?” Jimin whispers under his breath, eyes probably focused on the red marks appearing on Jungkook's ass. A third, fourth and fifth slap echoes through the room, and the rough treatment is almost sending Jungkook over the edge.

“I’m gonna come” he whines as he feels the orgasm building.

Jimin grabs a hold of his neck, forcing his back to arch awkwardly and bites his shoulder again as he squeezes his neck as hard as he can. When he jerks him off with his other hand, Jungkook can’t hold himself anymore. He cums all over Jimin's hand and the table, without sound because of the hand blocking both his air and blood flow. As he comes, he tightens even more around Jimin who screams out his orgasm shortly after, letting go of Jungkook's shoulder. Jimin unties Jungkook as he rides out his climax. It feels as if Jungkook is high off of all of the overwhelming sensations he just experienced, and he just lays flat on the table, unable to move for God knows how long. Jimin pulls out and kisses him on his back, but he is too drained of energy to react. Jimin speaks between heavy breaths

“We should - probably shower. We might have - woken up Tae.”

Is Tae home?? Jungkook doesn’t really care if he heard, but seeing them like this… No thank you. There’s a shower in the basement, so they both as quickly as they can make their way down, barely watching their steps out of exhaustion.
When they turn on the lights, Jimin watches as Jungkook fiddles with the shower.

“Oh my God, Kook…”

There is blood coming from where Jimin bit down, trickling down in a small trail on his back, and he can see the discomfort in Jungkook’s walking. Jungkook turns around when the shower is on and the scene in front of Jimin is something completely new. His eyes are bloodshot, lips a slight tint of blue, and the marks on his chest are dark purple. It is so fucking hot, but still a knot appears in his stomach. Jimin completely blacked out and must have been way way way too rough the last minutes of their act. They should have spoken about this before, told each other their limits, agreed on a safe word or something. It doesn’t feel right to just do it… Jungkook looks at him in confusion, thinking he did something wrong, but then shuts his eyes and sits down on the side of the huge bathtub. He is shivering. Oh my god he is not okay, what did Jimin do?

He holds Jungkook as he cleans him, letting the warm water fall on his limp body. His eyes are still shut tight as he tries to hold himself up for Jimin, but it is no use. After they both are almost clean, Jimin sits Jungkook down in the tub and starts filling it up. He gets in behind him and holds him.

“I am so sorry…” he strokes Jungkook’s head which is rested at his shoulder.

“Its okay” Jungkook whispers, and then coughs to find his voice.

“I told you to not hold back”

“But Jungkook… Look at you…”

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Jungkook’s mind is clearing up as the high leaves him and the tub fills up with lukewarm water. Involuntarily he begins to understand what just happened, and he can’t let Jimin know. At first the thought of Jimin beating him up was exciting and sexy, but somewhere in the middle, he began feeling like it was what he deserved. He can’t tell Jimin that he wanted him to hurt him because Jungkook will hurt him too. He will ruin this, he fucking knows it. How is he going to break it to his audience? His entire life will crumble. He shouldn’t think like this, and he knows he doesn’t want to, but he wouldn’t have minded Jimin beating him to death. It sounds insane, but then he would at least have had both him and everything he worked for until the very end.

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Jungkook falls asleep in Jimins arms and he holds him tightly. The smell of his wet hair is all he knows as he buries his nose in it, drawing deep breaths. He wants to stay like this forever, but he knows he can’t. He has a strong feeling that this is temporary, and he holds Jungkook even tighter, the knot in his stomach growing bigger.
He doesn’t know how much time has passed when Jungkook finally wakes, but the water around them is getting really cold.

“Kookie?”

Jungkook hums tiredly as he wakes, and wraps his hand in Jimin's, kissing the back of it.

“How are you feeling?”

“Good. I’m fine.”

Jimin doesn’t believe him.

“I’m just…”

He feels so guilty for blacking out, and the knot in his stomach won’t go away.

“I’m so sorry if I hurt you, and I…”

“Jimin, stop, I told you to. Stop.” Jungkook turns around as much as he can and repeats himself.

“Stop.”

“Okay.”

“You are very hot when you’re like that. I can’t lie. That was probably the best orgasm I’ve ever had.” He laughs tiredly as he turns back around, leaning into Jimin's chest. Jimin is flustered, he must be joking, right?

“Me too” Jimin is not joking.

“You are so pretty Jimin.” It sounds like Jungkook is speaking to himself, not wanting Jimin to hear, and Jimin's heart flutters. I love you, Jungkook. He really wants to tell him, but the knot in his stomach is still there for some reason. He will ignore it for now. After a few more moments they get up, dry themselves, and put on some clothes that Jungkook has laying in a guest bedroom in the basement. Jimin hasn’t been down here yet, it’s a lot bigger than he expected. Jungkook will have to give him a house tour when he can walk properly. There is still discomfort in Jungkook's face when he walks up the stairs ever so slowly. Jimin holds his hand and patiently waits for him between steps. The TV is on when they get upstairs.

“Next time, please clean up if you fuck in the kitchen. I just witnessed what looked like a goddamn crime scene, Jesus.” The disgust is prominent in Taehyung’s face as they all sit on the couches watching Ellen. Jungkook has woken up a bit and is laying on his side in Jimin's lap. His body is warm and comforting and if Tae wasn’t here Jimin would have snuggled up beside him and kissed him until their lips hurt. But he is here, and Jungkook has noticed the marks on Taes neck, the ones that Jimin saw earlier. Maybe that’s why he is so alert all of a sudden.

“Yeah yeah, it’s still my house though, you kind of don’t get a say in it.”

“Come on…”

“But now tell me what the hell happened to you! Why did you come home looking like that?”

“I got laid, duh”
“I see that. Keep going”

Tae looks like he is debating whether or not he should lie. Jimin thinks he shouldn’t, since it is so obvious he is thinking about it.

“Promise me you wont get mad.”

Jungkook stands up the second his brain has processed those words. His back must hurt a lot, but he is holding it in well.

“You fucking did not.”

“Let me explain what happened!”

“Tae I am this close to beating your ass. Are you stupid? He is engaged, and you have been trying to get over him for years. I am not dealing with this ever again!”

Jimin doesn’t understand a single thing of what is happening in front of him. Who are they talking about? Why is he so mad? He is acting like Yoongi did when Jimin went after him, why?

“Hear me out! He is not…”

“If you start chasing him again I will kick you out, you are not falling back in love with that motherfucker agai-”

“I DON’T LOVE HIM JEON JUNGKOOK!”

Tae’s loud deep voice startles Jimin, and surely shuts Jungkook up. Tae continues

“Just listen, okay? He and Sana broke up. He’s single. And yes we fucked, but no, I will not fall back in love with him. I realised that I’ve just been chasing the thought of him, after it all happened I felt nothing. Well, not nothing, the sex was so fucking good, but he’s a dick and I don’t love him. I promise you I will not make you pick up any broken pieces again.”

This whole situation is making Jimin think about Yoongi. He misses him already. They have to speak as soon as Jimin can leave, but first he has to know the full story about this Jin.

“Can we just back up for a second?”

Jungkook come sit back down.” He crawls up in Jimin’s lap, again laying on his side. He mutters

“Jin is an actor that Tae met at an audition almost three years ago. They became “friends” or whatever, and hung out a lot for months. I thought that they would get together because their chemistry was insane, I can’t deny that, and at one of my parties they finally hooked up”

“It was the best sex of my life” Tae laughs.

“But then he stopped answering my texts, and whenever we would meet he would treat me coldly. That of course only made me want him more, so I tried and I tried to get back what we had, but he just drifted away. I fell madly in love with him but never got the chance to fall out of love. It just kind of stayed with me, until now.”

“Are you sure, though?” Jungkook asks concerned.

“Yes I am. Truly.”
“Good.”

As Tae tells Jungkook details about last night, Jimin walks out on the white marble balcony. It’s early afternoon, and the city is alive, making itself heard all the way up to the hills. He checks his phone. Yoongi hasn’t called since last night.

He quickly presses his name and before he can change his mind Yoongi picks up.

“Hey Jimin…”

Jimin doesn’t know what to say! He should have prepared himself more, what does he do?

“I’m so sorry about last night. I’m sorry you had to find out that way and I am so sorry that I got mad at you. I didn’t mean those nasty things I said.”

Thank God Yoongi spoke first. It is so good to hear his voice.

“I’m sorry too.”

“Why?”

Jimin chokes up. He wishes it could all be different.

“I’m sorry I don’t love you back. I wish I did. You are my best friend and you have never treated me unfairly. You have always been here for me when I needed you, never asking for anything back. You’re all I got and I’m sorry I have to break your heart.”

Yoongi is crying too. He has put the phone away from his face but Jimin hears the quiet sobs. He listens for a while and when Yoongi has collected himself a bit, he speaks.

“I love you so much Jimin. You are my everything and it is an honour to have my heart broken by you.”

Jimin is hurting everywhere and he can’t stand anymore. Sinking to the marble floor he silences his jagged breaths with his hand, yet lets the tears flow freely.

“You are the prettiest, most lovable person I have ever met. You always do what you think is best for others, especially me, and your lyrics always make me cry. When you wrote Serendipity I cried when you finally fell asleep, and I pretended it was about me. I love the way you always leave the water on too cold in the shower, and I love the way you shyly cover your face with your hands when you get drunk and can’t stop laughing. I know I can be cold to you but whenever you speak It is like your voice is all I hear. I still remember the first time I heard that voice. You were the first one to be kind to me at when I moved to Seoul, and I felt that I didn’t need anybody else when you were around. I’m in love with the way you move when I watch you dance. I’m in love with the way you always run your hands through your hair, and how your breath is warm on my skin when you let me do your eyeliner. I love the way you throw yourself at whoever makes you laugh. Your laugh makes my heart ache and I-” He chokes up.

“I wish I could hear it forever.”

Jimin has left the phone on the floor, and hears Yoongis confession crackling through the small speakers. His head is pounding.
I - love you. I love you. I want the best for you always. That’s why I’ll get over you. Once you were only my best friend, and you can be that again. All I need is time Jimin.”

He won’t leave? Oh my god he won’t leave. He picks up the phone.

“I will give you all the time in the world. I need you, Yoongi.” he cries

“I need you too.” Jimin has never hurt like this. How is Yoongi feeling?

“But I don’t think I can see you right now. We can try to go to meetings together, but I can’t hang out. It- It will hurt too much. I hope you understand.”

“I do. Thank you.”

“For what?”

“I thought you were going to ask me to never speak to you again.”

“I could never do that. We built a life together. I am who I am because I met you.”

“Me too.”

“I just need some time now” he whispers and sniffs quietly. Jimin can almost see his red nose in front of him, and he is hurting even more from that thought. Neither of them wants to hang up, because it will mark the end of everything as they know it. Jimin isn’t ready.

“I’ll go now.” Yoongi tries to sound calm but Jimin hears that as soon as they hang up, he will go back to crying. He has never heard him sound like this. Will he ever stop crying?

“okay”

“I’ll see you tomorrow”

“Yoongi…”

“Yeah?”

“Take care of yourself. Please.”

“I will.”

“There are leftovers in the fridge, and vitamins in my suitcase. Take them.”

Yoongi chuckles.

“Bye Jimin.”

“Bye”

And then they hang up. Jimin listens as his phone beeps, and he keeps it by his ear until it locks itself. Then he wipes his tears and looks up at the sky. It is the same sky he used to look at from his hideout in Busan. The smell of salt water and warm air is bringing him back too, to the only place where he could figure this all out. He misses home.

Chapter End Notes
I almost want to make this a Yoonmin fic now because I feel so bad... I just can't help it!!

Please tell me what you think, I love hearing from you guys who read this!!

Peace, see you next wednesday
Hey guys I'm back!! Sorry for the wait, here's this weeks chapter <3

“You and Jimin aren’t trending on twitter anymore, that’s good!” Tae says as he puts down his phone.

“Thank you lord, I was getting nervous”

It’s only been two days since he added that song to his playlist, setting all of this in motion. It’s been moving really really fast, but it all feels so natural. He is so happy that he has Jimin with him. Speaking of which… Jimin has been gone a long time now. Tae notices how Jungkook is spacing out, looking towards the staircase.

“Go find him. I have to go anyway. Tell him I said bye!” Tae smiles and leaves with his bag that he had left by the door. Jungkook walks up the stairs slowly. When he gets closer to his room he hears sniffles, and inside Jimin is lying on his back, legs up on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

“I want to go home.” Jimin has been crying.

“Oh… okay, I can drive you if you want.”

“No… I mean home. Real home. I want to go back to Seoul.”

What does he mean? Jungkooks heart feels heavy.

“What happened?”

“I spoke to Yoongi. I don’t think I can do this. I’m not sure what I have anymore.”

“You have me.”

Jimin turns to him and stares deep into his eyes. His gaze is filled with heartbreak, he can feel it.

“Do I really? Then why do I feel like I don’t. Why do I feel like this won’t last? I know it’s only been a few weeks, and that we don’t know each other fully yet, but I just have this knot in my stomach that tells me something is wrong. Why, Jungkook?”

Jungkook sighs. This is unfair, he can see that him not being honest about his feelings is hurting Jimin. He has to tell him. After a few moments of hesitation he speaks.

“Because I am scared. I am so scared.” Jungkook sits down beside Jimin with his chin resting on his knees.

“I want you. And parts of me wish I didn’t. I wish you were like everyone else in my life, but you aren’t, and I’ve known that since the moment I saw you.”
“You’re scared of what others might say.”

“Not just others… And my whole life is built around the people who listen to my music. What if they stop? What if I lose everything?”

“Jungkook, the first time I ever felt fully secure in who I am was when I came here. People here don’t care who you love.”

“It’s not just who I love. It’s that I love, too.”

“What do you mean?”

How will he explain this to Jimin? He won’t understand.

“Um… when I was together with my ex, my fans got furious. They don’t want me dating anyone, and if they find out it’s a guy… I don’t know what they’ll do.”

“I don’t understand, why are they like that?”

“My manager told me that it is best to stay single because that gives them the illusion that they have a chance.”

“That’s insane, Jungkook”

“I know but that’s how it is. I don’t think I could handle that type of backlash, not when I am just about to release new music.”

Fuck, he sounds so vain and cold.

“What are you saying? You don’t want this to go on?”

Jungkook doesn’t know what to say. Does he give up? He can’t, can he? He’s fallen in love with Jimin. Oh my… Jungkook looks at the boy in front of him and realises that there is no way of denying that. He’s fallen in love. So hard but so fast… He will be empty if he loses him, but is it worth his career? Jimin chokes up as he speaks

“Will you let them run your life?”

They have until now, why shouldn’t they? His fans are the only reason he is here.

“Without them I am nothing and I have nothing, Jimin”

“You have me.”

“Would you be with me if I didn’t have all of this?” Swinging his arms out and looking Jimin in the eye, Jungkook dreads the answer. In this world he is so caught up in the fact that people only love each other if they are worth something. It has become his life, and infiltrated every cell in his body. No one will love him if he isn’t Jeon Jungkook. Nobody did before he was.

“Jungkook… Why would you ever think I wouldn’t? You have so many people around you who would be by your side through anything. I’ve seen that with my own eyes.” Jimin takes his hand.

“I won’t leave.”

“But you deserve someone who will show you off.”
“We don’t have to rush.”

Jungkook’s voice cracks and turns into a whisper as he speaks

“But I’m so scared”

Crawling awkwardly, Jimin slowly sits up, trying not to pass out from the blood loss from his head. He turns to Jungkook, who had been following him with his eyes, trying not to laugh. He is so cute.

“Me too, but that’s okay. Maybe I shouldn’t say this but I don’t care. I have never felt anything like this. I wanted to just drop everything and leave, but then you opened your mouth and those feelings went away. No one has ever came close to making me as weak in the knees as you do. There are so many things I want to tell you, and so many things I want to know about you. I have also never been this confused in my life, but still I am certain that I want to be with you now.”

Jimins words really get to him. He breathes them in like they have replaced the oxygen his body needs. Maybe he can do this. He cannot let this go.

“I want to be with you too.”

Jimin kisses him.

“That’s all we need right now.”

Jimins stomach growls.

“That, and food.”

They ignore the omelettes that have been cooling in the kitchen and instead get in Jungkook's car. Jungkook wants breakfast burritos, but he’s also in the mood for some shopping, so he drives them to Beverly Hills. They get burritos from a drive through and eat in the car, laughing and speaking about everything and anything. Apparently they watch the same youtubers as well. Jungkook loves spending his free nights binge watching weird mukbangs, and apparently so does Jimin.

“But I hate ASMR, I can’t stand it when they slurp close to the mic, it’s so gross!” Jimin scrunches his nose in the most adorable way, and puts his hands into tiny fists.

“What? I love it!”

“Nooo, get me out of this car right now. It’s over!” He jokingly tries to open the locked door in the parking lot. This isn’t really the most romantic layout… Jungkook looks around and thinks out loud

“Next time I’ll take you to some place really fancy, where we have to get all dressed up.”

He really wants to. He just can’t yet.

“No, next time I’m buying. I have some making up to do!”

“Jimin, I wouldn’t stop buying you food even if you made ten times the money as me. Seeing you eat well makes me smile.” It’s true.

“I didn’t know you were into that… I got myself a feeder, huh” He smirks teasingly. Jungkook slaps his shoulder.
“I didn’t mean it like that, stupid”

And then they are back to laughing. When they are done eating Jungkook drives them to the shopping street he always visits when him and Tae are out. He parks the car.

“What are we doing here?”

“We’re going shopping!”

Jimin raises his eyebrows and smiles in disbelief.

“You’re going shopping.”

They get out and start walking down the street. It is not very crowded, most people who shop here don’t really like being seen out in public, so it is a perfect place for them. Jimin is wearing Jungkook’s bucket hat with thick framed glasses, and Jungkook is in a huge green hoodie. People won’t see them. First stop, Gucci of course.

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Jimin has never been inside a Gucci store before. It’s nice, and the clothes look really cool. One day he’ll hopefully shop here. One day. Jungkook looks at some jackets and shirts, and Jimin follows him. He sees a red and blue satin jacket.

“This is the one.”

Jungkook comes over and looks at it.

“You think so?”

“Mhm, this would look so good on you. Try it on!”

Jimin is right of course, it looks great. He scans Jungkook up and down with his eyes, cooing at the beauty. His hair is a bit messy and parted perfectly.

“I love it!” Jungkook smiles that gorgeous bunny-smile again.

Jimin picks out another shirt, a red one that says “LOVED” on it.

“To remind you.”

“You are so cheesy, Jimin.” He tries to sound cool but Jimin sees him blushing.

“Now it’s time for you to try something on!”

“No, I’m good.” Jimin doesn’t really want to. The clothes aren’t that pretty anyway.

“Oh come on, you have to know what you are going to spend your Serendipity check on.”

It’s so stupid, but Jimin can’t help but laugh. Fine. He finds a green jacket with a tiger on it.

“This one’s cool.”
As he tries it on, Jungkook speaks to the girl at the register.

“Put that one away, I’ll send someone for it later today.”

Jungkook pays for his stuff while Jimin puts his jacket back. It’s fun trying on expensive clothes, he likes imagining buying this for shows. Maybe someday. They head to Saint Laurent next. Jungkook finds a pair of black ripped Jeans, and seeing him in them makes him almost push him back inside the stall and fuck him on the spot.

“I need you to get those so I can take them off.”

“Jesus, Jimin, you really know how to sell something.”

Jimin finds a bag that he likes. Its $2000. The things they’re looking at are way more expensive than he imagined, how do people afford this?

“Jimin look.”

He turns around and Jungkook is holding a silver jacket. It’s reflecting the spotlights, glistening magnificently. It’s the coolest piece of clothing Jimin has ever seen.

“That’s what I’d spend my Serendipity paycheck on if I could.” He says pointing at it. They smile at each other, and suddenly Jimin's phone buzzes.

Yoongi

I’m staying at Namjoons tonight, I thought maybe you wanted to grab a few things before tomorrow. I’ll be at the meeting at 8.30, maybe we could meet 15 minutes before or something? Idk, I just thought that would be good.

3.15 pm

Yoongi. Yeah, he’s right, Jimin should probably get home and settle in. He has been wearing Jungkook’s clothes for too long.

Me

Thank you. I’ll see you 8.15 tomorrow.
“Who was that?”

“Yoongi. He’s staying at Namjoons tonight, so I can go home.”

“Oh. That’s nice?”

“Yeah, I didn’t bring enough clothes to move out of there, and I have a meeting early in the morning tomorrow, so it would be nice to be home.”

“I’ll take you there later then.” Jungkook smiles and brushes his hands through Jimin's hair.

“I have work tomorrow too, but maybe you could drop by the studio afterwards? If you want to?” He looks shy.

“Sure! Yeah, I would love that.”

“You can stay over as much as you want, too, you know.”

“Thank you. I’ll just see how me and Yoongi sets everything up for how we will live there. It’s going to be weird.”

“You will get through it.”

“I know… I know.”

Jungkook kisses Jimins forehead. They are the only ones in the store.

“Alright, you done?”

“Yeah. Let’s leave.”

They go through a couple more stores and Jungkook buys some glasses and a hoodie, and then he drives Jimin home. The apartment is cold and quiet. Jimin packs his stuff just to have everything at hand if he has to leave again. The fridge is filled with new leftovers. Yoongi cooked? He eats alone in the kitchen, thinking about the weekend that just passed. It has been crazy. Everything turned upside down in a few days, he finally got with Jungkook, but possibly lost Yoongi. He has been the center of twitter drama, fucked Jeon Jungkook in a mansion in the Hollywood Hills, and passed out in front of his door. Thats right… Chris. Maybe she would like to hang out? He has to take his mind off the past days, or he will go crazy from emotional whiplash.

Me

Hey, Chris! I have food over, you want some?

4.15
A few minutes later he hears a knock on the door.

“I brought wine!”

They don’t really talk about anything in particular, keeping most conversations very light. It feels really nice. Christine tells him about her work as a producer and how she almost got to work with Sia, but it just never happened. Jimin tells her about his music and his newest releases, and apparently she has heard it.

“Serendipity is incredible!”

“Thank you!”

They talk and laugh for a few hours, but then Chris goes back to her apartment. She also has work tomorrow. When the door closes behind her that cold and empty feeling returns. After just a second of being alone, he can barely take it. It’s only 7.30pm, but he needs the comfort of the warm blankets, so he crawls into bed.

There he lies, crying, for god knows how long. The bed is empty without Yoongi. He misses his snoring, he misses their annoyed bickering, he misses the weight that keeps pulling him to the middle of the bed, unabiling him to lie comfortably. He wants to call him, but he won’t, so he just stares at the wall and keeps crying.

MONDAY JUNE 25th 08.15am

Jimin sees Yoongi at the end of the hallway, waiting outside their normal conference room. He is holding a starbucks cup, probably containing ice coffee, as he sits with his legs spread wide. He looks tired. Not his outfit or anything, his hair is perfectly styled, and his red hoodie really complements his black pants, but his eyes… He looks like Jimin. Puffed up from crying and lack of sleep. When Yoongi spots him they just awkwardly stare at each other until Jimin is close enough to speak.

“Hey.”

“Hi.”

“How are you?”

“Tired.”

“Me too.”

Jimin sits down next to him, so Yoongi has to move his legs for them not to touch.

“Have you eaten?” Jimin already knows the answer. That’s why he brought breakfast for the both of them.

“No.”

“Good. Do you want avocado toast or a chicken sandwich?”
The tension is slowly releasing as they eat. Of course, the memory of the weekend is still hovering over them like a thick rainy cloud, and they still have a lot of unsolved business, but they can at least be in the same room. The meeting begins and they are going to discuss how the trip has been going so far, and what to expect from the last couple of weeks. Jimin takes notes that look somewhat like this. His are a bit messier.

Things that have been going well:

Boosted streams, new connections, new followers, more influential follower, new music, sessions with other producers.

Things that should be improved:

Interaction with fans, presence on social media, presence in media overall.

How to improve:

Get more interviews, be more active and seen outside, more live shows for fans to attend, perhaps a bit controversy or minor scandals?

“We loved the Jungkook thing, it really helped with streams and attention from media. What was going on there?”

Jimin hasn’t told anyone anything about their relationship. Of course Sejin would react like this. He is their manager after all.

“We’re friends I guess, and he liked the song.”

“When asked about it by the press, you should answer vague things to keep the talking going. Definitely try to hang out with him more, and post pictures of you two. You’re not using him, it’s completely normal to post about what you’re doing, and it would be great for your socialblade. That applies for you too Yoongi. Everytime you hang out in for example Namjoons studio, post about it. We need pictures of you with every celebrity you speak to.”

“Yes, that’s a good idea.” Yoongi agrees. Jimin nods too, and writes it down, but he knows he can’t do that. He will figure something out.

“We’re planning a photoshoot for you guys this friday, I know we said you could have it off, but you’re here to work, aren’t you.”

“That’s fine by me.” They both add it to their calendars. Then another person adds

“And next monday we were actually thinking about filming a music video for Serendipity. We have a team that will be working on the concept coming in half an hour, and we want to make this one big. People really love the song, we do too, it’s great!”

“Really?” Jimin lights up.
“Yeah, we think it could be a huge success! Are you down to work on that for the rest of the week?”

“Of course!”

Jimin is already planning what he wants it to be in his head. He wants it to be really pretty and colorful and oh my god who’s gonna play J… Fuck, he can’t make it too obvious? If he tells the story how it is he will put Jungkook in a bad position. What’s it gonna be about then?

“So, Jimin. Tell us everything about the song. What does it mean to you?”

The music video people arrive and Jimin can see Yoongi shifting awkwardly in his chair. He knows what the song is about and he probably doesn’t want to hear it again, but what should Jimin do? He can’t lie, it’s important that this works out. Yoongi will just have to understand.

“It’s about loving someone that you could never get. Someone that is everything you ever wanted, but doesn’t want you back, so you have to let them go. But you can’t, and that small glimmer of hope won’t ever die.”

Yoongi sighs deeply.

“Do you know the story about the sun who loved the moon so much that he dies every night to let her breathe?” Yoongi looks at the girl from the crew as he speaks.

“No?”

“It’s basically a huge metaphor for loving something you can never reach, so much that you’d do anything for them. Even if they don’t love you back. And never will.”

Yoongi is fidgeting with his pen, and the air is getting thicker in the small conference room, and Jimin is having a hard time breathing naturally. Yoongi avoids eye contact with him, but he understands what’s going on. It hurts. For the both of them.

“I love that concept! Are you the sun or the moon, Jimin?”

Both.

But he can’t tell them that.

“The sun.” He says.

Yoongi looks down at his own hands.

“We could really work with something like that, if you want to?” The girl seems excited.

“It sounds beautiful, let’s do it.”

Yoongi smiles a melancholic smile at Jimin’s response.
Jungkook is having lunch with his publicist, finally deciding on what date his new album will be released. Seated in an outdoor restaurant in Calabasas, they both order overly priced burgers and enjoy the sunny weather.

“I’m thinking as soon as possible. It’s not the best decision to release in the middle of summer, so I think we should go for late August. I know we said September or October, but it’s been done for a long time.”

“I just have a few changes I want to make, but other than that it’s done. I can go any time.”

“Do you think you will have it by August 24th?”

“Yes.”

“Okay good. I’ll set up a meeting with your agent to look over the tour dates, and perhaps squeeze in a show earlier. We will release the tickets two days after the album is out, so please stay away from trouble at least until then.”

“When have I ever let you down?” Never. That’s the answer.

“Still. I’ll also call your label, so don’t worry about that. I think this will be good.”

He is so excited for this release. The project has been in motion for a year now, and he even has songs that he started writing in the beginning of his career on it, so it’s going to be really special. Right now it has 14 tracks, and Jungkook loves every single one. He’s heading into the studio after this to correct most of what needs to be done, and then he can’t wait to show Jimin. His career has been going steady upwards since he started, but now with this he is heading in a new, bit more daring, direction. Basically the entire album is written at times when Jungkook has been sad, and he is really proud of his lyrics. His fans will love the personal touch, he knows it. He just has to keep Jimin on the downlow until it’s out. I mean, until the tickets are sold. And until the tour is over, because his fans need to show up of course. And… Let’s just not think about it.

They finish their food and pack up to leave. Jungkook drives down to Santa Monica before he heads to the studio complex, he doesn’t have to be there until 3, and now it’s only 1.

Me

I’m going to the studio at 3, when are you free?

1.02 pm

He’s parked in a small street near the beach. Coming here alone isn’t the best idea, because he could get flooded if people recognize him, but he’s wearing huge shades and a black cap thats pulled down way too far. If he walks fast he’ll be fine, he just wants to have a few minutes for himself by the beach, is that too much to ask?
Jimin-ssi

I’m caught up in something, I’ll tell you when I get there, it’s so great! Maybe I can be there by 5?
1.06

Me

Perfect. I’ll text you all the details later. Can’t wait to see you<3
1.06

Was that too much? Jungkook really should think before he presses send.

Jimin-ssi

<3
1.06

He almost kisses his phone. Finally showing Jimin what he has been working on for so long will be the best feeling. Jimin will love it, he knows it. Ocean Front Walk is crowded per usual, people are riding longboards or biking everywhere, even hoverboarding. He buys a Juice from a stand and then walks straight out on the sand. It is flaming hot, even through his sneakers, and he’s really warm even in just a white t-shirt. He didn’t unload the shopping bags from his car from yesterday, so he can change later. Maybe he’ll wear the red shirt that Jimin picked out. Yeah, he’ll do that. Speaking of the that…

Me

Hey! Did you pick up the clothes yesterday?
1.25

Tae-Tae

Yeah! I threw in some other stuff too that I thought would look good, hope you don’t mind!
1.26

Me

I can always count on you<333
Tae-Tae

If it comes to you spoiling Jimin, you bet! I love this so much, I am proud of you Kookie. We should talk about this more, are you free?

Me

I’m at the beach! Are you close?

Tae-Tae

At Jiyongs place like 5 minutes away, I’ll be right there, we just have to finish cleaning up.

Me

I’m dropping you my location. See you soon!

20 minutes later, Tae arrives with ice tea and chips. He knows Jungkook so well. He’s wearing a white turtle neck, probably trying to hide the marks on his body, and it looks kind of odd in this weather. Tae is the only one he knows that could get away with it though… for fashion.

“Hey!”

They sit down next to each other and Tae tells Jungkook about the changes Jiyong and him made to their collections. Apparently they decided to take inspiration from each other, linking their collections together with small details.

“If anybody notices that would be so cool!”

Jungkook thinks it’s a great idea. He can’t wait to wear it all! His love for clothes is never bigger than when it comes to Tae, because everything he makes fits Jungkook like a glove.

“But alright, I need to know everything about you and Jimin now. I feel like I missed out on a lot this weekend.”

“He is so great, Tae.”
“Yeah yeah I know, but what’s going on? I know you guys fuck, I don’t need to hear or see more any of that please, but are you together?”

“No. I want to try eventually. Right now we’re just taking it slow.”

“Really?” Taehyung’s eyes open wide in shock.

“Why are you so surprised?”

“Well… I just thought… Since we spoke about your fans last time… I wasn’t sure you would dare to.”

“I don’t, that’s why we’re taking it slow. I don’t know what will happen, but I can’t let him go. I just can’t.”

“I am so proud of you. I will be here through anything, and when you decide it’s time to be open with it, I will proudly stand by your side.” He smiles big and hugs Jungkook, almost making them fall over in the sand.

“Thank you Tae”

“I have never seen you this content, Kook. Please don’t let anyone else ruin that for you.”

The sun is warm on Jungkooks skin, and the winds are grabbing onto his shirt, making it sway almost violently. Sipping on their ice teas, they both look out at the large waves that people are surfing ahead of them, and follows them as they crash on shore. Salt water fills the air and makes their eyes sting a little, even though they are far away. The world is hopeful and he feels loved.

“I am so happy Tae.”

“I know.”
They finish up at 4.30, packing up a whole bunch of drawings and notes. Yoongi's idea is so good, and it will fit perfectly with the song. It’s awful to say, but the whole situation is making them both very creative and Yoongi had some really beautiful ideas. At least something good comes out of this. The two pack up and leave the building together, walking quietly next to each other. Outside they stop, not really sure where to go.

“Where are you heading now?”

“Namjoons.”

“Okay.”

Quiet again.

“We should make up a schedule or something. For the apartment I mean.”

“I can’t do this right now. I’m sorry.”

Yoongi walks off quickly, leaving Jimin standing alone on the sidewalk. Of course Yoongi needs more time, why did he have to push him? He curses at himself as he watches Yoongi’s frame get further and further away, until it crosses the street and disappears. In despair he kicks a light post hard enough for it to hurt him, before he calms down. Next time he will do better. He can’t be perfect right away, there is no way for him to know Yoongi’s limits. Yoongi will have to reach out to him now, just give him time, Jimin. He gets out his phone. Jungkook has texted him the details, so he orders an uber right away.

After 2 minutes it arrives, and they start driving.

“Hey, can you swing by in & out on the way?” Jimin is really hungry. They only had a quick lunch because they were all so into the project, and now Jimin is paying for it.

“Sure, there’s one a few blocks down.”

This is the one that him and Yoongi were going to before they went to Namjoons. He must live close then, so Yoongi could walk the entire way without too much fuss. That’s good. As they get in line for the drive through Jimin remembers the antique store across the street…

“Um, could you order a number 5 menu for me? You can order whatever you want too.” He takes out cash and hands it to his driver.
“I will be back in three minutes!”

The driver agrees and Jimin rushes off. I hope it’s still there, he mutters as he crosses the street. The store still smell of dust and feels like it hasn’t been cleaned ever. He runs through it, checking every nook and cranny. Where is it?

There. Where he left it a couple of weeks ago. The Iron Man figurine is in great condition. Dusty, but not a single scratch. $12.50? Smiling widely as he walks out with it in a pink plastic bag, he runs back to the Uber that’s waiting for him in the parking lot.

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The producers left early, and now Jungkook is sitting alone, making minor changes to the mix, adding (and removing and then adding again) different types of delay on a snare. People always call him a perfectionist, and for good reason, letting go isn’t something he can do, especially when it comes to music. Well… he can let go sometimes. His phone starts buzzing next to him.

“Hey Jimin!”

“I’m outside, let me in!”

“Coming.”

Hair pulled back, dressed in dark grey sweatpants and a white puma hoodie, the man he loves stands smiling in front of him. God he really is something. Jungkook goes quiet as he observes Jimin, he can’t take his eyes off him.

“Hey!” Jimin smiles.

“Wow… hey”

The studio is located in a basement on a back street near Pershing Square downtown. Jimin is standing at the top of the stairs, and Jungkook looks around. Nobody is here right now… He walks up the stairs, and when he is close enough he pulls him into a tight embrace. He smells like wood sage and sea salt and Jungkook can’t help put to pull him even closer, lifting him off the ground. Jimin kisses him first, and Jungkook answers after taking a quick glance around them again. Still no one. The kiss is passionate and his heart begins to race like crazy… Finally he is here. They saw each other yesterday, he knows that, but still.

“Welcome to my studio” Jungkook pulls away and leans his forehead against Jimin's, then kisses his nose before they get inside. The complex is really cozy, and he shares it with three other producer teams, meaning there are four studios here in total. Right now they are the only ones there. When they come in they are first greeted with the main area, containing a large group of couches in one end, and a kitchen in the other. They have spent a lot of time decorating it so it looks really nice, but Jungkook’s studio is the best one. He leads Jimin in there, and earns a gasp from the boy as they enter.
“Wow…”

“You like it?”

There are three screens covering the purple soundproof walls, and an enormous sound system on both sides of the table. A large soft couch is placed next to the door, for people to hang out in while they produce. The lights can change colors with the push of a button, to suit every mood. His equipment is the best on the market, that’s why he owns it, and he is so proud of it.

“It’s beautiful! But it’s missing something…” Jimin’s got a sly smile on his face.

“What are you up to?” Jungkook leans against the desk, and pulls Jimin towards him, smiling curiously.

“I got you something! I noticed your wall in your bedroom, and a few weeks ago I found this…” He pulls out an Iron Man figurine. How the fuck could he know..?

“Oh my God that’s my favorite!”

“Really?”

“Yeah! Did you know?”

“Kind of, you have a lot of them in your collection.”

He kisses Jimin hard. It’s not as exclusive as the rest of the ones he got, but it’s from Jimin, so he loves it the most. He’ll put it in his studio, it will be perfect here.

“Thank you, Jiminie”

“My pleasure!” He says with a proud look on his face.

“Alright, now I want to show you something.”

They listen to it, track by track, and Jimin has his eyes closed through it all. Jungkook has never been this nervous, he needs Jimin to love it, so he watches him closely from the couch. When the last track on the album plays, a collab with Namjoon rapping on called Spring Day, Jimin cries until the very end.

“Jungkook….”

“I still have a few changes to make, I’m kind of thinking about calling in J-Hope to do a verse somewhere, and there’s some mixing to do…”

“Jungkook, oh my god. I understand how it is, but you don’t have to do anything. I have never heard anything this close to perfection in my life.” He wipes his cheeks as Jungkook blushes.

“Your voice is the most ethereal thing I have ever had the pleasure of experiencing, and the lyrics and production is beyond anything I could expect.” He turns his chair and finds Jungkook's eyes.

“You’re a genius!”

A big weight is lifted from Jungkook's shoulders as he listens to the comforting words.
“You don’t know how much that means to me”

Jimin comes over and crawls up in Jungkook's lap.

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I love you. I love you, I love you, I love you. I love you!

--

He strokes Jimin's hair and kisses his forehead.

“I have never met anyone like you, Jimin.”

The only answer he gets is a soft kiss, telling him everything he needs to know. Scooching down, he lays so Jimin is on top of him, tightly wrapped in his embrace. The kiss is slow and long, and he never wants to break it.

“Jungkook, I don’t think you understand. I—” Jungkook breaks his words with kisses.

“I cannot believe my ears when you say that. I wake up every day still thinking I am inside a dream. I thought… I knew you before I met you, but I didn’t at all. You are even more beautiful, smart, lovable, kind, etcetera etcetera, than I could ever have known.”

At those last words, Jungkook can only stare into Jimin's kind, dark eyes. He loves Jimin. He really does. His eyes close, and his body feels like it is being sucked into the couch. He tries to fight the bad thoughts telling him that Jimin can’t possibly know what he is talking about after this short amount of time, or that he can’t do this, but they come creeping anyway. But Jimin kisses him again, and pulls him back up. How can he have bad thoughts when his mind is filled with Jimin? The easy answer is that he can’t. Moving his hands under Jimin's shirt, he pulls him closer, feeling the boys entire body on his own. Jimin lightly presses their crotches together by smoothly grinding his hips, and that is enough for the both of them to harden immediately. They moan into the kiss, not breaking it for anything, as they start moving against each other more vigorously, causing heavenly friction. As Jimin grabs Jungkook's neck hard, he lifts his hips and grinds up and down just like Jungkook has seen him do on the dancefloor. Whenever they touch, Jungkook pushes up, and when Jimin moves away, he whines. He is teasing him so well. Jimin slides his free hand over Jungkook’s abs, up to his nipple, and rolls it between his fingers. It feels fucking incredible, and he can’t hold himself back as he lightly bites Jimin's lower lip. In response Jimin purrs and sits up, straddling Jungkook and removes his own shirt.

“I almost don’t want to remove yours, it fits you so well.” He says with a raspy voice, eyeing Jungkook's red shirt that he picked out.

“Then I’ll do it for you”

He throws it on the ground beside them, and pulls Jimin back down. Skin on skin, Jimin's warmth radiates and heats up Jungkook's heart, waking the butterflies in his stomach. The plump lips
leaves his and moves down slowly, kissing his neck, then with tender care licking and kissing the fading hickies from yesterday. His heart is beating out of his chest, and Jimin can feel it. He puts his ear to Jungkook's chest for a few seconds, smiling with closed eyes as Jungkook strokes his naked back. Jungkook could cry right now. With a heart-melting smile, Jimin meets his eyes, before turning it into a smirk and begins to kiss his torso once again. He removes Jungkook's pants and slowly closes in on his throbbing cock. It is begging for Jimin's lips. A wet tongue travels over his length, circling the tip a few times, before Jimin lifts it from his stomach only using his mouth and takes it all in. Jungkook can't look away, and he follows Jimin's bobbing head without even blinking. He is moving slowly, and occasionally looking up to meet Jungkook's gaze. His eyes are a bit swollen, probably from lack of sleep, but they still burn just as much as always. Jimin sits up, stroking both of their cocks gently in sync, having unbuttoned his own pants without Jungkook noticing.

“You don’t have a condom do you?”

Fucking hell… Jungkook should have thought about that.

“God dammit, no… you?”

“No. Oh well.”

He gets back to work, making Jungkook throw his head back in surprise.

“That feels so good, Jiminie” he whispers, earning a buzzing hum from the elder.

“Let me taste you.”

He traces Jungkook's body with his tongue all the way to his lips. They grind their bodies together in a sweaty makeout session, while Jimin struggles to get out of his pants fully too. However, he doesn’t immediately let Jungkook taste him, instead they keep kissing and feeling each other all over. Jungkook grabs Jimin's handful of ass, runs his fingers on the back of his thighs, then grips his flexed biceps while he holds himself over Jungkook. Everything about his body is magical. From the way his hair feels in his grip, to the way their toes play with each other. He is magic.

Then he moves up, on top of Jungkook who is still on his back on the couch. With his dick pressed up against his lips, Jungkook obediently opens up, placing his hands on Jimin's thighs. He moves gently, back and forth, inside Jungkook's warm mouth, and Jungkook licks the shaft inside, circling the tip when he can. Unless one of them have to blink, they won’t break eye contact. How the hell can Jimin be so pretty in this angle? They intertwine their hands, and Jimin kisses each and every one of his fingers one by one, still not breaking eye contact, or stopping his smooth hip movements. Soon however, Jimin closes his eyes, pushing Jungkook's hand to his cheek, whilst beginning to move faster. He is close and Jungkook can’t wait to hear him come for him. But he stops right before the edge, pulling out of Jungkook and crawling back down to kiss him.

“I want to look at you” He whispers, then grabs Jungkook's waiting length and begins pumping. Jungkook is surprised, but goes with it. He wants to look at Jimin too. Close.

“You are so beautiful” He whispers in response. Their craving eyes meet each other only inches away, as their warm breaths humidifies the air between them. He grabs Jimin's dick and jerks it back, keeping the same pace as Jimin.

“Fffuck” Jimin kisses him before looking back again, and when their eyes meet now, Jungkook's
heart skips a beat. This is the closest to pure euphoria he has ever been. Wanting to look Jimin in the eyes as he comes for him, he picks up the pace, forcing Jimin to follow. Jimin is moaning loudly, growling Jungkook's name in between. Sweaty bodies move in sync on that couch in Jungkook's studio, and his head is spinning with all the most angelic thoughts about Jimin.

“You are so beautiful” He repeats himself.

--

Jimin doesn’t know where his sudden courage came from. Maybe it’s not even courage, he didn’t even notice himself saying the words out loud before it was too late. In the heat of the moment they just slipped out, and it was first when they both calmed down that he realised.

As they both go faster and faster, Jimin feels himself closing in. As Jungkook calls him beautiful once again his mind becomes clouded, and he pushes his upper body up, getting ready to cum. The words between his moans doesn’t make sense, they are only a mix of swearwords and random thoughts.

“Jungkook… Ff… You’re… Fuck… I’m…” He opens his eyes that had been shut tight for a few seconds, and meets Jungkook's lustfilled gaze. As he does, the whole world stops, and his blood is replaced with burning hot lava. Every heartbeat is spreading its warmth through his body, and he knows nothing else.

“I love you”

Then he spills himself in a loud moan all over the youngers bare skin.

--

His heart stops when Jimin says those words, and his body is overwhelmed by comfort and love which jolts him over the edge too. The orgasm is stronger than he expects from just a handjob, and it really surprises him. It is so powerful, that when he comes, he is washed over by every feeling he has tried to suppress for the last weeks. The feelings he has tried to suppress for his entire life. Jimins words have opened the door to the metaphorical vault where he has hidden every thought and instinct about love that has ever scared him. Now they are all out in the open, devouring both his mind and body, and he cannot ignore them anymore. Jimin mindlessly reaches for napkins from his bag by the couch, whilst still riding out his orgasm, and cleans them up before collapsing on top of him, not noticing the stream of tears that are making their ways over Jungkook's temples.

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He kisses Jungkook's chest as he slowly comes down from his high. Just before he closes his eyes he is shot with a sudden realisation like an arrow to his chest. What the fuck did he just do? In the exact moment it hits him, Jungkook's chest is forcefully pulled down in a harsh, jagged inhale. Oh no oh no oh no… Jimin looks up and sees Jungkook crying, trying to squirm out of his touch when he is caught.

“Jungkook I am so sorry, I-” Jungkook sits up, pushing Jimin off him, towards the other end of the couch.

“I don’t know what came over me I’m sorry, I wasn’t thinking.”

The panic is building inside of Jimin, why is he so pushy? Every time it is going well he steps out of line. Jungkook meets Jimin's eyes, making Jimin tear up too. What’s going on?

“Please say something…”

“Get out.”

He looks away from Jimin, trying to calm his breathing.

“What?”

“Get out!” He snaps back, raising his voice a bit. Jimin can’t believe what he is hearing.

“No.” He is not leaving Jungkook like this. They have to talk this through or else this might be the end. Jimin will not let this be the end.

“Get the fuck out!” Jungkook looks at him in distress.

“When I told you I am not leaving I meant it.”

At that, Jungkook curls into himself and lets everything out. Jimin can hear the absolute agony in his cries. As painful as it is to hear he gets closer and holds Jungkook in his embrace. He is a lot smaller than usual, shivering like a scared puppy in Jimin's arms. They don’t speak for at least thirty minutes, Jimin estimates, but after that he can feel the still crying Jungkook going cold under him, so he dresses him, and gives him his white hoodie too. After that Jungkook becomes a lot calmer.

“Let me make you some tea.” He whispers and kisses Jungkook's nodding head. The boy has got to be really dehydrated, so when the water in the kitchen is boiling, he gets him a big glass of cold water too. While he chugs it down, Jimin lets his mind wander. He shouldn’t be speculating, he should just ask Jungkook, but being unsure that he will get any answers he can’t help himself. It is obvious that Jungkook is scared, but they have talked about that already? Shouldn’t it be fine? Jimin knows it is too early for him to tell him that he loves him, but Jungkook doesn’t understand that Jimin has loved him for years! It is just now he can do it for real.

When the tea is made, they sit next to each other in the couch, Jungkook seemingly deep in thoughts.

“What's on your mind?”
Jungkook shakes his head and looks away. He still hasn’t spoken.

“IT doesn’t have to make sense. I just need to know what’s going on. I’m sorry for saying that earlier—” Jimin fights the tears “But I meant it. You don’t have to say it back, it’s okay. We’re taking it slow.” A single tear makes its way down his cheek.

“Don’t cry” Jungkook wipes it away, looking softly at Jimin who leans into his touch.

“Please don’t cry I’m sorry.”

Jimin is quiet. It’s the only way to keep Jungkook speaking.

“I’m sorry for being such a mess, I didn’t want you to have to deal with this. Thank you for not leaving.”

“What do you mean?”

--

I love you too

--

“I’m scared. I’m still so scared.” He breaks down again, and Jimin puts their teacups away, hugging him tightly.

“I know, it’s okay.”

“Everyone around me are so cool with me being into guys that I forgot that I have to be cool with it too. It’s not enough. Having hated myself for who I am for so long, it’s hard to just stop, no matter how much support I get. I don’t love this part of me yet. Not because of you, or anyone, but because I have never truly faced myself.”

Jimin tries to understand, but knows he probably won’t. Not fully. He accepted himself before telling others. Jungkook has done the opposite.

“I’ve tried being casual, thinking just sleeping with guys was fine, but this is different. This is more and I wasn’t ready.”

Wiping Jungkook’s tears, Jimin tries to figure out if there is something he can do. How can he help? How did Jimin learn to accept himself? He can’t force Jungkook to go sit in the same spot for a week. Maybe just go through everything, bit by bit? Together.

“I need you to tell me everything from the beginning.”

“That will take forever” Jungkook sighs

“Let it.”
“I came here when I was 16. Before that I never really thought about my sexuality, I didn’t have the time or the energy. I liked girls so I left it at that. Dealing with school and my family and trying to convince them to let me make music was enough. Then after a series of awful events when my family basically turned their backs on me, I left. Coming here was great, and I don’t regret it one bit, but it was really hard in the beginning. I lived with my manager illegally because my parents wouldn’t give me up for adoption, and I couldn’t argue with them on that. I only got a green card like three years ago, we had to work our way around so many things before that, I don’t even know how we did it. I’ve always kept busy with stuff like that, more urgent and important, but then I met Namjoon.”

Jimin flinches at the familiar name, knowing where this is going.

“Don’t be alarmed, this was years ago. I was seventeen, and he was 20, so nothing happened, but when we worked together I felt something familiar, yet very very unfamiliar. I never told him, and eventually it faded, but after that I started experimenting. In secret I hooked up with boys at parties that I had seen on grindr. I had an anonymous profile there for a while, just to check it out. It was very confusing, and I kept it a secret for a long time, even from Tae. Then he walked in on me one night, before I was used to him coming uninvited to my house, and I thought my life was over. I thought he was going to tell everyone and that my career was ruined. But he didn’t. Instead he came out to me. This was just before everything began with Jin. Anyway, we spoke about it and after that I started hooking up with guys a bit more publicly, but rarely and there was never any commitment.”

Jimin recognizes himself in Jungkooks words. Except that he has been falling for guys like Jungkook since the beginning. Guys who had too much self loathing to ever hold or even make promises.

“There are a girlfriend, and everything got put on hold, and when we broke up I just went back to old habits, only a bit more scared of loving openly.”

Jungkook sighs deeply before pausing his monologue, staring blankly out in space. Jimin won’t speak yet, there might be something else.

“There are met you.”

Light shivers travel down Jimin's back as the words hit him. He closes his eyes, puts his feet up on the couch and leans his cheek against his knees. A part of him had been fearing that Jungkook would push him away. This is really hard for Jungkook, he knows that too well.

“I knew it from the beginning, that you were different, but I ignored the fact that I would have to deal with this.” He is still not looking at Jimin, and his voice is lowered into almost a whisper.

“I thought I could keep you a secret from the world. I never actually thought I could do this. I’m sorry.”

The last part hurts Jimin a bit. He kind of knew though, but that doesn’t make it easier. He opens his eyes and watches Jungkook's side profile. His eyes are tearing up again.

“But now you… you love me too and I cannot let you go. I can’t keep treating you unfairly.”

Back. The. Fuck. Up. What? Wait whAT? If Jimin wasn’t sure he must have misheard he would get up on both feet and scream at the top of his lungs. His heart rate is probably pushing the limit
to lethal. Stuttering, he interrupts Jungkook's last sentence.

“What”

Jungkook quickly turns his head to look at Jimin's confused and blushed face. His eyes are filled with panic for a second, then he nervously giggles.

“Oh shit” Covering his mouth with his hands, not being able to stop his giggles, his eyes tear up. Jimin looks back at him on the verge of tears as well, but he can’t hold them when Jungkook speaks again.

“I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

AyOOOOOOOO I loved writing this GOD I know it's early for them but that's what happens when you fall hard... Please tell me what you think, I really appreciate hearing you guys's opinion on what's going on.

Thank you so so much for reading! See you next week!
Jimin presses the buttons to type in the code for their apartment building, still with butterflies in his stomach. It’s late and he is really tired, but still so happy from Jungkook’s words. The feeling of someone finally loving him back is rapturous. He fiddles with his keys and when he gets the door to finally open, he is met with an ocean of bags in the tiny hallway. Did Yoongi leave them here? He turns the lights on and the realisation hits him when designer names appear in bold letters on the bags. No way.

“Missed me already?” He answers after only one beep.

“Jungkook take them back!”

“Oh, you got my gift already! You're welcome”

“I’m freaking out you can’t just do that! You can’t drop a normal person's decadal earnings in my hallway. I don’t need gifts Jungkook, take them back!”

“I knew you’d say that. Anyway I can’t do that, I had Tae remove all labels and conveniently lose the receipts. Sorry baby.”

Jimin can hear Jungkook’s smile through the phone. How could anyone afford this? There are at least 10 bags. He didn’t even look at that many stuff, what’s all of this?

“Jungkook…” He starts looking through the bags.

“Just enjoy yourself. I really wanted you to have them.”

“But I will never be able to give you anything like this. I don’t want to feel like I don’t have anything to offer…”

“It’s just money, Jimin. You can repay me by spending next week here. Your time is priceless, darling.” The last part is overly exaggerated, and Jimin scoffs. Before he left the studio, they decided that Jimin would stay in his own apartment for the rest of the week, because he has so much planned, and Yoongi seems to be staying at Namjoons. After that Jungkook wants him to come live with him.

“Also, you left your jacket here. I’ll bring it to you sometime this week.” Jimin had purposely “forgot” the sequence Gucci jacket at Jungkook’s place, hoping he wouldn’t notice. Now that
didn’t matter at all considering the ocean of expensive shit he has in their trashy airbnb…

“You’re too much Kook.”

“Love you too. Have to go now, but I’ll try and come visit you tomorrow. Goodnight Jimin.”

“Night.”

He puts on some music, shuffling through his Ben Howard playlist as he opens the bags one by one. Everything is so bourgeois and neatly packed that he almost feels dirty touching them. He is so out of place in this lifestyle, it feels like he would be lying to the world if he wore any of this. But it looks so nice… The first one he opens is the green Gucci jacket that he found. Jungkook must have spoken to the cashier at every store they went to. What a sneaky bastard. There are plenty of accessories in every bag too, which he never picked out? Sunglasses in every shade and shape, beanies, earrings, even a fucking watch. Jesus christ it is really too much. He’s got an entirely new closet, worth more than every clothing item he has ever owned, combined. When he picks up the silver jacket he is surprised by a note that falls out with it.

_I know we said you’d spend your Serendipity-check on this jacket, but I couldn’t wait for that. I hope you're not mad. Instead I want you to spend your check on plane tickets, I heard it’s not the cheapest to fly from Seoul to LA all the time._

_I hope you like everything, if there’s something weird you don’t like, blame Tae._

_(Don’t blame me! If there’s something you don’t like, blame yourself for having bad taste. That’s not my fault.)_

_Jungkook. (And Tae)_

The note is in Taes handwriting, so he must have gone and picked up all of this stuff, and wrote the note for Jungkook. He smiles widely.

During the week, Jimin and Yoongi continue to meet awkwardly in meetings and on gigs, but they keep it professional thank god. The only thing that is really different work-wise, is that Jimin isn’t invited to the sessions anymore. Yoongi spends all his free time in studios working on songs for other artists, mostly rappers Jimin has figured out from stalking his instagram. Jealousy isn’t a regular feeling for Jimin, but he can’t help himself. It used to be the two of them. Now Yoongi is shutting him out from his music. It hurts. They have however decided on how they will share the apartment. Jimin will stay for the rest of this week, then it’s all Yoongi's until they go home. Jimin doesn’t want him to have to move around, but mostly he just wants to stay with his secret boyfriend. Okay not official boyfriend, but Jungkook drops by almost every day. That’s kind of boyfriend-y? He always brings starbucks or lunch for Jimin, that they eat and drink in his car, if Jungkook has time to stay. Otherwise he just drops it off when no one sees. Yoongi doesn’t seem too happy with any of it, and when Jimin comes back to the office on thursday after having burgers with Jungkook for lunch, he “finally” speaks something that isn’t just “hello” or work related.
“You don’t have to rub it in my face.”

His gaze is lowered as the two of them are sitting across from each other on one of the balconies of the management office building. They still have 20 minutes to go before they are going to meet with some people from Puma, who they are trying to score a brand deal with. Jimin understands where he is coming from, he has been distant the last week, taking every chance he gets to sneak away and be with Jungkook.

“I’m sorry”
“What’s with the jacket too? And the bag? Is Jungkook your fucking sugar daddy now?”

Of course this is all coming from jealousy and the fact that there is still unresolved feelings between them, but Jimin can’t help but feel a bit upset.

“That’s not fair, Yoongi.”

“I’m just saying… Be careful. Money can change people.”

“I know that, but that’s not what’s happening.”

“Really?” Yoongi looks at him in disbelief, practically mocking him.

“It’s just that it’s only been a few days, and suddenly you’re wearing expensive clothes and running off to meet your famous whatever-he-is. You ditched a company lunch and came back late, having all of us wait for you while I know you were off sucking dick in his expensive car. Your instagram is flooded with pictures in G-wagons all of a sudden. I’m just saying Jimin, you never flexed before.”

Jesus Yoongi…

“We had lunch! I’m sorry I was late but come on… It’s not like you’ve never been late before. You don’t have to be a fucking dick about it, just because you’re jealous.”

The last part was unnecessary, but it’s too late now.

“Fuck you.”

Yoongi looks away, obviously hurt. Jimin doesn’t feel too bad though… honestly it felt kind of good to say that. He is jealous, but that’s no excuse to be an asshole.

“Fuck you too.”

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THURSDAY 4.30pm

Namjoon has given Yoongi a spare key so he can move freely and Yoongi is incredibly thankful that he can stay with him after knowing him for barely a month. When he didn’t show up for the nightclub, Namjoon called him asking him if he was okay, and when he said “yes I’m fine” very unconvincingly, they met up. The ice cream shops are apparently open really late in LA, so they sat at one when he told Namjoon everything. He had never spoken to anyone about his feelings for Jimin, and it felt so good to finally open up. Namjoon was so cool about it and asked him if he wanted to stay with him for a while, but he declined of course. Later that night he went home and
cried, and, although it’s embarrassing to admit, spent the whole night hugging and smelling the pillow that Jimin sleeps with. The next day he met up with Namjoon and his friends again, and later went out. He decided not to tell Jimin about his feelings and just suffer in silence until Jimin was over Jungkook, but when he was a few drinks in, his heart kind of took over, and here we are; broken, angry, and still suffering because he has to see the love of his life every day, knowing it will never be mutual. Jimin is everything he can think about and he hates him so much for that, so he is so relieved when their work day ends and he’s unlocking the door to Namjoons place. Nobody’s home of course. Namjoon spends every evening in the studio, because he is secretly working on his own mixtape, and some other project that he won’t even tell Yoongi about. The tiny bit that Yoongi has heard of the mixtape is fucking incredible, and is kind of inspiring him to do the same. Maybe one day.

He sits on the couch with his laptop in his knee, casually looking through YouTube to get his mind off everything and just wind down. Being the destructive person that he is, he quickly finds himself looking at old videos from his and Jimin’s first concerts together. It’s mostly just compilations of snap stories that fans has put together, but they do the job at stomping on his heart. But then...

“Yoonmin?”

In the recommended videos he finds one with their names combined in the title. He has never seen anyone do that to them before, so he clicks it. He should have just left it alone, he knows that, but he can’t stop himself. The video is an edit of the two, laughing, clinging onto each other, being close… and on top is the song Friends by Ed Sheeran. Everything is taken from either their own snapchats and instarams or people in their surrounding, but looking at them now they seem so different and foreign. Like they’re from another life, or of other people. There are multiple edits like this, and he watches them all in one go, one after the other, the next hurting more than the last. The comments are all lovely, saying that they look like soulmates. Jimin should love him back. Just watch how they look at each other! How can it not be the two of them? They love each other!!

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We love each other! Jimin, I love you, and you love me back, why can’t you see that? Why do you tell me that you wish things were different, when they could be?! Jimin why don’t you love me back, it doesn’t make sense, nothing makes sense, what am I doing wrong? Tell me what to change and I will!! I will change everything for you, Jimin I will give my life for you! Just give me one second with you for real, that is all I need. Just one second.

Namjoons apartment is on the twelfth floor. People look small as they pass by on the street below Yoongi’s dangling feet. The LA wind is nice between his naked toes, as he sits on the window pane. Will Jimin even miss him? Probably not. For music he could find literally anyone else to produce for him. He has made so many new friends too that he would never be alone again. And for love… Now when he has Jungkook, Yoongi’s love doesn’t mean a thing. Yoongi doesn’t mean a thing. Breathing gets harder and harder as he scooches further out on the ledge. Just do it. Who cares about you anyway? Just fucking jump. Jimin won’t give a shit. When he gets the call he will probably just…
When Jimin gets the call his entire life falls apart. It is his fault for not loving Yoongi back. Why didn’t he love Yoongi back? Having Jungkook close now repulses him. It is his fault too, and he can never see his face without being constantly reminded of the hole that is left behind from losing his other half. He told Yoongi that many times. When they get a bit too drunk, or stay up too late, he always tell him that. “You are my family. You are my best friend, and without you I wouldn’t be who I am today.” He has spoken those words so many times before. Didn’t he hear them? They didn’t mean anything if he didn’t love him back. Just because I wasn’t in love, didn’t mean I don’t love you. And won’t love you forever. The last words they spoke to each other was “fuck you”. They didn’t even look at each other during the meeting after, or said goodbye. They never said goodbye.

Oh my god we never said goodbye

Without any strength left, Yoongi crawls off the window pane and lay himself on the floor. What the hell is he thinking. Scared from the thoughts that just consumed his mind, he lies there, shaking, until finally he can cry. So then he cries, and he cries, and he cries.

Namjoon comes home almost at midnight and finds Yoongi crawled up on the couch, weeping quietly facing away from the room. He crouches down behind him, stroking his back until the sobs die down.

“It’s gonna be okay, Yoongi. I promise you. It’s gonna be okay.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry about this chapter, it hurt to write. Feel free to comment your thoughts, I kind of felt that I wanted to bring out Yoongis feelings more into the open, what do you think about that? Should I do that more or should I focus only on Jikook? Anyway...

HERES THE LINK TO THE VIDEO
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cJhR0SOsWbA

AND HERES THE LINK TO THE BEN HOWARD PLAYLIST (I just love him so much, you should go listen!)
https://open.spotify.com/user/spotify/playlist/37i9dQZF1DZ06ev03d1kIo?si=uWsLHQiLRyueVWrSaT_k4Q

HERES THE SUMMARY
Jimin comes home and find the clothes that Jungkook bought him. He is overwhelmed and asks him to take them back, but he conveniently had all the tags removed.
"During the week, Jimin and Yoongi continue to meet awkwardly in meetings and on gigs, but they keep it professional thank god. The only thing that is really different work-wise, is that Jimin isn’t invited to the sessions anymore. Yoongi spends all his free time in studios working on songs for other artists, mostly rappers Jimin has figured out from stalking his instagram. Jealousy isn’t a regular feeling for Jimin, but he can’t help himself. It used to be the two of them. Now Yoongi is shutting him out in his music. It hurts. They have however decided on how they will share the apartment. Jimin will stay for the rest of this week, then it’s all Yoongi’s until they go home. Jimin doesn’t want him to have to move around, but mostly he just wants to stay with his secret boyfriend. Okay not official boyfriend, but Jungkook drops by almost every day. That’s kind of boyfriend-y? He always brings starbucks or lunch for Jimin, that they eat and drink in his car, if Jungkook has time to stay. Otherwise he just drops it off when no one sees. Yoongi doesn’t seem too happy with any of it..."

Yoongi feels that Jimin is rubbing his relationship with Jungkook in his face, running off to see him all of the time, and being late back. Yoongi and Jimin have a small fight before a meeting and don't resolve it, so Yoongi goes home really upset afterwards. He is in a very low point after finding fanmade so-called "Yoonmin edits" on youtube and thinks very dark and depressed thoughts, but thankfully does not act on them. In the end Namjoon comes home to comfort him.

SEE YOU NEXT WEEK
Yoongi is late for the photoshoot and it is pissing Jimin off. Yesterday he was complaining about Jimin being late once, but he is the irresponsible one! Gosh can’t he just pull himself together at least when it comes to work? While Jimin gets his makeup done, Sejin takes BTS photos for him to post later, and videos for his Instagram story. He is gaining so many new followers every day, and he is almost at 1 million. When he gets there he will probably do an Instagram live to thank everyone. That will be fun! His makeup is simple, and so is his outfit, consisting only of matching jeans and jeans jacket, and a pair of Calvins… He likes this concept a lot. They will take photos in two different settings, the other one in black and white with a darker feeling. Jimin gets ready and starts shooting without Yoongi.

Almost two hours late, Yoongi comes walking into the studio, holding his coffee. He’s getting scolded by everyone before they sit him down to get his makeup and hair done too. Their eyes meet from across the room and Yoongi looks like he hasn’t slept in two days. He knew they would take pictures, why the hell did he stay up so late? When Yoongi is done, they pose together.

“Why were you late?” is the first thing Jimin says when they get in place.

“Overslept.”

It’s a miracle that the pictures don’t turn out awful and stiff. Yoongi somehow looks really good. They change and take the next set of photos, without speaking much at all to each other, only following the photographer and stylist’s directions. Sejin pulls them to the side while the photographer changes her memory card.

“We’re on for Puma next week. They are really excited to work with us, so you guys better pull yourselves together for that. I can see what’s happening and I won’t intervene, but this can’t go on. You really need to solve this.”

Oh no, this is so embarrassing.

“I’m sorry, it’s my fault” Yoongi looks down at his feet.

“I don’t care, all I care about is you two not walking around and feeling like shit. I can see it. You
don’t have to tell me what happened last weekend, but if you need to talk I am here. Either way, this can’t go on.”

“Alright, let’s go!” The photographer calls them back on set, and Sejin waves at them to go.

“I’m sorry Jimin” Yoongi whispers as they walk back.

“Me too, but let’s do this later.”

They’re now sitting at a Panda Express downtown, in fully done makeup and hair, and in their sweats. It’s just the two of them, having their dinner in silence. When the photoshoot was done, they decided it would be good for them to talk things over, but no one is saying anything yet. Jimin’s phone buzzes next to him and he glances over at it.

Kook

There’s a party in the hills tonight, I’m thinking about going. You up for it? I can pick you up at 10 when I’m done in the studio.

6.15pm

Halle- fucking -lujah praise god himself Jimin needs a drink. The awkwardness of this situation is killing him. They’re not even looking at each other.

Me

I’ll be ready at 10 <3

6.15

Kook

Can’t wait <3 ly

6.15

“What did he want?” Yoongi breaks the silence finally. Of course he knows it was Jungkook who texted.

“There’s a party tonight. He invited me.”

“Who’s hosting?”

“I don’t know yet. We’ll see.”

“Oh, okay.”
Silence again.

“Look, I don’t know what to say Yoongi. I don’t want to push your limits and ruin everything, but we can’t let this destroy what we’ve worked so fucking hard for.” Jimin puts down his chopsticks and looks at Yoongi who too raises his head.

“I know. I don’t want to either, but I can’t look at you. I just can’t look you in the eyes Jimin. I can’t hear you talk about Jungkook.”

“Then what are we going to do?”

“I don’t know.”

This isn’t taking them anywhere.

“We can’t just go around suffering, constantly dwelling in what has happened.” He gets an idea.

“How about we go back to our place, watch some netflix, get dressed, and go to the party? Act like everything is normal again? We don’t have to pretend that nothing has happened, just that it hasn’t ruined everything.” Jimin wants more than anything for things to go back to how they were. He just wants his friend back. Yoongi looks Jimin straight in the eyes for the first time in days and smiles. It is small, but it is still a smile.

“Actually, that’s not a bad idea. I could try that.”

“You just have to be open with me if anything doesn’t feel right. Then we fix that. Okay?”

“Yeah sure.”

“Okay, so from now on, we’re good. Tell me what you’ve been doing this past week. I’ve seen your instagram, you’ve been busy.” They smile at each other. Jimin is proud of himself. For the first time since Yoongi confessed on the phone, they are smiling at each other, and speaking about other things than work and small talk. Yoongi has been in the studio and bonded a lot with Namjoons friends. He feels like a part of their crew almost, and that makes Jimin happy. Jimin tells Yoongi about everything he has been doing besides seeing Jungkook. It’s not a lot, but he has begun writing some new melodies, and started working out a bit at home. He also cleaned the place up again.

“And then I hung out with Christine too.”

“Who?”

“Oh, I never told you about her! She’s our neighbour. We had dinner together.”

“How did you meet her? I’ve never seen her.”

“Um, we just met in the hallway and started talking.”

“Maybe she can come tonight too?”

“Why not?”

Jimin can see that Yoongi is judging the pile of shopping bags that occupy a corner of the living room, but thankfully he stays quiet about it. No fighting tonight. They watch La Casa de Papel on full volume as they pregame with some beer. When the episode ends, they start looking for clothes
to wear. Jimin gets out a black Off White hoodie that Jungkook got him. It says MIRROR on the back. Pairing it with a black cap, black pants, a white t-shirt and small hoop earrings, his look is complete. Yoongi gets out a white long sleeve, a white t-shirt and black leather pants.

“Which shirt do I wear?” He asks.

“Both?”

“What?”

“Try both! The long sleeve first, then the t-shirt over it. I’ve seen so many people do that, it looks cool.”

Jimin is of course right, it looks really nice.

“I’m going to sweat my ass off in this”

“I’m in a hoodie…” Jimin does the first steps in the dance to High School Musicals “We’re All in This Together” and Yoongi laughs. Seeing his gummy smile makes Jimin smile too.

Me

Hey, there’s a party tonight, I don’t know who’s hosting, but do you want to come?

8.45 pm

Chris

In the hills? I’m going to Post’s place tonight.

8.47

Me

Yeah, maybe we’re going to the same place then! Want to pregame with us?

8.47

Chris

I’m out, but next time!! :) See you there hopefully!

8.47

--
Yoongi watches Jimin as he’s on his phone. Yesterday he was on the verge of ending his own life, and tonight he’s partying and laughing. He tried not to think about it but he is a bit scared of himself after yesterday. He’ll keep himself sober tonight, not really ready to lose control over his own actions. What if he tries it again?

Jimin turns to him and he snaps out of his thoughts, joking and laughing again. It’s not completely natural, but he really appreciates Jimin's effort. This means a lot.

---

Time flies and suddenly Jungkook is heading to pick up Jimin. Finally they will be able to spend more than a lunch break together. Yes it will be amongst people, limiting their contact, but he can at least look at him. And maybe suck his dick in the bathroom if they get the chance. Tonight will be a lot of fun, Jungkook is sure about that. With butterflies in his stomach he texts Jimin that he is outside, and waits. The cute boy looks tipsy as he gets out of the building, but behind him comes… Yoongi? What the fuck is this? They’re both smiling? His heart drops.

“Hey babe!” Jimin leans in to kiss him through the open window.

“What is he doing here?” Jungkook whispers, avoiding the kiss.

“I’ll tell you when we get there, don’t worry!” They both get in to the car, Jimin in the front and Yoongi in the back.

“What’s up?” Jungkook tries to converse with the rival. For Jimin.

“I’m good, you?”

“I’m good”

Then they drive off. He stays away from the conversation for the most part, only speaking when he is directly addressed, suspiciously watching the two interact. They seem fine? Jungkook is a bit worried about that.

“Where are we going?” Jimin asks.

“You know Austin Post?”

“Yes! Oh that’s great, Chris will be there too, now you get to meet her Yoongi!”

Chris?

“She’s our neighbour apparently” Yoongi explains.

“Oh.”

“Who’s gonna be there?” Jimin follows up.

“I asked Namjoon and he said that he might show up later, you should text him Yoongi, he’ll come if you’re here. Tae is on his way. More than that I don’t know. The usual people probably.”

“Bianca?”
“I’ll ask! Maybe we can ask Hoseok too? I kind of want to invite him, if he’s interested, to be on my album. Can you text them?”

Jimin does as he says. Hoseok texts back almost immediately saying he’ll be there, but Bianca is abroad. Then they pull up to the house. It’s nice, but not huge. Most of the people are outside by a DJ booth that’s been put up on the lawn next to the pool. It’s not very crowded, and no one is DJ-ing yet, so they go inside and grab something to drink. Jungkook starts off with a shot. He needs it.

For two hours the three of them sit on some couches, drinking and speaking to almost everyone at the party. They all crowd around them, most of them sucking up to Jimin? Jimin doesn’t notice, but him and Yoongi do, and despite his rightful suspicions against the elder, they kind of connect over the strangeness of the situation. Jungkook knows that Jimin is blowing up and all, but the reason for it is Jungkook. Why do people care more about Jimin than Jungkook all of a sudden? And Jimin’s attention is directed to everyone around them, and not a single bit towards Jungkook. He was supposed to explain why in the world Yoongi is here with them, but he hasn’t spoken to either of them at all. When Taehyung texts him and asks where they are, he gets up to meet him by the door. Yoongi follows his lead and leaves the couch, stumbling upon Namjoon who just arrived too. Namjoon and Yoongi walk up with their crew to the balcony and sit there, and Jungkook and Tae walk outside. Now the DJ booth is occupied by some girl he doesn’t know, but the music is good so people are dancing. They greet Austin and sit with him and his friends.

“Where’s Jimin?” Tae whispers while no one is listening.

“Inside”

“Why isn’t he with you?”

“I don’t know.”

Namjoon and Yoongi comes down to join them after a while. Jungkook is getting kind of drunk, and by the look of it so is Namjoon. Not Yoongi though, he’s drinking water? Jungkook makes room for Yoongi next to him.

“Hey, come sit here.”

With caution, the shorter male comes over and sits down.

“What do you want?” Yoongi speaks quietly, yet catty.

“Hey, you don’t have to be like that. I know what happened, and I know we…” He looks over at Yoongi who looks back as if he is the worst person on this planet.

“…don’t really get along at the moment. But Jimin isn’t telling me anything, so I’ll have to ask you. What happened today?”

“Jimin thinks if we pretend like we can hang out, it will be easier.”

“Do you love him?”
I’ll beat your fucking ass. What is it that you wan’t! Can people stop rubbing it in my face? Jimin will never be mine and I will suffer until the end of days, I know, so why do people insist on making it harder for me?

“Why are you doing this? What’s the point?”

“If you try anything…”

“Jesus Jungkook shut up. I won’t. You know why? Because he thinks he loves you. I can’t for the love of God comprehend why, because you obviously won’t show it publicly. He has to sneak away to see you, and the way you sat him down across from you before... like he could have been anyone. Jimin doesn’t deserve that. But right now he thinks he does. And there’s nothing I can do.”

Yoongi would be a thousand times better for Jimin than Jungkook will ever be. They’ve known each other for a lifetime, and Yoongi would treat Jimin right. Jungkook wants to be that for Jimin. Get your shit together! The boy he loves could literally get everyone at this party. He could walk home with anyone, and that person would proudly tell the world.

“If you don’t shape up, he’ll end up miserable for you.”

Yoongi’s words ring inside his head. As much as he hates to admit it, he is right. Without answering Jungkook gets up, leaving Yoongi confused behind him. He walks into the main room again, finding Jimin on the couch.

“Jimin!” He calls for him over the music, with a huge smile on his face. His boy is sitting in the middle of everyone, Jungkook’s boy is the life of the party. The most beautiful. Jimin looks over at him for a brief second, then raises one finger in response. Wait. He expected Jimin to jump up on his feet and run over. What’s this? Suddenly, someone bumps into him, spilling the drinks they’re holding all over his pants.

“Fuck I am so so sorry!” The girl looks up at him, blushing harshly. She’s cute, and if Jungkook was the regular Jungkook, he would flirt with her.

“It’s fine” He smiles and strokes her bare arm, as they both pick up the cups from the ground. Crouching down, they linger in their spot, and Jungkook is reminded of what it is like to be carefree. Not worrying about if or how the world will see him, or if he will lose anything. When they rise, Jungkook sees that she’s got a mint leaf stuck in her hair, so he removes it and pulls her hair behind her ear.

“There.”

They smile at each other again and the girl says thank you before turning around to go. When he turns back to the couches, Jimin is looking right at him with a blank face. Did he see that? He must have. What is he thinking?
“Kook, there you are. I got nervous for a second. What’s up?” Tae catches up to him in the doorway. Jungkook is forced to interrupt the stare down with Jimin. It’s only fair, if Jimin can ignore him, then he can ignore Jimin.

“Nothing, I just wanted to go inside.”

“I saw you speaking with Yoongi, I got scared you might have an attack. Don’t just run out on me like that.”

“I’m sorry...” He puts his hands on Taes shoulders.

“But I’m fine. And I’m really in the mood for shots.”

“You don’t have to ask me twice! Also, I need some napkins.”
“Jungkook! Good to see you, man.”

They hug and Tae introduces himself. Hoseok is quick to compliment his outfit, noticing his wonderful detailing.

“I saw someone with a similar pattern on the inside of his jacket earlier. He curled the arms up. Where is it from?”

“I made it!” Tae shines up like the morning sun.

“Really? God, I’ll fire my tailor right away, I’m going to need something from you.”

“Already designing it in my head.” He laughs.

“Hey Hoseok, I wanted to ask you something.” Jungkook interrupts the two. He has to ask before he forgets. And he probably will soon, considering he just poured himself another shot.

“I have a verse in a song on my new album that I’m not fully satisfied with, and kind of wouldn’t mind getting rid of, you think you could try and make something of it? Only if you like it of course.” For some reason Jungkook gets a bit shy.

However, Hoseok is almost jumping up and down at the request.

“Are you shitting me? Dude, that would literally be a dream!”

“Good!” Jungkook relaxes. “Maybe we could head into the studio next week? It's kind of last minute, sorry.”

“Fuck yeah! I’ll clear my schedule up, we’ll make do!”

Then they all clink their shot glasses together, cheering. Thank God he said yes, this will be the last piece of the puzzle in Jungkook's album. Or maybe he could get Jimin to do something. Just something small that only they will know about. Speaking of Jimin, he still hasn’t spoken to Jungkook since they arrived. What’s up with that? His thoughts are interrupted by someone shouting

“PIZZAS HERE!”

Yoongi looks up from under his bangs. Someone has approached him from across the yard.

“Hey!”

Yoongi wonders how many rocks he would have to put in his pockets to drown himself in this shallow pool. Not that he’s going to, just wondering. He feels like absolute shit. Jimin said they would have fun tonight, but he’s been unapproachable ever since they got here. Fuck this. Fuck all of this.

“Hey!”

Yoongi looks up from under his bangs. Someone has approached him from across the yard.

“Hey?”
“I would advise you from going in there. I saw someone throw up in it half an hour ago.”

“Thank you.”

“So what’s your deal? Why are you standing over here alone, looking all emo’”

The other takes a sip of his drink with a slurping sound that makes Yoongi kind of annoyed.

“Nothing. What’s the deal with you coming over here trying to get all up in my business?”

“I saw you were alone. I thought maybe you didn’t want to be!” The person says with a wide smile.

“Really? Why do you think I’m standing here then? Because I’m really excited to be around people?” What is it with this person? Are they dumb?

“Okay fine, maybe I thought you looked cute.”

Yoongi blushes and lowers his head for it to not show. That was unexpected.

“I saw someone bring in a fuck-ton of pizza, do you want to join me and have some?”

Yoongi can’t really switch moods this fast, he really just wants to be left alone. Even though this person is kind of cute…

“No, I’d rather just be out here alone. See you around.” He sits down, thinking he will go back to his peaceful moment.

“I’ll bring you some out here.” That smile emits rays of sunshine Yoongi thinks. But he doesn’t admit it to himself.

Fine.

Chapter End Notes

See you next Wednesday <33
The Party pt.2

Chapter Notes

Hey! There are mentions of drugs in this chapter, as you can probably tell by the first sentence hehe
If you are not comfortable with those kinds of things, there will be a summary for you at the end.

STREAM LOVE YOURSELF: ANSWER

Ok bye <333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin has never done coke before. He knows he shouldn’t but you know… What’s one time? Also it’s free, it’s not like he’s paying for it anyway. That he would never do. Some girl he had been speaking to for a while offered him some, so now they’re 5 or 6 people crammed in the bathroom, doing coke off a small mirrored plate on the toilet. Everyone has done it except for Jimin, so there’s no backing out now. He doesn’t want to be the boring one. When the soft white powder spreads throughout his system, his face goes completely numb. That feeling is followed by a rush of just pure happiness and excitement. Time to fucking party. The entire crew are all hyping it up in the bathroom, shouting, dancing, jumping, then they all head outside and gets the dancefloor by the DJ stand really going. Jimin is living. He is dancing even better, and people are cheering even louder than usual. The dance”floor” is crammed, they really bring the party to life, and Jimin is squeezed between random people, grinding and dancing close. After a few songs he is at the peak of his high, endorphins are rushing, and all he can think about is Jungkook. Other people are grabbing his body, swaying in sync to him, but he wants it to be Jungkook. Where the fuck is he? Not here. He’s probably somewhere flirting again. Jimin is not about to waste this running around looking for him…

--

Jungkook watches from the doorway as other people put their hands on Jimin. What went wrong tonight? Everything had been going so well the past week, why is this night just getting worse and worse? Jungkook can’t do anything about it. Jimin doesn’t even notice him. Taehyung comes up by Jungkook’s side.

“I don’t get it.” He says. “Did something happen? I don’t know him that well, sure, but this seems very unlike him.”

“Even I don’t get it. Maybe I don’t know him that well either.”

“He hasn’t spoken to you ever since you arrived?”

“Not a single word.”
“Hmm” Tae eats the last of the chips he brought out with him before he speaks again.

“Maybe LA is getting to him.”
“Maybe.”

“You should talk to him. Go grab him.”

“No.” A part of Jungkook still wants Jimin to just be like everyone else. Wouldn’t life be so easy if Jimin hooked up with someone else tonight, and Jungkook could be mad at him until he’s over him? Screw this. He walks back inside.

--

Jimin is starting to feel more and more dizzy again. The high is slowly leaving him, making the alcohol more prominent. It’s been only 40 minutes since he took it, and Jimin is kind of disappointed.

“Fuck I’m so drunk” He practically falls out of the crowd of dancing people, but the same girl from before catches him.

“Come with me!”

They both sing along to Teenage Dream by Katy Perry as they walk back inside. The DJ is playing a mix of deep trap, rnb, hip hop, and some really old bops and everyone’s loving it. In line to the bathroom they meet Namjoon who’s resting against the wall, on his phone.

“Jimin! Haven’t seen you all night, what’s up!” Shouldn’t Namjoon be mad at him? For making Yoongi stay with him?

“Oh yeah, sorry I’ve just been running around so much, good to see you.”

“I heard you and Yoongi are on to film a music video for Serendipity! That’s big.”

“Um, right, I can’t believe it honestly. It’s going to be so cool.”

“I’m so proud of you guys, you’re really doing well for yourselves.”

That means a lot coming from Namjoon. Even drunk Jimin can see that.

“Thank you.”

Then the line moves forward enough for them to pass Namjoon, and he’s back on his phone. When they enter the bathroom, the girl asks Jimin to pour some up while she takes a piss, and hands him the small plastic bag. Jimin takes out his credit card, having seen people do that in movies, and dries off a part of the counter next to the sink to make the lines. This time he’s not even thinking about how much of a bad idea this is, he’s just wanting to get back to a clear state of mind. Right now he is slipping further and further into the drunken haze, losing that confidence and excitement. The girl is done and pulls out a hundred dollar bill to roll up.

“It’s always better from a heavier bill” She winks at him and takes both lines that he prepared. For a second Jimin is confused, but then she continues to make Jimin two as well. He snorts them both.
“You’re real cute Jimin.” She puts a hand on Jimin's arm and steps a little bit closer. Oh no… Should he tell her? He wonders how she’ll react, considering she just spent quite a bit of money on him. Maybe he shouldn’t tell her and just get the two of them outside dancing again. But when she takes another step Jimin blurts out

“Sorry, I’m gay.”

Fuck. “I didn’t realise, sorry” He then continues, trying to excuse himself.

“Oh my god! It’s fine, I’ve always wanted a gay best friend!”

This bitch…

Jimin smiles awkwardly as the girl continues to say shit like “Yas queen”, but then he feels the drug kicking in again, so they both exit. Fuck it, let’s go again!

--

Jungkook hasn’t caught up with Namjoon all night. He usually doesn’t attend parties this often, so in an attempt to kind of forget about the whole Jimin situation for a while, why not catch this opportunity. Namjoon is standing alone, so Jungkook walks straight up to him.

“Bored?”

“Nah, just tired. I was in a session for 14 hours just before this.”

“Damn, you’re working really hard lately, what’s up?”

“I’m not supposed to say, but I just started my own label with some friends, and we’re working day and night to get some really good music, and great artists before we launch. It’s going to be huge.”

“Oh my god! Namjoon that is incredible!”

“Right? I really feel that it’s going to be great. We already have some amazing stuff.”

“Well, cheers to that, I am so happy for you, I know you will do amazing.”

“Thank you Jungkook. I am so happy for you too, your album will be bomb.”

“Did you hear we’re releasing it earlier than planned? We didn’t see a reason to wait, not when it’s been practically done for so long.”

“Kookie! I’m so excited!”

“Same! And-”

Right in this moment, Jimin comes skipping round the corner. Their eyes meet and both of them stop.

“Kookie, I was just going to look for you!”

Jungkook doesn’t know what to say. Both Namjoon and the girl Jimin is with can sense the
tension. She says she’ll meet Jimin outside, and Namjoon tells Jungkook he’ll call him tomorrow so they can have lunch together some day soon. Then they’re both gone.

“I’ve been thinking about you” He’s close enough to slide his hand in Jungkook's without anyone seeing.

“What have you been up to?” Jimin intertwines their fingers, and Jungkook can feel the warmth spreading from the touch. The words are enough to send him off track, forgetting that he is mad for a brief moment.

“I was just… Where have you been?” Jungkook's voice is small.

“Dancing! Fuck, this party is so much fun, this is the best night of my life!”

Jungkook is a bit taken aback, considering they’ve been apart all night.

“Dance with me Jungkook!” Jimin gets close, too close, so Jungkook has to pull them outside into a more private location. He rests his back against the wall of the short end of the house and Jimin stands in front of him.

“Jimin where have you been?” He asks again. “You haven’t even looked at me.”

“Everyone wanted to talk to me, they really love me!” The words doesn’t sound like Jimin's, not in the way he says it. He’s almost manic.

“Jimin, listen to yourself. You’re not answering my question.” Jungkook is getting frustrated.

“Man, I just want to get back to the party! You coming? Or maybe we can take a quickie in the bathroom?” Jimin smirks and gets really close, tickling Jungkook's neck as he runs his tongue lightly over it. With a slight push Jungkook gets him to back off. He is not having it. Suddenly, as Jimin backs up, Jungkook sees a small, deep red liquid making its way towards Jimin's upper lip, and everything falls to place.

“You’re coked?” Jungkook can’t believe his eyes. Jimin lowers his gaze immediately, wiping his face with his hoodie.

“You’re coked!” He is seeing red. What the actual, literal fuck, Jimin? This must be a joke.

“It wasn’t even that much!” He tries justifying himself

“Are you serious? Like actually serious?” This boy is such a mess!

“What, like you've never tried it? You don’t have to baby me just ‘cause you've lived here longer. I’m older than you!”

“That’s not what this is Jimin. Coke and alcohol mixed makes literal poison. Poison, Jimin.”

“I just want to party - don’t be such a bore!” Jimin stumbles from just standing, having to stabilize himself mid sentence.

“Oh fuck off, you’ve ignored me for the entire night, I had to ask Yoongi myself why he was here. Then you finally pay attention to me, and it’s only because you’re high off cocaine.” Jungkook is getting really pissed, but he’s holding back, trying to not make a scene. He wishes he didn’t even bring Jimin.
“I didn’t ignore you! You ignored me, and went on to flirt with others.”

“I saw you on that dance floor Jimin, don’t you dare.”

“Well since you won’t-”

“JIMIN!” Jungkook turns around to see a group of people waving at them. A man in the front shouts

“We’re going for food, you coming?!”

“One second!” Jimin shouts back.

“You’re leaving?” Something cracks inside Jungkook's chest. If he leaves now Jungkook isn’t sure he will call him again. He can’t act like this. A small part of Jungkook still feels that maybe it’s for the best… Jimin turns to look at Jungkook, but before he can open his mouth to answer, copious amounts of blood starts pouring out his nose.

“Fuck” Jimin whispers and then starts coughing, probably having inhaled some of it. He’s bent over, still stumbling around, not able to stand still because of the alcohol. So much for not making a scene. In fury mixed with worry, Jungkook grabs him by the hood of his sweater and drags him back inside to the kitchen where they find paper to stop the bleeding.

“He’s fine.” Jungkook tells the staring crowd. As soon as Jimin's left nostril is stuffed with paper towels, Jungkook tries to pull him outside again, but Jimin resists, instead raising both of his hands in the air and shouting

“Wooo!”

Everyone who had been staring shouts back, cheering and come to hand him another drink, and all Jungkook can do is sit back and watch. He is already pushing the limits of what he can do without raising suspicions. So he lets Jimin strut away with the others to the main room. Just lets him go.

Having spent too much time with people hooked on cocaine, he can see that Jimin must be reaching his peak now. Most people in here have the same intense stare and confidence, raising their voices, drinking more than they should be able to handle. He gets it. Really. But this isn’t why he brought Jimin. This is not something he wants on his conscience. Jimin dances and sips on his one hundredth drink, Jungkook estimates, and Jungkook just wants to go home. But he can’t. Not when Jimin is this much of a mess, and furthermore he can’t risk him doing another line. Why did Jungkook bring him into this life? This isn’t the Jimin he wants. All of a sudden, the boys familiar voice can be heard picking fights with someone and Jungkook shoots up from the barstool he had been sitting on, to run over. Jimin pushes some guy, shouting at him to “square up”, and Jungkook reaches them just before the guy can score a punch, dragging him violently backwards, almost making him fall over. Without looking anyone in the eyes, he keeps the grip of Jimin's hoodie and pulls him all the way to his car. That’s it.

“You’re drunk.” Jimin says as Jungkook closes the door to the front seat. He waits outside, but when Jungkook starts his car, he gets in.

The quiet drive is 30 minutes, and Jungkook has time to sober up a bit. Thank God there is no one out on the streets. He only takes the smaller roads though, zigzagging their way through the hills.
While Jungkook sobers, Jimin comes down from his high and the alcohol returns to haunt him, pushing him further and further from consciousness by the minute, but Jungkook doesn’t care. Soft hums exits Jimin as he passes out with his cheek pressed against the window, and by the next stop sign, Jungkook comes to a complete halt. The air inside the car is thick and he’s having trouble breathing again. Gasping for air, he gets out into the quiet street, drawing in the warm summer air into his starving lungs. The scene is pretty, pink skies stretches above him as the sun tries to rise over the horizon and cast its rays over the tall mansions and their gardens. Even the matte exterior of his car reflects some of the color of the sky. It is completely quiet, except for birds chirping in the distance and Jungkook’s jagged breathing. He sits down in the street beside the Mercedes. The gravel on the asphalt is rough beneath his soft palms, still he runs his fingers over it. Anything to distract him is good, he can’t enter himself too much. When he sits down, the houses aren’t visible over the tall bush hedges, making it feel almost as if he is in the woods. It is a comfortable feeling, not being here. Jungkook has changed a lot since meeting Jimin. In a good way. He wants to think that he knows Jimin, and that tonight was just a mistake, he knows what LA does to people, but he can’t help but to feel hurt. If they fight like this after only a month of knowing each other, how will they progress? If it’s messy now, won’t it just be messier later? Anyway, if Jungkook is going to make it home he can’t dwell in this now, he’ll just go mad. It’s been intense, to say the least, these last weeks. Looking up, he can see the sun hitting the tall treetops above him. It must be closer to six am right now. When he has slept, he might go shopping for food, or something. Cooking tonight would be nice. Maybe Tae can come over and play some video games too. A regular night is what he needs. He gets back in the car and starts it, and as the engine starts to sound, Jimin shifts in place.

“I’m sorry” he murmurs under his breath, 90% asleep.

Jungkook doesn’t answer him.

“I love you”

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He is awakened by the sound of Real Housewives of New Jersey playing on the TV in the living room. There’s a glass of water next to the bed that he chugs, even though he isn’t too hungover, before he tries to get up. Slowly he moves his sore limbs to the end of the bed, and soon his toes touch the soft beige carpet below him. He puts on his shirt before he exits the bedroom, and to his joy, Jin is cooking them both brunch. Taehyung looks at the man’s wide frame as he moves around with his back facing the doorway Tae is in.

“I didn’t think you’d be here. I’m glad.” He must have heard him come in. Last time Tae left as soon as Jin fell asleep, but this time he stayed. Mostly because he didn’t want to walk in on something like last time, since he saw Jimin and Kook leave together, but also because it felt okay. He had booty called him at 5 in the morning, not even thinking he would pick up, but Jin didn’t just pick up his phone, he picked up Tae from the party too, in his 1985 Porsche. The drive home is not one of Taehyung’s proudest moments. They literally could have died because he was giving Jin the head of a lifetime, but also, goals. When they came home, Jin tied him to the frame of the bed they just slept in, ate him out like he hadn’t had a meal in decades, and fucked him ‘til he was seeing stars. Twice. Now he isn’t sure what to say. Why is it always so awkward the morning after?

“Morning.” He can at least say.
Jin turns around with a warm smile.

“I hope you like toast. Or I know you did, but I hope you still like it.”

If this was two years ago, Tae would have kissed him now, but today it feels kind of weird. What is this? However, Jins bare chest is clouding that train of thought.

“You know, I’m actually hungry for something else…” Tae is usually never this straight forward, speaking his mind like this, but with Jin he just doesn’t care about seeming cool and laid back. He wants what he wants and he is going to get it.

“I don’t remember you being this feisty.” Jin smiles suggestively.

“Well, it’s been a while.” Tae makes a pivot turn and walks back into the bedroom, removing his shirt simultaneously. He gets the cuffs off the floor and waits. Behind him the kitchen becomes quiet as both the stove and fan are turned off, and slow footsteps approach.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading this, it means the world to me<3 See you next Wednesday.

SUMMARY
Jimin does drugs and acts like a total LA douche to Jungkook. At the end of the night, Jungkook drags Jimin out of the house to stop him from getting in a fight. They drive home and Jungkook doesn't feel too good. He begins questioning some things. Tae went home with Jin again.
Hey guys, sorry if this seems a bit rushed, I kind of wrote a 12 page Vmin one shot this week too hahaha it's in my works if you care to check it out.

Anyways, enjoy this weeks chapter. Next week I might be a bit late, I'm going away :/

But I'll do my best!! I've started it and it's one of my absolute favorites so I want it to be perfect. Love you all and thank you for reading, it means the world.

SATURDAY JUNE 30th

Jimin wakes up to an empty house wearing yesterday's clothes. Jungkook's couch is even worse for his back than the one in the Airbnb, even though it's probably ten times the price. He washes himself in the bathroom downstairs, scrubbing dried blood from his cheek and removing his makeup. He looks like shit. To his dismay, he remembers everything that happened last night. The neglectance, the drinks, the dancing, even the drugs… The coke had dripped down his throat, irritating it and leaving a burn, so now every time he swallows he feels like throwing up.

Everything is awful and Jimin almost feels like crying. He made a promise to Yoongi and broke it in the blink of an eye, and not to mention, how he acted against Jungkook. Selfishness had overtaken him without him even caring. How could he do something like that? It was not like him at all. He looks at his phone, contemplating to call Yoongi, or Jungkook too for that matter, to see where they are. Say he's sorry. There is a notification congratulating him on hitting one million Instagram followers. Last night had payed off. Still he feels like shit. He doesn’t have the courage to call either. His mind is quickly occupied with how he will thank his followers for one million. That’s a huge milestone! Should he do that live he was thinking about? Oh, who is he trying to fool. Who cares? Honestly who the fuck cares about followers. Yes they are making him live his dream, but where is Yoongi? Where is Jungkook? He fucked up and now he is all alone. One million people and no one to call.

Or… perhaps one.

“Mom?” Jimin’s voice is frail.

“Jimin honey, what’s wrong?” A tender voice answers him. His mother knows Jimin doesn’t just call without reason. He says to both himself and his family that he will keep them posted, yet he always makes excuses until there is something wrong.

“I don’t know… I miss you.”

“We miss you too, love, so so much! How is everything going over there?”

“It’s going good! Or was going good. I don’t even know where to begin.”

“Is it the label?”
“No, they’re fine. Everyone’s fine, it’s just me… Mom, me and Yoongi are having troubles.” Jimin isn’t even sad, he doesn’t feel the need to cry anymore. He’s angry and confused, with everything but mostly with himself. His mother sighs mournfully, then continues.

“Did he finally tell you?”

Of fucking course she knew. How had Jimin been so blind?

“Jimin, it will be okay. Love can be wonderful and can be love unbearable, but it is like anything. It will fade over time.”

“Do you really believe that?”

“Don’t you?”

Jimin thinks about it for a while. If every love eventually fades, how can you die with the person you fell for at 16? Do you die next to your lover, or next to your friend? Or just a person you got so used to you that you just accept their presence? Jimin thinks about Jungkook and wonders if this will fade too. Will he ever get over it if he leaves him? Will he eventually lie when he says that he loves him. Possibly.

“I guess you’re right.”

“I’m your mom, I’m always right. Even when I’m not.” She laughs through the phone and Jimin smiles too. God he misses her so much.

“I can’t wait to come home.”

“We can’t wait to have you home, your brother told me to tell you that he has been practicing Mario Kart and is ready to beat your ass when you get back here. His words, not mine.”

Jimin laughs. Oh how Jihyun will love everything he has to tell him about LA. One day he will take him out here to see for himself.

“Tell him to practice more.” They both chuckle.

“Will do. Now tell me what is really bothering you.” How the fuck does she know? Is it the tone of his voice? Telepathy? Probably the latter. How will he even begin to tell the story of how he’s involved with Jungkook? Even his mom loves Jungkook, and she somewhat knows about his previous fancrush, having seen his lockscreen for years…

“I’ve found someone.” His throat is dry.

“Who is he? Is he American?”

“No… He’s Korean too. From Busan.”

“Oh my God, do I know who he is? I should invite his parents over, if they still live here!”

“Mom, it’s complicated…”

“Always is.”

“…I think I messed up. And I don’t know what to do. I can’t talk to Yoongi about it, and he is the only one I know who knows about us.”
“I see… I will not ask you what you did if you do not want to tell me, but I will ask you this. Do you know what you did wrong?”

“Yes.”

“Do you feel bad about it?”

“Yes.”

“Have you learnt something from it?”

“Yes.”

“Then you apologize and tell him that. Taking responsibility is everything you can really do. Then it is up to him to forgive or not.”

“What if he doesn’t?”

“Then life goes on and that love will fade too.”

“Yeah…” Not really what Jimin wanted to hear, but he cannot deny it. If Jungkook doesn’t believe him when he tells him that he is not like he was yesterday, there is not much he can do. Jungkook just has to understand that he is sorry. So sorry.

“When I leave America, I’m coming back to Busan, I promise you.” Jimin’s mom smiles in disbelief but tells him that she is glad.

“I’ll bring you something nice too.”

“No need, you in one piece is good enough for me.”

“I love you mom.”

“I love you too Jimin. Now may I go back to sleep?” Oh shit, he hadn’t realised…

“Oh my god I’m so sorry mom, bye, goodnight!”

“Talk to you soon, love you.”

And that’s it. Not really a comfort at all, but it was so nice to hear her voice. Calming. The world is still fine, even though his might be a mess. In the long run, things will be fine. He can fix this.

To pass time the next twenty minutes, Jimin walks back and forth in Jungkook's living room, trying to find the right words to make him understand that last night was a one time thing, never to be repeated. When he finally thinks he has organised his arguments, apologies and explanations, Jungkook enters the front door. He has been out running by the look of his clothes, and the sweat between his bangs. Jimin stands up, ready to apologize, ready to tell him how sorry he is for being such a dick, but Jungkook just walks straight by him. Without even granting him as much as a glance, he passes and slams the door to the bathroom, leaving Jimin alone again, mouth hanging half open.

“Kook?” Jimin pleads in a whisper as the shower is turned on. He is so embarrassed suddenly. Contemplating for a bit, he comes to the conclusion that this cannot wait any longer. Jungkook can’t be holding all of this in, fueling the fire. He gets up.
The humid air fills Jimin's lungs. Jungkook's bathroom is big, and the shower is placed in the left corner, furthest from the door. The room is clothed with black tiles and looks like it is taken straight from a catalogue for modern, minimalistic design. Jimin forgot that the shower doesn’t have a curtain, and instead is draped in glass doors, from floor to ceiling, so now he doesn’t really know where to look. Jungkook is facing away from the door, with his perfectly sculpted back towards Jimin, and… Fucking hell that ass… Focus Jimin, focus. Jungkook must know that Jimin is in here and is just ignoring him, so Jimin speaks first.

“Jungkook, I am so sorry, will you please let me apologize?”

No response. Jungkook is standing still, only running his hands through his hair to pull it back only to let the running water push it to his face again. Pretending Jimin isn’t even there.

“I am sorry for the way I acted, I know I got too caught up in myself last night, and acted like such an asshole, but I need you to understand that that is not who I am.” Jimin tries to hide the desperation in his voice but it isn’t working. Now Jungkook is completely still. He has his right hand curled into a fist, leaning on his knuckles against the wall in front of him. It’s working.

“Can we please just talk about last night?”

Jungkook impatiently taps his fist against the wall as the silence spreads through the room.

“Please?”

That drives Jungkook over some sort of edge. He basically punches the wall before he turns his torso to meet Jimin's eyes over his shoulder. A gaze so dark can only make Jimin shiver in his place. The still running shower is the only sound in the room until

“Get down.” His voice is almost like a growl and Jimin falls to his knees before even thinking. When he finds himself kneeling on the black bathroom tiles he is confused to say the least. Jimin doesn’t obey like this? He is too startled to say anything, only allowing his jaw to dangle half open, closing it only to swallow nervously. Jungkook turns around, fully exposed, and now Jimin really doesn’t know where to look, so he just lowers his stare to the small white carpet that his knees unfortunately missed by a few inches. He’s got a feeling he might not get up for a while. Jungkook opens the glass door that had been separating the two males, and suddenly the tension rises, both hearts beating faster.

“You think I owe you that? To let you explain yourself?”

Jimin is embarrassed. Jungkook is right. He raises his head to try to reply, but the tall male hovering above him cuts him off.

“Don’t.”

Jimin stops mid inhale and looks back down. The small glance he got at Jungkook's wet, stone cold face made his heart beat even faster. He really wants Jungkook to understand how unlike him last night was, but he kind of also wants to see what happens when his little Kook gets mad. He really got a man in him, huh?

“You made me look like an idiot. In front of all of my friends, and people I care about.” He is getting even closer to Jimin, now standing so that Jimin, with his lowered gaze, is staring at his
feet. Even them are kinda hot. Fuck, Jimin really wants to see the dom in Jungkook.

“So what?” The words leave his mouth with a smirk. So stupid, he thinks, but there is no way to stop him. From the look of his feet, all of Jungkook tensed up at those words, probably because they came so unexpected.

“Excuse me?” He grabs Jimin's locks, making him fall forward to stand on all four. It hurts and Jimin isn’t sure how he feels about it. A part of him really doesn’t like being in a submissive position, solely because he just never enjoyed it, however, the thought of Jungkook getting all worked up has his mind trailing differently.

“You heard me.” The words are supposed to be confident, but he cracks from nervousity at the last syllable. Jungkook snorts and lets go of his hair, backing up simultaneously. At that, Jimin takes his chance to glance up, and if he was easily scared, he would have ran right here and now. Jungkook looks ready to beat the living hell out of Jimin, and to be honest, he probably could, and more. His body is tensed from head to toe, making his veins way more visible than usual, and his jaw is clenched to the max. Jimin gets up, hoping he can gain control over the situation and turning it into something the straining in his pants might enjoy, but as soon as he is on his feet, Jungkook trips him over, knocking the wind out of him, and he is back on his knees. Holy shit. Who is this guy? They are both seeing different sides of each other this weekend.

“Show me you’re sorry.”

Jimin is still catching his breath, his head is pounding from confusion. He kind of enjoys this. Oh my god what is up with him? Jungkook can really make him do anything. What a slut he is, forcing Jimin down on his knees. He meets his eyes after having trailed them up the younger's wet, lean, muscular body. He knows what Jungkook is implying, seeing his blood has rushed to a very exposed place, and he will not turn him down. Hell no. After licking his lips slowly, he opens his mouth, remembering how hot it was when Jungkook did the same for him. Jungkook grabs a hold of Jimin's hair, forcing him to look up at Jungkook, as he gets his dick all up in Jimin's face. He growls as Jimin sticks out his tongue to meet his pulsating member.

“fuck…”

Jimin can’t wait to taste him again. With great force, Jungkook rams his dick all the way down Jimin's coke burnt throat. Thankfully, he knew it was coming, otherwise it might not have been very pleasant. Jimin won’t break eye contact even though he’s choking loudly, and he can see in Jungkook’s eyes that he fucking loves it. He gets more and more aggressive, pushing Jimin further and further back, until he has to switch from being on his knees to sitting on the ground. As he does, he is making it really easy for Jungkook to thrust him down on his back, and he does not miss the opportunity to do just that. Jimin falls back and Jungkook is above him, on his knees and elbows, ramming his dick through Jimin's now swollen lips. He is loud, and Jimin would be too if he wasn’t too focused on oxygenating his brain, so instead he seizes the opportunity to smack Jungkooks ass, the only thing he really can do lying like this. He’s in the perfect position. One. Two. Three. Jungkook growls deeper with every hit. Then suddenly he stops. Jimin is heaving as he tries to catch his breath, not having enough focus to question the hasty end of their session before Jungkook drags him to his feet. They kiss. Deeply. Jimin can barely keep up with Jungkook's pace, it is like the younger is taking everything he wants, not holding a single desire back. Is this supposed to be a punishment? Jimin can’t wait to taste Jungkook's cum and then use it to lube up the boys ass to fuck him mercilessly. The strain in Jimin's pants is hard to ignore, so much that it distracts him from where Jungkook is taking them. It is not until the black tiles hit him in the back of his head and warm water begins to soak his clothes as he sobers from his haze. The water is making its way to every vacant space between their faces, trickling into their mouths as
their tongues clash in hurry. Jungkooks wet, naked body against Jimins uncomfortably clothed one is both a dream and a nightmare. He wants to be closer. But Jungkook pushes him down, and hes right back on his knees. This time his thrusts are less frequent, and he buries himself longer inside Jimin's throat. That is until his whole body tenses up and begins to almost shiver. Then he picks up his pace, grabbing a hold of Jimin's neck simultaneously, so that the lack of air and blood flow is making Jimin see stars. He barely hears the way Jungkook screams out his name amongst other, more filthy words, as he orgasms. His vision is blurring, and he swallows Jungkooks cum as he lightly taps Jungkooks thigh to tell him he has to slow down. When he pulls out, Jimin lowers his head to keep the water out of his eyes as he takes five before continuing, but Jungkook leaves him right then and there. Kneeling fully clothed under running water. As he grabs a towel right before slamming the door, Jimin shouts after him.

“Hey!?”

Then hes gone.
“How was your night?”

Namjoon raises his head while Yoongi exits a bedroom in their momentarily shared apartment. It’s the day after the party at Austins, noon to be exact. Namjoon has been up since eight, answering emails and setting up meetings to secure some good connections before he launches his project. Now he’s eating lunch. Yoongi meets his amused look with tired, droopy eyes.

“Oh, you’re up. It was good.” Yoongi responds.

“I’m glad. Mine was too.” He pours a cup of coffee for Yoongi as well and pushes it his way.

“I have to ask though…” Namjoon knows about basically everything regarding the Jimin situation, not that Yoongi has told him a lot, but he gets it, and it’s not too hard to figure out. Last night had been weird, and even though he acted all fine, Namjoon knows that Yoongi was far from.

“You don’t have to tell me anything, but you and Jimin came together, didn’t you? What happened?”

“I just… “ Yoongi sits down and takes the coffee, sips it, but puts it back down because it’s way too hot.

“Look, I don’t want to bore you to death with my talk about Jimin, you’re already too kind to me really, how was your morning?”

“Oh don’t be like that.”

There is nothing at all bothersome about having Yoongi here, Namjoon thinks. The two have become quite close. He is incredible company, quiet and kind, and although his cooking is merely alright, it’s nice to be reminded of food from his home country. He hasn’t had mac and cheese even once since Yoongi joined him.

“You know you don’t bore me. I ask because I want to know.” His sincerity seems to reach Yoongi, who sighs and continues.

“I’m just real fucking pissed. You know, one second he tells me that he wants to try going back to our normal life, pretending like my feelings for him hasn’t ruined everything and that we can still be in the same room without me being in constant pain, but the other second he just completely ignores me and doesn’t give a fuck.” Yoongi’s voice rises in both pitch and speed as he spits the words he has been thinking all night. Then something changes in his gaze. The annoyance is gone and his dark eyes turn glossy, almost like he is frightened by his own truth.

“He… He even treated Jungkook like trash. Don’t get me wrong, Jungkook doesn’t treat him fairly
either, but… The reason I was so upset that night I stormed out of McDonalds was because I knew I lost. I knew it from the second he told me that they were meeting up. I’ve seen every serious relationship Jimin has been in, the look in his eyes, the way that he talks, and through those I have waited, because I knew they wouldn’t last. I knew because the way I felt about Jimin, the way I feel about Jimin, is not the way he was feeling. It was never real love. But when my eyes met his as he told me, I saw it. He looked at me the way I look at him, only to speak another person’s name. He has that kind of love, and still he acts like a piece of shit. I don’t know that person. I’m not sure that I want to either.”

Silence falls over the table as Yoongi finishes his monologue and Namjoon takes a second to process his words. He is amazed at how even though Yoongi’s life has taken a straight 180 turn, there is still righteousness in his way of reasoning. Namjoon feels like he is proud of Yoongi for that.

“Anyway, I don’t even want to think about him today.” Yoongi takes a sip of the still hot coffee, ending the conversation before Namjoon has a chance to speak his mind.

“Then let’s not. How about instead you tell me what happened after I left?”

--

Jin watches as Tae gets dressed at the foot of the bed. The midday sun is casting its rays through half-closed blinds, delicately hitting Taehyung’s golden skin. The skin that Jin was only a few moments ago holding, kissing, biting… The marks are less prominent this time, he made sure to grant Taes wish of that, but they are there, clothing his torso better than any shirt, especially better than the blue one he just now pulled over his head. Jin sighs at the younger’s slow dressing. Just get it over with, don’t make me sit here and grieve losing such a pretty sight, he thinks. Rip the bloody band aid.

“What are your plans for the day?” he asks, wondering if Tae is leaving for a reason, or just leaving.

“Don’t know, we’ll see.”

He goes back to sleep after Taehyung leaves. That’s mostly what he’s been doing since him and Sana broke it off. Sleep all day. Or at least try to. He’s had terrible dreams, and sleeping alone is a real struggle sometimes. He can’t deny that he misses her, they were together for three years after all. He met her at a movie set back in 2015, they were counterparts in a movie about a college love story (boring, Jin thought, but it’s where the money is at). Sana had moved from Japan with the intent of only staying a year, until the movie was done, but she ended up staying until now. They both grew so much over the years, building their careers and themselves, and now it’s just gone? She got a job offer for a movie in Japan, and Jin didn’t think that that was such a big deal, they could travel to see each other, and just postpone the wedding plans a few months, but Sana felt differently. She came home crying one day and told him that she wanted to go home for a long time, and that she had thought about long distance for a while, but didn’t like the idea. Either Jin came with or they were done. The night she stepped on that flight, he was dying inside, panicking because he felt so alone, so he went to Tae. A douchebag move, but in that situation… he needed someone he knew would be there. He didn’t intend on feeling this good though, and he didn’t even
realise how much he had missed him. There is something different with him, and Jin is sad that he
never got the chance to explore that side of himself more. Tae was his first and only guy ever,
before him he had no idea that he could have those kinds of feelings, and that’s why he freaked out
and pulled away. It was all too much at once. But now as he’s not holding back, he can feel himself
sleeping better, eating better… He still loves Sana, but a part of him thinks that this might not have
been all bad.

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Namjoon is in his car on the way to a meeting with a new group that’s promoting their unreleased
music. He wants to see what they’re all about, and if they will fit his new labels philosophy and
style. On his way there he stops at starbucks, and remembers that he was supposed to call
Jungkook today, at least that’s what he promised to do last night when they parted ways. He gets
his phone up as he waits in line.


“It’s Namjoon” He answers surprised.

“Oh shit, I’m sorry, hey.” Jungkook changes his voice immediately after he understands its the
elder calling.

“Don’t worry, what’s up?” Of course Jungkook is out running, he’s pissed about last night. He
always does that. When they first got to know each other Jungkook was a lot more impulsive and
edgy, which is understandable considering his lack of upbringing, so he was always out running
then. It’s less common now though, meaning he must be really upset.

“Not much, I’m just out on a run. How are you? How was your night last night? Sorry we, uh, I
didn’t have time to say goodbye.”

“I’m great, I’m heading out to a meeting right now, but I’m a bit early so coffee sounded good.
Last night was fun, but I wasn’t really in the mood, so I probably left before you did. If anyone’s
apologising it’s me.” Jungkook seems to disagree, considering his breathing and clicking of
tongue, but Namjoon won’t allow him to keep blaming himself for every little thing.

“Anyway, I’m just calling to see if you wanted to have lunch with me on tuesday?”

“Uh, yeah sure! Could we make that late lunch? I’m having a session on monday night, which if I
know my crew, will go on ‘til early morning.”

“Of course. I’ll text you monday to see when and where?”

“Perfect.”

“Alright, gotta go, have a good day Jungkook. Finish your run, but don’t take too long. It’s better to
get it over with.” He can hear Jungkook slowly putting his words into context and humming in
response.

“Mm, I will. Talk to you later.”

“Bye Kook.”
“Bye.”

The rest of Namjoons day is hectic, but at least he has the night free from work. Him and Yoongi are probably going to lay on the couch all night watching netflix on Yoongi’s computer. He has the Korean version and Namjoon is in 7th heaven because of that. He’s been slacking with his own culture, so he has a lot of catching up to do. At least that’s what he tells himself as they binge watch three episodes in one night. Or, Namjoon calls it binge watching. Yoongi calls it quitting. It’s Yoongi’s last night staying at Namjoons so he figures he should do something special to show his gratitude to his exquisite guest. He will miss him after all. On his way home after his last meeting he stops by a Korean place he used to go to go to every week when he first moved here, and then the Cheesecake factory. He do love a good dessert for a special occasion.

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Tae met up with some friends after he was at Jins, and tonight he will be sleeping at Jungkook’s again, so he needs to pick up his computer from the apartment in which he actually is supposed to live. He unlocks the door and is immediately hit with the awful smell of Axe body spray, a musky uncleaned kitchen, weed and sweat. He fucking hates this place.

“Princess! You decided to grant us the pleasure of your presence!” His oldest roommate, Oliver, 34, unemployed aspiring actor and impulsive gambler, is in the kitchen playing poker with two of his “friends” (one’s his drug dealer and the other one is his old High School pal, who actually is nice, but a bit slow in the head, meaning they can use him for his parents money and make him beat the shit out of people who owe them cash).

“Fuck off Olaf” Tae says as he walks straight past them into his room. He unlocks the three locks, and enters. The only reason he still lives here is because he wants to spare Jungkook the burden of taking care of him. He’s already doing that enough, and Taehyung couldn’t bare putting more load on that guy. He’s got too many struggles as it is, and doesn’t need to know the full story of Taes life. There is a delicate knock on his door, and it is slowly pushed open.

“I heard the celebrity has arrived.”

Julia. Poor, poor Julia. They used to be really good friends, and she is the one who got him this room in the first place. She was beautiful when they met those five years ago, when Tae moved from his family in Portland, where they had lived since Tae was only six years old. She was his coworker at the first coffee shop he worked at here, studying at the same Uni as him, and she helped him out so much in building a life in L.A. Back then she was a singer, and sold out small gigs every weekend when she wasn’t working or studying. Everyone loved her and she had a great career ahead of her. A great life ahead of her. Now the last three years, she’s been in and out of rehab, for coke at first, and most recently meth. She also dropped out of school at the same time. As she stands in the doorway, she looks like she is dying. Unwashed brown hair slicks down her sunken in face, and her dirty top shows off her prominent rib cage. He tried helping her so many times but she just spent the money on drugs, and screamed at him when he suggested therapy. Every time. There’s only so much one person can do.

“How are you Julia?” She’s been out every night Tae has come home for the last two months.
“Oh you know, I’ve been sober for a whole two weeks now! Haven’t had a single line!” Tae knows that that is a lie. She looks coked out right now, if not worse.

“I’m happy for you.” This is why he can’t fucking be here. His heart is breaking all over again.

“My mom died last night too.” She says shrugging her shoulders.

“So, you know, finally no more thanksgiving dinners” Her laugh is unnatural and the look in her eyes completely dead. Tae doesn’t know what to say. Julia loved her mother.

“Julia…”

“Don’t look at me like that! I’m doing great! I might even have a show this weekend, if you stay here until then maybe you could come!”

He looks at her with so much love, and so so much pity, even though he doesn’t want to. She only sees the pity.

“You know what, fuck off, go be with your rich friends and leave us here in this shit hole. What do we care huh? I don’t care for a god damn second if you come or not. Cause you don’t give a shit about us. I’m going to cancel the event just so you can’t show.”

There is never a gig. There is never anyone who calls to book her anymore. One look at her and you know she’s not someone you’d plaster on posters across town. She’s doomed if nothing changes. She will die if nothing changes. Tae still doesn’t know what to say. He’s already tried everything, so he just lets her slam the door and leave. He then turns to the titanium safe under his desk. It’s ridiculous what he has to do so they won’t steal from him. He should really just move all of the expensive stuff to Jungkook’s place, like he’s done with his fabrics and sketches, but he can’t find it in himself. A part of him is fine with them stealing, if it means they will get through the day. He doesn’t have anything of real value in there anyway. Just when it comes to money. That can always be replaced. Also, he never has any big sums of cash, ever, so it’s only his computer, headphones, chargers, car keys (if he wants to use that piece of uttermost trash someday) and some of his more expensive clothes that aren’t already at Jungkooks. He takes the computer, charger and a few shirts, then leaves the rest, locking it back up. As he locks the three locks on his door, his third and last roommate, Matt, exits his room and Tae freezes. His whole body shivers when he remembers his bloody knuckles. This is the real reason Tae left. Matt looks him dead in the eye then spits at his feet.

“Faggot.”

Then Matt leaves the apartment. Tae is standing outside the door to his room until he is almost sure that he is gone for real and not just waiting outside for him. As he himself heads to the door Julia appears again.

“Do you really have to go? I miss you.” With tears in her eyes she watches as Tae throws his supreme bag over his shoulder, and for a second he can still see her in there. Vulnerable and in want of help. But he has tried it too much. It’s always like this.

“I miss you too.”

“You don’t happen to have something to help us out with? You know, since I’m sober, I promise it will go to food this time.” Tae is the one paying all the rent so food is really all they actually should spend money on. But he knows her too well. She has to learn.

“Not today, sorry.”
“Do you want me to die?”

Tae opens the door and leaves. She screams after him into the poorly lit stairwell, repeating herself, until her voice is muffled by the shutting of the main door and he is out on the street. Quickly he jogs down a few blocks before he calls a cab.

All the lights are off when he gets to the mansion. It smells clean of soap, freshly washed sheets, and taco bell. The maid must have been here today, which is odd. The sheets were washed yesterday. The batch of tacos are still standing out on the kitchen counter, barely touched and cold, and it is eerily quiet.

“Jungkook?” Tae calls out into the dark house. No response.

“Kookie?” He walks up the stairs to his friends room, pushing the not-fully-closed door open. It’s only seven pm, but Jungkook is already lying in bed in his sweats, back facing the door. Is he sleeping already? He wanted to talk to him about last night, since there was clearly something going on with him and Jimin, but what is this?

“Are you awake?”

Suddenly the youngers back twitches, and his breathing turns irregular. In the blink of an eye, Tae crawls into bed and holds him tightly.

“It’s going to be okay.”

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SUNDAY JUNE 29th

Yoongi wakes up early the next morning. Sunday. The last day at Namjoons. It’s been the best fucking time, really, he saved him in so many ways and it will never be possible to repay that. He owes him so so much. There’s a knock on the door.

“Come in!”

“Oh, you’re up! Good, I just wanted to say that I am heading out for the day, and if you won’t be here when I get back, I’ll call you tomorrow.” It must be nice for him to finally get his place back to himself.

“I’ll just pack up really quickly, don’t worry, I’m out soon!”

“No rush, really, take your time.” He smiles at Yoongi and Yoongi envies the warmth he radiates. He envies the wisdom, the certainty in his whole being. He will miss him. When he a few hours later is all done with packing up, he goes back to that thought, staring at the window in the living room. He is alone in the big apartment and it is awfully quiet. He remembers. It was only thursday that he sat on that ledge. He can’t go back to that. How will he go back to living in quietness? In the airbnb where there used to be laughter, bantering, youtube or netflix playing in the background and music being made? Now there will be nothing. And what about Seoul? The curtains flutter in the warm wind, and he can see the light blue sky, speckled with dainty clouds. He can breathe. He can see. The breeze caresses his sun kissed skin. He can feel. Maybe quiet is what he needs.

Focusing on recovering from the heart ache. It seems to ease every day if only a mere .1 percent.
He is still moving forward. Slow progress is still progress, isn’t that what everyone always says? Also, there has been times when he’s been free of Jimin. Where he didn’t even cross his mind for a few minutes. Or five and a half hours. Yoongi closes his eyes, breathing in the air of the apartment as a resident for the last time, thinking about how happy he is to be alive. Not happy in general, but happy to be alive. He wishes he had the words to thank Namjoon enough and make him see what difference he made, but Yoongi isn’t that gifted with speaking his feelings to the right person. But he is getting better. He gets his bag and decides it’s time to go. After he locks up he drops the key in the mailbox downstairs (after checking that he has his phone five times) and then he is off. He walks all the way to the In n Out closest to Namjoons, and has an early dinner there before ordering an uber. He eats in slow motion, not really wanting the day to end. It’s scary moving forward, even when you know you have to. But suddenly the food is finished, the milkshake drunk, and the uber here. Time to go home.

He has the same feeling that he had over a month ago when they came to LA, opening this door for the first time. Fear. Now begins his life of quietness. Alone in this apartment. He unlocks it and enters. It’s still lit from the last time he was here apparently. Turning around, he closes himself in and takes off his shoes and jacket. Then, slowly, Yoongi pushes his suitcase into the living room, but is interrupted as soon as he looks up. On the opposite side of the room, a blonde Jimin stands, looking straight at him. At first he doesn’t recognise him with the light hair, and his heart skips a beat, making him ready to fight, but then he remembers the soft features, plump lips and flat nose. They just stare at each other at first. Why the hell is he here? Yoongi has so many questions and no energy to ask them. He is exhausted by the mere sight of Jimin. The hurting is back again. Not again...

“No…” He sighs with tears pooling. There is no way he can’t take this.

“I’m so sorry” Jimin says, tearing up as well “but I don’t have anywhere to go.”

“I don’t care.”

“I know. I’m sorry. About friday, about everything. I’m so sorry.”

Yoongi stays quiet. Any effort will push him over the edge so he remains forcibly apathetic, with his posture sunken in and head tilted slightly back to stop gravity from pulling the tears out of his eyes.

“I wish I didn’t have to do this to you, I would never if I had an option. There is none.”

“Why?”

“It’s over.” Jimin cries now. “It’s over.”

Too many thoughts about Jimin. Too much hope sparked with those words. Yoongi turns around to walk into the bedroom, leaving Jimin crying behind him. He closes the door and goes straight to bed, laying there quietly, listening to Jimin's running nose. To him eating something, and eventually turning off the lights to go sleep on the couch. He keeps turning on the couch, and the rustling of the sheets is all Yoongi hears. That night Yoongi doesn’t fall asleep, only drifting when his brain is so tired that he passes out momentarily. He keeps waiting for Jimin to open that door. For Jimin to crawl into bed and hold him. He keeps waiting for Jimin.
Please find your comfort in me. Please come to me.

Chapter End Notes

sorry
Letting Go

Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy this weeks chapter! (on time this time hahahh)

I LOVE LOVE LOVE to read your comments and it encourages me so much to keep writing, so please don't hesitate!

Here we go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Maybe we should back up a bit.

Yesterday, after the whole shower incident, Jimin went after Jungkook again, this time finding him in his room getting dressed. Jimin told Jungkook that he wasn’t being fair, and Jungkook yelled at Jimin for being an asshole. The fight was loud, and even though Jimin apologized in every other sentence, he too became annoyed at the other. This was no way to solve anything, he just wanted Jungkook to calm down. It was just one night after all. One bad out of all the good, so he figured there must be something else. Something underlying in Jungkook's rage. So he asked him. What is it really? That sent Jungkook spiraling. He was screaming, flinging his arms in aggressive gestures and not really making any sense. Behind his nonsense, Jimin sensed a tone of Jungkook not really wanting them to bounce back from this. He sounded scared, like he had had enough of feeling so much, at least about Jimin. Shouldn’t he be done being scared? Jimin found himself really fed up. Just get over it! When he finally shut up for one second, Jimin took the chance to assume that this is exactly what Jungkook has been waiting on, just to see if he was right.

“I can’t keep walking on eggshells because you want me to fuck up so you can leave and blame me.”

When he saw the look in Jungkook’s eyes he understood that he in fact was right. It hurt more than if the fight had only been about what an ass Jimin was last night. Jungkook took this out of proportions just so he could be mad at Jimin and get over him. What an absolute twat. Now it was Jimin's turn to scream and curse at the other. It was so fucking manipulative, and no matter what shit Jungkook was going through, that was so unfair. Jimin might have said some things that he regrets now, but in the heat of the moment he truly felt that Jungkook was being a coward.

Soon, though, they both ran out of things to say, so Jimin just spoke whatever came to mind. He repeated himself a bit, and kept opening his mouth without really thinking.

“Maybe we shouldn’t do this.” He was the first to breathe the words, but as soon as he said it he regretted it. That’s not what he wants at all.

“No wait, I don’t mean th-”

“You’re right.” Jungkook looked him dead in the eye. Finally the room quieted down.

“It’s just too complicated.”
Jimin was too tired to argue. He’s done screaming. Is this really it? He lost both his best friend and his love. Fuck LA.

“You should go.”

Jimin stared at Jungkook until he fully understood that he wouldn’t take it back. Then, without a word, he left the room. Water was still dripping from his wet clothes, but they were beginning to dry off in the heat. He would not accept anything from Jungkook now, so he’d just walk home and dry off like that. Jungkook followed him to the door, in his mind praying that Jimin would turn around. Tell him that he would never leave. That’s what they promised each other. You have me. I have you. Still he was relieved that he wouldn’t have to hide anything anymore. Torn between the two, he watched in silence as Jimin collected his stuff, and Jimin was desperately trying to hold back the tears as he opened the front door. Just before closing it, he turned around to look at Jungkook one last time. Two annoyed, exhausted and heartbroken people faced each other as lovers for the last time.

“I love you” was what Jimin wanted to say in that moment. “I still love you so much. And you love me too.” but instead he said

“I thought you were better than this.”

“Get the fuck off my property.”

--

It took Jimin three hours to walk home. His clothes were dry enough after the first 20 minutes, so after that his shivering was not because of physical discomfort. He was trembling when he came home, starving, at four in the afternoon, and didn’t even have enough energy to cry. He postmated some food to his door, and sat on the floor until it showed up. His phone kept ringing, but he couldn’t answer. He thought it was Jungkook, calling to apologize, but exhaustion hung over him and disabled him to deal with anything. However, when he finally looked after finishing his meal, he saw that it wasn’t. Jungkook hadn’t called even once. But he will, right? He will call? Instead it was Sejin. Jimin called back.

“Jimin, finally! I’ve been trying to reach you for over an hour now, what’s up?”

What was he even supposed to say? He couldn’t talk about Jungkook, but it was all he could think about.

“Sorry, I didn’t have my phone on me, why are you calling?”

“First of all I just wanted to check in on you and Yoongi. How is everything between you two?”

“Better.” Jimin lied blatantly. He wasn’t ready to go in to all that. Not now.

“Good. And also, I have a question.”

“Shoot.”

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“Shoot.”
“Since you have that music video tomorrow, we were thinking that we should do something a bit shocking to the public, you know. To get people excited and talking. Change something up.”

“Yeah?”

“What are your thoughts on going blonde?”

Blonde? Jimin had never colored his hair before, but honestly, the idea was really intriguing. Especially now. He needed to get his mind off everything else. Maybe a new hair color would be positively distracting.

“Let’s do it.”

“Great! I have a hair appointment for you in an hour, I’ll pick you up right now.”

--

Jungkook closed the door. He was finally free. Now he could go back to his old life, no worries, no anxiety, no Jimin. Yeah, he was shaking, and barely breathing, but it was all going to go over soon. He decided to ignore every real emotion that came to him, and just put on the TV. It’s all fine. This is for the best. It’s fine. It’s fine. I’m fine. Jimin’s fine. Everything is just fine. All fucking fine. Where’s Tae? I should call him to see what he is up to. No I shouldn’t bother him. Who do I call? What do I do? Nothing. Nothing, because everything is fine. Jungkook’s breathing was picking up its pace. No matter how hard he was trying to convince himself he was okay and that this was what he wanted, he couldn’t. Nothing was fine. But he didn’t let himself feel that. He found himself pacing around the house, mindlessly wandering to the sound of daytime television, occasionally stopping by his liquor cabinet. Bad idea. No good could ever come from drinking alone while being slightly upset. The hours passed and the efforts of ignoring his feelings and keeping his mind occupied was beginning to take its toll. He finished the dishes, and wiped off both the counter and the coffee table. When he entered his room, Jimin’s smell lingered on the sheets so he threw them in the washer out of sheer panic, and replaced them with new ones. Then he became tired, after all, he hadn’t eaten all day. Neither did he want to. Around five he stopped walking and just stared blankly into the wall of the living room. The more he stared the more the wall seemed to reflect his last memory of Jimin. His tired eyes were plastered against the big white wall, looking right at Jungkook. He rubbed his eyes and shook his head. He needed to forget, get him out of his head. Now. He got his phone off his night stand upstairs. He wouldn’t call anyone to talk it out, because he knew what they would say. That he made a mistake. A big fucking mistake. A big fucking awful shitty mistake that ruined everything. No that’s not what he wanted to hear. He needed to be the old Jungkook. The careless Jungkook he was so desperately trying to go back to. He has a few people he always called before, you know, when he was alone at night. He got one of them up on his phone, but his fingers refused to press the call button. So he tried the next one, and the next one. Nothing. He couldn’t do it. There was no one he could even think about thinking about kissing except for Jimin, let alone fucking. He stood shaking in his bedroom with his phone in his hand, on the verge of breaking. What does one do to not break? How does one not fall apart when it is the only thing that makes sense to do? The most fun, loving, kind, pretty, and understanding person in the world, Jungkook had just pushed right out of his life. He knew from the first time he saw Jimin that he wanted him. And he got him. But because he was tired of worrying what others might think, and because he got so sick of judging himself and feeling so overwhelmed, he gave it up. He gave Jimin up for what he for some reason thought would be an easier life. They were doing just fine? No one knew about them, and no one was going to find out.
It was just one bad night… Jungkook has had plenty of bad nights himself, this is fucking LA for god's sake… Jungkook wanted to scream, but no sounds escaped him. He was paralyzed. How do I fix this? I can’t fix this. Do I want to fix this? Is it worth it? Will it fade and be easier, or will it hurt forever? Will it hurt forever?!

When Tae finally came home, he cried it out. Of course Tae said that he was stupid and gave him a full lecture on how much of an idiot he had been. Tae was confused, because he couldn’t feel the stress that Jungkook had been feeling all this time. Jungkook already knew what he did was stupid, but still through the pain, he could feel the relief. No more hiding, no more looking over his shoulder. But no more Jimin. No more Jimin. Oh my god, Jungkook washed the last of him away. He’s gone. Tae made him dinner and tucked him in, even though they both were kind of annoyed at each other; Tae being disappointed in Jungkook, and Jungkook being mad that Tae wouldn’t see his side more. Yet they still ate together, told each other goodnight, and then when Jungkook drifted off, Tae went to sleep too.

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**MONDAY JULY 2nd**

Jimin gets out of bed at 7 am. His head is pounding just like it would if he was hungover. The amount of tears he has shed is probably equal to the dehydration of a hangover, so it kind of makes sense. Today is the day of the music video shoot. A part of him is dreading it, he is not ready in any way to be in front of a camera and a bunch of people to act like everything is fine, but at the same time isn’t it quite ironic how the concept of the music video actually has it’s true meaning back? He wants Jungkook but Jungkook doesn’t want him. The thought hasn’t really sunk in yet, but now at least he doesn’t cry. Might be because it is 7 am and he just spent a full night crying, but still. He pours himself some cereal and eats alone standing by the kitchen counter, hoping he’s not waking Yoongi up from all of the noise he is making. Yoongi. God, he has so much to explain to Yoongi, so much to apologize for. Jimin can’t even imagine having to go through what he is going through. Jimin is such a fucking asshole showing up like this. He stops eating and rests his forehead against the kitchen cabinets, rocking back and forth, actually wanting to casually bash his own skull in, but simultaneously not wanting to wake Yoongi. He has so much to fix, so much to own up to. After he is done dwelling, he finishes his food and showers quickly. Staring at himself in the mirror, he has troubles recognizing himself with the wet blonde hair. It looks great, but it’s very very different. He hopes they will style it well for the video so that his fans will like it too. He wonders what Jungkook will think when he sees it. Will he see it in person or on screen like the rest of them? Jimin stops again, in the middle of brushing his teeth. The memory of Jungkook closing that door plays in his mind on repeat. Did his eyes really look that sad, or is it wishful thinking? Was he really that relieved? How was the tone of his voice? Jimin can’t remember. He opens his eyes again and they sting a bit from the tears he is done crying. The clock is half past eight, he should leave soon, so he spits and gets dressed in random sweats. They will dress him up on the spot, anyway.

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Jungkook wakes up at ten. He knows Tae has left to go do some work prepping his release party and debut runway. It’s huge and Jungkook can’t wait to go, but now he could have really needed him at home. Yesterday he wasn’t home a lot either, so Jungkook just laid in his bed feeling like shit. Today he needs to get up, so he takes his car downtown without really knowing where he is going. Before he had Jimin to lunch with, he would do this a lot. Walk around town, shop, or meet some friends. He doesn’t feel like meeting up with anyone now, so he’ll just do some mindless strolling, like the old Jungkook would. Yeah, he’ll just be like the old Jungkook. When he gets out of the parking garage linked to the Grove, he immediately feels eyes on him. Before, he loved it. Now… after Jimin, strangers eyes seem threatening. Jungkook puts his own judgement in their eyes. His own self loathing becomes regular loathing when he places it with others. Then he can blame them. Like he blamed Jimin. He stops mid step. When he really looks around, people’s eyes seem welcoming… happy. They just spotted a celebrity and can’t wait to tell their friends. Most of them are too shy to approach, so they just admire him from afar. Everyone doesn’t hate him, and most importantly, no one knows. Jeez, how could he have treated Jimin so poorly? Jimin had been nothing but good to him, until fridday of course, but still, in perspective it wasn’t that bad. He knows Jimin still wants to be with him. Or at least did when they parted, he can’t be sure about how he feels now. Maybe he got some time away and realised how stupid Jungkook is, and now he doesn’t want anything to do with him. God, Jungkook needs to think. Jimin could figure out so much by just sitting and thinking, Jungkook remembers. He might not have an isolated location where no one can see him, but he has the cafe upstairs and they serve hella good smoothies.

--

Jimin is blown away by the set. It’s huge. They are not fucking around with this music video. Jimin thinks that this must be the biggest thing in his career up until this point. When people see this they will be astonished. If only Yoongi was here to see it. It was his idea after all. He has made all of this possible. He helped Jimin with the song… He came up with the concept… The production of it all is just flawless and it is making Jimin miss his best friend. He feels alone in this studio filled with the staff members that he knows so well now. They all chat and smile and joke around as they style his hair and runs him, the main character, the star, through the process. Yet he feels invisible. He misses Tae, Bianca, Hoseok, Namjoon… The only friend he made without the help of Yoongi or Jungkook is Chris, but after seeing her and Jungkook flirt, he’s not very keen on texting her. Plus, they barely know each other at all. Sejin comes up to his side with two large iced tea cups and sits down next to him as he gets his makeup done.

“You look a bit lost.”

“I am.”

“Care to tell me?”

When Jimin thinks about it, he hasn’t spoken about Jungkook to anyone. He lost Yoongi before that, and he had to keep it a secret. But now they aren’t together anymore, so what’s the point? He has to talk about it or he will burst. The makeup artist finishes and walks away for a second. He takes the chance.

“I’m dating Jeon Jungkook. Or I mean, I was dating him…”

“What!”? Sejin looks rightfully confused. Jimin thought he would be smiling more, considering the press they could get from this, but there are no dollar signs in his eyes. He looks genuinely
concerned for Jimin.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

Jimin sighs.

“I couldn’t tell anyone. The only one who knew was Yoongi.”

“Is that why you guys have been acting so weird?” Sejin speaks slowly and fondly, like the manager he is he just wants to understand and do what is best for the team. He wants to figure everything out, but Jimin knows that’s impossible. It’s all too complicated.

“Sort of. It just sucks and I’m sad.” Saying that out loud, admitting to himself that he is upset by everything feels really good. He sighs again to collect himself, wanting not to cry away the freshly applied makeup. Sejin puts a hand on his shoulder and sees that it is a sensitive topic.

“We don’t have to figure it out right away. It’s okay to be upset. Do you want to talk about what happened? How long did it go on?”

“We met at the gala. The one you so kindly trusted us to go to. It just happened, but then we… I don’t even know, we had a fight, it was stupid but here we are.” Jimin lowers his head.

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine, I’ll be fine.”

“Can you still do the shoot?”

Jimin knows that the question has a right and a wrong answer. He doesn’t have a choice. You can’t just postpone this until tomorrow or next week. It’s today or it’s never plus a bunch of angry employees on your back. So many people rely on him.

“Yes.” He says, but there’s a knot in his stomach.

--

Jungkook has pulled his cap down over his eyes so that he can only see the table in front of him, his banana smoothie, and his phone that he pretends to be on. In reality he is thinking. Very hard. He has to put Jimin aside for this, at least for now. He has to start from the beginning. Who am I? Yeah, let’s start with the easy questions.

I am:

Jeon Jungkook. Born September 1st year 1997 in Busan, Korea. I moved to Los Angeles, California, when I was 16 and I soon turn 21. I have black hair, dark brown eyes, and am average in height. I make music and because of that I have money. I love to sing, dance, write my own music, party and play video games with my friends. I am single. I am single. I am sad. I have struggled with anxiety for as long as I can remember and it only became worse when I found out I wasn’t straight. I am bisexual. Or pan perhaps. Gender doesn’t mean a thing to me, at least when it comes to other people. When I see others living the life they want, loving whomever, identifying as
whatever, I feel joy. But for me, being… this is something I just have to do. I feel like I have no choice whatsoever in who I want to be. I am Jeon Jungkook. Born September 1st year 1997 in Busan, Korea, and I am everything everyone has told me to be. And I am sad.

Who do I want to be?

I want to be a happy person. I want to feel love and loved. I want to be as fierceful as Tae, and be myself and take on life as it is handed to me, even if it means hardship. I want to be as wise as Namjoon and get to know myself like he wants to know me. Fully and without compromises. The real me. I want to be as kind, patient, and real as Jımın. Not fearing others, but caring for them. He was willing to give me time to figure all of this out. He was willing.

But I also want to be straight. I also want to not care about what I do, fuck random people and get shitfaced at parties no one remembers the day after. I want to be Bad Boy Jungkook for the people, keep working and growing as an artist and live the rest of my life being rich and careless without a worry in my mind. I don’t want to risk my career by beingouted, or coming out. I’m not ready. I’m not ready!!

Jungkook looks up. How long has he been here? The smoothie remains untouched, and his phone has locked itself in his grip. He rubs his face with his hands to completely return to the real world. He’s mad at himself. This is hard. How can you control your thoughts? Your feelings? All he figured out is that he is sad. Sadder than he thought. He is still as torn between what he will do as he was before. He checks his phone and sees that it is almost time to head into the studio. They have a session planned for the entire evening, and probably night too, so he better get going. There are a few things he needs to take care of before the rest of the crew arrive.

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Jimin isn’t doing so well. The first scene falls flat, and they have to take breaks all the time for him to collect himself and get back into his character. The feelings are all there, it’s just the focus that isn’t. He struggles to emote, and his eyes are shifting focal points way too often. He’s just not here. Everyone’s getting kind of frustrated as they take their sixth break of the day, and Jimin is becoming more and more anxious. But then a door opens and shines yellow light into the studio for a few seconds before closing. The sound is vague in the buzzing of the echoing hall, but his eyes are drawn towards it as if he already knew. The hard cement floor is hit by cheap rubber soles and makes the most comforting squeaking noise Jimin has ever heard. Yoongi comes in and eyes the set from a corner and Jimin follows his every move. When Yoongi can’t ignore Jimin’s piercing gaze anymore, their eyes meet. Yoongi can see the absolute distress of the younger, who is dealing with so much all by himself. The love of his life. His best friend. He is hurting. Without a word Yoongi approaches Jimin, who holds his breath, and embraces him in a warm hug. Friends first. Jimin exhales like it is his first time breathing, and they hold each other for a while. Then Jimin is called back on set, and Yoongi sits himself down on a bordeaux colored plastic chair and watches Jimin perform exquisitely. He looks beautiful.
Jungkook's car rolls into the parking lot at five past two. The others will join him at four, so he's got plenty of time to set everything up. Before he gets to the studio he stops by the nearest 7-eleven to buy them all some snacks, they will need something to chew on to keep their focus. Chips, nuts, and a large coke will do. The girl in the register is now used to seeing him there, so he greets her as per usual. They always chat a bit while she scans his items, and today is no different.

“So how’s life?” Jungkook asks.

“You know what? Today it’s kind of incredible.” She answers happily and Jungkook gives her a look that tells her to keep talking.

“Me and my girlfriend just got our first own place, and last night was our premiere night there.”

“Really? That’s so great! I’m happy for you.” Jungkook smiles widely at her. He didn’t know she had a girlfriend. Funny, he thinks, he used to hit on her.

“Thank you. How’s the album coming along?”

“Great! We’re almost finished. When it’s out you have to promise me you’ll listen to it.”

“I’ll keep it on repeat. Do you want your receipt?”

“That rhymed. Maybe you should be the one writing songs.” They laugh and Jungkook takes the small white paper from her hand.

“Have a good day!”

“You too!”

He knows it’s not really right to go dwell upon others sexuality, but hearing that the girl in the cash register had a girlfriend made Jungkook think. She’s living her life. A good life probably, having her own place with her girlfriend. Jungkook knows nothing about her family or friends, but she always seem happy, or at least not miserable. Furthermore, she wasn’t scared to tell Jungkook about her girlfriend. Maybe times really have changed. Jungkook jogs down the small stone stairs and unlocks the studio complex, first with a key and then by typing in the code to the alarm systems. Plural of course. One that calls for police immediately, and another that calls for a private security team. Also, double the alarm, double the noise. No one could step a foot in here without the combinations. When he’s done closing the door and removing his shoes, Jungkook runs into the studio. He has a mission, an idea. He just wants to know, just in case he would ever be ready…

His analytics and stats are complicated to navigate, and this is the first time he’s doing such a widespread investigation on his followers and listeners, so it’s taking a while to find the right buttons. First he wants to know who his listeners listen to when it’s not his music, and then, who does his followers follow besides him. It’s a long list of random and boring names such as Kim K, Beyonce, Selena Gomez, Justin Bieber… But also

Frank Ocean
These names appear brighter than the others on the computer screen in his purple studio. Openly queer artists. Appreciated and loved by the same people who appreciate and love Jungkook. His heart beats faster. Of course, some of them made headlines when they came out, but their careers weren’t affected for the worse. If anything it was for the better. He leans back in his chair and looks over to his right, where a cheap looking Iron Man figure stands leaning against a speaker. Jimin is out too. People still love him and his music. Love him a lot. Jungkook bends over in his chair to rest his cheek against the low table and stare into the wall a few feet beside him. His head spins and he has his first taste of a very very very foreign feeling. A feeling he has never experienced in this way before. It’s his first taste of acceptance.

Yoongi and Jimin share an Uber home after a long day of shooting. It went above all expectations, both of them can agree on that. They don’t say it though. In fact they barely say anything. But what can they say before Jimin apologizes for real? So he takes the chance when Yoongi can’t escape. A mean but smart move. The door to the Uber closes and their driver takes off.

“I’m sorry.”

Yoongi, who is to Jimin's left in the car, keeps quiet.

“I’m so so so sorry about friday. I made you promises that I broke. I told you things I did not own up to. I know I treated you like garbage and I am so so sorry. I don’t know what happened but the one thing I can promise you is that it will never happen again.”

Still nothing from Yoongi.

“I’m sorry I came crashing the apartment without notice, that was so unfair to you. I wish I could redo everything and take it back.” Jimin runs his hands through his light blonde locks, sensing the bleach damaged texture of the strands between his fingers.

“I wish I could redo that whole night and take it all back.” His voice turns weak.

It’s still quiet for a while more. Then...

“I get it. I know that you know that you made a mistake.” Yoongi looks out the window, avoiding Jimin's eyes, but speaks sincerely and means what he says.
“I know you wanted to try.”

“I’m so sorry.”

“I know.”

Jimin rests his head back. A weight is lifted from his shoulders and a knot unties in his stomach. Yoongi is too good. Jimin doesn’t deserve to be forgiven easily. If it was one time maybe, but he had been unfair to Yoongi before. He felt stuff that was cruel to the other. Jealousy of him being with his other friends. He had felt good being mean, and he hadn’t at all been patient and understanding. So why is Yoongi just that?

When they have their dinner in the apartment (reheated leftovers, what else?) Jimin suddenly breaks down. In their silence he had been repeating the events from the beginning and soon it became too much. He really needed Yoongi through this. It’s over with Jungkook, what he thought would be the love of his life. God he is so stupid. How could he ever think that? Anyway, he had no one to talk to about it, which just made everything so damn hard. Now Yoongi has shown him that he hasn’t lost his best friend, and the love that the simple action of them eating together again is filled with, is overwhelming. When Yoongi embraces Jimin to comfort him, he breaks down too.

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The crevice in between Jimin’s left shoulder and neck as they curl up together is warm against Yoongi’s cheeks. His lips are pressed hard against the soft t shirt that he wishes so much for to disappear. He doesn’t know why Jimin is crying, not exactly, but it makes him cry too. Jimin grips on to him tightly and sobs into his ear, and Yoongi inhales his smell deep into his lungs. Everything hurts again. He was just about to feel somewhat okay, and then Jimin comes back. Single. It’s not fair. The hope has spread in his system. He hates him and he loves him, so so much. Yoongi is the purest and most absolute form of heartbroken, but it doesn’t matter that it is because of Jimin. Not now at least. He just needs the comfort of his best friend. But the feeling of Jimin’s hair in his hands, of his neck against the bridge of Yoongi’s nose… He chokes his cries in the soft shirt. Everything hurts again. Jimin has trouble breathing after a while. His cries become jagged and he begins to almost hyperventilate. Yoongi holds him tighter but it doesn’t work.

“I - Can’t - Breathe”

As he’s pulled away he can see the panic building behind Jimin’s dark eyes. He’s scared. It’s making Yoongi scared too. What does he do? He cups Jimin’s cheeks.

“Breathe with me. It’s okay. I’m here.”

He struggles to follow Yoongi at first, but then he gets the hang of it. Soon they breathe in sync. Inches apart. Everything hurts again. He takes Jimin to bed and tucks him in fully clothed. He needs to rest. They both do. Jimin is getting drowsy as the panic settles so Yoongi figures it’s time to leave, but he stops in the doorway.

“Please stay.”

Jimin’s whisper is almost incoherent. Almost. Yoongi turns to look at the boy, shivering under the
warm blanket with his back against the elder. He shouldn’t do this. He takes one step closer. Turn around, Yoongi. One more step. Don’t. Please don’t.

He opens the covers and slide his body under, melting it into the curve of Jimin’s body. As Yoongi wraps his arm around the other, a fire cumbusts inside of him. He presses Jimin closer. Their bodies fit perfectly around each other and Jimin's hand disappears so well inside Yoongi’s. He buries his face in the now blonde locks. It makes him even more pretty. The blonde, that is. Jimin falls asleep but Yoongi falls apart. The tears won’t stop. He wishes he could scream, but there is no sound; maybe it is because of the pain, or maybe it is because he could never wake Jimin to this. Either way his body becomes weak and his arms limp around the other. He kisses Jimin's clothed back, pressing his entire body against his lips. It’s all so unfair. Bad thoughts come crawling from the depths of his psyche and they scare him even more this time around. The tighter he grips Jimin, the thicker the cloud in his mind becomes until suddenly it’s so dense that he thinks of nothing else. It consumes him. So he lets go. He leaves the bed. He leaves the room. He leaves the apartment. It’s first in the hallway that his mind goes quiet. There is no way he can stay here tonight, he has to go somewhere. He has to call someone.

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**TUESDAY JULY 3rd**

Jungkook is tired as he pulls up to the restaurant that Namjoon picked out for them. Fancy, but not too fancy. Casual fancy. They’ve been here a couple of times before, so the wired chairs and dark wooden tables are nothing new, but it’s been a while since last time. They rarely go out for Korean food anymore. He finds Namjoon in their regular spot. The best window spot.

“Jungkook!” They smile widely as they greet each other. No matter how bad Jungkook has felt in his time here, seeing Namjoon has always made him smile. They catch up for a while about Namjoons new label and mixtape, and Jungkook tells him about Taes collection and how excited he is for the first runway. Namjoon is too. Then as they discuss Jungkook's session last night, the waitress brings them their Galbi-jjim and dumpling soup. It smells delicious and somewhere in the back of their mind, the weak memories of home scratches the door to their consciousness. It’s been so long for the both of them that they couldn’t tell if the food they’re eating was authentic, or a bad american copy. Losing track of home, the place you grew up and became most of what you are today takes much to forget. And much it has taken.

“So did you have fun last friday? Did everything work out? I left right after we said goodbye.” Namjoon probably heard something from Yoongi, and knows a lot more than he pretends to, but Jungkook lets it slide.

“No, actually we fought.”

“Oh…”

“And now we’re off.”

Namjoon looks surprised. Really surprised.

“Yes?” He scratches his head and lowers his gaze.

“I thought that would never happen.” He speaks to himself, but Jungkook can hear him loud and
“What do you mean?”

“Oh, no, I’m sorry, I don’t have a say in it. Tell me what happened.” The lame effort at excusing himself and switching the subject doesn’t do the job unfortunately, and Jungkook asks again.

“No, tell me. What did you mean?”

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said anything. It’s just... I thought he changed everything.”

He did.

“He did.” Jungkook decides to say it. Why not? Jimin did change everything.

“Then what happened?”

“We fought. It was dumb, really, but I couldn’t take it anymore. The constant and everlasting worry. Worry that someone would find out about us. Worry that I would lose everything. Worry that I am a part of a vulnerable minority. I can, and will be hated for who I am. People work hard to stop people like me from loving. People like me get killed. I’m just always worried. It was too much so I ended it.”

“Do you worry less now?”

Come ON. I don’t need to be lectured. I know I fucked up, but what’s been done has been done. Jimin won’t take me back.

“No.”

“Jungkook, you are in a position of power. You have the chance to be the reason that someone else dares to live their life unapologetically. I have no doubt in my mind that you would be just fine.”

Jungkook sees his name next to the others. Frank Ocean, Troye Sivan, Kehlani. Jungkook.

“But I don’t want to bend norms and cause controversy. That’s not who I am!”

“Jungkook, that’s exactly who you are. I really, really hate to say this, but in this world, that’s automatically who you are.”

“I can’t do it.”

“Not alone, no.”

Jungkook is quiet and stirs the last of his dumplings around the cooling soup.

“You found someone good, Kook.”

I know.

“What if he won’t take me back?”

“If you never try you’ll never know.”

“What if I can’t be who he needs me to be? I need time.”

“If he’s the one he’ll give you time.”
He’s the one.

“He’s the one.”

Chapter End Notes

please tell me your thoughts. love you all <33
Jimin wakes up alone to a buzzing doorbell. He’s still in his jeans and tshirt, and he feels like he has slept for 12 hours. When he checks the clock he can see that it’s been fourteen. It’s almost midday. Basically sleepwalking, he gets up and leaves the bedroom, only to enter an empty living room. His stomach drops for a second, but then he remembers the ringing. Maybe it’s Yoongi by the door. He could have went out for breakfast and just forgot his keys.

That must be it.

But that’s not it at all.

When the door slides open, Jimin is prepared to meet a boy in his height, grumpy and tired, yet radiant and soft. Yoongi who he is just about to make up with. But it is not Yoongi outside. He has to raise his gaze half a head.

Jungkook.

His dark hair is messy, and he looks beautifully gleaming as always. Jimin is startled to see him, this is not what he expected from him, and he quickly becomes self aware of his freshly woken up state. He thinks they should sit down together, and speak their minds to figure out and solve their fight. They have a lot to discuss, even though Jimin has come to understand both sides more. They should sit down and talk about it. They should do that. But... you know... As soon as Jimin sees Jungkook his heart stops beating and his lungs stop working. He’s back. They both open their mouths to speak, but end up just standing there gaping ridiculously for three seconds. Then Jimin pulls him close and they kiss. Deeply and desperately as if to tell him 'Never leave me again'. Jungkook pushes Jimin back into the apartment and closes the door behind them in one continuous motion. He pins the smaller male between himself and the wall. The kiss is hurried and needy from both parts and their hands move clumsily all over. Their breathing is picking up a steady pace as they finally touch each other again. Jimin tugs Jungkook's shirt to pull him even closer, and Jungkook grabs a hold of Jimin's hair.

“You’re blonde” he whispers into Jimin's mouth.

“I know.”

“I love it.”
Now it’s Jimin's turn to push. He moves them stumbling to the couch and sets himself on top of Jungkook, straddling his lap, before he moves his kisses to Jungkook's neck. When he does, Jungkook catches him in a strong embrace. The world stops. He hugs him back.

“I’m sorry.” Jungkook whispers again, this time softer and as if he has never meant anything more.

“Me too.”

“I missed you so much, I was so stupid.”

“We both were”

They hold each other even tighter, clasping their hands around the curving of their bodies. It’s like they are one.

“I’ve done a lot of thinking.” Jungkook speaks after a while. “Maybe I’m not so scared anymore. Or at least I’m working on it. Hiding won’t be the answer.”

Jimin closes his eyes and smiles so wide that his cheeks begin to hurt.

“I love you”

“God, I love you too.”

They lay in each others arms for an hour or two, catching up and solving anything that didn’t solve itself after the first embrace. Jimin apologized for his dumb behaviour, and Jungkook told Jimin about all of the times he has done stuff just like that, if not worse.

“I’ve been there too, that’s one reason why I got so upset. I didn’t want you to end up like that. So many people here get addicted from their first try.”

“I get it, and I promise you I won’t do it again.”

“Good.”

“But then you have to promise me to not avoid speaking up when you get scared, or when it gets hard. You can’t try to turn it on me.”

“I know, I am so sorry. I don’t know what I was thinking.”

“It’s fine. We’re fine. As long as we grow from this we’ll be fine.” They smile. Their faces are close, so close that they can feel the others breath on their skin. Jungkook keeps playing with Jimin's new hair, stroking it, twisting it, messing it up.

“It suits you so well.”

“Thank you, I think so too. I was surprised.”

“You were? I’m not. You’d look beautiful even if they shaved a reverse mohawk on your head.”

Jimin laughs. What a weird but nice thing to say?

“Well, maybe I should try it? Do 1/3 of a Britney 2007.”
“A what?”
“Nevermind.”
“Right… By the way, I am not leaving you for the rest of this day, just so you know…”
“Good”
“... but did you know it’s the fourth?”
“The what?”
“Fourth of July.”

“Oh, I forgot about that” Jimin's mind has been occupied with other, more urgent things than the American independence day for the last few days.

“We don’t have to go, I’d love it just as much if I just stayed in this position for the rest of (my life) the day” Jungkook strokes Jimin's cheek with a curled index finger, making Jimin blush and look away.

“But if you want to, Bianca throws one hell of a 4th of July celebration…”

Honestly, Jimin just wants to cuddle up in Jungkook's arms and listen to his heart beat until he is forced to move. Not at all in the mood for a party.

“...in Las Vegas. Her dad owns a part of the Stratosphere and lets her borrow the top floor every year.”

The what now? What the fuck? Scratch the not-in-the-mood-to-party statement. What the fuck???
“What the fuck?”

“Do you want to go?”

“It’s in Vegas? How would we even get there?”

They pull into the private jet terminal of LAX in Jungkook's car. Jimin feels uneasy as the car comes to a halt. Jungkook must be so fucking loaded to afford this, which is making Jimin kind of uncomfortable. He doesn’t belong here. The sound of planes taking off and landing feels a lot closer when Jungkook opens the door to the driver's seat and gets out. In front of them stands a shiny, cream white, private jet with silver detailing. Again; what the fuck? His door is pulled open by an excited Kook. He must see the absolute awe in Jimin's eyes, remembering how he felt the first few times. It’s ridiculous.

“I only do this on special occasions, don’t worry.” he smiles “Mostly I take regular flights. Also, I always fill the jets to the brim with people. More eco friendly.” Pfft, what a joke.

“It’s only this one time we fly alone.”

God damnit Kook… He just rented them a private private jet. Only them and the crew. Jesus…

“Are you coming or what?”
As they board, Jimin feels more and more comfortable. He adapts scaringly quickly to the absurd situation. Actually, he kind of absolutely loves it. It’s like he’s getting to live the life he was meant to live, in a way. He could do this again without minding it even a slight.

“Welcome aboard, mister Park.”

“Thank you.”

The crew consists of two pilots and two flight attendants; one blonde male and a red haired woman, both dressed in freshly ironed navy blue outfits. A female pilot greets them, both of them formally, but Jungkook gets a fist bump too.

“Wassup” The other answers the woman. So casual in this very un-casual circumstance. The plane is small, and made for a company of six passengers. Jimin and Jungkook seat themselves on two opposite sides of a table after putting up their bags in the storage above them. Since the crew already knew Jimins name, he has to ask...

"You were really so sure that you’d not only get me back, but get me on here too, huh?"

"Not at all. But I was hoping."

Jimin leans back in his chair, looking fondly at the man he loves.

"I was hoping too."

“Now, buckle up.” The bunny smile is back. Then they take off.

When they stabilize, Jungkook pulls up his computer. There’s wifi on the plane and he has some emails to respond to before he starts drinking. It’s three pm right now, so they will be there in perfect time to settle in before the party begins. Jimin should text Sejin that he’ll be gone until tomorrow, but they are on for Puma on friday, so tomorrow is free… No need then. He looks around the buzzing plane. Out the window on the soft clouds below them. Looks at Jungkook. This is so surreal. This is so hot. Money isn’t something Jimin necessarily strives for, but the thought of all this luxury is strangely turning him on. And Jungkook’s pretty face on the opposite side of him isn’t really helping. Not helping at all.

“I’ll be done in a minute.” Jungkook doesn’t want to seem neglecting, but Jimin gets it. No rush. In fact, he might actually want to slow him down a bit.

Jimin removes his shoes and one sock, then slides his foot up Jungkook's leg as he plays random games on his phone to seem unbothered. The table between them are serving as a cover for the crew if they were to come to the back without a warning. Slowly, he moves his foot further up the youngers clothed leg, and in the corner of his eye, Jimin sees how Jungkook is losing focus. As he reaches his inner thigh, the pace decelerates to, to the other, unbearable. Jimin glances over to see Jungkook with his eyes closed, head slightly tilted back. His neck veins are visible, and his breathing shallow already. That was fast. If Jimin wasn’t seated across from him, and in a small plane with people who didn’t really sign up to see two people fucking, he would trail those veins with his tongue until he reached Jungkook’s ear. He would grab his neck and mark it as his
property. He would… He reaches the hem of the bulge in Jungkook's tight pants, throwing him off track. Jungkook is so hard for him. Until now Jimin's pants hadn't been too restraining, but feeling the younger like this changes that quickly. He closes down the games on his phone and opens the texting app.

Me

I can't wait to fuck you when we get there

3.12

Jungkook's phone dings but he doesn’t look away from Jimin's naked foot, an inch away from his pulsating bulge. To gain his attention, Jimin slides his foot back down, earning a wanting gaze in return. As their eyes meet, Jimin signals to the phone laid out on the table between them, and Jungkook picks it up. As he reads the message, Jimin applies more pressure to his touch and slides his foot from the root to the tip of his dick. Jungkook's eyes roll to the back of his head as he gasps with his mouth open wide. If there was any way to discreetly fuck him 'til he screams he would, but they can both hear the pilots speaking to the crew loud and clear. He gets back on his phone.

Me

Does that feel good?

3.13

Jungkook checks as his phone dings again, and Jimin begins to move back and forth, creating that wonderful friction he so desperately needs himself now… To ease his wants he puts his left hand on himself, lightly running a thumb over the bulge as Jungkook frantically nods to answer Jimin's question. Jimin applies even more pressure and picks up his pace, watching Jungkook getting closer and closer…

“Here are your drinks” A flight attendant with flaming red hair comes out from next to Jungkook, startling them both. As he pulls away in panic, Jimin hits his knee on the table, making Jungkook's computer jump in place. Jungkook pretends to keep writing on his email as he thanks the woman, avoiding her eyes and blushing harshly. Jimin giggles. The woman doesn’t seem to think much of it, and probably didn’t even notice since she spoke before she was even within sight. The only thing giving them away is now their very suspicious behaviour. She puts down a glass of champagne for Jimin, and a coke for Jungkook, along with some grapes, nuts, chocolate, and navy blue napkins neatly folded into triangles.

“Thank you.” Jimin says, and the woman smiles.

“My pleasure.” Then she’s gone.

Jimin and Jungkook look at each other and laugh silently, Jimin hiding his face in his hands. Then he picks up his glass.
“Well… Cheers I guess”

Jungkook's glass of coke meets his.

“Why're you not drinking?”

“I’m 20.” Jungkook winks. Oh my God Jimin never actually thought about that. In Korea the legal age is 19, and he was never in America before he turned 21, so it didn’t even cross Jimin's mind once. Furthermore, Jungkook drinks all the time? The laws don’t seem to apply to rich kids… In a weird way, it kind of excites him. They’re only two years apart, but still…

“Fuck, you’re so young, huh…” Jimin sips his Champagne whilst piercing Jungkook with his eyes. Slightly smirking, Jungkook gulps and waits for Jimin to make a move again. The both of them are still rock hard, and Jimin places his left hand back on his own dick. With a lustfilled gaze, Jungkook sinks down, closing the space between them by a few inches, wanting Jimin to pick up where he left off, but Jimin keeps him waiting. Instead he picks up a grape, splits it in half and lets his lips close around the half he’s still holding. He sucks the wet fruit to prevent it from dripping everywhere and Jungkook won’t look away. At next bite, he lifts his foot again, immediately putting it on Jungkook's inner thigh, only inches away from where he so badly wants it. The younger is squirming in his seat as Jimin picks up his phone again.

Me
Take them off.
3.16

“I can’t do that!” Jungkook whispers flustered as soon as he reads the message, to which Jimin responds with removing his foot completely. The following texts Jungkook receives is the same sentence, split up into three.

Take
Them
Off

So Jungkook starts fiddling with his belt while Jimin slowly caresses up his leg again. He keeps looking over his shoulder as the belt unbuckles and his zipper slides down slowly, without a sound. The crew is happily chatting as if nothing’s happening. Good. From where Jimin’s sitting, he can’t see much, or anything at all really, below Jungkook's waist, but he can understand that Jungkook has done what he asked when he’s sunken down in his seat. Jungkook licks his fingers and brings them below the table, and that is the sign Jimin needs to pick up where he left off. Skin against skin, he moves in sync to the others discreet thrusts. He applies more pressure to the ball of his foot as he moves faster, causing Jungkook to mouth “Fuck… Jimin” while he works hard to suppress his quiet moans. Jimin smirks at the sight and picks up his phone again, pretending to be unbothered and not aching to fuck him on the spot. His bulge is getting uncomfortable in the tight
pants and looking at Jungkooks face right now is dangerous… He wants to wait.

Me
I’m going to have to choke you if you don’t stop making all that noise

3.21

This time Jungkook answers. He types slowly, as if his focus is somewhere else...

Kook
Don’t tempt me

3.21

When it’s sent he thrusts against Jimin harder, placing a hand the bridge of his foot to amp the friction. Jimin is satisfied. His leg was getting kind of tired. Jungkook grows even harder under Jimin's sole, and wets his fingers again to lube himself up more. The sight of the younger licking his fingers is making it really difficult not to force the plane into an emergency landing just so they could kick off the crew. On second thought do they have parachutes? Jimin just wants this boy alone… But he can’t. Not now, at least, so he keeps watching as jungkook pleases himself using Jimin's foot. So needy… So pretty… Jungkook is getting closer, and his breathing is becoming less discreet. His strong chest is rising and sinking fast, and both of their pulses are quickening. Jimin wishes he could see more as his Kookie holds up his t-shirt to not stain it. Jimin wishes he could see the cum dripping on the sculptured abs, down Jimin's foot. But he looks the other in the eyes as he’s pushed over the edge, mouth hanging open, and eyes full of lust. He watches the spasming movements as the orgasm spreads through the body, and doesn’t even blink before Jungkook is down from his high. He’s panting, sweating too, as he dries them off using the nicely folded, navy blue napkins that the woman before so kindly equipped them with. Beautiful. What a masterpiece. For a second Jimin remembers the old him. How he used to coo over this man in his old room back in Busan, imagining what he would sound like, what he would look like, doing stuff like this. Now Jungkook is spent, sunken up in the luxurious plane seat on the opposite to Jimin's, and it’s not a dream. He has to pinch himself to be sure. Jimin really is here. With Jungkook.

“Did you just pinch yourself?” Jungkook smiles with tired eyes after he’s done zipping himself up. Jimin blushes.

“Maybe.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.” They whisper the last part so quietly that they barely hear each other, but it’s not too hard grasping what the other said.
“Shouldn’t you finish your email?”

“Right…” They both smile, and Jungkook open his computer back up. As he types Jimin takes a sip of his champagne and looks out the window. How can’t this be a dream?

When they’re done eating and both finished their drinks, the same woman comes out and picks the tray off the table.

“Was it to your pleasure?”

“As always.” Jungkook smiles widely.

“I do have one thing I’d like to ask you, though. Could you please change the car we ordered to a limousine?”

A limo?

“Of course mr Jeon. I’ll get right on it.”

“Thank you.”

“A limo? Why are you being such a big spender today?”

“You’ll see.”

Soon after, the flight gets ready to land at McCarran airport, and the two buckle themselves up. Jimin has put on his shoes again, but hasn’t forgotten what went down. Does this qualify them for the mile high club? Probably not. Too bad, they’ll have to try again, then. The images of Jungkook pleasing himself on Jimin, being so slutty out in the open, brings back the straining that had just gotten a bit better. When they land Jimin can’t stand up before he’s tied a hoodie around his waist, causing the arms to cover his bulge.

“Honey, you’re not fooling anyone with that.” Jungkook snorts and Jimin playfully hits him on the arm.

“Shut up, it’s your fault.” Then they pick up their bags and exit. Jimin is used to hot weather, Seoul gets kind of hot in the summer, and he just spent over a month in LA, but Las Vegas is on another level. The heat is suffocating and slaps them in the face as soon as they exit to walk down the metal staircase. The asphalt looks like it’s about to melt into the desert, and the whole world seems to be a stronger shade of orange, like you put an instagram filter over your eyes.

“Jesus…” Jimin says as he puts on the glasses that Tae picked out for him.

“I know. You never get used to it.”

“So you can get used to mansions and private jets, but not the heat?”

“Might have to get myself a mansion here too if I’d want to do that.”
The limo is reflecting the sun on its freshly lacquered black surface. They get in quickly to escape the heat and enter the sweet air conditioned atmosphere of the car. It’s Jimin’s first time in a limo, surprise surprise, and he’s shocked at how bourgeois he actually feels. The car drives off towards the Stratosphere, and finally they are alone to speak freely. Almost.

“Driver, roll up the partition please.” Jungkook asks the chauffeur nicely, who with the push of a button, sections them off from each other. As soon as the buzzing sound from the black glass stops, Jungkook kisses Jimin on the lips. Softly they linger on each other, before Jimin teases.

“I didn’t know you had a thing for feet.”

“I don’t. I have a thing for you.” Cute. “Now let me suck your dick before we’re interrupted again.” Oh.

“We’re not even waiting until we get to the hotel, huh?” God, he’s so fucking hot.

“Baby, why did you think I rented a limo? For the safety and convenience with parking?” He snorts and gets on his knees in front of Jimin, who is seated in the middle back, facing straight forward in the moving direction. He lets his Kook do all of the work undressing him. Finally he will be touched. He missed Jungkook’s mouth. The younger doesn’t hesitate a second before taking Jimin in, and it surprises him. The sudden pleasure makes him grow to full size immediately, and he watches Jungkook’s eager movements. With a soft hand on Jungkook’s neck, he meets the bouncing head with his hips causing Kook to choke slightly. Jimin’s moans are loud. A wet, warm, tongue moves up and down the shaft, sometimes focusing on the sweet spot where the tip meets the shaft.

“I missed this so much.”

Jungkook doesn’t stop his task, but hums in response. Then he closes his lips again and tightly squeezes down until Jimin is fully buried inside, causing Jimin to close his eyes and throw his head back. That’s it.

“I’m gonna cum” he says when Jungkook picks up the pace. As a response to Jimin’s words, Jungkook moves away and lets his hand take over.

“Look at me” he says as he jerks Jimin’s spit covered dick faster. Jimin looks. Wonderfully swollen lips, blushed cheeks and messy hair. His Jungkook loves to get down on his knees for him. Loves to please.

“Say my name.”

“Jungkook-ah…”

Jungkook opens his mouth and Jimin explodes in pulses, soiling Jungkook’s pretty face one thrust at a time. His semen drips down the others nose, eyebrow, lips and chin as he swallows what he could catch. They take a minute to catch their breaths, and Jungkook wipes the cum out of his eye and nose. He licks the remains off his hand. Then Jimin pulls him up between his legs and kisses him deeply, cleaning his chin and lips with his tongue and then kissing him again. As he gets dressed, Jungkook crawls up on the seat and curls up in his lap and rests his head on Jimin’s shoulder.

“I am so fucking stupid. How could I ever walk away from this.”

“No. From my boyfriend.”

There it is. The promise. The promise to stick together, even through fights like last weekend. The promise to talk things through instead of fighting foolishly, to listen to and to love each other. This is his promise. Jimin nuzzles his face into Jungkook's hair and kisses him there. Then the limo pulls up to the hotel.

Chapter End Notes

What are your thoughts on them getting back together?? Things were just off and now they're more serious than ever... Also I love writing smut I hope it is enjoyable.

Love you all, thank you for reading!!
The 4th of July pt.2 [M]

Chapter Notes

The last chapter might have been a bit rushed, but I hope this one clears things up. I thought it was time for Jimin to let go a bit, and allow himself to be vulnerable. Jungkook hurt him, and it's difficult to go back from that with full trust, let's see if Jungkook earns it back.

Please let me know what you think, if I did the characters justice. I'm so busy I wish I could spend more time on this, I don't want it to seem hurried. I have a plan haahah I promise you that, but I want to do it as well as I can. Was this good enough?

I love y'all thank you for reading.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Before they exit the vehicle, they both put on caps and sunglasses to hide their faces from possible paparazzis. Fortunately, they are fine and enter the hotel without any problems. The hotel looks nice, and Jimin is smiling as he looks around. However, when they are greeted at the desk, his smile disappears. Jungkook is speaking to the woman behind it, and she greets him by asking for his reservation name. Apparently he has booked a two bedroom suite, and when she hands Jungkook the keys, she simultaneously looks over to Jimin and says kindly

“Hope you enjoy your stay, Mister Park.”

Again. He is expected to be here. This time it gives him an odd feeling and as he processes what he is thinking they enter the elevator.

“Is there something wrong?” Jungkook asks as Jimin stares down at the floor. Is there something wrong? Jimin is happy to be here? He has forgiven Jungkook for the fight, and they are fine now, but the fact that Jungkook obviously expected Jimin to come back as soon as he apologized makes him feel stupid. It’s just like all of the other times. Jimin has a bad habit of letting people off the hook too easily, and it has resulted in way too many heartbreaks from his side. And just as always, Yoongi is there to pick up the pieces in between, and now more than ever ends up getting absolutely nothing from it.

“I…” Jimin doesn’t know what he is going to say. He is so weak for the guys he likes, and always ends up losing his integrity and self worth, and this cannot be like that. Not if this is going to last. Jungkook is too important, he is so different and Jimin could never make it if they ended it again. The elevator comes to a halt at their floor and the door slides open.

“I just think you might take things a bit for granted.” None of them move. Jungkook is shocked by Jimin's claim and remains quiet, but Jimin knows it is because Jungkook knows that it’s true. He probably realised just as the words escaped Jimin's mouth.

“When did you book this? Did you really just assume everything would be fine, and that I would come with you to a different state after you were the one who broke it off? I feel kind of stupid, Kook.”
The doors begin to close but Jimin puts his hand out to stop it. Then he raises his eyes to meet Jungkook who looks ashamed. He knows what Jimin is saying. Jimin leaves the elevator and Jungkook follows. They begin to walk towards their room, both knowing that it’s not a good idea to take this in the hallway where people can hear them. Their room is modern and open, with two couches in the big foyer, and windows stretch from the edge of the floor all the way to the ceiling. They’re on the top floor of the hotel building and Jimin can see the curving of the earth, far away in the desert. He moves towards the window as Jungkook closes the door and squats down by it to glare out over the city.

“I don’t want to feel stupid for being here. I’ve done stuff like this so many times, and I need to be sure this time. I know I messed up too, and I understand that you were scared, and that’s why you said what you said. I know that. But I need to know…”

Jimin turns to look at Jungkook who is still by the door, anxiety visible in his deep brown eyes. Jimin looks at they boy, examines him, and the familiar burning in his chest is back. He loves Jungkook so much, so much that it could hurt him, and it has. If Jungkook isn’t in it for real, then Jimin knows he can’t do this, he can’t be here. He would not come out alive if Jungkook decided to break his heart just one more time.

“I need to know that you won’t ever do that again.” he stands up and moves towards Jungkook, looking as if he is about to fall anytime. Jungkook moves quickly and embraces him, body heavy in his arms.

“Jungkook I couldn’t breathe. I can’t breathe without you.” Jungkooks chest is pacing quickly and his arms tighten around Jimin, who completely disappears with his face in the soft shirt. The world disappears as he closes his eyes, and almost suffocates himself in the thick fabric, and Jimin feels so at home again. Like this is where he belongs. Right here, with Jungkook. No matter if they are in a foreign hotel room in Las Vegas, Jimin's shitty Airbnb in Glendale, or in his apartment in Seoul. Anywhere is home with Jungkook.

“I am so weak for you.” Words have never been truer. Nothing Jimin has said has been more real. He is so fucking weak for Jungkook, he always has been. For years! Jungkook holds a power over him that has never been met, and suddenly it scares Jimin.

“I’m sorry Jimin.”

“I couldn’t breathe” he repeats himself in a soft whisper. When Jungkook answers, his voice is nervous and desperate. He seems scared.

“I know, me neither, I’m so sorry that I hurt you. And God, it was so stupid to add your name to the bookings, I just prayed that you would go with me. I prayed that you would forgive me.” Jungkook pulls away and takes Jimin's face in his hands.

“I love you. I’m not so scared anymore, Jimin, and it is because of you. You change me. I love you and I want to be with you. I’m sorry that you have to deal with all of my shit, I promise I will be better. I promise I won’t hurt you like that ever again.”

Jimin leans his forehead to Jungkooks, who is still roving around with his eyes, trying to find something safe. Something to assure him Jimin won’t go.

“You can’t just say that, you have to mean it. I need to know I’m not stupid, so I need to know you mean it.”

“I mean it. I love you.”
Jimin doesn’t like to be vulnerable, but here he is, completely exposed and defenseless. He has to trust Jungkook in this, he knows it. But he doesn’t know completely for sure if it is because he truly can or because he is weak. Either way he kisses the boy in front of him, releasing the underlying tension in his body, and hugs him back.

“I love you too.”

“Thank you for being here. I could not be happier, you will love this place.”

“Have you stayed here before?”

“Same room every year. Tae always takes the second room. He probably will this time too, even though he technically has his own.”

“Which one is yours?”

“Our room is right here.”

Jungkook drags him to the end of the foyer slash living room and opens the only door there.

The bed frame is in white metal, with golden knobs, and looks like something out of a fairy tale, or a teenagers tumblr page. The cover is an expensive shade of velvet green, and on top is a mountain of white fluffy pillows. The rest of the room is kind of small, but the walls are clothed with blurry black and white photographs and the ceiling lamp radiates a warm glow, which makes the room incredibly cozy. Jimin drops his bag at his side of the bed.

“Wow.”

“Do you like it?”

“I do.”

“Good, but know that if you want to change we can, I’ll do anything for you.”

Jimin snorts.

“Okay now you’re just being cheesy.”

“Trust me, I’ve thought so much about you these past days that I am only getting started.”

A violent knock on the door interrupts Jungkook’s sweet talking. Tae has arrived! He drove here with a couple of friends and is now coming to pick the two up to join them for dinner. Since the restaurant of the hotel is rented out to host the party, they make their way downtown in a cab. One of Taehyung’s friends, a guy who will model for his brand later on nicknamed Kai, loves food and knows a great place where they should go for some great indian cuisine. So that’s where they are heading. Jungkook have met the guys plenty of times, but never really spoken to them like this and gotten to know them. They mostly meet at parties, and then Jungkook always used to get shitfaced and only speak to people he wanted to sleep with. This is nice. Jimin is formally introduced as a
friend, but Taes friends seem smarter than that. However, they are Taes friends, which means that they are cool as fuck and wouldn’t tell a soul. They understand the life in the spotlight, even though they might not be as famous as JK himself. Jungkook can feel himself relaxing. Comfort spreads through him during dinner, and he lets down some of his guards. He really might be changing after all. Jimin fits right in, of course, and converses effortlessly with everyone. It’s crazy how everyone loves Jimin, and seem to get along with him so well, yet here he is. With Jungkook. Being Jungkook's boyfriend. Ever since the word slipped his mouth it has bounced around in his head. Boyfriend. Jimin hasn’t said it back, but his smile told Jungkook that they were on the same page. Boyfriends.

“The party doesn’t start until nine, and no one will be there until eleven for the fireworks, so how about we meet back up at half past ten? I want some time to see Bianca before it gets too crowded.”

Jungkook’s idea is received well, and they all agree on it before they tell each other bye in the elevator. When the couple are out of sight, Jungkook grabs Jimin's hand to walk side by side to their suite. He wants some time alone with him before the party, for no other reason than to just stare at his beautiful face without fear of someone seeing.

Jimin puts on his green jacket that Jungkook got for him, and pairs it with black jeans and a white shirt, the only things he had time to pack before they headed to the airport. He looks beautiful as always. Jungkook on the other hand is wearing the blue and red jacket that Jimin picked out for him, once again. It’s his favorite at the moment, and he can’t stop wearing it.

“When are you putting on the silver one?”

“I’m saving it for a special occasion.” Jimin smiles. God it feels so good to see him smile again.

“What special occasion?”

“I don’t know, but when it comes, I’ll tell you.”

From the couch facing the windows, Jungkook watches as Jimin put on his earrings and do his makeup in the mirror on top of a dark wooden drawer. The scene is breathtaking, especially with the view in the back, and Jungkook snaps a picture with his phone. He puts it as his background for when his phone is unlocked, and moves one of his useless photo editing apps to a blank page so he can swipe to look at it whenever he wants. They are then interrupted by a knock once again, and surprise surprise, it’s Tae, this time carrying two bottles of wine.

“I figured we could get a little head start.”

“Never have I ever had two guys at once.” They are playing never have I ever in the living room of the suite, watching the sunset through the huge windows. It’s not a lot of fun when it’s only Tae and him, but since Jimin is here, there are still stories that aren’t known to everyone. Jungkook targets Taehyung to get him drunk, but this time Jimin drinks too.

“Wow, you slut.” Tae jokes at Jimin.

“Hey, you’re drinking too.” he sips his glass of red wine, eyeing Taehyung playfully. “We should
“Yo?” Jungkook raises his hand to slap Jimin's leg lightly, but considering he’s drinking red wine, he stops himself. “I’m sorry for focusing on one guy at a time.”

“Prude.” Taehyung laughs.

“Whatever. Next one, Jimin?”

“Okay. Never have i ever… fucked more than four people at the same time.”

Hah! Now it’s Jungkook’s time to drink.

“Who you calling prude now?”

“Boring! Girls shouldn’t count they can’t fuck you back.”

Jungkook is used to hearing stuff like that from Tae. Not just from him, but from basically every gay guy he has ever met and spoken to about bisexuality. “Boring”, or “Just come to the fun side, why are you even trying?” It hurts a bit. Of course the gay community should take pride in themselves, it’s a tough world, but it is so common for Jungkook to be dismissed and talked down on upon because he “isn’t gay enough.” He wonders what Jimin really thinks.

“Hey, a person is a person. Just don’t think you’ll be bringing that kind of load into our sex life. Two was more than enough for me.” Jimin jokes, and it is a relief.

“I couldn’t share you with anyone.” Jungkook responds as they clink their glasses and Tae rolls his eyes.

“Gross.”

Then Jungkook gets up.

“I’ll be right back, just need to take a piss.”

“--

“My turn!”

“Shouldn’t we wait for Jungkook?” Jimin thinks it’s only fair, it’s only the three of them anyways.

“I don’t think you want too.” Tae gives him a smug look… what?

“Never have I ever had a Jungkook fan account.”

Jimin freezes and is filled with sheer terror. Oh my fucking god. Please tell me that this is a cruel joke. A nightmare. Kill me now. Dear god kill me now. He can’t say anything.

“I thought I remembered your face, it only took until now for me to place it. Don’t worry I won’t tell Jungkook if you don’t want me to. It’s just so freaking cute.”

Jimin still can’t speak, he is so embarrassed. How could he know? Jimin wasn’t that poppin’ on
neither Instagram, Tumblr nor Twitter, and didn’t show his face much at all. There were blogs far more famous and active than his.

“Jimin, don’t worry, it’s nothing to be ashamed of! If anything, I’m the guilty one. I kept track of fan accounts that posted about me, and even remembered the people behind them. If that’s not self-centered I don’t know what is. It can be our secret. Although, I just think Kookie would find it adorable.”

Jimin wants to sink through the couch and drop to the asphalted parking lot below the hotel. Death, where are you? I’m ready! He can feel his entire face going deep red.

“I… I’m… This is so awkward I’m sorry.”

“Jimin, shut up, it’s just funny. It was before all of this. Now take that god damn sip.”

Jimin gulps down his whole glass.

“I’m so embarrassed I could die.” they laugh, and Jimin throws his hands over his face and sinks down in the couch. He must delete everything when he gets home. Like he’s said plenty of times now...

“Ughhhhh why, God, why!” he proclaims and they laugh even more. As long as Tae doesn’t tell Jungkook, Jimin guesses he can live with him knowing.

“On a more serious note, though,” Taehyung’s laugh dies down into a warm boxy smile. “I am so happy that you’re here. I’m so glad you guys could work things out.”

“Me too.”

“Really though… I’m not trying to be cheesy or anything, but since you came along, I don’t know…” Taehyung takes a sip and moves his gaze out the window. They watch the sky turn dark and neon lights flicker.

“He’s been difficult and torn, but I can see more of himself in him now. He’s always been a little difficult, ever since I met him he’s been carrying so many walls. Not even I have been able to break them all down, but he’s really bad at hiding behind them when he’s not in the spotlight. The Jungkook you know is who he really is, but barely anyone knows him like that. He… He doesn’t have a lot of friends because he used to be a dick to new people, thinking they always wanted something from him, which might be true, but still. There is so much you don’t know because when you came into his life, he changed.” Tae switches focus to Jimin now.

“I just want you to know that we all, I mean all of Kookie’s friends, welcome you and love you so much. Before…” He looks down. Jimin can’t really see, but something about him seems to change. He seems sad.

“I don’t know how much I should say, it’s not really my place. Hopefully we’ll have plenty of time to talk about this. You and Jungkook too.”

What does he mean by that? What is there to talk about? Jimin decides to leave it for now, and Tae smiles as he nods understandingly.

“Never have I ever held a cheesy speech in front of my best friend’s boyfriend.”
“Bianca!!” Jungkook calls for her through the sparsely populated floor. They have a 360 view of Las Vegas sparkling skyline and smothering desert landscape. It’s completely dark now, at half past ten, but soon the sky will be filled with fireworks to celebrate the last minutes of their independence day. Or, the others independence day. Jungkook never really felt like an American, and probably never will, even though he’s built his entire person in this country. Maybe because no one sees him as American. He looks Korean, or “Asian” to the less educated people, and that just became his identity. That’s been one hell of a struggle, but going into that would take a lifetime, so Jungkook rarely discusses it with people. However, Jimin and Tae probably knows exactly what he’s feeling, so maybe there’s not even something to discuss. It’s just the norm. Speaking of Tae, he’s had quite a bit to drink by now and when he sees his group of friends arrive through the elevator, he skips over to them and embraces them clumsily. Jungkook and Jimin make their way towards a smiling Bianca instead, and she greets them with two expensive looking drinks.

“I’m so glad you guys are here! Welcome to my favorite party of the year, Jimin.” She hugs them both and Jungkook is happy at how welcoming she is towards his boyfriend. After accepting the drinks they find themselves mingling with a group of people they have never met, introduced as Bianca’s friends. Jungkook knows she switches people a lot, so this is nothing new. Just like Jungkook, she has faced a great deal of bad friends and people trying to use her for clout, so it is rare to see her stay with someone for too long. She can see right through you, no matter how good of an actor you are. Soon the room is full of people, and then the fireworks begin. Jimin and Jungkook are handed sparklers, and after he helps Jimin light his, the fireworks are not the main event in Jungkook’s mind. The flickering of the burning stick casts shadows over the elders pretty features, and makes his profile look as if it is living a life of its own. It makes Jungkook feel alive too. Everyone around them are cheering, but Jungkook feels the same as he did the first time he saw the boy. The world goes silent, and everything around Jimin go dark. Jimin looks back at him this time. He doesn’t disappear when Jungkook comes close. Instead they take each others hand discretely, and Jimin mouths

“I love you.”

I love you too Jimin, oh God how I love you.

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At one people begin to refill their drinks more frequently and the drunken haze has settled over the little-more-than hundred people in the restaurant. The music is on full blast and Jimin is in a corner speaking to some people he just met. Across the room he can see Jungkook and Bianca laughing and playing games. They are seperated once again, not to be too obvious. It scared Jimin at first. What will happen? What if they fight again? But every few minutes or so, their eyes lock on each other, and they both smile like little children. They can’t keep to themselves for more than that. At two Jimin decides to move to the middle of the floor, where Tae and the others are dancing. He wants to dance too! A few songs in he feels hands on his waist. The dance floor is crowded and Jimin has to squeeze himself around to tell the person to kindly not do that, but his turn becomes a 360 when he is face to face with Jungkook. Feeling the others larger frame behind his, Jungkooks hips on his ass… They never danced together before. It’s really nice. Jimin knows that Jungkook can move, he’s seen his performances on youtube plenty of times, but never in real life. As soon as he gets the chance and the dancefloor thins out, he turns around and creates space between them.
Jimin moves to the music and his whole body becomes a tool to express his love, his excitement, his passion. Jungkook shoots him a drunken bunny smile and joins in. He moves as strongly as Jimin, but with more power than expected. It’s a show. Jimin would love to stop and stare, but then Jungkook would probably become very self aware, so they just dance together. Laughing as they do. People around them join in, but Jungkook and Jimin's eyes are locked on each other. All they see is each other under flickering lights in the dark restaurant. No one knows how much time passes but soon there is barely any space between them. Their hands are exploring the well known silhouettes, until Jungkook pulls away. He looks around and backs up. Jimin is disappointed, but he gets it. But then Jungkook takes his hand and pulls him to his side to place a kiss on his temple and a whisper in his ear.

“Want to get out of here?”

Fuck yes.

The elevator takes forever to close, but as soon as it does, the two rush against each other. Jimin pins Jungkook to the wall and traces his jawline with his tongue. His younger crumbles beneath him as Jimin breathes heavily in his ear and finds Jungkook's waist under his clothes. Jungkook pulls Jimin's hair, and the blonde locks tangle between his fingers. Then the door slides open and they violently push themselves away from the other. On the other side of the elevator they are met with a group of shitfaced girls stumbling around in their expensive high heels, and the two of them lowers their heads and rushes out, hoping that the girls minds were working too slow to catch what was going down. In no time they reach their door. Jimin takes out the card and giggles as he pushes the door open, he’s in heaven. The beautiful dark room is faintly lit by the Las Vegas nightlife, and they don’t even bother to turn the lights on. Jimin thinks it is kind of exciting, the large windows exposing them to the world, but the darkness is shielding enough to be safe. They can see the city, but the city can’t see them. Jimin pushes Jungkook to the drawer and places him on top of it, making it possible to get even closer. He shrugs his body in between the others strong legs and grips his thighs assertively. Jungkook moans into Jimin's mouth, which he was just exploring with his eager tongue, and at that Jimin can feel the straining by his crotch. He tugs at Jungkook's belt, sliding him down from the drawer, and backs them into the bedroom without breaking the kiss. The velvet cover is soft under his hands as he crawls on, pushing Jungkook below him and positioning him comfortably on his back. As Jungkook's hands find their way to Jimin's skin, crawling under his jacket and t-shirt, Jimin looks him in the eyes. The dark irises sparkle and suddenly Jimin is craving a new sensation. Jungkook is everything he could ever want and he feels safe. He feels so god damn safe and loved. Just like Jungkook said he isn’t as scared anymore, Jimin suddenly relates. He wants to feel vulnerable, wants to get closer… just try it once.

“Let’s switch this time.” Jimin whispers in between kisses. Jungkook looks up at him with his doe eyes. Switch? As in Jungkook fucks Jimin? He really really loves feeling Jimin move inside him, pleasuring them both and taking control. He does it so well. Can Jungkook do it as well? He strokes Jimin's chin and pushes his hair back. The older boys beauty radiates a warmth over Jungkook's cheeks, and he blushes slightly at the thought of reversing their usual roles. It’s his time to devour the other, bask in his delicacy. Suddenly Jimin feels smaller in his embrace, and the feeling of wanting to protect Jimin from everything bad his world brings is back. He will make him
feel good. Loved. Jungkook nods as he pushes Jimin's body closer to his, almost crushing himself between his boyfriend and the mattress, before beginning to tug at the white t-shirt. Jimin then sits up to straddle the younger, easing the process of getting undressed. Slowly, Jungkook watches as his boyfriend slides the soft white fabric over his perfectly sculpted torso, exposing himself inch by inch until he sits there, half naked. Heat rushes to Jungkook's hips, where Jimin is so very conveniently seated. Look at him. Fucking look at him. How is this real? It might be his turn to pinch himself now. Jungkook draws a sharp breath and runs light fingers all over the other, but let’s his eyes linger on Jimin's deep brown ones, who stares back in purity. This is pure. Euphoria. He rests his hands at Jimin's hips for a second or two, before using them to grind the two against each other. Jimin let’s his mouth hang open and eyelids fall. After the second time, they both feel it is time to rid themselves of any unnecessary layers in between them, and soon their naked bodies are back on each other, but pressed against one another even harder. Jimin arches his back while supporting himself on his knees to not crush the younger completely, but Jungkook wouldn’t mind, a little suffocating is more than fine. However this allows Jungkook's hands to glide down and perfectly cup his plush ass. He wets a finger in Jimin's mouth before letting one hand travel closer to his hole, making sure to grind their dicks together as he slides the first one in, to relax the other. It’s been a while, he figures, so this has to be done right. Jimin furrows his eyebrows in discomfort, but when Jungkook places feather light kisses all over his neck, he relaxes around his finger. Soon Jungkook moves with ease. Imagining himself buried inside the smaller male makes his heart pound, and in excitement he turns them around. He can’t contain himself. To further alleviate the stretching process, Jungkook then moves his kisses and licks downwards as adrenaline pumps through his veins. Who knew eating Jimin's ass would be such a thrill? Soft moans escape the otherwise dominant male as a response to the wet touch, and Jungkook decides it is time for another finger. He takes his time scissoring his hole, and with the help of his tongue, Jimin is soon ready for the third one.

“Ah-h Jungkook-ah” Jimin grips the cover with his fists until his knuckles turn white. The sight alone could make Jungkook burst, so he looks away, and instead move his lips to Jimin's shaft. With slow movements he licks up and down in sync to the thrusting of his fingers and Jimin looks as if he is soaring five feet above the ground.

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I am.

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To hold the blonde male from cumming too early, Jungkook avoids the bundle of nerves he so badly wants to pound. Excitement is boiling in his blood while he opens the other. Soon Jimin is ready, and he must have felt it too, because he looks up with his hazy, makeup-smudged eyes and speaks with his hoarse voice

“I want to be on top.”

Well, you don't have to ask me twice. Jimin is irresistible, and the thought of pleasing him has become Jungkook's main concern. He will get everything he wants. When Jungkook is down on
his back, and Jimin moves to position himself on his cock, Jungkook sees in tunnel vision. His throbbing dick has been waiting so patiently to be touched, that even the act of putting on a condom sends him balancing on the edge. When Jimin then slides over his tip with his tight entrance, Jungkook can’t breathe.

“Wait! Stop!”
Jimin looks up in confusion. His voice sounded panicked.

“What is it?”
“Just…” the other is panting, and looks away as soon as their eyes meet. Did Jimin do something wrong?

“I need a second, you’re so hot I’m gonna cum before I’m even fully in.”

A giggle explode from behind Jimins lips. That’s so cute. He watches as the younger tries to collect himself, eyeing his side profile in awe of its beauty. The curve of Jungkooks nose is Jimin's favorite geometrical shape. He wants to make a mold of it and put it on display at home. Jungkook's lips have the most delicate pout, but Jimin's eyes cling to the mole below them. It’s funny, he’s cramping in his thighs from holding himself halfway down on the others dick, and his blood has rushed so aggressively to his own that he’s feeling light headed. Yet he still is so comfortable, so at home. When Jungkook's breathing eases, Jimin takes the liberty to slowly seat himself on the others hips. They groan and they whimper, Jungkook is so fucking big, but at last he is in. After a second of adjustment, Jungkook sits up to meet Jimin, and kisses him on his chest, and at that Jimin slowly begins to move. He places the arches of his feet on the insides of Jungkook's knees, allowing himself more control in his grinding. Jungkook stretches him so wide, and although it is heavenly, he is adapting slowly to the uncommon sensation. It's been a long, long time since he last bottomed. After a minute or two however, Jungkook can’t contain himself and thrusts deeply into him, slamming his tip towards his prostate, and Jimin throws his head back in a loud moan. Another hard thrust, and he forgets all about the discomfort. He wants more. He pushes Jungkook down again and, with one hand on his chest, he rides him faster. Jungkook meets his ass with his hips and stares as his own cock disappears in the other, but Jimin wants Jungkook to look at him. He grabs a hold of his dark locks and pushes his head back, while simultaneously moving to kiss and bite at his nipples. They’re so sensitive and hard in Jimin's mouth.

“Oh- my god” Jungkook clasps his strong hands around Jimin's biceps and clash their bodies together even harder, causing Jimin to whine and squirm in his arms, yet Jimin’s determined to not stop his licking. The sound of skin against skin is echoing inside the expensive hotel room, accompanied by loud moans and filthy words. Jimin is cursing freely as he sits back up to allow Jungkook a better aim at his sweet spot.

“You feel- so- good” Jungkook whispers out of breath. At that Jimin can feel himself getting closer, so he slows them down. When he’s back in control, Jungkook's torso is carpeted in kisses. Jimin marks him as his own, tagging his collarbones with pink bruises. Mine. Only mine. For a while they just look at each other while fucking softly. Jungkook brushes Jimin's sweaty bangs out of his face and caresses his cheek, his lips… Jimin disappears into this moment, into this feeling, and shuts his eyes. He feels Jungkook move inside of him, outside of him. His hands are
everywhere, as are his eyes probably.

“Jimin…”

“Mhmm?” he hums in response, refusing to open his eyes, still bathing in the absolute pleasure.

“You’re so fucking sexy.”

Jimin blushes at the unexpected compliment.

“Look who’s talking?” Now he opens his eyes, only to meet one's filled with burning lust. Jungkook is on fire. How is it that the man he could only before dream about, stares at him like he’s felt the same way all of his life. Waiting for them to finally touch. Every fuck feels like the first one, every kiss ass passionate as the one they had on Jungkook's couch those weeks ago.

“I can’t believe I’m the one who got you.” Jimin smiles shyly while lowering his head, avoiding Jungkook's eyes. “Out of everyone. The world is full of people…”

“But I only want you, Jimin.” Jungkook sits up and brings Jimin's chin closer to kiss him.

“Tomorrow…” a kiss on his neck.

“The day after that…” he switches them smoothly around so that Jimin is on his back before placing a kiss on his shoulder.

“Tonight…” he moves slowly again, fucking him delicately. With glossy eyes, Jimin looks up at him. Everything feels so good. He lets himself go, leaving the control to Jungkook, trusting him to take care of him. Trusting him to not break his heart. The knot in his stomach is gone now.

Jungkook moves faster, breathing heavily against Jimins lips. His breath is warm and smells of alcohol, but so does Jimin's too he guesses. It’s kind of hot anyways. But with Jungkook, what isn’t? He has pushed both of Jimins legs to one side, causing his back to curve unnaturally, though again, it’s so hot that it doesn’t matter. After a while Jungkook brings them to their feet, and pushes Jimin face first against the white wall. He slides back in slowly, stretching him fully once again. Now Jimin can feel the entirety of Jungkook's strong body pressed against his back, as he fucks him hard, causing Jimin's cheek to pound into the flat surface in front of him.

“Harder” he commands. “Fuck me harder.”

Behind him, Jungkook goes wild. He growls into the back of his head, and hits Jimin's prostate with every thrust until Jimin is seeing stars. When he feels himself getting closer, he grabs Jungkook's hair from behind him and forces the others exposed teeth into the nape of his neck. Jungkook fucks him even harder, louder, and just before Jimin orgasms, Jungkook pumps his untouched dick a few times. There’s no going back now. He spills himself over the youngers hand, the wall, and the expensive wooden floor. It’s violent, more intense than any orgasm he has gotten from bottoming, and the sensation intensifies even more when Jungkook refuses to stop his pounding. With cum drenched fingers, he grabs Jimin's jaw, forcing three fingers into his mouth, and as Jimin tastes himself, Jungkook takes a few cruel last draws before loudly climaxing as well. His twitching body is still trapping Jimin, but soon they both fall back on the bed. Jungkook removes his condom and licks the remaining cum off his own hand, while Jimin stares in admiration. That's his good boy. They catch their breaths before curling into each other's embrace, laying quietly to come down from their highs.
“You are so beautiful” Jungkook speaks first. Not to be self centered, but Jimin is so unfamiliar with those words. His self esteem isn’t that bad, but hearing Jungkook say that is too far away for him to comprehend.

“You say that a lot. Do you really mean that?”

“Jimin…” Jungkook turns to him. “How do I even explain this without sounding, you know, too cheesy..? Your skin makes my fingers tingle. You’re so soft and the curves and lines of your face are flawless. All of you really are. When I look at you I can’t help but to trace my eyes down the bridge of your nose, round the apples of your cheeks and god, your lips... “ Jimin hides his face and blushes harshly.

“Bare with me, I’m not done.” The other laughs, still out of breath. “When you look at me back your eyes sparkle. There is so much hiding in there and I want to know about it all. And your neck... “ Jungkook moves his eyes over Jimin's naked body next to him. He feels exposed again... vulnerable but in the best way. “Jimin, I truly mean it when I say I’d love you in any shape or form. Truly. But this is a fucking joke. You look perfect. You are perfect. You are so so so beautiful and I love you.” Jimin rests his head on the pillow between them, squishing one of his cheeks, and looks up at Jungkook.

“I… I love you too. So much. I just… can’t grasp what you’re saying.”

“Then I’ll keep reminding you until you do.” Jungkook presses light kisses all over Jimin's chest and arms. Then neck. Then he closes in on Jimin's face, nose to nose, and whispers.

“Even if it takes forever. You have me Jimin. Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Who in here likes them as switches????? I just wanted to try it, and I wanted Jimin to experience losing control. I think he needed that to be able to trust Jungkook again.

Thank you for reading, I will see you next wednesday!!
THURSDAY JULY 5th

Thursday moves by quickly. Jimin, Jungkook and Tae spend the day watching TV and ordering room service, and when they’re done recovering from the party, they do some shopping, and then get in the car to go home. Taehyung drove here with his friends yesterday, but they decided to stay a few days more, so the three boys make it their own little road trip. Jimin is in the back, half asleep, as he listens to his boyfriend and friend drum along to Call Me Maybe on the dashboard. Jimin is smiling almost all the way back. It’s when he sees the traffic signs point to LA that he realises; where does he go? Should he go back to Yoongi? Does he go with Jungkook and Tae? He hasn’t told Yoongi anything. He hasn’t even though about him. Oh my god, how will he explain to him that he’s back together with Jungkook? After Yoongi comforted him? He’s asking so much of his friend. Jimin's smile dies down, and he zones out from the car, washed over in sudden anxiety. Where does he even begin to apologize…

“Jimin, are you still here?” Tae searches for his eyes in the rear view mirror.

“Oh, yeah sorry, did you say something?”

“I was asking, are you coming with us or are we dropping you off somewhere?”

Maybe Jimin should go home. He can’t avoid Yoongi, even though he kind of wants to just run away. But from what? Not from Yoongi? What Jimin really wants is to get as far away from his own actions as possible, and he knows that that will be impossible. Ignoring his friend won’t do anything for him.

“I should get back to the airbnb. Maybe I’ll see you guys tomorrow?”

“Jimin, you are very welcome to stay with me at any time. Just call me and I’ll pick you up.”

Jungkook has turned around to look at him. He understands that Yoongi will be home. He probably feels awful for the whole thing. Jungkook is smart, he must know that them breaking it off have had an effect on his and Yoongi's relationship, and now that’s why he’s being extra kind.
“I know. I might call you tonight, we’ll see.”

“*I’ll call you* if you don’t.” Jungkook shoots Jimin a smile, at which he giggles.

“Alright.”

“And I’ll call the cops if you don’t stop acting cute in this car right now.” Tae interrupts.

“Y’all are reminding me how alone I am, please stop being so adorable.” The boy grimaces jokingly, albeit there is a bit of truth in his tone of voice.

“I thought you were getting your ass pounded by that Jin guy?” Jimin asks laughingly, surprised by his own bluntness.

“Shut up!” Tae opens his eyes wide in shock and laughs too while shaking his head.

“You disgust me Park Jimin. I might just crash this car.”

“Please let my boyfriend get out first.”

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He said it!! We’re boyfriends!! Jimin is my boyfriend!!!!!!!

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They roll up to the familiar street in Glendale. This place never looks the same. The last few times he has come home has all been in different situations, with only one thing in common. He does not want to enter those goddamn doors. When he hugged Tae goodbye, and kissed his man through the open car window, he enters the code and go in anyway. His anxiety is getting worse by each step, each floor the elevator climbs, and when he’s at the front door his heart is beating so violently that he can see his chest vibrating. Just do it, just get it over with.

The apartment looks just the way Jimin left it. It’s cold from the AC running two days in a row. Dark from the turned off lights and drawn curtains. Empty. No roommate in sight. Jimin decides to clean the place up instead of worrying about Yoongi. He must be somewhere, right? He’ll come home any time now. It’s nine pm, he has to sleep somewhere!

Two hours pass, but no Yoongi in sight. He texts Sejin, and he doesn’t know anything either. He will call him though, which is comforting. Soon he will know what’s going on. Jungkook calls him half past ten.

“You still up?”
“Yeah, just cleaned the place up a bit, and did some laundry.”

“Is Yoongi there? How’s everything?”

“He’s not, I don’t know where he is. I asked my manager, and he said he’ll call him.”

“He’s fine. Are you staying there, or do you want me to come pick you up?”

“I think I’ll stay here tonight, to see if he comes back. But I don’t think I want to after that. I don’t know it just… I don’t know what to do or what to say anymore.”

“It’s okay, you guys will be okay.”

Jimin isn’t so sure about that. Not when he’s back together with Jungkook. He promised Yoongi that he wouldn’t use him to puzzle himself back together when shit got down with Jungkook, but that’s exactly what he did. And now him and Jungkook are back together, happier, and Yoongi is gone and probably miserable.

“I was stalking your instagram because I missed your face, and I saw you reached one mil!”

Jungkook switches the topic, and it is much appreciated.

“Congrats!”

“Oh, yeah that! That was cool, I have no idea why though?” Jimin smiles. The love he’s gotten has been overwhelming.

“Jimin, your music is incredible, and also you’re really hot, what more could they ask for?”

“I should post something to thank them.”

“Do a live!”

“I was thinking about that, but what if no one joins in?”

…

“Jimin you have a million followers.”

“Oh, yeah. I guess you’re right.” How does one get used to that many people? The last time Jimin did a live he had 10k followers and it was really awkward, so he kind of got stuck thinking like that. He wonders how many will join now. His phone dings and he removes it from his face to look at the notification. Jungkook has started following him.

“If you watch it I’ll make one.”

“Well, bye then, do one now before I fall asleep!”

They hang up. Is Jimin really gonna do this? He hasn’t interacted with his audience like this ever… He checks himself in the mirror. They haven’t seen his blonde hair yet. Maybe he should wear a cap or something so that it will be a surprise for the music video? Before himself he can see the labels reaction to him spoiling everything, and at that he gets out a black cap that Jungkook/Tae got for him. He looks good otherwise.
Alright, here goes nothing.

Thousands of people flood to join his live only seconds after he pushes the button. What does he even say? He just watches as the number increases from 1k to 5k, to 10k…

“Hi everyone! Holy shit!”

The comments consist of hearts, “I love you”s and people greeting him. They ask him to come to their country, ask him what he’s doing, where he is… They all care? About Jimin? He remembers that Jungkook is watching this, and begins to thank them for their love and support. He tells them he was in Vegas with some friends, that he has no idea where he’ll be traveling but he will let them know. He becomes more comfortable. Speaks in a less quiet voice, jokes around, laughs, lectures them for staying up so late. It’s so much fun that he forgets about time, and soon it’s been 45 minutes, and exhaustion is creeping up on him. Sleep doesn’t sound too bad right now. With a promise of doing this again soon, he tells them goodbye and ends it, yet leaves it up to be watched for the next 24 hours. As soon as it ends Jungkook is facetimeing him.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to come pick you up?” is the first thing to travel through the phone.

“Yeah, I should wait for Yoongi and see if he comes back.”

“Oh, okay.”

“Why?”

“I just… You looked so good during that live and I couldn’t stop thinking that I wanted you to do one privately. For me.”

“Am I sensing some sexual frustration from you, Kookie?”

“Maybe”

“Are you horny?” he teases.

“Maybe”

“Show me”

Jimin watches in anticipation as Jungkook slides his phone down, over his black t shirt, to his grey sweats. In the last second he switches the camera around to give himself more control, and oh boy does Jimin want to be there right now… He can see everything through outlines in those pants. Jungkook is hard alright… The thought of him watching Jimin through that live and waiting to touch himself is making Jimin grow too. He’s so needy.

“You’re so desperate. Couldn’t even wait until tomorrow, could you?”

Jungkook slides his hand to the side of the bulge in his pants, stretching the fabric over his dick so that Jimin can see even more.

“It’s hard when you’re so god damn pretty.” Jimin is trying his best not to blush harshly.
“I told you to show me. So show me.”

“Now who’s desperate?” Jungkook’s hand slips in under the hem of his sweatpants and visibly strokes himself under them. Jimin wants to see.

“If you don’t, I’m hanging up, and you can finish to my reuploaded livestream. I’m not asking again.”

To his comment he can hear Jungkook snorting, but then he does as he is told. Jimin’s camera is still on his own face, but he begins to touch himself outside his jeans too. The mere sight of his boyfriend’s dick on his screen is enough to make him moan. He craves Jungkook so badly. Wants him to please himself as he thinks about Jimin. Jungkook’s dick is swollen and a slight shade of pink, and his hand works slowly, stroking against the very visible veins. His breathing is heavy and loud. Jimin watches how Jungkook’s fingers move, how his grip tightens at certain spots, and knows to remember everything to recreate with his tongue next time.

“Your turn”

“That’s not what you asked for.” Jimin puts his phone where he was balancing it in his live, and removes his shirt instead. In the camera he can only be viewed down to his waist, but Jungkook doesn’t complain.

“I wish I could fuck that mouth” Jungkook whispers as he strokes himself faster. Jimin runs a hand through his hair before putting his right thumb in said mouth, still staring focused at Jungkook touching himself. His own hand is still stroking the outline of his crotch.

“You know, I think you’ve had enough fun. From now on you don’t get anything if I don’t say so. If I was there I’d tie you up and show you who’s really in charge.” he wants Jungkook to beg to be tied up by him. He wants him to trust him, to want him unconditionally.

“As long as you fuck me I’ll do anything.”

“That’s my boy”

Jimin can’t keep touching himself with layers in between, he needs more. Now. While unbuttoning his jeans, he slides his chair back so that everything that needs to be seen is seen. Jungkook moans when he can see Jimin undressing and slowly jerking off to his image. He loves it and Jimin knows it.

“I want to taste you. Choke myself on you.” Jungkook’s movements speed up and his breathing is heavier, faster… Jimin keeps up. “I want you to tie me up and make me beg.” Those words are so hot… Jungkook is speaking Jimin’s mind and it’s killing him. He can’t hold it much longer.

“Ah- Jimin-” His words disappear in smothered moans and growls and they both pick up the pace even more. Jungkook must be enjoying the show. Through the screen, Jimin’s muscles tense up, his chest looks so strong while he pumps his hard dick to the sight of his boyfriend.

“Jungkook baby come for me” he wants to watch the other get pushed over the edge first. Jungkook is trembling, and his hands lose the steady control they just had as cum leaks out of him. He’s whining, crying out Jimin’s name in choked high pitched moans, and then Jimin decides it’s time for him too. With a few decisive pumps, he’s seeing stars and covers his abs in his own orgasm. His body twitches at his own touch before relaxing completely. Through his phone he watches Jungkook slowly stroke himself down from his high, and listens to his heavy breathing and occasional moans.
“Fuck, Jimin…”

“Jungkook-ah... I-”

The front door slams shut with a violent bang and it makes Jimin jump in his seat. Fuck!

“Shit shit shit I’ll call you back, I’m so sorry” Jimin whispers before hanging up on his boyfriend without giving him a chance to wrap his head around what’s happening. In panic Jimin cleans himself up and throws on a shirt and zips up his pants. He prays to God that Yoongi didn’t hear any of that, it would not be the best way to break the news that they’re back together, in fact it would probably be the worst and most insensitive way to do so, which is why the sight of his empty living room makes him panic even more.

Yoongi didn’t enter.

He left.

When did he come home?! Oh my fucking god what did he hear? Jimin runs to the window to hopefully catch a glimpse of him on the street but there is nothing. He’s completely gone. Gone where? Jimin doesn’t know what to do! He can’t just go to sleep and talk to him at their shoot tomorrow? He has to fix this! He calls him, once, twice, five times, but every time Yoongi hangs up in his ear. The sixth time Yoongi has turned off his phone.

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“Yoongi, where are you?” Jimin shouts in to the apartment. He just came home from dance practice, and his wet hair had frozen in the bitter december weather. He puts his hands on the heater in the hallway while Yoongi rounds the corner and spots him.

“How was practice?” He smiles.

“It was great, but now I’m freezing.” Jimin shudders.

“I’ll make tea. Crawl down in my side of the bed, it’s warm there.” He leaves to go into the living room, which also happens to be the kitchen. Their apartment is small. Cold. But it’s enough. It’s a home. Jimin does as his friend tells him and pulls the covers up all the way to his frostbitten ears. The bed is indeed warm, Yoongi must have laid here since he came home from work. Jimin is always late home on mondays because of dance, and he can feel his stomach growling. It’s eight pm and Jimin has only had a small dinner. As if his roommate had heard his body calling out, Yoongi arrives with two cups of tea, and two sandwiches stacked on top of each other, balancing on the cup in his left hand. Jimin sits up and takes that cup from him.

“Ahh thank you!”

The two boys curl up next to each other, and press play on the netflix tab that they had left open since yesterday when they continued watching Breaking Bad. They’re on the last season, and while episode 6 begins, Jimin can feel Yoongi’s heat under the covers, helping his own body temperature return to normal.
“Yoongi, where are you?” Jimin calls out in the huge grocery store. He lost his roommate in the snacks section and now he’s nowhere to be found. Jimin is pushing the cart with their food for the upcoming month. There is not a lot of variation, considering their paychecks aren’t really that reliable, so the cart is filled to the brim with mostly variations of ramen, vegetables, and rice. However, every other Friday, meaning tonight too, they always cook something more fun together, so there is a bit of meat and other goods in there as well. A pack of chocolate sweets fly through the air, into the cart, and almost hits Jimin in the head from behind. Startled he turns around to find his missing roommate.

“I just thought we needed something extra for tonight.”

He is carrying a bottle of vodka too, and Jimin smiles widely. They rarely get drunk cause they can’t really afford it, money-wise and time-wise. They don’t normally have the privilege of spending half a day being hungover. Usually they work or make music, but tomorrow they decided to just relax.

“Let’s do one shot before we start cooking. Just one.” Jimin pours vodka into the tiny glasses placed on the kitchen counter while Yoongi is prepping the vegetables. He’s merely alright at cooking, so Jimin takes care of most of it, but chopping he is trusted with. They cheer and take the shot. Then another one because, you know, just because. Halfway through preparing dinner they are both rather tipsy, and Jimin can’t stop laughing. He laughs at everything. The way Yoongi clumsily chops the onion into uneven pieces. The way he tries so hard to look unbothered, even angry, at how Jimin laughs at him, but just ends up looking cute. The way Jimin loses his ability to cook skillfully, and manages to almost burn the meat. After a while Yoongi is laughing with him, and they mess around until dinner is done, then more drinks are made (White Russians this time) and they have a seat.

The stars look extra bright tonight as they lay on the grass in the park closest to their apartment building. It’s kind of hard to focus on them because things are kind of spinning a bit, but they’re still really pretty. After their last drink, unvolunteering so since the bottle is now empty, Jimin began feeling more sad than giggly. It happens a lot after one too many, you know, the whole “why doesn’t anyone love me”-thing… He sighs.

“I wish I could find someone who isn’t absolute trash.”

Yoongi doesn’t look away from the starry sky when he answers.

“Jaebum was an asshole, don’t think about him.”

“I’m never good enough.”

“Jimin, it’s not your fault that he is stupid. And blind. And stupid.”

“Yoongi what if no one will ever love me?” Jimin sits up, his mind wobbling from drunken dizziness, and turns back to look at Yoongi. His friend is shining too in contrast to the black surrounding.
“What if someone already does?”

“You mean, like, Sungwoon? If so, you’re wrong, and either way, I haven’t met anyone I’ve liked that stayed with me for longer than a few months. You’re apparently the only one who puts up with me… If I’m single when I’m 40, I guess I’ll just have to marry you. Gosh... why is life so god damn unfair!” Jimin throws his hands in the air and lays back down. Yoongi closes his eyes and remains silent.

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‘Where are you??????’

Jimin texts his roommate. They haven’t lived together for very long, but Jimin still thinks that it would be appropriate for his friend to remember his birthday! That’s fair, right? They were supposed to grab drinks after Yoongi got off from work, but it’s been 30 minutes and he hasn’t even texted Jimin. A full hour passes and Jimin is getting pissed. Yoongi isn’t really the most caring and loving friend he’s got, but Jimin at least thought that he cared a little… Apparently not. Perhaps that cold exterior stretches further in that Jimin had hoped. He can be warm at times, and Jimin has always assumed that that is when he is being himself, and that’s who he really is, but maybe he really is like this. Jimin curls up in the new ikea couch that faces the kitchen and scrolls through instagram to pass the time. His parents and grandparents have already called to congratulate him, and his brother sent him a long, loving text, so he’s not really waiting for anyone else. Him and Soohyun broke it off a few weeks ago, so no boyfriend to wait for either. Just Yoongi, who apparently doesn’t even care. Should Jimin really be surprised, though? They’ve only known each other for 8 months…

But then there is a knock on the door. Who could that be? Yoongi has keys..? Tiptoeing, Jimin gets close enough to the door to look through the tiny little peep hole, and is met with a closeup of Yoongi's button nose. What the-. He opens up, and immediately his sight is blurred from tears pooling. Yoongi's hands are full of bags and with one finger he is carrying a single helium balloon.

“I’m so sorry I’m late, I had to pick up a few things, and had no hands to check my phone!” Yoongi apologises out of breath before smiling widely.

“Happy birthday!”

--

“Yoongi, where are you?” Jimin whispers in his companions ear. He has very obviously zoned out during a lecture by their music production teacher. It’s almost the last lesson so they are getting into some complicated stuff, and since Yoongi is Jimin's second teacher in here, he can’t really afford his absence. Yoongi turns to him and rubs his eyes with yellow sweater paws.

“Sorry, I’m just bored.”

Since Jimin came to this town, his life has been too hectic to make friends, so Yoongi has become his only one, really, and they only meet wednesday evenings in this tiny basement studio complex.
Yeah, they have gone out for drinks two times before, but that was weeks ago, and yeah Jimin technically is friends with his roommate, but that guy is so unbearingly annoying that the word friend is much of an exaggeration. Yoongi lives in a collective, but although Jimin has only been there once, he knows that the people who live there aren’t really Yoongi’s cup of tea either. So basically, the two only have each other in a weird way.

“What if we get out of here then?”

“What?”

“After the lecture, if we listen now we don’t have to sit and try all of this for two hours. Let’s just go and do something else!”

“Like what?” Yoongi glances skeptically at him.

“Well, I never turn down drinks?”

“Shut up, I am not a prude!!” Jimin spills his third or fourth beer while gesturing aggressively at his friends statement. Yoongi just laughs at his probably ridiculous reaction, but Jimin can’t help it. He promised himself not to hide and be ashamed over the fact that he is gay when he moved to Seoul, but it is soo hard… Coming out all over again is scary, really scary considering how the last times went. He just wishes he didn’t have to do it, but now if Yoongi will stop teasing him, he has to tell him about the time he fucked a two year older guy in the school bathroom a few years back, or the time he got his dick sucked in the back of a bus during a school field trip.

You know what? Fuck it. If him and Yoongi are going to be friends, he will just have to deal with it.

“I bet I’ve gotten more dick than you’ve ever given!” he drunkenly says a bit too loud.

Yoongi is evidently taken aback, but then blurts out laughing in a way Jimin has never seen from the elder before. He is usually reserved and cold, even in his laughs, but this time there is no wall up.

“Jimin, I am two years older than you! I’ve had plenty more time to get fucked. Don’t ever think you’ve gotten more dick than me.” he laughs through his entire statement but the gears in Jimin’s head struggle to turn. What did he just… Did he insinuate that he…?

“YOONGI! Are you gay!!”

The elder is almost crying from laughing so hard, and Jimin takes that as a yes. He stands up with his hands in the air, this is the first time he’s made friends with someone who will understand him, his struggles, and who won’t leave him for who he loves.

“Yes!!!” he shouts in victory and Yoongi hides his face in his hands, embarrassed by his friends reaction.

They google gay bars in Seoul and decide to go to one. Neither of them has ever been, ever, but after two shots, it seems like the most natural thing in the world. Jimin is so happy. On the bus there they both chug another beer that they bought in a store on the way, and the mood is as bright as it has ever been between the two. In a way, Jimin knows through the drunken fog that he just
found a friend for life. A friend he will never let go of. He looks over at Yoongi, and with the Seoul nightlife spreading in neon lines behind the moving bus behind him, he looks beautiful. Their eyes meet and they both just know.

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Yoongi. Where are you? Where did you go?

Jimin sits in the hallway, sunken in against the cold wall. His heart feels empty as his mind is thrown back in time, wishing his body could do the same. Yoongi is gone. He left and he’s not answering and Jimin has absolutely no clue what to do. He fucked up one too many times and now he feels like throwing up at the thought of Yoongi hating him. Fuck this place, fuck everything that has happened here. Is any of this worth it? Is any of this worth losing the one and only person he has felt completely safe with for the last few years. The one person who took the place of his family when they couldn’t be there. The one person who replaced every friend Jimin ever lost, and did their job a million times better. Jimin feels completely empty. He lost Yoongi. He lost him. I lost him.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I hate this chapter I’m sorry I had to make things turn out like this. It was never my intention to write in so much angst but my characters all turned out to be such complex people lmao who would have thought. Please tell me what you think, it means the world and really keeps me inspired and excited to keep going. Once again I'm sorry.
Sound of Rain

Chapter Notes

Yoo I'm early this week! Though it's a short chapter, sorry bout that. Please tell me your thoughts, I really do read all of them and they inspire me so much in my writing.

Thank you for helping me with this story it's truly amazing.

Aightt lessgo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

FRIDAY JULY 6th

Yoongi doesn’t show for Puma either. When Jimin enters the photoshoot, he is pulled aside by Sejin and feels as if he is given him a mental black eye. A well deserved one.

“Jimin tell me what the fuck is going on, why did Yoongi text me to say he won’t work with you?”

“He what?” Jimin’s heart breaks into a million pieces and fall to the ground, rolling away under cracks in the floor, and furniture that hasn’t been moved for ages. They disappear, and he won’t be able to pick all of the pieces up. They’re gone now.

“Jimin we are jeopardizing everything that we worked for, and you guys won’t even let me in on why!” the distress is prominent in his eyes, awaiting Jimin's explanation. It’s best to just say how it is. Sejin and them have worked close together for a year, and he deserves to know why they are fucking everything he got them up.

“I…” he begins, but after that it goes blank. Where does he even start? With Jungkook? With Yoongi being in love with him? With himself being an asshole? A fucking terribly awful shit of a friend?

“Me and Jungkook are back together.”

“No fucking shit, I saw he followed you, and that you were in Vegas, and that you did that live without letting anyone know. Jimin you need to stop doing things on your own, you are not a regular person anymore. You have people who depend on you and what you do, so please for the love of God send a fucking text next time you drive to a different state.”

Oh… Jimin lowers his head in embarrassment. He’s not used to this life, having people around him that care about what he does in this way.

“I’m sorry.”

“Now what does that have to do with Yoongi?”

Jimin scratches the back of his head nervously.

“He… I mean, I…”

“Oh for fucks sake Jimin spit it out we have five minutes until you need to get dressed for the shoot.”
“Alright, alright, jeez…” he answers with hands raised in defense.

“When I started dating Jungkook Yoongi got really mad at me and I couldn’t understand why, until he told me that he has been in love with me for who knows how long, and I chose Jungkook over him. Then we tried to patch things up and still be friends, or at least coworkers, but then I kind of messed everything up by being a terrible person, and then everything went to shit but also went kind of good but then me and Jungkook got back together and I broke the news in kind of the worst way ever and now he hates me. And so do I.”

The words just run out of his mouth like a river crushing a dam. He fumbles with the syllables in behind his teeth, tries to catch them and reflect on them before they throw themselves in the air, but with no success. The look on Sejin’s face is unreadable. Is he empathetic? Angry? Disappointed? Jimin won’t know for a while because he obviously needs time to process all of this.

“I… Go get ready for the shoot, we’ll talk this through afterwards.” he walks away and thinks that Jimin can’t see him rubbing his face with his hand in headache from the overload of information. He mumbles something like “lord have mercy” but Jimin can barely hear because he’s walking the opposite direction, heading for hair and makeup. His blonde hair is flat and frizzy, and he keeps forgetting that it’s a secret. The music video teaser will be out tomorrow, and the full video on Monday. Only then can he post pictures of it. But the weight of his crushed heart is heavier than the fact that he can’t post selfies, so who cares honestly.

--

Jungkook wakes up late. He stayed up for hours waiting for Jimin to call back after the abrupt end to their last one, but there wasn’t even a text. Neither did he get any sign of his boyfriend being alive this morning. Jungkook texted both last night, and just now, but Jimin doesn’t seem to be reading them, and it worries Jungkook a lot. Not that he thinks anything happened between Jimin and Yoongi, although he can’t deny that it crossed his mind for a millisecond, he just wants to know that he is okay, and that things are okay between them. The fact that Yoongi means a lot to Jimin and Yoongi, although he can’t deny that it crossed his mind for a millisecond, he just wants to know that he is okay, and that things are okay between them. The fact that Yoongi means a lot to his boyfriend is obvious, in the same way that Taehyung means a lot to Jungkook, and it would suck if Jungkook had messed things up beyond repair between them. Just thinking about it makes it feel as if something is pushing down on his chest. It hurts. Jimin should be done with the photoshoot soon, so Jungkook should really get out of bed and head to the studio. He wants to invite Jimin there today because Hoseok is coming to lay his verse on the track. If it’s good then he will be done with the whole thing. The album he has worked on for over a year will finally be ready for mastering… It scares him, but also excites him more than anything. Going on this tour will be huge, and a milestone in his career. August 24th is the date for the album. August 26th is the date for the release of his tickets. That’s less than two months away, and now the weight on his chest is replaced by butterflies in his stomach. It would be an understatement to say that the venues they are renting are huge. Jungkook has performed in front of a lot of people, but not regularly like this. It’s the peak of his career so far, and the fact that the album he will perform is done after today is insane. He texts Hoseok and tells him he will be in the studio in two hours, giving himself enough time to shower, get ready, eat something, and get there. He sends the text to Jimin as well, but words it differently, of course.

Me
Hey baby, how are you? I’m heading into the studio in two hours, please call me. I’d love it if you came by. Also, if you need anything just let me know, I’ll be by my phone.

Love you

12.43

Then he gets up and heads into the shower, undressing slowly at the memory that occupy the space between his temples at the sight of his black tiled bathroom. It might have been a dick move, considering they were breaking up afterwards, but he can’t help but to tug at the wrong (or right?) strings. It was so fucking hot. He can’t actually believe that Jimin got on his knees for him. He remembers Las Vegas, how Jimin let him touch him in a new way. A reflection meets his eyes in the mirror, and he studies it closely, from his toned torso, to flushed ears and I-just-woke-up hair. Jeon Jungkook is what everybody sees when they look at him. It’s what he’s been seeing too. But now… boish eyes look back at him. It’s the reflection of a kid. A little kid that does what he loves, and he does it well so people pat him on the back for it. A little kid who is so in love that his chest feels as if it’s about to explode. A little kid who tried to grow up too fast but ended up building walls instead. He smiles kindly at the boy staring back. From the bottom of his heart he wants this boy to be happy, for real. Jimin does that for him. His smile broadens and he flashed his pearl white bunny teeth at himself. Giddy, yeah giddy, that’s the word to describe what he feels. He feels like jumping up and down at the thought of Jimin, of making Jimin happy and pleased and Jimin wanting him too. He misses him already. Misses his hands and his face and his pretty blonde hair, and his eyes when he smiles and his fucking lips on Jungkooks-

“What the fuck are you doing?” Taehyung enters with an amused look, surprised to find the other jumping up and down while staring at himself half naked in the mirror.

“Lock the door when you’re in here, mister I-jerk-off-to-my-own-reflection.”

Jungkook is startled and stumbles backwards with his heart in his throat.

“Jeeesus Tae” he calms his heart down from the jump-scare. “Don’t tell me to lock my door, this is my house.”

“You still think that, huh?” he jokes. “I’ll take the bathroom downstairs then, but hurry up, I want to have breakfast with you before I have to go.”

Before Jungkook can answer the door shuts and he’s left alone again. Locking the door seems pointless now, so he just jumps in the shower and finishes his business quickly, trying not to think about the last time he wasn’t in here alone. It’s hard.

Tae sits in the kitchen waiting for Jungkook to get dressed. Yesterday he bought a bunch of cereals and milk and yoghurt and stuff like that just so they have some at home, and now he wants to try them out with Jungkook. They’ll probably ride together to the city and Tae will just get off at Jiyongs. Life has been hectic the last couple of weeks, trying to prep everything for the runway, and being in contact with stores and factories about production and sales. It’s a lot to run your own company! As soon as things are up and running, Tae has promised himself to get a team and
assistants, cause this is too much load on him. Also, this entire thing with Jin is throwing him off track. Whenever he gets a text from him, his mind loses the ability to focus on whatever he was doing. It’s not that he’s catching feelings again, or at least he hopes not, it’s just confusing to say the least. If he is going to be completely honest with himself, he has no idea what he wants or where this is going, but there is a questionless unbreakable attraction between the two, that neither of them can stop. Jungkook jogs down the stairs wearing only his sweats. He smells freshly showered and looks goddamn perfect as always. Tae wishes he could find someone like Jungkook, who isn’t Jungkook of course. It must be nice for him and Jimin, you know, to fit so well together. To be so self-evident. Tae can’t describe them with anything less than ‘soulmates’.

“What are your plans for the day?”

“Hoseok is coming to record the last verse, then it’s just a few adjustments in the mix. After that I’m going to be done!”

“You mean, done done?”

Jungkook nods.

“Holy shit, you have to play everything for me tonight.”

“You’ve heard everything a hundred times?” his friend laughs.

Of course he has, but it’s Jungkook’s album, he hasn’t heard it nearly enough times!

“Yeah, and I want to hear it again! Is Jimin coming over after?”

“I don’t know, he’s not answering.”

“Something wrong?”

“I don’t know, we’ll see.”

“Hmm... “ Tae pours some cereal into his bowl then passes them on to Jungkook who mimics his actions.

“And what about you?”

“I’m taking a few calls with some stores, and I’ll probably be at Jiyongs to finish up some stuff that I left there.”

“Do you know what you’ll be wearing to the runway?” Jungkook pokes around his breakfast before shoving an ungodly amount in his mouth at once.

“I haven’t even sat a date yet?”

Jungkook just raises one eyebrow as he chews, because he knows Tae better than that.

“Okay, yes I have, and I have decided something for you too. And maybe Jimin if he wants to come.”

“Wawwy?” his friend speaks happily with his mouth full.

“Only if he’s up for it. I think he would look smokin’ in red.”
Jimin sits in the hallway of the big warehouse that they rented for the shoot. Sejin comes out with coffee for the both of them and leans against the white concrete wall in front of him. He’s already blushing harshly from knowing he will be scolded.

“First of all, you did a great job in there. They were fine with it being just you, since you’re the face of the duo, but I’m still disappointed.” He takes a sip of his drink before continuing.

“You could have let me know as soon as things became rough between you two, and I could have helped. That’s my job fo-”

“I know I’m sorry again, but it all happened so fast and I thought we were good. I thought we could fix it on our own like we always have.” The realisation that he lost his best friend drowns him again.

“Did he really say that?”

“What?”

“That he doesn’t want to work with me anymore?”

“Yes. And as much as I care about both of your guys’s well being, this is too much. Jimin I just don’t get why you didn’t let me know.”

Jimin understands him completely. Imagine working so close with someone and then having them go mess everything up behind your back. This is more than friendship, this is business, as much as Jimin hates it. God, he really fucking hates it. Like really, really hates it.

“What will I do?”

“If this really means the end for your collaboration then we will have to find you another producer, or producers that can figure your music out too. And I guess he will write for someone else.”

But what about our friendship????????? What about our lives? Besides, no one will ever be able to replace, GOD I CAN’T EVEN USE THAT WORD, Yoongi, he knows me best. Better than myself. Do you expect me to just let go??

“I guess so.”

“It will be fine, Jimin.” Sejin sits down and puts his hand on Jimins knee. His hand is warm against his what-feels-like-withering body.

“Go home and rest now, I will speak to the team about this and we’ll call you in when we’re on to something. You should just think about yourself now, and how you will recover from this.”

While the crew packs up for the day, Jimin locks himself in the bathroom and sobs against the cold floor. His lungs feel as if they are filled with led and he bows his forehead to the tiles. He can’t stop it. Who cares if someone outside can hear him. Maybe it would be nice to have someone listen to his suffering, someone that he won’t actually burden in the long run. He wants to call Jungkook, but it just feels wrong. If Jungkook didn’t exist none of this would have happened. He would still
He stands up. He knows that he can’t blame Jungkook for anything. It’s all on him for not treating Yoongi like he deserves. All his own fault. He could have softened the blows, but he didn’t. He let Yoongi suffer and now he’s rightfully had enough. He hates Jimin, probably hates him so much that all the love he used to have has left him. It’s for the best anyway, Jimin doesn’t deserve that, doesn’t deserve his love anymore. Jimin turns around and finds his reflection in the mirror above the sink in the tiny bathroom. He hates what he sees. Swollen from his tears that are still making their way down his puffy cheeks, he tries to find himself somewhere in there, but not even wiping his tears will work. They keep flowing, building on the pile of frustration in Jimin’s soul. What has he done? Is this really it? Jimin doesn’t know what to do with all of these feelings accumulating in the bottom of his chest. He just wants things to be in his control again. Just wants things to not be so fucking fucked up and ruined and for him not to be so goddamn stupid and destructive and ugly and-

He crushes the mirror with one strong hit, cracking the skin on his knuckles with it. Tiny shatters fly and bounce just like his heart on the floor, mimicking the sound of rain, and leaves behind a ghoulis silence. Warm blood trickles down his fingers and he stares at it. Then from the shatters on the tiles, to the broken, indented mirror.

He hits it again.

And again.

Then he stops. The blood flows violently from the pathetic splits in his sunkissed LA-skin, coloring his fingertips in a gory crimson. He exhales, finally restarting his autonomic nervous system. His tears have stopped flowing.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave your thoughts in the comments, they help me out SO much <3 <3 <3
SEE YOU NEXT WEDNESDAY (I'm trying to write a bit more descriptive next time, I hope you'll like it!!)
Chapter Notes

Morning!! I'm more excited than EVER to post now, your comments give me so much life. I know I'm hurting Yoongi and I'm sorry about that, really. Happy stories isn't my thing, unfortunately, but I hope this chapter can cheer you up at least a bit. I'm so excited to update, I just want to show you everything I'm planning for this story. Thank you endlessly for reading and caring about this, writing is truly one of my favorite things to do.

ANYWAY lets gO

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Namjoons apartment is quiet except for his quick typing on the Macbook Pro stationed in front of him on the kitchen table, and a shy buzzing of the fridge. Namjoon is supposed to feel comfortable in the silence, considering he’s chosen to get a place of his own, but since Yoongi left, he is constantly reminded of how much he misses not being alone. He misses Yoongi of course, but most of all he just misses someone. Anyone. To come as far as he has, and to do the things he does, one can’t really find time for relationships of any sort. All of the people Namjoon knows are in one way or another business partners, or old coworkers. Not to be explicit or anything, but he can count the times he’s been intimate with someone under the last years on one hand. There’s just not enough time. Namjoon looks up from his computer, just finished with the last urgent email, and decides it’s time for a break. He can’t focus anyway, not without drifting every few minutes. His mind wanders defeated to the untouched side of his new king sized bed, and it saddens him. A person to cook for, to look good for, to kiss the forehead of, and show off, that’s what he wants. That’s what he misses most. He smiles at the thought of Jungkook finding Jimin as he pours water in the kettle and sets it to heat. There are only a few instances where he has been so happy for someone else in this way. Once when his sister met her boyfriend, and then when one of his childhood friends got engaged. It’s rare for things to be so obvious, so undoubtedly right. The sound of water boiling fills a tiny bit of the deafening void in the expensive apartment, but not even close to disrupt the only inhabitants mildly depressing cogitating. He stares blankly as the kettle tries without luck to be heard, stuck with only one image in mind. His family tree stretches out before him like cobwebs on his wall, great grandparents, grandchildren, grand destinies… and then Namjoon. The end of a brittle, forgotten filament, hanging lonesome at the bottom of the web. That’s not who he wants to be, but that’s who he is. The one who always puts everyone else first, who puts career second, and himself at the bottom of the list. Mostly he goes unappreciated for it too, because everyone has just gotten so used to him being kind and giving that no one even realizes anymore. Of course, Namjoon doesn’t see that for himself, but somewhere deep down it has burnt it’s mark. Finally he takes the water off to cool, pours himself some tea, and returns to his computer.
“Hoseok!”

They greet each other with a long hug outside of the studio complex. Jungkook is so fucking excited, in lack of better wording, and for a few minutes he forgets about his worry for Jimin. His now good friend joins him in the fancy studio, and Jungkook shows it off like a kid showing his homemade treehouse. It’s his little baby, so of course he brags. Hoseok looks around and is indeed impressed, and they exchange opinions of some of the gadgets they share the privilege of possessing. He picks up the iron man figurine and smiles.

“What’s this?”

“Oh, I collect them.” Jungkook explains coyly.

“Really?” Hoseok smiles even wider and continues with “That’s adorable.” leaving Jungkook a bit flustered.

“Jimin gave that one to me.”

“You guys are so cute. Honestly, it’s so lovely to see you two around each other. Though..” he puts down the tiny superhero and turns to look at Jungkook.

“... I saw you guys fighting last weekend, how did that turn out?”

Oh, right, Hoseok is one of the few people who knows about them, but one that he doesn’t really speak to, so naturally he wouldn’t know.

“Yeah, we spoke about it.” Kind of. “It’s all good.”

“I’m glad.”

Though speaking about Jimin sends Jungkook back to worrying how he is. Why he hasn’t texted back.

“Let me open the files, and you can listen through everything if you want to, I just need to make a quick call.”

“Sure, I’d love that!”

--

Jimin hasn’t moved. The blood has coagulated on his knuckles, and he’s realized that the impact splattered droplets of now dried maroon on to his white t shirt. His sweater is still on the bench outside of the bathrooms, and he has to walk at least 30 feet looking like this. Though his nose is still running, the swelling and flushing of his cheeks is going down slowly. His phone buzzes next to him and the name on the screen drains the hardened cement from his ventricles. It’s his Kook. Though he before did not want to speak to him, he realizes that he needs him. He can’t go through this and come out fine on the other side if he doesn’t have someone he can rely on, and find comfort in. Jungkook is that and more. So much more. He picks up and lets the voice on the other end comfort him with it’s sole existence.

“Baby, thank God you picked up, how are you? What’s going on?”
Jimin leans his head back against the wall and notices how stale his body has become from sitting slouching like this.

“Jimin?”

He tries to combat his running nose before answering, but that in connection to his hoarse voice probably leaves his boyfriend even more worried.

“I’m not great” he chokes up again, and struggles using all his power to remain collected.

“Love, where are you?” Jungkook sounds so worried. Jimin can’t help but laugh sudden, happy about his affliction.

“Don’t worry about it, are you in the studio? Can I come see you?”

“You never have to ask that. Though, Hoseok is here right now too, should I ask him to come back another time?”

His boyfriends voice is still so full of woe for Jimin, and Jimin just wishes he could be here right now, to hold him and tell him things are going to be fine and that all isn’t ruined. Not when I have you, and you have me.

“No, that’s fine, I’ll be right there. You do what you’re supposed to, and I’ll call you when I’m outside.”

“Are you sure?”
“ I am. I’ll see you soon.”

“I love you Jimin. Call me if you change your mind and need me to come pick you up.”

He smiles fondly and says

“You don’t have to baby me, you know.”

“I’ll always baby you. Baby.”

“I’m hanging up now” they laugh quietly, sorrow still clogging their throats.

“See you soon”

“Love you too”

Jimin waits for Jungkook to push the end-call-button, and as the phone leaves him with the reclusive beeps, he makes the decision to wash up. Cold water splashed in his face reduces both swelling and redness, returning him into an almost normal state, although he can’t really tell in the annihilated mirror. By washing the dried blood of his hands the scene becomes a lot less gory. Only tiny slits are visible on his knuckles, albeit surrounded by a burgeoning lilac hue. Jungkook will definitely notice. Though, what is there to hide? If there’s anyone he is comfortable with sharing his agony with, it’s Jungkook. If there’s someone who will understand, it’s Jungkook. When he’s finally brave enough to exit the bathroom, most of the people have already left, so he rushes unseen to his sweater and leaves without having to interact with even a single person. The LA (smog) air fills his jaded lungs and pulls him out of his head a bit. He’s kind of far from the studio, but he knows that there’s a bus that could take him there in no time, so why not save some money and get on it? There are only two other people at the bus stop, and neither of them seem to pay much attention to the celebrity next to them, which Jimin doesn’t even register. To himself
he’s not famous, not the slightest, that’s why he is so thrown off when a young girl approaches him as he’s taken his seat on the bus. She was standing up when he entered, but approached as if to sit next to him when he’d made himself comfortable.

“Um…” she begins shyly. “You’re Jimin right? Is it okay if I sit with you?”

How the hell does she know who I am? Jimin smiles, astonished by her boldness.

“Of course!”

She takes a seat and rubs her hands nervously on her thighs as the bus accelerates towards the coast.

“I- I don’t really know what I wanted to say, I just saw you and I really, really love your music, and-” she giggles at herself. “I’ve thought about what I would say to you if I ever met you, but now it’s all blank!”

Jimin laughs too, unable to fathom the fact that she has thought about meeting him, and that she actually took time of her day to say something.

“This is so cool, what’s your name?”

“I’m Rita.”

“Nice to meet you Rita.”

They converse for the whole time of the bus ride, until it’s her time to get off, only two stops before Jimin.

“I can’t believe I met you, my friends will be so jealous!” her excitement shows through her attempts at staying cool, which baffles Jimin even more. If anything, shouldn’t he be the excited one?

“Tell them I said hi, won’t you?”

“No, I think they’ll die.” her laugh is adorable, as is her wave as she exits the vehicle and waits for it to drive off with Jimin inside. What an absurd situation. Someone who knows who he is, who cares about what he does, yet had never met him or interacted with him before. It sends a giant smile to Jimin’s lips, pushing away the anxiety he had before. It was nice to feel as if someone cared about him. Yeah, she has no actual idea of what Jimin is like or what he is going through, but she took the time out of her day to tell him she cares and enjoys what he does. He can’t wait to tell Jungkook about it!

With newfound energy he gets off on his stop, only a five minute walk from Jungkook’s studio. He replays the moment in his head as he texts Jungkook to come out to meet him in a minute, before turning to the familiar, again empty, street. His heart pounds as Jungkook’s face lights up at the sight of his boyfriend on the top of the stairs and he rushes to embrace him. His body is warm and strong and Jimin melts into the touch, remembering how much he needed it.

“How are you?” Jungkook speaks muffled into his shoulder.

“I’m okay.”

They pull away and Jungkook catches a glimpse of Jimin’s hand, causing him to freeze in place, probably running his mind over what possible awful things could have gone down for Jimin to end
up with bruised knuckles. Jungkook runs his finger over them and Jimin flinches at the pain he did not know he felt.

“What did you do? Are you hurt?” He looks genuinely scared.

“It’s nothing, I just-” Jimin lowers his head, a bit embarrassed at his sudden outburst.

“Did someone else get hurt?” his boyfriend enhances the space between them if only a mere unconscious inch, but Jimin notices and reassures him quickly.

“God, no! I- I just had a bit of frustration that I needed to get out.”

Jungkook is about to wash him over in questions but then Hoseok pokes his head out the door.

“Jimin! Finally!” he lights a cigarette and puffs it until it’s lit enough to keep burning on its own while he slowly lets the nicotine spread.

“Hoseok, good to see you!” Jimin smiles and untangles himself from Jungkook's embrace, though lingering on his body slightly with his hands as if to say ‘We’ll talk later’. Jimin asks how Hoseok has been since they last saw each other, and he answers that he’s been good, mostly just been in sessions trying to produce for others. Both him and Jungkook say that they would love to hear it all, and Hoseok promises to show them soon. Then Jimin and Jungkook enters as Hoseok crushes the cigarette butt between his Balenciagas and the asphalt, giving them a single second alone.

“You have to tell me everything after this.”

“I promise.”

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Hoseok plays them a recording of his verse and Jungkook can barely sit down in his seat. It’s so fucking good. It flows so well with the rhythms and melodies of the song, and the lyrics fits beautifully. He signals Hoseok to stand by the mic and Jimin to stop moving over in the couch, and they record it three times. Every time is flawless and that’s it. It’s done.

“Good enough?” Hoseok smiles from behind the mic.

“It’s perfect!” Jungkook shoots up and hugs him hard. Jimin is clapping softly from the couch, probably not wanting to hurt his hands more. Jungkook wonders what really happened. A wave of sadness washes over him again. His boy is hurt, he knows that, but he doesn’t know to what extent, or what exactly went down. Jimin is smiling, that heart wrenching eye closing smile that sends Jungkook into a whirlwind of love and desire, yet he knows he isn’t okay. He wants to take him away, give him a holiday and wake up next to a sun kissed well rested boy. He wonders if Jimin bled a lot. If he cried. He never wants either to happen again. When Hoseok has left he will demand that Jimin tells him everything, and that he finds a way to make everything okay. They enter the main area and head over to the kitchen. Jungkook of course has snacks and a few beers that they open.

“Jimin what happened to your hand?” Hoseok asks with big, worrying eyes as he delicately grabs Jungkook’s boyfriends hand from the cap of the bottle to examine it. Jimin probably wanted to wait until he left to talk about it, but now he has to explain himself. He looks over at Jungkook as if to
ask for permission; is it okay that this won’t be our secret? He’s too lovely for his own good. Jungkook gives him a look that means
‘spit it out’.

“It’s nothing really…” he retrieves his hand from his worried friend. “I’m not hurt, it was just a moment of frustration, that’s all.” He’s embarrassed, Jungkook can tell.

“What could possibly be so bad?” It’s not a spiteful question. It’s honest, caring. Jimin looks to Jungkook as he explains.

“Yoongi, my best friend, doesn’t want to work with me anymore. He doesn’t want to see me again, I think.”

“Really?” Jungkooks heart breaks. He ruined their friendship. If he hadn’t broken it off… If he hadn’t put Jimin in that situation maybe they would have been fine now? Guilt comes creeping up his throat and leaves burning marks with every step.

“He’s blocked my number. He has every right to hate me though, I’m not mad at him. I was mad at myself.”

Are you mad at me Jimin? I’m so fucking sorry. It’s all my fault.

Hoseok puts a hand on Jimin's shoulder and rubs it.

“I’m so sorry Jimin.”

A sad smile is forced upon his boys face to thank Hoseok for his thoughtfulness.

“Jinmin…” Jungkook can’t hide the hurt in his throat, and his voice cracks. He’s so selfish, hurting because he thinks Jimin will always resent him a bit for what he did, when Jimin is the one hurting for real. When Jimin looks up he can’t hold it back anymore and walks over to Jungkook, buries his face in his shoulder and cries quietly. Jungkook holds him so tight. Hoseok watches with sad eyes.

“I’m sorry I should never have asked, it was not my place.” he takes a step closer and rubs Jimin's back.

“It’s okay. Really.” Jimin loosens himself from Jungkook's grip, who involuntarily lets him, to turn around and smile at Hoseok. His eyes are swollen and bloodshot.

“He’ll be okay eventually, I just have to let him go.”

But what about you?

“I’m sure he will.” Hoseok says comforting. “But what about you?”

Jimin looks at Jungkook who is still on the verge of absolute distress, anxious to know that Jimin will recover. He knows what Yoongi meant to him. Means. He’s Jimin's Tae. Jungkook finds no comfort at all and all the comfort in the world in Jimin's teary eyes.

“I hope so.”

A strand of hair has fallen out of place from rubbing itself into Jungkook's shirt, so he puts it back and kisses Jimin. Then they let go and Hoseok is kind enough to switch the subject.
They laugh and drink but soon Hoseok has to go. He’s got plans for the night. Now it’s only Jimin and Jungkook in the studio.

“You kept it.”

“What?”

Jimin points to the Iron Man figure still leaning against the speaker.

“Of course I did. It’s one of the things that reminded me that I was being dumb as shit.”

“Good.” Jimin smiles, still torn up about Yoongi, but determined to not let it out on Jungkook. He has to stop burdening everyone with his own shit, it only leads to people feeling used. Being used.

“Was it the only thing that reminded you? How come you came knocking so swiftly?” Jimin hasn't really asked why he came back before. He knows Jungkook didn't mean what he said, but he was scared. What changed that?

“No, actually…” Jungkook opens a hidden window on his computer. It’s full of stats and stuff that Jimin didn’t even know you could see.

“What’s that?”

“I did some research, and I realized that I am dumb as shit.”

Jimin snorts.

“Stop saying that.”

“Whatever. I looked up what my fans listen to and there are a lot of queer artists in the mix. It inspired me. You inspired me too.”

The screen is too messy for Jimin to understand just like this, but he suddenly becomes very proud of Jungkook. He forgets that he is two years older sometimes. Jimin has had more time to come to terms with himself, and the fact that Jungkook, though still struggling, is willing to try to love himself and be himself is big.

“You know, I am very proud of you.”

“Stop…”

Jungkook blushes. Has he ever heard anything like that before?

“It’s true!” Jimin stands up and walks over to Jungkook to turn the chair he is in towards himself.

“I am so proud of you for wanting to be yourself. Because you are so beautiful, and so kind, and fun to be around. You’re caring, smart, a creative genius with so much talent that I will never wrap my head around.” Jimin's words flow freely, and it’s weird to finally articulate the thoughts that have been laying in the back of his mind for years.

“You know, I’ve always been a huge fan, but I know for a fact that I love you even more after getting to know you. You're one to never disappoint.”
The eyes that meet Jimin's from below him in the chair are glistening. There are small flowers present behind the irises that from where Jimin is standing now look like two full moons. They absorb every word Jimin says and visibly grows brighter with every syllable. Come to think of it, Jimin has always seen Jungkook as the one who knows most. He’s been living this life for years, established himself in ways Jimin only dreams about. Yet Jimin knows so much more about so much more. It’s clear that Jungkook doesn’t want to talk about his parents, but just from that Jimin knows it must have been hard. All of it. Jimin knows love better than Jungkook. He kisses his forehead and the headlights that used to be his eyes close at the touch.

“I am so proud of you.” He says once again and Jungkook embraces him, pushing his head into Jimin's stomach with a tight grip.

“I love you” his boy whispers into cheap fabric.

“I love you too.”

Then they let go and Jimin seats himself in Jungkook's lap.

“What the fuck did you just do?”

“Excuse me?” Jimin doesn’t know what ‘the fuck’ he just did?

“You… Sing that again!”

Oh? Oh. Jimin repeats the melody he just improvised over the song, and before he’s even done, Jungkook pushes him off and towards the mic stand.

“Sing that. Exactly like that.”

His movements are rushed and Jimin giggles as he clumsily fumbles with the headphones to hand to Jimin. They record it once, and Jungkook claps afterwards. It does sound really good. It adds something.

“Can you do more? God your voice is so pretty I want to listen to it all day.”

They run the whole album from front to back and Jimin improvises melodies and adlibs over it. Jungkook records everything he does, and if it’s good but a bit hesitating, they do it again. Hours pass while they go through the tracks, cut them up to perfection and mix them into the songs. It’s dark outside when they’re done, but none of them notice since there are no windows. Jungkook
smiling all the way through, and Jimin too. He will be on his Album? In every song his voice is heard more or less, harmonizing with the most talented boy on earth. When they sit down and listen through it, it sounds even better.

“Thank you, Jimin.” Jungkook looks to him, ecstatic. “Oh my god, I can’t believe this is my album?”

“I can’t believe you let me in on your album!” Jimin answers. It’s actually a dream come true. More than that. For the little fanboy he used to be. For the little musician he used to be. Look at him now. Look at them now.

“I want you on everything I make from now on. Let’s send this in, I’m fucking done!”

“We should celebrate!”

“Damn right we should.”

Taehyung is sitting in Jins couch, eating noodles and watching a movie. He’s been there all evening for some reason. It started with Jin texting him asking him what his plans were for the night, but they ended up meeting up, fucking (twice), and then laying in bed for two hours to talk. He really missed speaking to Jin, he’s actually kind of funny. Though through that, it’s so obvious he’s still broken. The way he drifts mid sentence, the way he furrows his brows when he thinks Tae’s not looking. He glances over at him on the other side of the couch, slurping loudly on his food, and wonders what’s really going on inside his mind. Why is he doing all of this? Is it just to not be alone in a weak moment? Not to face the reality that he lost someone he loved? Why does Tae care so much?

“If you’re thinking about a round three I need to stop you right there, my back can’t handle that.” Jin grins and in the dim lights from the TV, Taehyung remembers how pretty he is.

“I wasn’t.”

“That’s mean.” he jokes.

“Shut up.” Tae smiles and looks back at the TV. There is no denying that he’s happy to have Jin back, but it brings out more confusion in him than anything else. He promised Jungkook not to fall in love with him again, and he has kept that promise, but the original ‘he’s a dick’ has left him. Now he doesn’t know what to feel. All he knows is that he missed this.

“Jin?”

“Yeah?”

None of them look away from the movie playing, and Taehyung suddenly gets nervous.

“What happened?”

Jin is visibly startled and shift uncomfortably in his seat, trying to hide it but failing.

“I… what do you mean?”
“I mean with you and me… With Sana… With everything?” Tae now looks over to Jin who is nervously biting at the cuticles on his right thumb, avoiding Taehyung's eyes.

“I don’t know… Those are long stories you’re asking for.”

“I’ll listen.”

“Okay.”

Jin proceeds to tell him everything. What he felt. How he got scared when they hooked up. His honesty shocks Tae, who thought that Jin just didn't like him and thought he was annoying. Not the opposite. The story about Sana is sweet and Jin talks about her like he really loves her still, and it breaks Tae's heart when he tells him about the night she left.

“I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay. I think in some way it was for the best.” Jin smiles from the other side of the couch and Tae wonders what he means by that. He does not dare to ask ‘and what do you think about me now?’ because he does not want to know. They’re fine as they are. More would be too much for both of them, he thinks. The movie is over and old episodes of Friends have started playing, so naturally that’s what they watch now. To the faint sound of a laughing track, he tries to hear his own heartbeat. It’s steady. Quiet. In blue light, flickering to the changing of scenery on screen, Jins skin looks glowing. He seems younger than when they met, and a hundred years older. Tae thinks he is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen, and that the lines around his eyes when he smiles is the only thing giving away that he is human. Tae feels his calm heart while he stares at the boy and thinks that it is a damn shame that he will never love Jin again.

Chapter End Notes

I just have one question, do you guys enjoy getting glimpses into the other characters lives? I have parallell stories going on but I don't know how much you want me to focus on them. Is this enough or do you want less of Namjoon and Taejin?

THANK YOU FOR READING I WILL COME BACK NEXT WEDNESDAY WITH A NEW UPDATE<33
Heyyo I’m early again!! Thank you all for your comments last week, I’ve read them all and will try to keep a good balance, not focusing on the others too much but still let you know what happens to them. I am so grateful for your engagement, I’ve been feeling out of it for the past week but you keep me on track!!

Also, it's been exactly a month since I saw BTS live and I'm missing them so much :((( can't wait for next time lmaoo

Alright, let's continue.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They take a cab back to the hills. Jungkook has been drinking so he leaves his car, praying it will still be there in the morning. They hold hands in the backseat and Jungkook snook a beer with him to not-so-discreetly drink in the car. There’s always a party to go to, and he got invited to both Francos and Zayn’s place tonight, but since Jimin has already been to Francos, and they’re likely to know more people at the latters party, they head there. Also, Bianca will most certainly be there, seeing as she has had a crush on him and is determined to break him and Gigi up. When they were off she almost got him, but now her tries will be for nothing. Though Jungkook knows for sure that she’s not giving up anytime soon. When they arrive they see Bianca outside in a short red dress and matching lipstick, probably searching for the host of the evening. Jungkook smiles and guides his boyfriend towards her, who he gave the last sip of the beer to. It’s past midnight when they arrive, and everyone is already drunk.

“Bianca!” Jungkook calls for her and she waves at them, pulling down on her dress with her other hand to not expose herself fully. She hugs Jimin first.

“I didn’t think you’d come!” she says with a large smile. A tiny bit of red lipstick has made its way to her pearl white teeth, but the dude in Jungkook doesn’t tell her.

“We had to celebrate!” Jungkook smiles back.

“Jungkook just sent in his album. It’s done.” Jimin fills in the blank.

“Kookie… I’m so fucking proud of you, you’re the best!”

“Thank you, it feels so nice. Now we want to drink though!”

Two more beers. Maybe a glass of wine. Three or four shots? Who’s keeping track? The drinks flow endlessly and they all cheer for Jungkooks new album. Even Zayn and Gigi join in when they stop by for a sec. It’s been a while since Jungkook was here and it’s good to see them. He makes sure Jimin is introduced and that he’s complimented on his song. Everyone’s heard Serendipity by now. Jimin gapes as they leave again.

“What the fuck”
At one Jimin has found a new clique to hang out with and Jungkook finds himself upstairs on the balcony. He’s just smoking one cigarette, or not even that, just a half, and watches the people on the front lawn. The music is blasting and everyone outside is taking a break from the loudness, speaking to one another or finding hideouts to make out. He sees some unexpected hookups that would have made the news if anyone decided to film them, but by the bushes, at the lookout spot, he sees the familiar frame of his old friend. Jogging down, he grabs the attention of Jimin who follows him.

“Namjoon!” Jungkook comes up behind him, but something seems kind of off. He’s never seen Namjoon slouching before. Jimin jogs up behind him and greets him too.

“Hey.” Namjoon answers, without much enthusiasm.

“You okay?” Jungkook gets kind of worried. Has something happened?

“Oh, yeah, I’m good. Just, I don’t know, not in the mood, I guess.”

“Has something happened?” The fact that Namjoon seems down gives Jungkook the weirdest feeling ever. It’s so wrong. So off. Namjoon can’t be sad he is superhuman and nothing can touch him?

“No, it’s just that living alone kind of got me in a weird place. Now that Yoongi left I realised that living by myself isn’t that great.”

Jimin backs up a bit and Jungkook looks at him. He seems to realize that this is a conversation between two old friends, and it’s best if he’s somewhere else right now.

“I’ll be inside if you need me.” he says and both Jungkook and Namjoon smiles and nods. Then he’s gone.

“I’m sorry Kook, I shouldn’t be dumping this on you.” he takes a sip of an almost empty glass of whiskey. He’s drunk too. How drunk Jungkook can’t tell, because he’s kind of fucked up as well, but the fact that Namjoon isn’t smiling makes him think he’s had more than Jungkook.

“Don’t apologize, I want you to talk to me. Tell me.”

“It’s stupid, let’s talk about something else.”

On a normal day, a month or so ago, Jungkook would have switched the subject, but after getting to know Jimin he’s been through too much to not know that it’s always better to talk about it. Namjoon has always been there for him. Time for it to be the other way around.

“Namjoon… tell me.”

“I’m just lonely.” he chugs the last of his alcohol and looks around to see if there’s any more within reach. There’s not. “It’s not that bad, just… lonely.”

“What do you mean? You have so many friends, you’re surrounded by people almost all of the time?” Jungkook honestly can’t understand where this is coming from. Not because he doesn’t care, he cares a great deal and really wants to get it.

“I know, but it’s different.” he sighs. “You know, I’ve watched you grow for years Jungkook. When we met you were so young and now you’re a full grown man and you’ve found someone to share your days with. To share your thoughts with. It makes me so very happy, really. I just wish I
had that. Doing what I do I don’t really make room for anyone to love me. I wonder if anyone ever will.”

“Namjoon…” how the hell do you respond to that? What does he say to make things better? If the liquor hadn’t spread so far out his veins maybe he would have said something more thought through, but at the time it felt right, and maybe it was.

“I’ve watched you grow too, you know. You always speak about how young I was when we met, but you were young too. I’ve seen you become the person you want to be. You have always been smarter than me, wiser than me, but I think you underestimate yourself still. You are loved, and have been. I…” and this might be the dumbest thing he’s ever said, or the best timed confession of his life “I was so in love with you before. I know it’s weird but don’t worry I have Jimin now, but you were the first boy I ever loved.”

Namjoon freezes, probably completely thrown off by the words. Jungkook continues, still looking out at the city below them. If he stops he might run away.

“I think you think that no one has time to love you, but it’s the other way around. If you stop and take a look I think you’ll find plenty of people willing to love you. Because I know for a fact that it’s very easy. And also…” he sees Namjoon lowering his head in an almost invisible sob. Almost. “... there’s nothing wrong with wanting to build yourself first. You do whatever you want and love will find you when the time is right.”

Namjoon tries to cover up him wiping a tear but it’s so stupidly obvious.

“When did you become so wise, Jungkook?”

“I learned from the best.”

Namjoon leans his head on Jungkook’s shoulder and it’s rapturous to finally be able to repay him for all of the things he has done. He changed everything for Jungkook and made him better. In a way it’s like Namjoon is helping himself right now.

“I love you Jungkook. You should come over more.”

“I will.”

“And bring that boy of yours. I like him.”

“So do I.”

Speaking of Jimin, they don’t see him anywhere when they walk inside to refill their drinks. At first Jungkook just thinks he’s upstairs with the people he hung out with before, but when he finds them in one of the lounge areas without Jimin, he gets worried.

“I can’t find Jimin.” he tells Namjoon.

“He must be somewhere, should we worry?”

“I don’t know… today has been kind of bad for him.”

“Why?”

“I’m not exactly sure what happened, but him and Yoongi are worse than ever.”

“Really?” Namjoons eyes widen and Jungkook can almost hear him write a mental note to check
on Yoongi in the morning.

“I’m gonna go look for him.”

“I’ll keep an eye out here.”

Every bedroom, every closet, even the garage is checked, but there’s no Jimin anywhere. He can’t have left because they would have seen him go. He’s not in the backyard, not on the rooftop terrace… After looking everywhere Jungkook dares to knock at the bathrooms.

After walking inside he felt the panic creep up on him. Namjoon’s words felt like a punch in the face and he had to get out of there. Once again, the second time in 24 hours, Jimin finds himself kneeling on the floor of a bathroom he has never been in before, crying over Yoongi. Though this time a bit more intoxicated than this morning. Where the fuck is he? If not with Namjoon, then where? Jimin has no idea and it is driving him mad. He is so hurt and upset and mad with himself. How could he have done this? He really drove the sweetest and most patient friend to the point of not wanting anything to do with Jimin. Jimin won’t break another mirror but FUCK he just wants to leave his body and be someone else. Be somewhere else. If he is honest with himself, nothing of the good he has here compares to the bad of losing his everything. Of course he is not thinking about Jungkook, because that’s unfair to compare, but his success? His fame? The adventure and meeting all of these new people? Being on Jungkook’s new album? Fuck all of it. He wants to go back to the time they called each other on Jungkook’s balcony. When Yoongi confessed that he loved Jimin and Jimin thought he had reached his peak when it comes to feeling pain. He wants to go back there because if he had treated Yoongi right after that, he would still have him. Wanting to change the past is a poignant thing. Useless and bitter. Yet that’s all he can wish for. To go back. Please let this story have a time travelling twist! Write it so that magic is real and I can fix everything! He roams with his eyes through the shelves in the bathroom, as if he’d suddenly find a magic lamp that wasn’t there a second ago. But that’s not how it works, Jimin. The kind of magic he craves is not real here. The closest to magic he will get is the one inside of him, to his horror. The magic that made him know Yoongi and him were made to be side by side. The magic that made him know that him and Jungkook are soulmates. The only magic Jimin possesses is his love and fuck if that is not the worst thing he has ever realized he doesn’t know what else is. Yoongi won’t accept the love he can give, because he has fucked him over one too many times. Jimin knows he shouldn’t break another mirror but it’s awfully tempting. However, he forgot that he is not the only one in possession of magic. A salvation wrapped neatly in a package that looks similar to a bunny toothed boy with warm hands and kind eyes appear outside of the locked bathroom. His voice is the real magic as it calls Jimin’s name softly into the wooden door, after knocking shyly. Jimin is not okay, nor will he be when he opens that door, but the sweet memory of his boy turns his tears from pathetic to grateful for what he still has. An embrace to run to. Arms that will catch him in this freefall, and if not able to stop him - fall with him so that he is not alone. He balances on his usually strong and sturdy legs, now fragile and quivering, and takes a final leap for the door. Jungkook moves fast when he finds him. Catches him with one arm to pull him back into the bathroom and closes the door behind them.

“Look at me Jimin! Are you there?” Jimin has his eyes closed as they both sink to the floor, Jimin pushed tightly against Jungkook’s chest. Jungkook stops when his knees hit the tiles but Jimin continues to sink through the floor, into a void of absolute blackness. Is it comforting? He doesn’t
know for sure. What he does know, though, is that hearing Jungkook's racing heart and feeling his large body against Jimin's smaller one is calming. He breathes normally and speaks, but can’t open his eyes just yet.

“Sorry, bunny. It’s been a rough day.”

“It’s okay, Jimin, talk to me.” Jungkook strokes his hair and kisses it.

“I’m just upset. Nothing new. It’s just like this morning. Yoongi’s not answering and he told Sejin that he will never work with me again. I think he might have blocked my number, not to speak about social media… I don’t know where he is. And I don’t know if I will ever see him again.” Jimin’s voice breaks. A familiar feeling by now. Breaking.

“I’m just worried about when we go home. What about Seoul? Will we move apart? When all of this is over, when we go back to our old boring lives, will he still hate me? I can’t take it there alone.” Speaking about home… the thought obviously crossed his mind before but it was too real to articulate. Now he breaks even more when hit with the reality that this is his life now.

Everything is changing and though Jungkook is his biggest comfort, it is not enough. Nothing can replace the void left by Yoongi. Nothing ever will. Jungkook holds him even tighter.

“Oh God Jimin I wish there was something I could do. Tell me if there’s something I can do.”

Jimin opens his eyes. They sting, but he wants to look at Jungkook. He wants to pull himself back up the hole he’s been sinking down.

“Just tell me you still love me.”

“Why wouldn’t I? I still love you Jimin. Always will. Like we said, you have me. I’ll be with you through this, if it makes it any easier.”

“Thank you.” Jimin closes his eyes again, now feeling the cold floor against the side of his thigh and the softness of Jungkook’s arms. Jungkook smells a bit like smoke but he doesn’t mind. Jimin is so god damn broken in this moment. What would he do without his sweet sweet boy? Where would he be now without Jungkook? Slowly but surely, he awakens from his sadness and sits up by himself. Jungkook wipes his tears and Jimin is reminded about the time he wiped Jungkook’s tears at Bianca’s party. It feels like a lifetime ago. Jimin used to be the strong one, but now he’s the one being comforted. He’s never been comforted before, and it’s weird to know that someone cares for him. Because the look on Jungkooks face as he touches his cheeks is so obviously full of love that it’s practically bursting at the seams. He can feel it radiate on his own skin and it’s beautiful.

They sneak out of the bathroom unseen, and goes to the front porch of the house to grab some air while they wait for their ride.

“Jimin?” Jungkook whispers while they sit on their chairs, too far away from each other in both of their opinions.

“Yeah?” he sniffs.

“You know… you really changed my life for the better.” They look out at the people flirting with each other in the large garden. People making out, smoking, talking about things that does not matter. Jungkook continues.

“Since I met you I’ve become a better person. I’ve learned so much about myself. About love. About trust. You make me kind and real and…” he looks to Jimin who’s still watching the people
in front of them, breathing in every syllable to leave Jungkook's sweet mouth.

“You even made my music better. Everything in my life means so much more because of you. I’m so sorry that all I do is fuck up yours.”

Jimin didn’t expect the last part. He turns to Jungkook to stop him, but he’s already began again.

“I broke your heart. I broke your relationship with Yoongi. I hide our relationship from the world…” Jungkook seems to be talking more to himself than anyone else in this moment. Jimin wants to say that he hasn’t done all of that, but truth is - he has. To some extent at least. If he could reach he would put his hand atop of Jungkook's and kiss him on the cheek, but all he can do is tell him

“You also make me feel safe and loved and like I have a purpose.”

Jungkook looks to him with regretful eyes, basically saying that it would be understandable if Jimin wanted out. So stupid.

“I have never loved like this, Kook. Never actually felt like I matter to someone. I want you so bad all of the time. I want to be near you. Hear your voice. I want to touch you. It’s worth the wait. It’s worth everything.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.”

They turn their heads to see a cab driving up towards the house, and knowing it must be theirs they get up. Before they leave however, Jungkook grabs Jimin's bruised knuckles and examines the small cuts on them.

“I’ll never let you hurt again. That’s a promise.”

Jimin pulls away, knowing that there is nothing Jungkook could have done to make him not hurt. But his promise is sweet and comforting and Jimin really needs someone to mean that.

“I love you.” he whispers in return. Then they go home.

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**SATURDAY JULY 8th (20 days until Jimin goes home)**

There are thousands of metaphors about the sun and Jungkook could paint them all out to be about Jimin, but not right now, because it has found a perfect spot between his curtains to painfully blind him. Jimin is snoozing beside him, tangled up in his sheets and Jungkook smiles knowing that his smell will linger for days. He should tell Jimin to stay here. For as long as he’d like. Maybe it would be nice for him to not have to think about the apartment anymore. And then they get to spend the last weeks together every night, kissing and talking and fucking and cuddling. Jungkook’s thoughts are interrupted by his phone ringing on full volume. He panics and answers it immediately to avoid waking his baby up. He crawls out of bed before speaking.

“Hello?”

“Sorry for waking you, I just got a call from your booker.”

It’s his manager.
“Oh?”

“I know it’s last minute so I wanted to check on you before I said yes, but they got a cancellation for the VMAs and now they need you.”

“To do what?”

“Perform.”

Jungkook has performed there before, two years ago, so it’s not a huge deal, but it’s a good ass gig.

“What date is it?”

“The 26th.”

“Sign me up.”

“Alright. Do you have any request on what you want to perform?”

“Actually… I think it’s a perfect time to tease the album. Maybe we could change things up so that we release a single before the album?”

“Sure, I’d have to check with the label first, but that could work.”

“I want it to be track number five.” It’s the one with Hoseok. Jungkook can visualize the performance already and it would blow them away. It would blow everyone away.

“Alright, I’ll call you back after I’ve sorted things out. Might take a while.”

“Do that. Talk to you soon.”

“By the way, Kook. I just listened to the new versions of the songs. You're a fucking genius.”

"Thank you." Jungkook feels warm. So warm. Thank you Jimin.

"Talk to you soon."

"Bye!"

Jungkook hangs up with a grin on his face. If this works out then Jimin gets to see him perform before he goes. His boy would be front row and Jungkook would look so cool just for him. He decides he won’t tell Jimin until it’s 100% sure before sliding back down into the warm comfy bed. Jimin turns and grunts and Jungkook pulls his arm around himself. Even though Jimin is the little one, he’s the big spoon.

“Good morning” he growls.

“Morning love.” Jungkook pushes back harder into Jimin. He wishes there was a way to cuddle more intensely without it becoming sexual. If there was he would do that right now. Jimin then stretches to reach his phone.

“Did I tell you the teaser for the music video will be out today?”

Jungkook sits up straight. Imagine Jimin on screen… singing that fucking masterpiece of a song…

“Really?”

“It might even be out now, let me check.”

It is. It was released an hour ago to his VEVO. They curl up together and Jungkook brings out his computer, he can’t watch it for the first time on a small iphone screen! He pushes play. The video already has thousands of views and for the whole 30 seconds Jungkook gapes. Jimin with blonde
curly hair. The blue and yellow and white. His lips mouthing
let me love you

Oh my god he is so breathtaking and Jungkook can’t believe that they are next to each other.

“Jimin…”

“Do you know I wrote the song about you?”

“What?”

It seems like a joke. Like Jimin is playing with him, saying that just to tease Jungkook for being so
in love with all of it. But he’s not joking.

“I can’t believe I never told you. It was when I ignored your texts. After your party when I
cornered you in the end of this hallway.” Jimin points to the corner of the room, where the hallway
moves on the other side of the wall.

“It’s so embarrassing, I got so embarrassed.”

“Oh yeah, I remember that. That was the hottest thing I’d experienced up until that point I think.”
Jungkook smiles at the memory. He was paralyzed by Jimin's presence. By the thought of him
touching himself. He doesn’t bring that up though. That part he will keep to himself.

“Really? I was so ashamed that I didn’t want to see you again. Though at the same time it was all I
wanted.”

Jungkook finds a frame in the teaser that he finds particularly pretty and stares at it.

“I wanted you so bad from the beginning you know. Even before I understood how good you were.
How good you would be.”

“This is all so weird. How did this even happen?”

“I’m not sure. I’m happy it did though.”

“Me too.”

They scroll through the comments and people are freaking out about his hair. Jimin decides to post
a selfie with it on instagram to amp the enthusiasm, and Jungkook helps him pick the right one. All
of them are the prettiest so it’s both really easy and really hard. He convinces him not to edit it at
all - to ‘flex on everyone by being naturally flawless’. Jimin laughs but does as he says. He doesn’t
want to annoy Jimin, but he knows that if he gets a few minutes alone, he will rewatch those 30
seconds to fill every moment. He can’t wait til monday to see the whole thing!

They spend the rest of the morning still in bed, eating cereal and watching Netflix, and at lunch
time Tae texts them and asks if they’re hungry. He’s coming over to pick up a few stuff and hang
out, bringing Jungkook’s car with him, that thankfully did not get stolen overnight. Not even
vandalized. Incredible. Jungkook doesn’t ask questions about his new hickeys, knowing exactly
where (who) they are from, and when he leaves they hug tightly. He’s going to stay at home for
two weeks. It’s the first time he’s been away for that long in years. Tae said it’s for himself, but
Jungkook knows it’s because he wants Jungkook and Jimin to get some time alone. Completely
alone. Jimin agrees that it will be nice to stay here and Jungkook is overjoyed. It’s so nice of Tae and truth be told, kind of needed, so Jungkook doesn’t fight it. Why would he? There’s nothing to worry about. Nothing to regret. Not a thing.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU FOR READING please keep leaving your thoughts in the comments
See you next Wednesday!!
Saturday night is eventless and lovely. Neither Jungkook nor Jimin has anything that has to be done so they spend it on Jungkook's couch, drinking wine and kissing each other's fingertips and complimenting the other in every third sentence. It’s sappy but as they haven’t really had the time to be that, they let themselves have this moment. Taehyung spends his night twisting and turning in cold sheets that barely remembers his body. Namjoon doesn’t even go to bed. He can’t sleep alone tonight. Maybe tomorrow. Los Angeles has a quiet Saturday, which is rare, and the air is ominous and still except for the light breezes blowing in Jungkook's back yard. They’re in a world of their own, where everything finally is fine. Jungkook isn’t worried about being watched. Jimin isn’t worried about hurting anyone. They just are. It’s like the world is watching them through a warmly lit window, from the snow storm outside. A wind that blows horizontally whips the rest of them in the face but Jimin and Jungkook barely notices the whistling sound it makes. Los Angeles has a quiet Saturday, but nobody is asleep.

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SUNDAY JULY 8th (20 days until Jimin goes home)

“My hair has gotten so yellow…” Jimin twists it between his fingers while they brush their teeth in Jungkook's bathroom. He is positioned behind the other, one hand around his toothbrush and after letting go of his hair, the other on Jungkook's waist.

“It looks good, though.”

Jimin hums, he doesn’t agree with that fully.

“I wish it was more silver.”
“You’d look so pretty with silver hair.”

“Right?” Jimin winks at his boyfriend in the mirror before spitting in the sink and washing his toothbrush. Jungkook follows his lead and spits too.

“Why don’t we just do it?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean…” he turns to Jimin “let’s go to Target and get you some silver hair color and just do it.” Jimin laughs at the stupid idea. He’s never colored his hair by himself before, that sounds really
difficult. However Jungkook isn’t laughing. He takes two strands of Jimin's hair and pulls them up like feelers on a snail and examines them.

“What’s the worst that could happen?”
“I go bald?”
“You’re so dramatic.”

Jimin turns to the mirror again and runs his hands through the yellow-ish locks. Maybe it’s not such a bad idea? He knows he’s supposed to find a lilac shade, that’s what the hairdresser told him when she bleached his hair, and he just puts it everywhere, right? Easy!

“Okay fine.”

“Really?” Jungkook jumps up and down and Jimin knows that ‘bunny’ is just a cute pet name for him but sometimes he acts like one so much that it’s kooky. They get dressed, Jimin brought a few clothing items in a bag but Jungkook insists that he dresses the boy. He is given a grey hoodie but keeps his blue jeans. To compensate Jungkook gives him glasses and a silver bracelet, which Jimin already knows he won’t be allowed to return. A kiss is placed on his hand after the jewelry is locked in place, and then they head out. Jungkook drives with one hand on Jimin's thigh. It’s so natural yet so tense at the same time. Target is 25 minutes away and Jimin is blasting Jungkook's unreleased album through the bluetooth speakers, singing along at the top of his lungs. The songs are in his dropbox, so the flow is kind of off when he forgets to play the next song immediately. He’s so happy that he gets to hear all of this first. It’s another month until they release it, but Jimin is already impatient. Imagine the reactions. It will be huge. They pull up to the parking lot and take a spot close to the entrance to avoid walking around in the open. Jimin knows exactly where the hair colors are located in the store and skips over there immediately. The first week in LA he went to Target once a day probably, cause it was so new and exciting. It’s so weird that he won’t stay here for much longer. He’s gotten so well adjusted. Also he dreads thinking about home and the future and-

“Purple?”

“It makes silver if you leave it in short enough. I think.”

“Really?” Jungkook looks confused as he takes the tube from Jimin's hand. “Alright, if you say so.”

“We need gloves and something to mix it with, too, right?”

“Don’t look at me, I have no clue!”

“Let’s just take these.” Jimin reaches for a mixing bowl, plastic gloves and something that says it dilutes color? It seems useful if the purple is too vivid. Gosh what is he doing? He for sure will mess this up. The self checkout is a heavenly thing, though people already have seen them they are not forced to speak to anyone, and this seemingly innocent interaction won’t make the news. Jimin pays for the items himself even though Jungkook insists multiple times, and sighs childishy loud when he’s denied, and then they drive back home. This time Jungkook’s hand is a bit higher on Jimin's lap.
Taehyung doesn’t wake up, he simply gives up lying in bed and trying to sleep when the sun has risen far enough above the palm trees outside. It’s not like he hasn’t slept here in a while, he was here three weeks ago for a night, but he hasn’t slept here two nights in a row. Being here for two weeks will surely take its toll, but he knows Jimin and Jungkook needs time alone. Or perhaps not need, but should get nonetheless. Jungkook deserves some time to fall madly in love so he will stop being so scared of coming out. He will have a huge impact on the LGBTQ+ community, and they deserve to get that kind of representation. Jungkook kind of owes it to the people, he thinks. Selfish? Maybe, but Jungkook will for a fact be so much happier when he’s out. Furthermore, Taehyung is very keen on keeping Jimin around. He is the absolute sweetest, and if he has to stay in this shithole for a fortnight for them to figure themselves out (read: be disgustingly in love) then so be it. He gets out of bed and sneaks down the hallway in his pajamas to the bathroom. He’s heard the door slam twice, and since Matt is the only one with a daytime job, that means that at least one of them was him. He takes a cold shower to rid himself of the layer of sweat coating his skin, and lets the water spray right in his face until he remembers he should breathe too. He finds the small bruises on his body, wrists, biceps, chest, thighs, and lines up his fingertips with where Jins were only two days ago. Jin. What a weird turnout for his lifeline. He can feel a sting of heat remembering how the bruises came about and is thankful for the cold water cooling it down. Getting out, he again catches a glimpse of his body in the mirror, and it stops him for a second. Watching it like this… from the outside, is so weird. Unnatural. This is what Jin sees when he no, nope, huh-uh, there’s no time for that, I have things to do today. Tae wonders what Jin sees in him that made him come back, and for him to have liked him too all that time ago. There’s no steam covering the mirror so he can see clear as a day. He looks uglier in this mirror. More gaunty and short and tired. He feels uglier in this house. Disgusting almost. No, not almost. Definitely disgusting. The fact that he’ll be here for a while is messing with his head, and he’s not as chill about it as if it was just one night. He knows he is not disgusting, nor is he ugly, but these walls grow as if to get away from him and he feels so small inside this apartment. When he’s dressed he leaves his towel to dry on the rack and heads to the kitchen. In there is Julia smacking on a bowl of soggy corn flakes.

“Morning.” she doesn’t look up from her bowl as she speaks.

“Good morning.” though when he answers he is greeted with a strifing smile. How the hell is he complaining about feeling small in here when Julia lives here full time.

“When did you get home last night?” he asks her and sits down to join her by the table. It was already set for him, with half-assed cleaned dishes, but he ignores it as he pours the milk and cereal. She wanted him to come.

“I just got in. How long are you staying this time?”

“Actually… a while I think.”

“Really?” she tries to hide the sparkles in her eyes at the news of her old friend being around again by looking down at her spoon. Though they fade quickly.

“Yeah, I wanted to give Kook some time for himself.”

“Is it true that he’s dating someone?”

“What?”

“It’s just a rumour going around, I guess. Someone said he’s acting like he’s off the market.”

“What do you mean?” Tae has to investigate this rumour, to know if he should worry.
“No one has slept with him for a few weeks. At least that’s what I’ve heard.” Julia hangs with the kind of people that got Jimin coke that one time. The kind of people that go to all of the parties, but doesn’t really know anyone, or doesn’t really do anything but take drugs and try to go home with someone who one day might make them famous. If the rumour is spreading around them then it probably won’t spread far, since no one really listens to them anyway. Also, the people Jungkook used to bring home are, not to be like that, but a bit higher in standard, so they definitely shouldn’t know.

“Well, he’s not. You can tell them that.” Julia laughs weakly. Everything she does is done weakly. “Anyway, what are your plans for the day?”

“I was hoping you would ask.” Julia looks Tae in the eye and he’s preparing for a blatant lie about a meeting with a big producer.

“I have a job interview!”

Here we go again…

“It’s not what I want in the long run, but it will keep me going I guess. It’s for a waitress position at a strip club downtown.” Any other person would be fazed by a friend doing that kind of work. It’s looked down upon. Shameful. But Taehyung burns inside. If she gets that job she might make it back on her feet. Having a place to go would be so good for her. He tries to hide his excitement in fear of her seeing his hopelessness being replaced by a small spark and her misinterpreting it as pity.

“That’s so fucking good. I hope you get it.”

“Me too.”

“--

“It’s sooo dark Jimin.”

Jimin coos at how Jungkook drags his “so” while squirting out some more purple hair dye in the white mixing bowl, seeing it contrasting harshly.

“We’ll fix it! Look!” He points at the box of diluter and proceeds to pour a good amount of color.

“This is so stupid what if we fuck it up, please don’t blame me.” Jungkook stares at the purple blob with scared eyes.

“We’ll be fine, bunny.”

“I hate that I love it when you call me that.”

Jimin dilutes the color until it’s a pretty lilac that resembles the one the lady at the salon had. It takes almost the entire bottle of white that they bought, and they now have copious amounts of hair color for his short strands. It’s not easy doing it yourself! Jungkook puts on gloves and spreads it slowly and with great care all throughout Jimin’s hair. It looks crazy, and when the dye oxidises, it
turns a lot darker than expected.

“Shit shit shit” Jungkook watches the color turn and gets anxious. Cute, Jimin thinks. He’s not worried though, that happened at the salon too.

“Relax, baby, it’s supposed to do that I think.”

“Oh.”

Jungkook kisses Jimin's cheek as he wipes some color from his forehead.

“You look cute.”

“Thank you.” Jimin finds Jungkook's profile in the mirror. He’s looking at Jimin with glowing eyes and such a loving smile Jimin has never seen. It’s all surreal still. Will be forever. The way Jungkook just looks at him. He sees him. Wants to see him all of the time. It’s so obvious and unbelievable. Jungkook doesn’t open his mouth to speak. Nothing needs to happen in his world now. He’s fine right where he is, paused in a content state while looking at his boyfriend, and Jimin can feel his warmth by his side. He has never been loved like this. Never been seen like this. Never been touched like this. Like he matters. Like he is good enough. It’s a beautiful feeling in which he basks by only watching Jungkook watching him.

“I don’t want to go home.” Jimin whispers.

“I don’t want you to go home.” Jungkook finds Jimin's eyes in the mirror.

“I don’t know when I’ll be back.”

“It will go by quickly, maybe you can come back by fall? When Seoul becomes cold. The tour is here in the states then. Also, I’ll be in Japan in November, I’ll fly you out.”

You should come home with me. I’ll take you to my parents house and they will cook you your favorite meal from when you were a kid. They will love you and my brother will be so jealous. We should buy him something, he’s your age, you’ll know what to get him.

That’s what Jimin wants to say. Come with me. But he knows Jungkook has his tour, and he doesn’t know if Jungkook ever wants to go back. He hasn’t been since he left.

“I’ve always wanted to visit Japan in the winter.” Jimin says instead.

“I’ll take you to Disneyland. I heard it’s fun.”

“There’s one here too.”

“Yeah, but there’s also one in Japan.”

Jimin laughs. Stupid.

“Fine, we’ll go, but only if you let me pay.” he then says.

“Okay.”

“Okay, then.”

Maybe Jimin will survive a short period at home. He will let Yoongi have the apartment until they figure that out, and then he will come back here. Be with Jungkook and make more music and watch him perform live every other day.
They rinse Jimin's hair out after fifteen minutes and it turns out a perfect silver, with just a slight hint of lilac. Jungkook watches as he dries and styles it with a shy middle part, and when he's done and they have moved back to Jungkook's bed, Jungkook climbs on top of Jimin and pushes his hair back to mess it up.

“Is now the time you tell me that my hair looks good pushed back?” Jimin is laying down, straddled by the younger.

“What?”

“It’s a quote from mean girls. Jeez Kook I have so much queer culture to show you. First Britney, now this...” Jimin rolls his eyes teasingly.

“You’re so gay” Jungkook teases back.

“I am, huh. Especially when I fuck you up your ass.”

Jungkook picks up a pillow and swings it at the other, laughing embarrassed by Jimin's sudden profanity.

“Language! You’re my hyung, you shouldn’t teach me such things.”

“Oh come on, you’ve never called me hyung.”

“Nah, and I won’t start now. Jimin-ssi.”

Now it’s Jungkook's turn to take a pillow to the head. He over-dramatically falls off Jimin's body, and lands next to him.

“I surrender, I surrender!” he laughs, blocking the next hit by grabbing Jimins arms and pulling him down too. Their lips crash and the little game dies down. Jimin is so soft in Jungkook's arms. They intertwine their legs and he holds Jimin tighter, so happy that he is here. Finally, just the two of them for basically the rest of Jimin's stay. He hates the thought of Jimin getting on a plane to fly across the pacific ocean to live on another continent. Hates it so much that it hurts to just imagine. Jimin runs his hands through Jungkook's hair, creating goosebumps on his arms.

“I can’t wait to tell my mom about you.” Jimin whispers into Jungkook's chest, where he has laid down. Jungkook doesn’t answer. He wants to meet Jimin's parents, but he can’t help but to think of his own mother.

“Why don’t you ever speak about your parents? What happened between you?” Jimin's words are careful, he knows he is stepping on dangerous grounds, yet Jungkook still becomes defensive.

“There’s not much to say. They don’t want anything to do with me, and I don’t want anything to do with them.” he speaks through a clenched jaw.

“Why?”

“They just suck. That’s it.”
“What about your brother?”

“I don’t want to talk about my brother.” he hisses back at Jimin. “I’m sorry, I just don’t want to think about that. Ever. So stop.”

He ignores Jimin's disappointed gaze. Of course he wants to know more. The way Jungkook always wants to know more about Jimin. But he can’t. It’s painful to see the disappointment in Jimin's eyes. He hates this so much, but he can’t talk about it. He can’t remember, he can’t make it real again.

“I’m sorry, Kook.”

“It’s okay.”

Jimin kisses his forehead, then nose, then both of his cheeks, and lastly lands with his plush lips on Jungkook's delicate pout.

“Are you hungry? Can I make you something?” Jimin says and then kisses him again.

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Tae signs the contract to rent the large premises for his release show. It’s an outdoor restaurant which he will remodel to a runway, and they will cater food and drinks for the evening. He’s scored investors to pay for most of it, but it’s still an expensive spectacle. Though, the excitement takes all of the money worry away. It’s so close. Finally after so many years he will release his brand. He will have Jungkook, Jimin, Julia and Jiyong front row. He really should have named his brand J, it seems more fitting considering his choice of friends, though V looks a lot cooler. Simple and catchy. What are you wearing? Oh, It’s Vs latest collection. That’s what they’ll all be saying soon, especially since Jungkook will be his main ambassador for the clothes. A walking commercial billboard that Taehyung gets for free. Thank god his best friend is so supportive of his work, he could never have done it without him. Jungkook has kept him focused and motivated even when he wanted to quit, and he is so awfully thankful for him. The two of them really are the best team in the world. When the meeting is over, and they have decided to keep emailing about the details, Taehyung takes a cab to the beach. It’s only 15 minutes away, and he really needs some time alone before heading home tonight. He dreads it, though he can’t wait to hear what Julia has to say about the interview. He wants it to have gone perfectly, and that she starts tomorrow. She might not get good hours, still hang around bad people, but she will at least have some sort of purpose. Maybe she will move on to another waitress job, one which is not at a club. Then she could sober up and become her old self, working as a manager at a cafe maybe. Her hair could grow back and she could eat more and they could go to the movies again. She would buy the snacks if he buys the tickets. Like they used too.

Jin

Are you doing something rn?

4.12pm
Me

I’m heading to the beach. Venice. Care to join?

4.12

Jin

omw

4.14

Things seem to be more and more like they used to. Jungkook in a relationship. Jin and Taehyung hanging out at the beach. (He texts Jin to bring two pairs of swim trunks. Would be nice to go in for once.) Him living at his old place again. Julia going for job interviews. Why is his life moving backwards? Or perhaps it’s more of a circle closing. He doesn’t know if he loves it fully, but things sure are a lot better in some ways at least. The sun is still warm, maybe warmer since we’re fucking up the climate so badly. The water is still warm too, and he can’t wait to soak in it. La is still so warm even though things sometimes seem so cold, and it sometimes seems as if it’s the fault of this damned city. He loves it and he hates it so much. It has given him many good opportunities, let him cross paths with so many good people, yet it strips others of their lives. Of who they are. Julia didn’t want this. She would never have become any of this if she would have stayed in Nebraska.

It’s the place where he learned to love himself, and the place where he got tore down bloody. He loves it and he hates it so much. Though right now, in this afternoon light, it seems peaceful and pretty again, and when Jin comes with drinks and swimming shorts, he is happy that he’s here. They change in the bathrooms and then sprint through the burning sand to let salty waves crash into them. When they have swum far enough so that the waves don’t disturb them, they just float.

“This saved my afternoon, I was so bored after that audition.”

“I feel you, it’s nice to not have to go home.”

“Why? Are you and Jungkook fighting?”

“No, I’m staying at my actual home right now.”

Jin sinks and begins to swim in place instead, looking at Tae who is still afloat.

“You still live there? I thought you moved in with Jungkook?”

“No, I kept it, someone needed to pay the rent, and it would be unfair to Kook if I just moved in.”

“He would love it if you did, I think.”

“Maybe. But it still feels wrong to make it official. I live off of him enough as it is.”

“You don’t, Tae.” Jin graces his hand and Tae sinks too. They find themselves close to one another, moving their legs to keep a steady position above water, and Jin moves even closer. Taehyung gets the urge to kiss him, but doesn’t know why. He shouldn’t. That’s not what they do.
He moves backwards, seeing that Jin had the same idea. He wanted it too, and that’s even more of a reason to break the tension.

“Is he still there? You can’t live with that guy. Not after what he did to you.”

“He is, but I stay out of his way. I won’t be home until he’s in his room practically sleeping, and I won’t leave mine until he’s gone. Also, like I said, I’m the one who pays the rent so he can’t really do anything now.”

Jin looks upset, not very pleased with his answer.

“You have got to be kidding me! You can’t hide in your own home, move out! Get your own place if not Jungkook’s. Tae, it’s time.”

“I can’t! They depend on me. I can’t leave.” He begins to swim back in towards land. Jin follows by his side.

“Yes you can. Come stay with me tonight, you shouldn’t be there.”

“I can’t. Julia had a job interview today, I need to know how it went.”

“Tomorrow then.”

“Okay.”

“You’re too good for your own good, you know.”

Jimin cooks Jungkook salmon with rice and vegetables that they postmated from the grocery store since Jungkook doesn’t have anything at home except for alcohol, breakfast and energy drinks. While Jimin works by the stove, Jungkook is on his laptop smelling the sweetness of a home cooked meal. An email drops into his inbox, and two seconds after he receives a text. He reads the text.

‘Check your email’

He reads the email. It’s forwarded by his manager, from the arrangers of the VMAs. He got the gig, it’s basically all sorted. July 26th, a 3 minute performance next to last. He just has to check it with Hoseok and his team before deciding the song. Jimin is humming along to the radio, so Jungkook figures he won’t hear the call and thus won’t get the news spoiled like this. Jungkook wants to tell him over dinner. He will have his boy seeing him live!! Jungkook picks up his phone again.

“Hoseok!”

“Hey Jungkook, what’s up?”

“I’m working while Jimin is cooking us dinner. What’s up with you?”
“Just got out of a session. Why do you sound all excited?” Jungkook can’t stop smiling, these are fun news.

“What are you doing the 26th?”

“Of July? Isn’t that when the VMAs are? I’ll be there then, why?”
“Do you want to perform?”
A silence lays over the iphone speakers, making Jungkook question if they lost connection for a second.

“Are you serious? What are you saying?”

“You and me, performing together.”

“Shut up.”

Hoseok is well known, but his kind of music isn’t the go-to when setting up big shows like this, so it would be his first time.

“What do you say?”

“Are you serious?”

Jungkook laughs, Hoseok seems so happy.

“Yes! Let’s do it!”

“Hell yeah! Of course I’m fucking in, holy shit!”

“Great! My team will contact yours and bla bla bla, you know the drill.”

“I know the drill. Thank you Kook, this is so cool.”

“Thank you too, I think it will be huge. Gotta go now, dinner’s almost ready.”

“Aight, talk to you soon, bro.”

“Bye!”

They hang up and Jimin serves him a steaming plate. When he tells his boy, Jimin claps in excitement. He will be front row. They will walk the red carpet. Not as a couple. Not together. But at least they’ll know.

--

Hoseok hangs up the phone with the biggest smile on his face. He’s out on the street waiting to go back to his car and go home, the session has been exhausting, yet so much fun. He’s starting a new project, something he hasn’t done before. It’s fun to collab, especially when you find people equally as talented and driven as you. He puts his phone back in his pocket before turning to the small boy finally exiting the building, closing the door gently behind him.

“Guess what?”
Yoongi turns around to hear to what Hoseok has to say. He doesn’t guess what, he knows Hoseok will spill it even before he opens his mouth.

“I’m performing at the VMAs!”

“Really?” Yoongi’s eyes widen as he smiles. He has a very cute smile. It’s rare to see. At least in the short amount of time the two have known each other. Hoseok has since then done his best to bring it out of him.

“What are you gonna do?”

“The collab I did with Jungkook.”

He knows Jungkook is a touchy subject, or more so that Jimin is, but he can’t lie?

“Cool.” They start walking towards Hoseok’s car, it’s a yellow Mercedes, so it’s easy to find.

“I know you dislike the guy, but do you want to come?”

“I don’t dislike him. I dislike Jimin.”

“You don’t dislike Jimin either.” Yoongi doesn’t answer to that. “Anyway, again, do you want to come?”

“I don’t know…”

They find the car a block down and get in before continuing their conversation. Hoseok backs out of the parking space and start moving them towards his apartment.

“You don’t have to, but I get a plus one. I think you would have fun. Namjoon will be there too.”

“Maybe. I’ll think about it.”

Yoongi puts on the radio and Hoseok sings along to every song, drumming on the steering wheel when they are delayed by red stop lights. Yoongi is quiet and rests his head against the window, but Hoseok can see him smiling. A very cute smile. He does his best to bring it out of him because he really, really likes to see it.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so soft this week?? Jikook got me in a weak place i’m suddenly a soft stan lmao
BUT ALSO

FINALLY you know where Yoongi has been hiding all of this time. I saw some of you figured it out before, and I just wanted to tell you you were right but I'm determined not to spoil ANY plot. I've got it almost all figured out now, and all I can say is hehehehHEHEH

It means the world that you are still with me in this. Please leave your thoughts in the comments, like I've said, I read them ALL. <33 Thank you once again.
Monday is hectic. All day Jimin is flooded with emails and calls and countless of new Instagram and Twitter followers. The music video is a huge hit and Jungkook has been watching it non stop when Jimin is busy with calls. By the end of the day he is scheduled for Good Morning America on Friday, three radio interviews, four new possible brand deals that he agreed to, and he just finished answering the last written interview for a magazine. Sejin said he is going to try to score them a carpool karaoke too, but that’s really difficult. When they spoke, Jimin asked about Yoongi, but got no wiser in where the hell that boy is. Sejin says he is alright though, but Jimin isn’t satisfied with that. He sends another text to him, but it’s clear now that Yoongi has blocked him everywhere. A last resort would be emailing him, but he doesn’t want to be ignored there too, as some of you may understand. He hopes that Yoongi has blocked the mentioning of his name too, because it has to suck to log in to Twitter and see Serendipity trending #18 in America, even though he made it too. It must suck to see Jimin’s face on every social media platform, and the discussions about his pretty blonde hair. It’s all so shallow. Jimin posts a new selfie with his silver hair and tells his followers once again to stream the song and watch the video, and they all love him so so so much??? He thinks about the girl on the bus again. What was her name? Rude of him not to remember. He wonders what she thinks about the music video. It’s all so surreal and overwhelming. This is all he ever wanted, and now it’s here. Only beginning hopefully. When he’s back here he should play more live shows. That’s the last thing he texts Sejin about for the day, before closing his laptop and joining Jungkook in his room again. He’s in his little studio corner working on something new, or messing around, Jimin can’t tell. The sun has almost disappeared from the sky and Jimin glances over Jungkook’s shoulder to find that it’s already time for dinner. Damn… they both forgot about lunch.

“Kook?”

Jungkook turns around and smiles. “Are you clocking out for the day?” his boy asks him full of hope to actually get some quality time together even in this stressful day.

“Yeah, we just booked up the rest of the week, it will be a lot, but right now I just want to relax.”

“How about…” Jungkook removes his headset and leaves his chair “…you and I order some food…” he walks up to Jimin and kisses him on the forehead “…change into something comfy…” then on the lips “…and watch a movie?”

Jimin leans into his boy and closes his eyes.

“That sounds so very lovely.”

Jimin chooses Call Me by Your Name as the movie they will watch after they have finished their Chipotle, because Jungkook is apparently so “uneducated in the queer popular culture”. He has
seen the poster for the movie but he had no idea it was about a gay couple. Refreshing, he thinks, and comforting. It’s been so hyped and everyone praised it, and when it starts Jungkook understands why. As someone who works with art, and has made countless of music videos, he can truly appreciate the cinematic experience. The coloring and scenic landscapes makes him love it from the beginning. And also Jungkook’s heart races more and more the closer the two boys on the screen get. Jungkook is curled up in Jimin's embrace, laying on top of him, head resting on his chest, and he can hear the others heart race a bit too when they first kiss. It’s so different from all of the boring romcoms Jungkook has suffered through, and for a moment he wonders if he’s not completely gay after all, before remembering he’s not. It’s just the fact that it feels like they are watching someones secret. Their own secret too. It’s exciting and a little forbidden and when the two main characters begin to undress each other Jungkook realises that he’s really turned on. His bulge is pressed against Jimin's shin and he shifts to hide it, a bit embarrassed that he can’t even watch half of a sex scene without getting hard. Jimin however has definitely noticed because when Jungkook glances over at him he can see him smirking. Jungkook blushes and quickly turns his attention back to the TV, but Jimin pauses the movie instead. Fuck.

“Jungkook?” Jimin raises the boys chin with two fingers, forcing their eyes to meet. “Do you want me to take care of that?”

Jungkook bites down on his bottom lip, breath quickening. More blood rushes to his crotch at the sudden thought of Jimin touching him. Who cares about the movie now? It’s pretty and all, but Jimin is a lot prettier. He hums in response while nodding subtly.

“Say it.”

“I want you to take care of me.”

“Turn around.”

Jungkook sits between Jimins legs on the couch, pushing Jimin's right one to stand on the floor beside it. He leans into Jimin's touch, feeling the heat against his back, his rising and falling chest. It’s much calmer than Jungkooks. Teasingly, Jimin runs his hand from Jungkook's chin down over his chest, gracing his left nipple and slowly, very slowly, approaching his waistline. Jungkook grows at the touch and grinds at nothing, wanting Jimin to touch him so badly.

“God Jimin, I can’t stand you” he whines in a whisper, desperate for a touch. Jimin kisses his neck before biting it softly. He whispers

“When I’m done with you you won’t be able to stand at all”

Jungkook chuckles out of breath.

“What a cliché”

“Oh you wait.”

Jimin pushes down with a flat palm, following the bulge in Jungkook's sweats and at that Jungkook gasps and closes his eyes. Finally.

“Tell me you like it.”

“I love it”

With a loose grip, Jimin finds his dick through the fabric and begins to stroke it softly. That’s not enough for Jungkook who squirms in place, thrusting barely contained in to Jimin's hand.
“More… Please…” he asks as he turns his head around, complaining cutely in hopes that Jimin will fall for his puppy eyes. Jimin kisses his pouting lips, but lets go of his grip.

“You want more, huh?”

Jungkook nods in anticipation.

“Then you have to do better.”

What does that mean?

“Beg.” Jimin's eyes are serious, dark and burning. Of fucking course Jungkook will beg for that. He slides his body down from the sofa to position himself on his knees in front of Jimin who spreads his legs and sits up. Jungkook then remembers that he doesn’t know how to beg? A flushing pink finds its home on his cheeks as he lowers his gaze.

“Please…?” The words come out weak.

“Jungkook, I swear to God I’ll leave this fucking house.”

“No, wait!” Jungkook puts a stopping hand on Jimin's thigh.

“Please, I beg you. Touch me, Jimin.”

“Why?”

A sly smirk hides behind Jimin's wanting eyes. He would never leave, Jungkook knows that, but fuck, he wants Jimin to want him so badly that he can’t control himself. He begins to massage Jimin’s thigh, squeezing the soft flesh with a hand that grips almost halfway around it.

“I promise I’ll be good. I’ll make you feel good too.” he pouts again, once again hoping Jimin will fall for it.

“How?”

“Any way you want me too.” His hand moves towards Jimin's crotch, slow and querying. “Please, Jimin.”

“I don’t know…”

“If I don’t succeed at making you satisfied… You can punish me however you’d like.”

Jungkook knows damn well that Jimin is capable of damage. He has proven before that when he doesn’t hold back, he is unpredictable and rough, and so fucking sexy. It’s obvious in Jimin's drooling that he accepts the terms.

“Get up.”

Jungkook stands up before Jimin has even finished the words, and is greeted by greedy fingers pushing him closer to a still sitting Jimin. His pants are pulled down to his ankles and Jimin kisses his abs, so close yet so far away from the bulge in his boxers. With a bite to his hip Jimin grabs Jungkook's ass, making a breathy moan escape his slacking jaw. Jungkook stares as Jimin examines his body, moving his fingers to the back of his thighs, up and inside of his boxers. He shivers in anticipation. Then, lastly, Jimin pulls them down. The act of being stripped bare by Jimin is one of the most electrifying sensations Jungkook knows to this day. He holds his breath, waiting for Jimin to do what he promised, and he does not disappoint. Soft lips enclose around his tip. He can swear
his heart stops at least until Jimin has worked his way to devour Jungkook fully. The sight of him being buried inside of Jimin never ceases to overwhelm him, no matter how many times it’s been. Jimin moans against him and moves, slowly. His hair is a bit brittle from the bleach, and his roots are beginning to show, Jungkook notices as he runs his hands through it. He does not push him down nor move, he lets Jimin do the work. If he does anything without permission he set himself up for punishment, so it’s better to be careful. The sight mixed with the sensation of Jimin sucking his dick is a lethal combination, and it takes his every last piece of self control not to choke him here and now.

“Jimin, you feel so good.” he whispers, closing his eyes to maintain the control. It’s getting dangerous. Jimin leans back, letting go of him.

“Come here.”

Jungkook bends down to kiss him and a slight taste of himself lingers on Jimin's tongue. Jimin pulls Jungkook's shirt over his head, leaving him fully exposed. With one hand placed on Jungkook's back, Jimin runs the other down his thigh to the bend of his knee and pulls him towards himself. Jungkook complies obediently and soon finds himself straddled in Jimin's lap, still with his sweats and underwear hanging off his left ankle. Jungkook wants Jimin naked too. He wants to feel his skin on his. With eager hands he tugs at Jimin's shirt, asking for permission to remove it, but Jimin doesn’t budge. He’ll have to beg again.

“Howie, let me undress you.”

Jimin smirks into the kiss before pulling away and raising both hands, allowing Jungkook to slip off his shirt and toss it aside. When he finally runs his hands over Jimin's torso he can literally feel the endorphins rushing through him. Euphoria. He kisses him hard, grabbing the nape of his neck to pull him in even closer. Jimin slides his hands up his thighs and touches him again. With a calm pace he pumps Jungkook's length, making Jungkook thrust against him in desperation. With his heart beating out of his chest, Jungkook attacks Jimin's neck. Kissing it. Licking it. Biting it. He tangles his fingers in Jimin's hair and forgets that he’s leaving pink bruises in visible places. Places where they cannot be misinterpreted. When he sucks a bit too hard, Jimin yanks him away by pulling his hair. Then Jungkook looks down at his creations, watching the blood slowly rush to where he just had his lips. Three pink marks. With frightened eyes he looks over at Jimin. He fucked up. Jimin's eyes are hungry, vengeful and dark, like the ones of a wolf who just witnessed its prey step into its lair. Did Jimin wait to pull him off before he left marks? Fuck… Jungkook did tell him to punish him however he liked. Butterflies tickle the bottom of his stomach in anticipation for what comes next. He remembers the time Jimin bit his shoulder until it bled and gives the table a quick glance at the memory. He was tied up… fucked mercilessly until he couldn’t stand. He wants to see Jimin lose control like that again.

“Sorry hyung” Jungkook pretends to look apologetic and innocent, knowing damn well that Jimin knows the use of that word is ironic. Teasing. Jimin isn’t having it.

“Uh-uh baby, get off.”

Jungkook finds himself back on the floor again. Away from Jimin, who looks so pretty and evil from down here. Jungkook wonders if he’ll tie him up again. Perhaps take him out to the balcony to fuck him. Maybe get his revenge and pound him in the shower like Jungkook did before. But no. Jimin does none of those things. Instead he begins to touch himself. He throws his head back and grinds against his own hand through his pants. Jungkook's eyes grow bigger. He wants to touch too. Jimin slides one hand inside of them, out of Jungkook's sight, and he stares in awe. The view is so fucking hot, Jimin touching himself, moaning and squirming by his own hand. Jungkook slides
his fingers down and gently strokes himself at the sight, but Jimin realizes quickly and kicks his hand away.

“Hands behind your back, bunny.”

Slowly Jungkook understands that he’s getting a real punishment. All he gets to do is watch. No touching. No tasting. He’s devastated. With hands in an invisible lock behind his back he shifts in place, as if the air could take the place of Jimin's hands. He stares while Jimin tugs at his waistband, knowing damn well that Jimin's eyes are roaming his body, but fully unable to meet them cause of the fact that he needs to see. If he can’t touch he wants to watch. Jimin slides his pants down enough to take his dick out, and God, Jungkook just wants a taste.

“Jimin-ah…” he proceeds with caution, fully aware that Jimin is in charge of how all of this plays out. He needs to be on his good side if he wants anything.

“You look so pretty…” Jungkook doesn’t look away from Jimin's hand, working its way up and down his length. The only answer he gets is a half questioning, half agreeing humming.

“I want you.” Jungkook lowers his head, once again begging for the other.

“I can tell.”

“Please, Jimin?” He looks up, now tilting his head to the side, begging with desperate eyes. Jimin ignores him and instead picks up a faster pace. Pearls of sweat appear on his forehead and chest, and he pulls his eyes off of Jungkook to throw his head back again. He’s gonna cum soon. That’s so fucking unfair. Fuck the punishment, fuck the game. Jungkook wants what he wants. He moves, breaking the invisible tie around his wrists and puts his hands on Jimin. He grabs his forearm and pulls it to the side, stopping the flow for a second before replacing it with his mouth. Jimin’s moaning becomes loud, and he lets Jungkook have his way. Lets him hungrily suck him until he’s tiptoeing on the edge. Then he yanks him off by pulling his hair. Jungkook looks up with a swollen pout and an arrogant expression.

“Shit Jungkook…” his boyfriend smilingly pants. “You’re really gonna be bad tonight, aren’t you?”

“Perhaps.”

“What’s the point of punishment if you don’t learn anything from it?” Jimin gently runs his hand through Jungkook’s hair who shivers at the touch. Jimin really has the biggest grip around his heart…

“I guess you’re just gonna have to try until you find something that works.” Jungkook stands up on his now sensitive knees to kiss his love. Then Jimin signals for him to come back to straddling him. Jimins sweatpants have slid back up, covering him once again, but Jungkook doesn’t let that stop him from grinding himself on him. Jimin meets his ass with greedy hips and it is heaven to feel him so hard for Jungkook. He grinds with more passion, throwing literally all shame out the window. He just wants Jimin to think that he is pretty and good and satisfies him like no one else. If Jimin wants him to beg, he’ll beg, and he’ll do it better than anyone has ever done it for Jimin. All throughout Jungkook's life he has always wanted to be the best, and this could never be the exception. Jimin stops answering his kisses when his mouth falls agape, only allowing him to shallowly moan at the way Jungkook moves. He makes sure it’s not too fast though, Jimin has to have strength left to fuck him later. Nails dig into his sides as Jimin grips around his elegantly curved waist. Who’s begging now?
“F**k” is the only thing Jimin's blurry mind can amount to say before Jimin pushes him up again to turn him to lay down. The couch is too narrow to allow the two much room, so Jimin throws the back pillows off the couch. He then gets back on top of Jungkook and pulls off the clothes still dangling from his foot. Jungkook wants Jimin naked too, but when he shoves his thumb inside the hem of Jimin's sweats, Jimin pins his arm above his head to prove he is still in charge. Jimin decides when and if he will undress. Sloppy kisses are placed on Jungkook's neck and he squirms below the elder, wanting him to touch him. Needing him to touch him. He just wants Jimin to wrap around him and open him up and use him to feel good.

“F*** me, Jimin”

He knows how much Jimin loves to hear him ask for it, and now is no different. Jimin closes his eyes and cocks his head to the side as a reflex.

“Why?”

“Cause I will make you feel good. And don’t you want to take care of me? I need someone to take care of me.” Jungkook is using all of his seductive powers to just get Jimin to fuck him. It’s the most fun he has had in relation to sex. Everyone else just wants a quick fuck and then be able to say they had sex with Jeon Jungkook. Jimin doesn’t give a shit, he’ll make Jungkook get on his knees and beg to even be be allowed to pleasure Jimin. It’s unpredictable and fun and so fucking sexy. Jimin moves his kisses down once again.

“You’re so fucking needy” he growls against Jungkook's chest before licking teasingly at Jungkook's nipple.

“Only for you.”

Jimin plays with it for a while, once again making Jungkook shift in place in anticipation. Then Jimin lets him go, and licks down the side of his chest, sometimes leaving sloppy kisses, and traces his tongue back to his hip. Teeth sink into Jungkook's upper thigh and he suffocates a whimper. He doesn’t want Jimin to hold back for him. Then… Finally. He can feel the want in Jimin as his boyfriend puts his mouth around him again. Jimin loves to be praised, Jungkook has noticed, and now he is getting impatient with waiting to get fucked. He needs to feel Jimin inside of him soon or he will burst. A wet tongue travels skillfully to all the places Jungkook loves the most, all of his weak spots.

“Jimin you’re so good at that.” Jimin hums in response, but Jungkook isn’t done. “You’re so pretty and I love it when you fuck me. You’re the best I’ve ever had.”

At that his knees are pushed to his stomach and Jimin eagerly moves down. Jungkook is riling him up, pushing all the right buttons so Jimin will fuck him good. Jimin pumps him with his hand while eating him out and Jungkook swears he can see the light. He has to grip Jimin's wrist to stop him from making him cum too soon. Jimin takes that hand, now free from duty, and lubes them up in his own mouth before beginning to stretch Jungkook. His body is getting more and more used to foreign objects being inserted inside of him on a regular basis, so this time he is quick to adjust.

“We should get some toys” Jimin murmurs while moving two fingers skilfully inside of him. Imagine Jimin prepping him with toys… buying a vibrator to try out on his boy. Jungkooks entire body becomes weak at the thought.

“I agree” he moans, moving back against the fingers, soon joined by a third. He’s ready, there's no need for Jimin to prep him more. He wants Jimin to fuck him now, and this time he wants it raw. He knows he’s been tested since the last person he bottomed with, so he’s clean and won’t risk
anything.

“Jimin?”

“Yeah?”

“Are you tested?”

Jimin raises his head to meet Jungkook's eyes. His are even darker now, and he nods quickly.

“Me too.” Jungkook answers his gesture.

“Can I..?”

Jungkook nods too, trying to look innocent and pretty with his fluttering eyelashes to make Jimin lose his mind. It works like a dream. Jimin slides his pants off to his knees on which he is balancing, then lubes himself up using only spit and goes in, stretching Jungkook and turning him into a crying mess on his own couch. It’s a heavenly feeling, being opened by Jimin, so ruthlessly yet with so much care. Jimin moves without letting Jungkook breathe first, and he is struggling to find oxygen. It’s not helping that Jimin decides to put his hand around Jungkook's throat and bend down to kiss him brutally, locking his jaw in a tight grip. He moves quickly and growls against Jungkook's lips, who is trying his best to not pass out from the intense pleasure mixed with not having had a proper breath in too long. Then Jimin lets him go, still fucking him in a fast pace, but allowing him some kind of relief, and gets back up on his knees. A hand travels from his thigh out to the back of his knee and then Jimin pushes his leg straight up in the air. He kisses the back of it and buries his face in the muscles while moving even faster. The sound of skin hitting skin mixed with howling moans and outlawed cursing sends Jungkook into a trance. Time disappears and his mind is devoured by divine pleasure when his sweet spot is abused by the boy on top of him. Jimins cursing sounds a lot like blessings and at the times he can take full breaths he is grateful to be allowed to breathe the same air as him. Teeth sink into the lower part of his calf, making his entire body jerk as a reflex. He cries out in pain, but it feels so fucking good, and when Jimin does it again, he can’t hold himself back. He cums over himself in a loud, messy orgasm. All muscles in his body tense up as he spills his load over his torso and chin, even his arms twitch. Jimin stops when he sees that Jungkook is finished, and Jungkook thinks he is being kind to let him breathe, but when he can open his eyes again Jimin looks anything but kind.

“You need to give me a warning, Kook. I wasn’t done with you.”

Oh shit.

“Sorry.” he’s heaving, a chaotic mess below his menacing boyfriend.

“Sorry won’t do, bunny.”

Now would be the time to regret giving Jimin permission to punish him, but Jungkook still wants him to do whatever he needs. Whatever pleases Jimin will please Jungkook too. Jimin gets off him and stands up, and Jungkook knows he has to follow. When he’s on his feet, barely standing straight since his knees are shaking badly, Jimin turns him and bends him over to stand on his knees on the couch and place his elbows on the backrest. Jungkook understands exactly what's coming for him.

“Please don’t” This will hurt for sure.

“You failed to live up to your promise, baby.”
“I’m sorry”

“Like I said…” the first hit echoes around the room, and tenderness spreads all over his left buttcheek. Jimin didn’t hold anything back. “... sorry won’t do.”

Jungkook loses his air once again and moans breathlessly. He looks as Jimin raises his hand again. He dreads the impact and he can barely wait. To show his acceptance of the punishment, Jungkook arches his back and stares into Jimin's eyes until the second strike forces his face to grimace.

“Is this working?” Jimin asks maliciously.

“Yes!” Jungkook exclaims quickly, before a third and last blow sends a blood red hue over his bottom. He squirms and loses control of his shaking limbs, sinking back down on the couch powerless and weak. All skin that Jimin so ruthlessly punished stings at the contact with the rough fabric on the couch, forcing him to lay on his hip instead. Jimin is still standing over him, fully exposed and not at all done. Jungkook grabs his thigh and signals Jimin to straddle his chest, and he doesn’t wait a second before closing his hand around Jimin's still hard cock, now inches away from his face.

“Am I good now?” Jungkook asks while pumping methodically and well calculated. He has studied Jimin's reactions to everything he’s done, and knows how to trigger the elder in all the best ways. Jimin doesn’t answer, only moans quietly at the touch while looking at Jungkook’s sparkling eyes.

“Tell me if I’m good now.” he tries again.

“You’re so good, bunny.” Jimin runs his hand through Jungkook's hair and bends down to kiss him slowly while Jungkook keeps pushing him closer and closer. When he gets back up Jungkook sinks down further to place his tongue at the slit in Jimin's tip, ready to take his load. Jimin falls over to steady his body by gripping at the armrest above Jungkook’s head, and thrusts back into the sturdy hand wrapped around his length. Jungkook keeps his mouth open and eyes on Jimin, who is now obviously struggling to contain himself. When Jimins lips part drastically, and eyes furrow in a deep frown, Jungkook swallows anything he can catch in his mouth of the violent orgasm. He sucks Jimin dry before finally being able to rest. Jimin sits down on his stomach and the two boys take a second to reload, and Jungkook can finally breathe normally, well, almost, since there is a weight called Jimin sitting on top of him. His boyfriend soon joins him by laying down though. Jungkook yawns and looks over at him with heavy eyes, earning a fond kiss from his boyfriend who decides to clean them up using one of the shirts they threw on the ground.

“Come here.” With careful movements and wary steps, Jimin guides him up from the couch, up the stairs and into bed, dumping him on the right side, allowing him to simply crawl under the covers. Jimin takes care of the curtains and turns off all of the lights before closing the door and joining him in bed. His body becomes fully enveloped in Jimin's embrace while he whispers sweet things in his ear, sending chills down his neck and spine.

“I love you so much”

Drifting to sleep, Jimin's naked body hugs his and comforts him with assuage and love. Here they lie, most vulnerable and uncovered, perfectly safe and sound. His breathing slows and soon he loses consciousness, engulfed in dreams he won’t remember in the morning, but right now they tell tales of comfort and trust. In his sleep he doesn’t notice Jimin's tears against his back. Tears of relief and love mixed with the overwhelming state of his life. The tears belong to Jungkook and Jungkook only, they are not for anyone else right now. Jimin cries quietly because he is so happy that he finally understands that he is deserving of love. Jungkook, peacefully unaware, is the
reason Jimin can go to sleep with wet cheeks and a wide smile. In his sleep, Jungkook feels Jimin's kisses on his back, but in his dream they are butterflies.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this, I sure as hell did lmao
I love you, see you next Wednesday <33
Pink Smoothie

Chapter Notes

Yo hahah sorry I changed the bio to something so ominous, I really want people to be interested in the story and I hated the last bio, so now it's a little more intriguing.

Also, I'm sorry if you feel as if I am dragging things out, I myself is getting bored lmao thought about giving up on this just these last couple of days
But if I maintain my motivation to keep going, the things I have left will be worth it, just stick with me okay?

Lets go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

MONDAY MORNING

Julia didn’t come home last night, and it worried Tae sick. He hasn’t slept tonight either because of it, only closing his eyes for a few hours. He listens as the house begins to wake and how his least favorite roommate gets ready and leaves. An hour or so after that, he hears someone entering, and then decides he should finally get up. As he turns the corner to the hallway he’s face to face with Julia. He wonders where she goes all night.

“Welcome home” he says, almost smiling.

“Morning! I know what you’re thinking, but don’t. I slept at a friends place.”

“Okay.”

“Breakfast?”

Julia insists on making him toasts, and he is surprised that they actually have all of the ingredients for it at home. It’s just bread, butter and cheese, but still. It tastes amazing regardless.

“I think I’ll get the job!”

“Really?”

“I did good, they seemed to like me.” she takes a big bite out of her own toast. She’s eating.

“I’m so proud of you.” he can’t help but to smile. This is a step in the right direction for sure. They finish their breakfast and when Julia goes to bed (slept at a friends place my ass) Tae decides it’s time to leave. He brings his laptop and heads to Jins place. He said he would be welcome there all day, they would both be working from home so why not? On the way there, he scrolls through instagram and sees all of the fuzz about Jimin. It puts a big smile on his face. He hopes they are enjoying themselves at home, celebrating all of this, and just being whatever they want to be. Free. Comfortable. He misses them already. Jin welcomes him with a hug and they work side by side all day, only taking a few breaks to eat, drink coffee, fuck, watch some TV… When they finally go to bed, Tae sleeps like a baby.
Yoongi cracks his back by pushing his shoulder blades together. Sleeping on Hoseok's couch is a life saver but also not the most comfortable thing. His apartment is big and full of unused space, so obviously the guy has money - why the hell does he not invest in a comfortable couch? He pulls the covers off him and heads to the hosts room in borrowed PJ pants, no shirt. Hoseok is laying in bed on his phone when he enters. Before Yoongi even has the chance to say ‘Good Morning’ Hoseok puts on a song that Yoongi has never heard and sings along loudly. Yoongi just stares at him, this odd guy singing at the top of his lungs to what Yoongi now realises is an old Kesha song, and waits for him to finish so he can say ‘Good Morning’, but it just keeps going. A laugh is making its way up Yoongi’s throat, it’s so dumb. Suddenly Hoseok pauses the song and bores his eyes in Yoongi’s.

"Dance or I won’t make you breakfast."

Laughing, Yoongi complies and dances silly to the silly song while Hoseok keeps yelling the lyrics. Finally, he pauses it and gets out of bed.

“Good job, we need to work on your side step, but it was good enough for breakfast.”

Yoongi shakes his head, smiling wide. In these awful circumstances that has left him emotionally crippled and exhausted to say the least, Hoseok is a gift from God. He puts Yoongi’s mind on new things, and they actually realised that they can make killer beats together kind of effortlessly. Hoseok is also hyping Yoongi’s rap up, which has resulted in them already having made a collab. When they met at that party, Hoseok was just flirting a bit, but after leaving and going for ice cream (apparently everything is open super late in LA) they had such a fun and interesting talk. Yoongi got to vent all of his frustration with Jimin that night, and Hoseok listened, told him stories of his own, and made him laugh. Laughing is a sparsely distributed ration in Yoongi’s current situation, and he takes any chance he can get. Hoseok really made him feel welcome, and even told him that if he ever needed help, his doors would be open and he would only appreciate the company, so when Yoongi had to get out, he was the first person to cross his mind. Yoongi only stayed two nights, not wanting to intrude too much, but after being home for only a few minutes and realising that… Fuck. Realising that Jimin had gone straight back to Jungkook after using Yoongi to cry on, telling him to come to bed with him, to hold him… Yoongi felt sick to his stomach. He heard Jimin moaning Jungkook’s name, the fucking first thing he heard after he sacrificed all integrity to comfort Jimin, and it made him nauseous. He was so full of hate and rage and with no intention at all, just blindly running away, he found himself in Hoseok’s neighbourhood again. He was welcomed back with a warm hug that almost made him feel like the pain would stop eventually. And it did. Being let down and used like that made Yoongi so unsure of his feelings. He has loved Jimin since the beginning. Since he was the first to not see through his stupid cold exterior, and who would he be without him loving Jimin? It’s all he has ever done. But now he resents him too. He deserved better than that, even though he can’t expect Jimin to love him back, he deserved better than that. He can’t stand to think about him, hear his name and see his face, so he blocked him and his name everywhere. Hoseok asked him if that was such a good idea, but Yoongi truly didn’t care. He couldn’t stand to see him. He’s still scared about the future, but now he just wants to enjoy himself and make music without keeping others in mind.
Him and Hoseok work so well together and he is finally letting himself write whatever he wants, and produce whatever he wants. It’s fun, and that’s all he wants right now. To have fun.

“Here you go!” Hoseok presents a large glass filled to the brim with a pink smoothie, and Yoongi accepts it with a sincere

“Thank you.”

They sip on it quietly on opposite sides of Hoseok's kitchen table for a while, until the host speaks.

“Okay, so I have a thought.”

“Shoot.”

“I have the studio all day, but I was thinking what if we do something else?”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know, like go to the beach and rent a boat?”

“I’m not paying for that shit?” Hoseok must be crazy to think Yoongi could ever do such a thing.

“I wouldn’t let you?”

“You’re not renting us a boat! For what?”

“I just want to swim!”

“We can swim from the beach.”

“I’m renting us a fucking boat and that’s that.”

Hoseok is driving the 2009 Doral while Yoongi is on the front with wind blowing so hard against his skin that it’s forcing tears out of his eyes horizontally. The sun is gleaming, and although he has applied sunscreen everywhere three times, he’s still reddening at the peaks of his shoulders. Nothing but the loud wind and the droning engine can occupy his mind, and it is surprisingly meditative. Hoseok stops somewhere quiet and when neither the wind nor the engine is whirring anymore, it’s awfully peaceful.

“Love the hairstyle.” Hoseok, who has been behind a glass shield mocks Yoongi’s beaten up locks that the salty air messed up. Yoongi snorts, he loves not being babied, even in this state - even if Hoseok has seen him cry for hours upon hours, he’s not acting differently. It makes it feel as if things aren’t so different.

“Catch!” Hoseok throws him a smirnoff ice that had been cooling below deck.

“It’s two pm.” Yoongi fumbles with it but manages to catch it before it plums into the ocean. Phew. Yoongi doesn’t think that a vodka soda is a great addition to the ecosystem.

“It’s five o’clock somewhere!”

Hoseok climbs over to Yoongi and they cheer before gulping down the cold drinks in the draining heat. They’re not strong enough to make them feel any different, just perhaps a bit slower. The water is warm, but still cooling in contrast to the air and the salt makes Yoongi's eyes burn, and his hair dry up. When they are back on the boat, sunscreen all wiped off and solid salt glistening in the
hairs on their bodies, Yoongi suddenly can’t stop smiling.

“What’s so funny?” Hoseok opens another bottle.

“What?”

“You’re smiling.” he says with a lightness in his voice that makes Yoongi wonder if he was looking for it.

“Oh. Nothing I guess. I don’t know. This is nice, I wish I had more rich friends that could rent boats.” he jokes. Partly.

“I’ll introduce you to a few if you come with me to the VMAs. Trust me they will all be there.”

“Alright, fine.”

“Yes! I’ve never had someone that wanted to go with me to anything like this.”

“It’s cause all of your friends are already invited.”

“No, not all, some are still in college back home.”

“They’re all in Harvard?”

“There is more than one Uni in Boston, stupid.”

“Whatever”

“Anyway, no, only two go there, but none of them like it here.”

“Am I now gonna be your designated not-so-famous friend that you can bring to stuff?”

“Exactly!”

“Well, you have about two weeks, make them count!”

Yoongi is going home soon. He has to, though he dreads it. Sitting with Jimin on that plane… what the hell will they do with the apartment? He doesn’t even want to be in the same city as him. What the fuck are they going to do?

“I love charity.” Hoseok jokes, not even hiding his smirk, and Yoongi pushes him so that he almost falls off the boat, and spills some of his drink over himself. They laugh again, and again and again until the sun isn’t as pressing and the sky begins to melt into a pinker blue. They’ve drunk all of the alcohol and now only have water left, which is good considering they should get back soon.

Yoongi is spreading a thin layer of sunscreen on his exposed skin, not yet comfortable enough to ask Hoseok to take his back, so he just lays on it instead. He reaches his arms out into the sky, half stretching, half just-because. It’s so nice to have a friend again. Him and Hoseok haven’t known each other that long, but he feels as if he can trust him, and they get each other. There isn’t a lot of people Yoongi would trust to take him out to sea without at least suspecting they would murder him and dump his body. Speaking of that…

“I wonder how many people have dumped dead bodies here.”

“Great conversation topic, Yoongs!”

“Just a thought… I’ve seen Dexter.”

“Hmm… probably a lot of people have been dumped here, but I think by the same few people.”
“Really?”

“Yeah, like, I guess the mob or gangs or whatever would have someone who works with getting rid of dead bodies.”

“Hmm, maybe. Did I tell you I used to hang mostly with people related to gangs in Seoul before I met Jimin?” Jimin… again.

“What the hell? Why?”

“I had no choice, the people I lived with were the only people I knew, and their friends were all gang members.”

“Shit… thank God you met Jimin then.”

“Hmm, not really.” Yoongi raises his eyebrows bitingly. He wouldn’t really thank God for all of this…

“You have to stop trying to hate him.”

“Why?” Why the hell does Hoseok think he has a say in anything?

“I know I don’t know the full picture, but I think the both of you need to stop going around suffering.”

“He deserves it.”

“No one does, and I don’t think it will make you feel better if you pretend you hate him.”

“Easier than the alternative.” Yoongi is done loving Jimin. He despises the fact that he still does. Somewhere deep inside, under all of the trauma, he loves him and cares for him and hates the fact that he is suffering too.

“Is it really?”

“Yeah.”

Hoseok is quiet now. Yoongi knows he wants to help, he has from the beginning, but right now he doesn’t know best. He hasn’t felt the pain Yoongi has.

“I just want you to be happy.” Hoseok says. They are both lying down on the front part of the boat again, and their hair is almost dry now after their last swim. The sun is just about to go low enough to be called a sunset, but the pink cloudless sky could fool them that it’s hours before that. They should head back now, before it gets dark, to return the boat and go home. Perhaps they will have time to make something new before going to bed. That would be fun.

“I will be, you’re helping enough as it is. Having a friend through this is really all I need.”

Hoseok smiles brightly and gets up to drive them back.

“Good. Any last words to the ocean before we go?”

Yoongi thinks for a second.

“Rest in pieces, people.”

“Jesus Christ, Yoongi!” Hoseok blurts out laughing. “That’s morbid.”

“Just paying my respects!”
Hoseok watches as Yoongi snoozes beside him on the couch. They just got back, and being out in the sun all day really wore them out. Both exhausted, they decided to just spend the evening in front of the TV, but as soon as they sat down, Yoongi fell straight asleep. There is a tranquility to his features when he sleeps that isn’t visible when he is awake. Hoseok feels as if he is intruding, watching Yoongi without all of his layers. Eyelashes fan out over his cheeks so beautifully, and his tiny pout is half opened, jaw slack in exhaustion. Hoseok curls up against the armrest, fully turning from the TV to Yoongi, and rests his chin on his knees. Knowing he shouldn’t stare, he does so anyway. The couch is still made as a bed and he wonders if he should tuck Yoongi in. He would just have to tilt him over enough to lay him down, and then he would be all set. Sweats and a borrowed T shirt is an acceptable sleeping uniform, and he assumes Yoongi won’t mind it. If he gets too warm he can always remove it then, Hoseok won’t do that for him. He turns the TV off. In the silence, Yoongi’s soft snoring sound even more peaceful, and Hoseok prays like a mantra in his head that he won’t wake up as he softly pushes him into a lying position. The tiny boy mumbles something in his sleep, but doesn’t wake. As he guides him to his side, Yoongi fumbles with his hands and grabs Hoseok's. Their hands intertwine by their thumb pads and Hoseok wonders how he never noticed that the tiny boy has such big hands. Though they look bony and sharp, they are soft and warm so Hoseok holds it until Yoongi is lain comfortably on his side. Hoseok then places the cover over him, and turn the lights off. Instead of going to bed himself, he sits in the kitchen by his laptop and goes through their tracks one again. They’ve finished one, but began seven other beats too. They’re a lot harder and darker than Hoseok is used to, but he enjoys them no less. Tomorrow they are meeting Namjoon, and rumour has it that he is searching around for new projects to kick off his new label with. Unsure of what Yoongi’s contract looks like, he can’t hope for much, but it would be cool if they could sign under him as a duo. Their solo projects can go under their separate labels, but together...? I don’t know, it’s just a thought. Hoseok closes his laptop down after feeling his own eyes weigh. He turns the lights out and walks through the living room to his room. While passing, the soft snores take a sudden halt, and he listens as Yoongi begins to mumble again. Inaudible whines make their way through the room, and one short word is all Hoseok can pick up.

“...Jimin...”

The week progresses rapidly for everyone, telling the story of every second would bore anyone to death, considering it’s the same back and forth. Jungkook and Jimin working. Taehyung working. Jin working. Hoseok and Yoongi working. And surprise surprise; Namjoon - working. Though their paths do cross a few times during these days.

**WEDNESDAY**

“So what do you think?” Hoseok has just played Namjoon the demos, and the one finished track that him and Yoongi has made. They’re at Namjoons place and Yoongi is on the couch eating
chips while the others are by the computer. Namjoon looks astonished, probably because he hasn’t heard Yoongi rap before, Hoseok thinks.

“You… are you planning on keeping this up?”

Hoseok doesn’t know. He wants to. But Yoongi is leaving soon. What if he’s not coming back? They look at each other from across the room.

“Are we?” Hoseok asks.

“I want to?” Yoongi responds questioning if he should want to.

“Well then.” Hoseok turns back to Namjoon. “We are.”

--

“How are you feeling?”

Jimin and Sejin are on set once again. Today he is scheduled for two photoshoots and an interview for GQ. The amount of money invested in these things is mind blowing to Jimin, but he pretends as if he feels he is worthy of it. Honestly this week will probably pay his rent for the rest of the year, and he’s only got about one more before he goes home. He has to ride this wave.

The first photoshoot is done and as they are walking out, the two catch up once again.

“I’m better. How are you?”

“Good.”

“And how’s Yoongi?”

“Good, too. I spoke to him last night. You know, we have a few songs to release for the upcoming fall, but we need to find you someone to work with for the album. You have to release 10 songs next year, you know.”

“I know.” but why do I have to be reminded right now? When it hurts the most? Can I just not think about it for at least a week?

“The label think we should set you up with a few people they have so I met with them and they seem cool. Do you have anything new you’re working on that I can send them?”

“Not right now.”

“It would be good if you had something before you leave.”

Jimin agrees, though he kind of wishes he would turn to dust under the stinging rays of sunshine that they just stepped out into. Or perhaps melt away in Sejin’s scolding car. But he doesn’t, and now he has to put his mind back on work.

“I’ll get it done.”

THURSDAY
“One more time!”

The choreographer for his and Hoseok’s routine is ruthless and incredible. They have to move a lot during the performance, but since the two of them both know how to dance it looks amazing. They repeat it over and over again until they both know it practically by heart. At lunch they get the news that it’s decided that the song will be released the day after the VMAs, and will be the preview single for Jungkook's album. Hoseok is so grateful, but Jungkook can’t even begin to thank him enough for being on the track. Without him it wouldn’t be the same. He texts Jimin to let him know things are going well, and then they go back to the practice room.

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Taehyung is still at Jins place. He hasn’t returned since Monday. He’s been wearing Jins clothes, eating Jins food, sleeping in Jins bed. It doesn’t feel like he is intruding though. Jin welcomes him, and really does anything he can to keep Taehyung from going back home. All with good intentions of course, but he doesn’t enjoy the fact that people worry about him. It’s all fine. When he’s done calling around to set up the guest list for his event, he opens Youtube on his computer and picks a random video to watch just to not do work. He’s done for the day. Jin just got home and after removing his jacket, he comes over to Tae and runs his hands through the sitting boys hair.

“How was your day?”

“Productive, for once.”

“You’re always productive.”

“How was yours? How was the audition?”

“It went fine.” Jin smiles and sits down next to him. “It’s between me and two others now. I think I might get it.”

“I hope you do!”

“It’s a two year contract, it would be such a dream.”

Jin looks genuinely excited. It’s a big movie, and although he kind of had his break a long time ago, this would be his second one. Everyone would know him if he got this one. He would be playing against Jennifer Lawrence, meaning everyone would go to see the film.

“When do they let you know?”

“No idea. Next week hopefully. I have this series otherwise that I’ll do, and they need an answer soon.”

“If you… sorry, when you get it,” Tae pats the soft spot under Jins chin and continues “you should throw a party to celebrate.”

“You just want to get me drunk.” Jin jokes, almost, and puts a hand on Taehyung's thigh. Immediately Tae loses his words, fumbling in his brain for a witty comment to hide the fact that even though he might not be crushing on Jin, he still has a spell over him. He still drives him nuts.

“Cute of you to pretend that I would ever need to get you drunk to get you to do what I want.”
Not his best line, but good enough. Jin squeezes his flesh a bit, sliding his hand every so slightly upwards.

“'I think...” then Jin lets him go with a soft pat to his inner thigh and gets up from his chair. He appears behind Tae, leaning in close to nuzzle at his neck, grazing his soft lips up towards his ear to whisper “…you’re forgetting who you’re talking too.” Then he bites it, making Taehyung stiffen in more ways than one.

“If you begin to act up, you know what happens.” his words are cold and make Tae smile shyly. He knows exactly what happens.

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The week progresses rapidly for everyone, telling the story of every second would bore anyone to death, considering it’s the same back and forth. Work. Work. A little fun. Work.

Chapter End Notes

ALRIGHT I KNOW before u say something like "but you said you wouldn't put too much focus on the others" - I KNOW heheh but I needed to give Yoongi some time in the spotlight too. I've been waiting so long to tell you this part of the story. Next chapter will be a little (read a lot) more eventful if I ever get around to finish it gahhh I'm doing my best See you soon hopefully
TW (scroll to end notes to see for what)

Thank you endlessly for putting up with me being late and stressful hahah I actually fucking finished it, my motivation is slowly coming back. Don't know what happened there.
Hopefully I'll see you again next Wednesday.
Also
Love you all. Sorry

See the end of the chapter for more notes

FRIDAY JULY 13th (15 days before Jimin goes home)

Jimin is literally everywhere for the entire week, both physically and just his name. It’s in everybody's mouths, and after finally getting done with the last gig of the week, his Good Morning America interview and performance, he says goodbye to Sejin for the weekend and Jungkook picks him up. They were supposed to just relax for the weekend, but Jungkook's rehearsals for the tour has begun and the choreographer wanted him in tomorrow morning to put some things together. Basically this afternoon and tonight will be their only time to just be the two of them in a while, so after they have been cuddled up on the couch for a few hours, just talking and kissing and ignoring the daytime TV in the background, Jungkook decides he should tell Jimin about his surprise. It’s time to go soon anyways.

“Alright, so…” Jungkook kisses Jimin who is laying against his chest. “I might have something planned for us tonight.”

Jimin looks up, curious.

“You have?”

“I won’t tell you what it is, but there’s a car coming in...” Jungkook checks his phone “45 minutes, so we better get dressed.”

“Dressed for..?”

“I’ll pick something out for you and leave it on the bed, you can take the shower first.”

He roams his closet, trying to find his most elegant suit, the one he outgrew last year. It will probably fit Jimin perfectly. He can hear the water running in the distance when he drops the black suit on the bed. He pairs it with a black collarless dress shirt with a deep v neck, and a Chanel pin. He wishes he had earrings to match. He'll buy some as soon as he can. For himself he picks out another suit, one with maroon detailing, and a dress shirt to match. They pass each other in the hallway when Jimin is done and he kisses him on his wet forehead, tempted to follow him back into the bedroom and remove the white towel hanging off his hips, but they are already late.
Jimin gets dressed smiling. Where the hell are they going where they would need such fancy clothes? He remembers Jungkook telling him a long time ago, that one day he would take him out to a fancy restaurant, and with butterflies in his stomach he pins the two Cs to his jacket. He looks amazing. Jungkook's got some good taste. He bets Tae helped him pick these out before. Jungkook enters after a few minutes and they both stare a little too wanting at each other. Jimin will never get over how good Jungkook looks without a shirt. And also never get over how he looks at Jimin, even with a shirt.

“Wow…” Jungkook smiles as he begins to get dressed too. “I really like you looking all expensive. It suits you.”

“Thank you?”

Jungkook jumps over to Jimin, still putting the last leg inside his pants and pouts until Jimin takes the last step in to kiss him.

“Where are we going?”

“Are you hungry?”

The limo once again makes Jimin feel out of place, although this time a little less so. It’s taking them far, and Jimin who doesn’t know LA that well has no idea where they are headed. The street signs say Malibu but that doesn’t really tell him a lot. Neither does Jungkook. Last time they were in a limousine together things were… not exactly this classy. Now they’re in suits and clinking together glasses full of Pol Roger. He does not necessarily think this is better though. They arrive at a beautiful house, far out on the beach, and Jimin understands this is the restaurant. It looks as if it should have two or almost three stories but it’s just one. The ceiling reaches so far above them that if it wasn’t for the heavy furnitures and large curtains everywhere, the whole room would echo uncomfortably. It’s beautiful, but Jimin gets nervous. They’re in public. On an obvious date. How does Jungkook feel about this, and why is he doing this now? They are greeted by a waiter dressed elegantly in black and white, and before they are shown to their table, number 23, a box is placed in front of them with the same number written on its side. Jungkook removes his phone out of his pocket, and Jimin follows.

“No cameras. No recorders. A place where people mind their own business.” Jungkook smiles as they take their seats and Jimin relaxes. The dining hall is dimmed, the tables pretty private, placed far away from each other, and the windows towards the ocean stretch all the way to the ceiling. It’s beautiful to say the least. Luxurious.

“I told you I’d take you somewhere nice.”

“This is above nice, Kook.” Jimin can’t take his eyes off of him. Lit candles are filling the room like stars, and when they reflect in the window they create a soft frame around his boyfriend. Like a photo edited to soften the corners and enhance the focus on the main object. Jungkook is the main object. Has been for a while.

“Still below you.”

“You do know I don’t need any of this, right? A chicken wrap in the car makes me equally as
happy.”

“That’s why I love doing this even more.”

The same waiter from before comes to serve them the first of five dishes. Apparently they have a set menu, new every week. Much appreciated, Jimin thinks, since he doesn’t have to spend time choosing. It’s nice for them to have a quiet moment. No phones to disturb. No people to disturb. Tomorrow Jungkook will get a call from his choreographer and will have to interrupt their evening plans to go into the dance hall. They need him to finish the choreos for the tour, and then on Monday, both Jimin and Jungkook begin another killer work week. Jimin will spend all of Sunday taking calls and arranging his schedule with Sejin for the next five days. He’s got more interviews. More sessions. New producers to meet. Three new brand deals. When he gets any time off, he rushes to Jungkook and watches him rehearse. He’s going through the dances, rearranging the backup dancers to perfection, scolding one who overslept two days in a row. He gets a glimpse of Hoseok here and there, but always misses their run throughs. Perhaps Jungkook does it on purpose, so that the VMAs will be his first time seeing it. The upcoming week will be stressful not only work wise, but relationship wise, and they are both so thankful to be sleeping next to one another at least. If nothing else they have that. But right now, they are happily unaware. Happily lost in a timeless place, eating, drinking, laughing. Jimin’s legs have caught one of Jungkook's and he sporadically reaches his hand under the table to caress his knee. Every movement so loving. He feels as if they are heading in the right direction now, but still he feels no rush. Jungkook can take his time finding comfort within himself and the world, because Jimin knows it is worth waiting for. He trusts Jungkook fully to love him, because anything else would be dumb to do. Look at him. That beautiful young boy with stars in his eyes and an eager mind. He speaks as if he needs Jimin to know everything, and Jimin listens cause he wants to know everything. Jimin has given Jungkook all of him, and he feels so safe knowing his heart is with his Kookie. Like the crown jewels, monitored 24/7 for safekeeping. They’ll be alright. They’ll always be alright. After they finish the bottle of wine on the table, Jungkook’s cheeks have flushed so adorably and he speaks a bit less coherent and a bit more from the heart. He says I love you in every other sentence and loses track of his words when he meets Jimin's eyes. It’s like the first date they never had. The beginning of something that has been going on for almost two months. A lifetime. As soon as Jimin opens his mouth to speak Jungkook goes dead silent and follows every movement of his lips. He listens even if Jimin speaks about nothing. He takes Jimin's hand just before dessert and looks out at the now pitch black sea.

“I wish there were more ways to say I love you.” Jungkook is shy, tipsy, head over heels in love. Jimin laughs warmly.

“There are. And you’ve said it in almost every way tonight.”

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WEDNESDAY JULY 18th (10 days before Jimin goes home)

Yoongi tells Hoseok bye and good luck on today's practice before exiting the car. He’s outside of the labels office once again. After a week he has finally gathered the energy to meet Sejin face to face to discuss the future for him and Jimin. To be fully honest, he is not sure what will happen. He doesn’t resent Jimin. Maybe one day, in years time, they will find their way back to each other, but right now there is no way he is going near that guy. The familiar hallway comes to an end and he turns left into a smaller conference room. Sejin is already there, prepped with his computer and two
cups of coffee, freshly brewed. He gets up and they hug. It’s a long one, but Yoongi pulls away when he feels the sadness coming back. He’s not gonna sit here and sob.

“How are you?” Sejin looks worried.

“I’ll be fine.”

“Good. Jimin keeps asking about you. He’s trying to respect... whatever to call this, but he’s worried. I am too.”

Yoongi sighs, determined to not get emotional. He has to be able to talk about Jimin without hurting.

“Don’t be. Really, I’m gonna be fine. Let’s just figure this out.”

“Alright.” They sit down and Sejin opens a blank document on his computer. “Tell me what you want to do now.”

Yoongi tells him that he doesn’t know for sure, but he also tells him about Hoseok and Namjoon. How he wants to work with them on a separate project and sign with Namjoon, and how he kind of wants to release his own music with their usual label. Sejin takes notes as he continues to speak about all of the sessions he’s been in and how many songs he has going on and that he wants to keep it up. This is what he wants to do. He wants to stay here.

What’s for him back home, really?

His family is still in Daegu, he never visits. Only calls them. He can call them from LA.

“Can I stay?”

“You need a visa for that.”

“How do we get one?”

--

Jimin is rushing up the stairs with bags of food in his hands. The elevator to Jungkook’s dance studio is broken and he can’t waste a second of their time together by being slow. On floor number three he almost bumps head with someone familiar.

“Hoseok?”

“Oh hey Jimin!” he sees the bags labeled “Shake Shack”. “Aww, you’re bringing your man lunch? How sweet!”

“You’re not staying?” Jimin wants him to, cause he likes Hoseok, but also really wants him not to.

“Nah, I have the afternoon free and I’m gonna spend it on the beach!”

“Well then, have fun! See you around.”

“See you Jimin!” Hoseok is already halfway down the next flight of stairs. When Jimin reaches
floor number five he is buzzed in by Jungkook. They just finished and everyone is on their lunch break now. He leads them into the big hall, Jimin intentionally one foot further away than normal just to be sure if anyone decides to enter the corridor. Friends. Best friends! Best friends that bring each other lunch and make out as soon as they are out of sight for people passing the small window in the door.

“I missed you” Jimin admits between kisses.

“I missed you too.”

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**THURSDAY JULY 19th 12.23 am (9 days before Jimin goes home)**

It’s late and Taehyung is once again staying the night with Jin. He’s been here every other night for a week now. It’s kind of Jin to get him out of his own place, but honestly, it’s not that bad. He hasn’t run into Matt more than a couple of times, and that’s always when one of them are heading somewhere. Instead he has been spending a lot more time with Julia. She got the job at the club, and has worked two shifts already. She’s doing good, and actually came home after one of them to sleep. Apparently she already kind of knows one of the girls there, and she doesn’t seem all bad.

“Chamomile or regular green?”

Jin interrupts his thoughts by turning his wide frame against Tae to ask what kind of tea he wants. They’re in the kitchen in PJs, about to go to bed. It’s been a long day for the both of them. Jin is stressed out about the movie part, he still hasn’t got an update on that, and Taehyung himself has experienced some setbacks with the restaurant. They were supposed to cater for the event, but apparently they don’t have any raw food options, which in LA is a big inconvenience, so he has to argue a bit to get his way.

“Chamomile.”

“Good choice.”

Jin hands him the cup and they sip on it quietly for a while, Jin watching Tae from the opposite side of the table. He doesn’t notice though. Too busy staring at a scratch in the table and listening to the news running in the background. They are talking about another unarmed black kid who got gunned down for a mild crime. It’s the same thing every day. Same thing new victim. Someone who isn’t allowed to exist only because of things they cannot control. Skin color. Gender identity. Sexuality. It’s a scary world. Sometimes Taehyung forgets it, thinks about how far society has come during his lifetime, but every night he is reminded of how far they still have to go.

“We should sleep. It’s already tomorrow.” Jin turns the TV off.

“Yeah.” He wakes from his pondering and meets Jins round eyes. It’s dark in here after the TV was turned off, but Jin still looks beautiful. He really thinks about that a lot. How beautiful he is. Yet he still can’t feel his heart racing like it used to. He gulps down the last of his now perfectly tepid drink and follows Jin to bed. Usually they go to bed a lot earlier, and then he spends at least an hour or so tied to its frame before it’s even in their minds that they should sleep. After that they drift with their bodies intertwined, sometimes naked sometimes not. But the rare times they just go to bed they don’t cuddle. That’s not something they should do. They are not supposed to fall for
each other again. Jin turns the last light off and Taehyung gets his body ready for sleep, faced
towards the wall and the normal amount of far away from Jin, but suddenly he can feel fingers
against his arm. The touch is light. He opens his eyes and stares blankly into the dark void in front
of him, feeling the fingertips turn to a full palm, still soft and light. Jin runs his hand down Taes
arm and he shivers. He turns around. With barely adjusted eyes he can only see glimpses of Jins
face, but he can feel Jins hand finding its way to his blushing cheek. Through his hair. A thumb
gazes his ear. Jaw. Lips. The room is quiet and tense and although Jin knows every crevice of
Taehyung's body like the back of his hand, he explores it as if it is new land. As if he hasn’t
already mapped out the mountains and valleys and trees and rocks. As if he hasn’t bruised the
delicate skin he now wanders. As if he never broke his heart.

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7.50 pm

Jimin is finished with dinner just in time for Jungkook to walk through the door. Jimin was done
with today's schedule at five, but by then Jungkook had already left the dance studio to go meet
with the people building his stage and add his suggestions. They were also shooting some videos
that will be played on the screens during the show, and Jimin is so pissed that he won’t be able to
see them until Kook is in Japan. He has to apply for a new visa to be able to come back, and he has
no idea how long that will take, or how long he has to stay out of the country for. It’s all super
confusing and he will have to look into that soon if he’s gonna be able to come to the shows here.
There’s so much trouble in this, why do they live so far away? Why can’t Jimin just move here,
make his music and see Jungkook all the time? Why does love have to be limited by borders and
passports and visas?

“It smells good.” Jungkook appears behind him just as he begins to plate the meat stew. Jimin puts
the plates on the table and kisses his boyfriend. He missed him all day. Couldn’t even stop thinking
about him during an interview. He was asked once about Jungkook, but said that they were good
friends. Vague answers, like his company said, but rejecting enough to not fuel any rumours. He
can’t deny them hanging out since people have seen them and more photos of them together have
spread, but he just wants to kill the dating rumours. For now.

“I missed you. How was the shoot?”

Jungkook takes a big bite before answering.

“Oh my God Jimin when can you move in permanently? Your cooking is amazing.” he finishes
chewing and continues “It went so well, I can’t wait for you to see it.”

“I can’t wait either. I was just thinking about that actually. I wonder when I can be back. I don’t
know how the visas work.”

“We’ll figure it out. I’ve made some friends at the Korean embassy and perhaps they could speed
up the process.”

“I just… like I miss you after one day, how will I do if seeing you is months away?”

“Like I said,” Jungkook puts his hand on Jimin's, who stops shoving his food around his plate
“we’ll figure it out.”
“Okay.”

“And besides, having something to look forward too is a good thing. For example, I’m looking forward to Disneyland in Tokyo.”

Jimin laughs.

“Me too. And to see your show.”

“I’m looking forward to bringing you to soundcheck and having you on stage with me.”

“I’m looking forward to going back to your hotel room afterwards.”

“You know, Jimin, I think you’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me.”

Jungkook takes another bite and Jimin smiles, knowing that Jungkook has no idea how much he means it when he says

“I feel the same.”

“The world will be so jealous of us when they know.”

That’s the first time Jungkook has said the world will ever know about them. Jimin’s stomach tickles with butterflies. Then Jungkook’s phone begins to buzz on the kitchen counter.

“Are you not gonna answer it?” Jimin asks when he sees Jungkook’s not moving. He pours them some more water.

“Nah, it can wait.”

“What if it’s important?”

Jungkook goes up to check who’s calling.

“It’s Tae!”

His face lights up before he pushes the green button to answer the call and that makes Jimin smile too. He kind of misses Tae, he’s only seen him briefly this week. Maybe he can come over?

Jungkook puts the phone to his ear, but as soon as he does something changes. Jimin can see it the second it happens, his face goes blank as if all the blood is drained out of him. No life. Horror might be the best way to describe it. Jimin feels it too, but he doesn’t know why. Why is Jungkook looking like that? Jimin stands up.

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“Tae!”

“J-Jungkook?” The voice on the other side of the phone does not belong to his friend. It’s a girl. Julia? He hasn’t heard her voice in over a year.

“You have to come right now!” her voice is hoarse, as if she speaks by pushing the air forcefully out of her lungs. As if they don’t work properly. She’s crying. Her voice cracks at the last sentence
and so does Jungkook.

“Jungkook, are you there? Come now! It’s happened again”

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Taehyung came home some time after lunch. He had to get out of Jins apartment. He’s so stupid for staying there. What was he thinking? He promised Jungkook he would not fall in love with him but things are changing so fast and the way they are acting is making him confused. Jungkook… a sting of longing hits him. They haven’t hung out in over a week, just that hour Tae came by practice to redo the measurements for his arms. He’s getting bigger. Taehyung misses the old days in a way, when they were both small and younger and everything was so new. He’ll make sure to call him tomorrow and see what him and Jimin’s weekend plans are. He’ll probably move back in then too.

Julia came home two hours ago and they have been hanging out in his room until now. He finally had the courage to ask about her dad. He knows she loved his dad and that they were close, so him passing must have been hard on her. She told him it was. It was awful, and that she feels as if she had failed him. Her tears were many but Taehyung where there to comfort her. Praying he won’t ever feel what she’s feeling, he cries with her. It's good to have her close again. Her admitting that she misses her father and that she did wrong, is a huge step for her. She hasn’t lied to him for a while now. A smile erupts on his face thinking about that. The atmosphere is a lot brighter now, they've been speaking about other things too. Like for example her job, and briefly touched on Taehyungs new love life...

“Are you hungry?” Julias stomach growls.

“Yeah, let's make something. I bought mac and cheese yesterday?”

“My favorite!”

That's why he bought it! They both move to the kitchen and cook it together. Julia asks shy questions about Jin, not wanting to step on any toes since she knows he used to be a touchy subject. Oliver comes in to interrupt them for a while and takes a plate himself when the food is done. Sometimes Taehyung forgets he lives here too, he's only out here when he's eating or gambling with his friends. He then moves back to his room and the two left sit down at the table.

“Last night was weird. I don’t know what we’re doing but it’s not a good idea to act as if we are more than we are.”

“Isn’t acting like you are more the same as being more?” Julia says with a mouth full of cheesy dinner.

“I honestly don’t know. It’s all weird. I don’t know what I feel.”

The sound of the front door unlocking makes Tae immediately stiffen up.

“You should talk to him. Ask him what he wants.”
Tae gets up to walk over to the fridge to get them some soda, anything to take his mind of the person who just entered. He hears ruffling and removing of shoes. Matt usually goes straight to bed when he comes home, but not it’s a bit too early for bed. He glances over at the clock. 7.50.

“Yeah maybe. But I kind of don’t want to know what he wants.”

“Why not?”

“Cause…” he thinks about it. Why does he dread it so much?

“Cause I don’t want him to want anything. If he wants to fuck and then leave I’m not sure what I’ll feel. If he wants to be more than friends I’m not sure I will want the same. I need to figure myself out first.”

When you enter the kitchen, the table is on the right side of the room, right next to the door to the hallway. Where Tae is, by the fridge on the far end, he can see straight out of the room, meaning he is visible if someone passes. He steps aside to the counter, a few feet away from the fridge, to the left. Matt will just pass the kitchen and go to his room and then Tae will finish his dinner and sleep too.

“I think that’s a good idea.”

A shadow moves outside of the room but before Tae can finish his prayer about it moving past them, Matt enters. He locks eyes with Taehyung and looks surprised. Then pissed. He doesn’t say a thing, just passes Julia and walks over to the fridge. Tae is frozen by the counter, not knowing what to do. Julia goes quiet too. She tries to meet her friends eyes but he is staring at the floor. Then Matt breaks the silence.

“You’ve been here long.”

Tae just wants him to go, not initiate small talk, so he doesn’t respond.

“Did your boyfriend finally realize what a little bitch you are?” He is referring to Jungkook. He always hated him - out of jealousy, Tae assumes.

“He’s not my boyfriend.”

“Whatever, fag. Find some new rich kids to bother.” Matt closes the fridge with a beer in his hand. and Tae begins to boil. Here he is in his own fucking house which he pays the whole fucking rent for, hunching over in a corner because of this sadist homophobic asshole. He has no right.

“I live here too.” his heart is pounding. He’s so fucking scared of Matt. Terrified. But he’s so frustrated and angry and so sick of the fear. Julia is still sitting at the table but she looks ready to intervene.

“No you fucking don’t. Not anymore.”


“No, I don’t understands what it is he doesn’t get.” Matt turns back to Tae and takes a step closer. Julia immediately stands up behind him. “You’re not welcome here.”

That’s it. That’s fucking it. Taehyung can feel his entire face blossoming in fear and anger, but he
has had enough. Trembling he straightens his frame, not enough to provoke, but enough to stand his ground.

“That’s not up to you, we are four people living here. You don’t own this place.” His voice is shaking, as are his hands, but it feels good too.

Julia takes a step towards Matt, who is only two or three feet away from her friend. Tae continues. He’s got so much on his mind. So many thoughts bottled up, thoughts he couldn’t share with Julia because of her state, and Jungkook… he didn’t need the burden of knowing Tae still has nightmares about what Matt did to him. He’s been scared ever since. He might be scared now but he can’t let it win over him again. He can’t let Matt win again so he keeps talking, and within him a switch flips. The fear turns to rage. Pure bitter rage. Tae isn’t thinking at all now.

“No, you don’t fucking own this place. Matter of fact, you don’t even pay your own motherfucking rent. I do. I pay your rent, Matt. This fag pays your rent. So you better show me some respect when I decide to visit this hole or you can leave. Maybe if you actually do something with your life you could get a-”

dark.

The next conscious frame he sees is Matt's feet, closing in on him. His ears are ringing and he must have hit his head on the counter on the way down because both sides of his face are burning from the impact. Confused he tries to get up, but Matt kicks the arm he weakly tried to stabilize himself on and his head is back on the ground, hitting it hard once again. His heart is racing, pumping blood forcefully out of the slits in his cheek. Warm liquid tickles the side of his neck and if he could register it he would know that he’s bleeding from his ear too. Matt gets on top of him and through the muffled ringing he can hear Julia screaming. It’s like everything moves in slow motion, and a similar scene from a movie he saw when he was a kid flashes before his eyes. He doesn’t remember it’s name. Julia gets to Matt as soon as his knees press tightly over Taehyung's arms and chest, but she isn’t strong enough to stop the fist ready to bruise itself on the straddled boys jaw. Matt is heavy, strong, and Tae is too busy trying to breathe to register the incoming sledgehammer of a hand. It feels as if it dislocates his jaw and his head flies forcibly to the side, pulling the muscles on his neck to a tight stretch. But his spine seems okay. Last time, Tae tried wiggling his toes between every blow to know if he was still alive. He does the same now. It’s all he can do. His arms won’t comply. His head doesn’t work. He tries to scream and squirm in pain but he is paralyzed with terror. Once again his blood is spilling on Matt's off-white shirt and this time Taehyung hopes he’ll die. Another hit from the other side makes him taste blood. He chokes on it, tries to cough it up but it just pushes out the last air his lungs were clinging to. He tries to swallow it instead. Pain spreads like a lightning strike through his body and he can swear Matt pushes down harder on the knee above his chest. It’s getting harder to breathe. Impossible. Another hit. Julia is clawing at Matt's eyes, pulling his hair and trying with all of her strength to remove him, to make him stop. She cries it out. Please stop. Please. Matt is cursing at Tae, evil words, wishing he would die, and when Tae catch glimpses of his eyes in between blows, he wishes it too. More than before. Matt won’t quit. Tae stops wiggling his toes and with a conclusive hit the lack of oxygen finally takes him.

dark.
Chapter End Notes

TW Assault and blood
It’s not fair. He needs to leave right now, every second wasted could be devastating, but his lungs have stopped working. Jimin tries to get a hold of him as he stumbles in a sprint towards his car, but he can’t get it open. He forgot where he put the keys. Jungkook sinks down by the side of the car and yells at Jimin to find his *fucking keys* but Jimin just grabs his face in his hands and stabilize his eyes on his.

“Jungkook, breathe!” Jimin is stressed out too, but he doesn’t understand what’s going on. Right now Jungkook doesn’t fully either.

“We - have - to go.” tears pool at his eyes and Jimin tells him he’ll get the keys, that he always puts in a bowl in the hallway. When Jimin comes back Jungkook reaches his hand out to grab them.

“Hell no, get in the passenger seat.”

“Jimin give me my-”

“Get in the fucking passenger seat I’m not joking.” Jimin orders with an authority that for a brief millisecond makes Jungkook feel safer. Like a child being scolded for doing something stupid. He lets Jimin keep the keys, but yanks the door open as soon as it unlocks. His vision is blurry and he is boiling inside. With worry. With fear. Rage. They drive off and Jungkook screams. The car absorbs the dry sound and turns it into some absurd growl and Jimin hits the pedal even faster.

“Where do I go? Jungkook, where do I go?!”

He just throws his elbows on the dashboard and buries his face in his hands.

“It’s all my fault oh my God Jimin what did I do! I let him stay there I am so fucking stupid how could I not have seen this coming?!?”

Jimin still doesn’t understand. Jungkook never told him about the time he found Tae, beaten up and bloody behind the house at a party. Left to die. He knew it was his roommate, but it was years ago. He forgot after all this time of Taehyung going back there. How could he forget?

“Jungkook where do I turn?”

“Head towards Venice.” is all Jungkook can say through his hands. Jimin speeds, and the dangerous ride takes a third of the time as it usually does while Jungkook guides him between screams and violent outbursts at his own dashboard.

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They arrive and Jungkook is out of the car before Jimin even has the chance to stop. He parks it next to an already parked car and leaves it in the street while trying to follow Jungkook inside before the self-locking door closes behind him. In the last second he catches it and can run after
him up the stairs to a door in the end of a hallway. It swings open when the younger crashes into it, then they turn left after the clothing racks and shoes and the scene that presents itself in front of him is one from a horror film. Jimin is out of breath and his heart drops to the pit of his stomach.

A girl is on her knees, washing away blood with a dirty kitchen rag off a groaning Tae. He is beaten halfway to death from the look of it, but then again Jimin has never seen a fight before so he doesn’t really have a reference. A swelling black eye, a slit in his cheek, blood from his ear, mouth, nose, so much blood on the ground and the cabinets next to him are painted red with splatters. No loose teeth though. And he’s alive. The girl dries his bruising face and he whines lifelessly at the touch. Jungkook is kneeling next to his other side, far enough to give him space, but he grabs his hand desperately trying to make him see that he’s here. He’s going to make it better.

“Tae!” he cries out before breaking down. Jimin can see that his knees are placed in a small pool of thick red liquid and he wonders how to get it out. “I’m so sorry I’m sorry I’m sorry” Jungkook bends over sobbing into his friends side. Taehyung weakly squeezes his hand and answers him with a voice that’s barely there anymore.

“It’s okay”

The girl hushes him and now Jimin can see she’s been crying too. He doesn’t know what he should do. He is blank. How could anyone do this? Who did this? Why does Jungkook blame himself? Jimin gets on his knees next to them and Jungkook falls over to him now, burying his wet face in his chest.

“Take me home.” Taehyung speaks low and opens his eyes. They are bloodshot and fill up with tears. “Jungkook take me home.”

“We have to wait for the ambulance, Julia when is it here?” Jungkook turns to the girl. She looks surprised. She didn’t call one. She called Jungkook.

“FOR FUCKS SAKE JULIA!” Jungkook screams at her, furious. Jimin has never heard him sound like that. Julia shuts up. How will she explain to him that in her world, no one could ever afford an ambulance. Her instinct is to keep the authorities out of anything at any cost. Without insurance, money… with a drug addiction that she battles every day, how the hell could she ever get the idea to call them. Where she’s at, people “handle their own shit”. Blood is never wiped with anything else than dirty rags and water. Jeon Jungkook will never understand so she just shuts up.

“No” Tae tries to raise his arm and now Jimin sees it is bruised too. Jungkook looks at him.

“Please, I’m fine… Just take me home.” he cries as quietly as he speaks and Jungkook lowers his phone.

“Tae I have to-”

“No. I beg you. We can go tomorrow. I just- want to feel safe,” he leans forward and Jungkook catches him in a soft embrace, trying to not worsen any bruises. Jimin just watches. As does Julia.

She is left behind with the puddles of blood, sitting stiffly on the floor as they go. She doesn’t move, just holds her breath until she is alone at the crime scene. Still in shock at what he just saw, Jimin helps carry Taehyung out to the car. Jungkook isn’t much help. His body is weak too and he shivers as if he has a high fever. Jimin thinks he looks like a different person and now his eyes tear up as well. He suddenly understands that this is real. This has happened. He is here. Tae is here, barely, heavy over Jimin. And bloody. It soils the car as Jimin tries with trembling limbs to drive them safely away from here. The other two occupy the back seat and it’s like the air inside the car
cries too. It’s all tears and Jimin feels as he is drowning trying to breathe them in. He has to make a
decision though. He knows Jungkook agreed on taking him home, but it doesn’t feel right. Jimin
glances over at them in the rear view mirror and seeing blood still run down Taehyung's cheek
makes the decision for him. They’re going to the hospital. Knowing he might worsen the situation
temporarily, he’s shaking even more as he drives them towards Santa Monica. His mother taught
him to always memorize the location of local hospitals when he travels. Thank you mom.
Jungkook is too busy comforting their friend that he only realizes they are going the wrong way
when they’re basically there.

“Jimin…” he says defeated, probably knowing that Jimin made the right choice. Tae leans against
his shoulder and closes his eyes, crying softly when he understands too.

“I’m sorry.”

Jungkook takes his phone out and calls someone.

“We need your help. … Are you in? … We’re there in 10.”

“Who did you call?” Jimin asks as he gets ready to turn left into the hospital parking lot.

“Keep driving. I’ll guide you, we’re going to the next one.” he wipes his nose with a sweater paw
and avoids Jimin's eyes in the mirror.

They take a back entrance at the next hospital and are greeted almost immediately by a middle
aged man dressed in a cliché white robe. His name tag says ‘Dr. Witter’ and he introduces himself
the same way to Jimin much later when they’re all settled. Tae is taken into a private wing on the
top floor, not even half full, and Jimin wonders how many people are waiting in the ER downstairs.
No-first-name Witter is joined by two nurses and they move Taehyung into a room where they lay
him down and begin to patch him up. Neither of the two friends are allowed inside, so when the
door closes and the chaos calms, they’re left in dead silence. Jungkook is shivering, standing
awkwardly in the middle of the pale white hallway and staring at the door. He looks so small and
fragile, probably feels that way too, so Jimin slowly, vigilantly, walks closer, and when Jungkook
doesn't pull away - he hugs him. Tightly.

Jungkook is drowning. How the hell did he let this happen? He should have known. When Jimin
embraces him his body realizes that it’s okay to calm down, and he is instead washed over with
guilt. Drowning in it. He sinks to the floor in Jimin's embrace and suddenly he’s sobbing. Again.
He can’t control it and it just gets worse and worse and nothing Jimin is saying is comforting him.
Not even Jimins hands cupping his cheeks, not even Jimin's eyes trying desperately to find his.

I should have known he was still there
I should have known this would happen
How did I let him go back there?
So many times he went back there
I should have done something

I should have known

He doesn’t even register that he’s saying all of these things out loud. Jimin is still trying to calm him down but he just pushes him away. He can’t breathe and although most times he can see what is happening when his anxiety comes creeping, his mind is even beyond that now. He’s blind to everything and everyone, and not even Jimin can comfort him. He let this happen. He should be in there instead. Not Tae. Jungkook should be the one bleeding. He digs his nails into his palm until the skin rips but then his head clears abruptly by a loud SMACK

His cheek begins to burn and finally he can meet Jimin's eyes. He’s taken aback and forgets everything crossing his mind and suddenly it’s like he pulls his head above the surface and can hear again. Jimin is almost shouting at him.

“Look at me!!” Jungkook takes a breath. He did not realize he was holding his breath.

“I love you, this is not your fault!” the moment of shock has passed and the panic is beginning to build again.

“I love you. Jungkook this is no ones fault but the person who did it. You did not want this, stop saying you should have done something.” Jimin speaks methodically, rehearsed almost and Jungkook has to let his gaze go because tears are blurring his sight. He looks down at the floor.

“You don’t understand, I should have known. I could have stopped this. It’s all my-” Fault. It’s all my fault it’s all my fault. My fault.

“Jungkook, look at me.”

He still can’t, blinded from tears. Jimin continues anyway.

“You did not know. You did not hit him. This is not your fault. This is not because of you.”

Jimin doesn’t know that this has happened before. Jimin doesn’t know that Jungkook did not make sure that motherfucker moved out. He just assumed he did. How could he be so reckless? Jimin doesn’t know that this is more than just about Tae. He did not get hurt because he is himself. It’s because he’s gay. This is a hate crime and it’s targeted towards all of them. And he let it happen. Jungkook let it happen.

His doctor comes out and crouches next to him, and Jungkook leans into his embrace. Defeated, Jimin backs away. Witter has been Jungkook's doctor for years, he’s the one who prescribes his anxiety meds, he’s patched Jungkook up countless of times when he got himself into trouble, or hurt himself, and he took Tae the last time too. He asks if Jungkook wants a new bottle of his meds, but the endless pit in Jungkook’s stomach tells him no.

“Just give me one.”

“I have a whole bottle?”

“Just one.”
He wants to explain why. That if he gets the whole bottle he doesn’t know if he can restrain himself from taking all of them at once. But how will he explain that with Jimin right here? He gets one and swallows it before he’s even handed the bottle of water. The racing heart dies down, and the weight on his chest is lifted. He soon feels tired and when they are allowed in to the patient room, out of the still empty hallway, Jungkook has to hold Jimin's hand in a tight grip to know where he is. They are told they did the right thing to come here, that Tae suffered a severe concussion and will need to stay the night. He will probably get worse over the night. They have given him mild painkillers, but they can’t sedate him, so he’ll probably be in a lot of pain too, but at least he’ll live. He’ll recover fully. Nothing broken, dislocated or permanently damaged. A few stitches in his eyebrow, severe bruising on his face, arm and chest, concussion, a crack in the bridge of his nose, and some mild ripping of skin is “all”. Jungkook is washed out and groggy, so Jimin handles most of it. He also calls the police and makes sure they’ll be here tomorrow, when Tae is awake and can tell them what happened. He then joins Jungkook on the couch and kisses his scalp while he rests on Jimin's shoulder. Jungkook wants to thank him, but he’s too tired to make any sound at all, and then he falls asleep.

They spend the night, interrupted every other hour or so by Taehyung whining in pain. Jungkook comforts him until he falls back asleep, and at 7am friday morning they are all woken up by Jimin's alarm that he forgot he had. He panics and shuts it off before Taehyung is dragged out of his half drugged state. Today Jimin has to meet a new producer, have lunch with a company that wants to work with him, and meet with an agent to possibly book him a tour next year. All of those things seem so insignificant. He wants to skip them. Jungkook opens his eyes, rubbing the purple bags beneath them, and kisses him on the cheek.

“How are you feeling?” Jimin asks worried.

“I don’t know.” Jungkook looks over at their friend, passed out and patched up in the bed. His bruising is getting worse and now his eye has disappeared under a black and purple bump. Jimin thinks it looks unreal. That’s not Tae. That’s not his friend.

He can’t leave for some fucking meetings now, that’s absurd, he doesn’t even know why this happened. The alarm rings again.

“Jimin it’s okay to go. You need to get those things done before you leave.”

“Don’t be stupid, I’m staying.”

Jungkook looks at him and behind his eyes shines guilt. So much guilt.

“Please go. I can’t feel responsible for making you miss important stuff too.”

“Jungkook, that’s out of the question.” They argue in whispers.

“Jimin leave.” Jungkook looks over at Tae. “I don’t want to worry about you, and you shouldn’t have to worry about me. Don’t let me ruin anything.”

Jimin gets it, but he can’t leave. Tae is his friend too.

“I’m not go-”
“I want you to go. I need to be with my friend. Alone. I don’t need any more guilt. I promise to tell you everything later, but just go.”

Knowing no matter what, he will lose this fight, Jimin sighs. Taehyung is in good hands with him. The only problem is who will be here for Jungkook? But he doesn’t have the energy to argue. Jungkook won’t let him stay. Instead he’ll do some rearranging in his schedule and get back earlier.

“I’ll be back by two. Promise you call me if you need anything. Anything.”

Without taking his eyes off his friend, Jungkook nods. Jimin takes his chin and forces their eyes to meet.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.” he mumbles back and lowers his eyes.

“Remember what I said last night. And that Tae loves you too.”

Then he leaves. In the same clothes he wore yesterday. There’s blood on the shirt and he stops by a mall before his first meeting. The shirt he was wearing he throws away. He doesn’t ever want to be reminded.

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Taehyung is sitting up, but he’s not eating. Jungkook had one of the nurses go get him a smoothie on her lunch break, cause he loves them and it does not require any effort, but he doesn’t even touch it. He just groans in pain and Jungkook gets in multiple fights during the morning to try to get him painkillers, but they won’t give him any more. After hours upon hours of just waiting, they have at least now exchanged a few words. Apparently Oliver was the one that had chased Matt away, and stayed too until Jungkook and Jimin arrived. Jungkook has never met Oliver and doesn’t understand that the reason he hides is because he’s scared of Jungkook. A lot of people who don’t know Jungkook are scared of his presence, and that’s something he has forgotten in the last few weeks. He is also told that the reason it happened was because Taehyung decided to stand up for himself, and Jungkook tells him that he is proud of him. What he did was brave. But when Tae goes back to sleep, Jungkook is curled up on the couch, stuck in the silence of the sterile white room, and reminded that this could easily had been him. Or Jimin. He claws at his knees, hoping the small stings of pain will interrupt the dangerous paths his mind wanders, but knowing nothing will.

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Jimin stands outside of the hospital. He took a trip back to the airbnb after he was done for the day just to pick up some clothes for all three of them to change into if needed, and some more for the rest of his stay. He also took a quick shower, and now he’s arrived back here. The day has been exhausting and it’s been hard to focus on anything, but Jungkook hasn’t called so he guesses nothing has changed since he left this morning. With slow steps, as if he’s walking in mud up to his
knees, Jimin makes his way through the building and up to the wing where Tae is. He finds Jungkook outside of the room, buying snacks in a vending machine.

“Hey.”

“Hey.”

Jimin walks up to him and takes his hand. Jungkook jerks at the touch but lets him hold it. There’s no one close to them right now.

“How is he?”

“Awful.”

The snickers bar falls from it’s secured place to the floor and Jungkook lets go of Jimin's hand when he bends down to pick it up.

“And how are you?”

“I’m fine.”

Jimin can see that that is not the truth.

“Jungkook tell me what’s on your mind.”

“I love you so much.” he reaches out his hand again and grabs Jimin's left pinky, not raising his eyes from the floor. Even with the smallest touch they can comfort one another, and although Jungkooks grip around Jimin can slip any time, he trusts it won’t. They sit down on some couches and Jimin gets the full story on what happened to their friend. From years ago until now. Jimin has never had someone like that in his life, someone who resents his existence that much. Of course, he can easily see that it’s a mix of homophobia, jealousy of what Tae has, and a whole lot of insecurities, but it scares him nonetheless. He asks if they have filed a police report, and gets the answer that they didn’t the first time, but that he wants Tae to now. Jimin spends the rest of the afternoon talking to officers and trying to support Taehyung in his testimony. He also calls Julia and venmos her some money to change the locks to the apartment. She doesn’t seem to be doing very well, but Jimin has too much he has to do here to help her. Jungkook is quiet through the process, and after speaking to the cops, giving them all information that he can, and then discussing bringing Tae home with the nurses, Jimin comes back into the room to find Jungkook peacefully asleep on the couch. Their friend is awake, drinking a smoothie in his bed, and shushes Jimin when he enters. He still looks like shit, but the eye that is still visible looks clearer now. It’s almost midnight.

“They said you can come home in the morning.” Jimin whispers as he approaches and seats himself on the chair next to the bed.

“They said you can come home in the morning.” a hoarse voice responds.

Jimin suddenly feels guilty too, even though there was nothing he could have done.

“I just want to go home.” Tae puts rests his head on the large pillow and closes his eyes again. There’s no reason to bother him more, he should rest as much as possible, so Jimin goes outside again. Los Angeles is still lit up by street lights and buildings, and Jimin remembers that it’s Friday. People are probably out partying, hooking up, maybe watching movies with the people they love, tucking their kids to bed. The air is warm as he strolls down the street to a 24/7 open convenient store and he buys him and Jungkook chicken wraps, and himself a cup of tea. He drinks
the tea while sitting inside the store, on some bar stools facing the window. Shouldn’t he be tired? Ready for sleep? His head is spinning too much. Though it’s selfish he can’t help but to think about him and Jungkook in this. He saw how he flinched when they touched. Jungkook can’t pull away again, they will have to stay strong through this, or else there will be no one there to support Taehyung. His phone begins to vibrate in his back pocket and he picks it up.

“Jungkook?”

“Where are you?” His boyfriend is sniffling on the other end.

“I’m just outside baby, I’ll be right there.” he gets up and leaves in a hurry as soon as he hears the weakness in his voice. Jungkook begins to cry swiftly, but stops himself.

“Okay.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey I'm so happy to be posting on time, i don't know how the hell it happened lmao but I seem to be back on track!!
Next chapter might be late because of the holidays and so on, but I'll let you know when I'll post.

Also, remember -
I'm not cruel
Not so much at least

Happy Holidays <3
Helloooo I'm back! It feels good to finally post thissss
Hope yall had an amazing holiday and new years! 2019 will be good to all of us <3
And thank you for waiting.

SUNDAY JULY 22nd (6 days before Jimin goes home)

Jimin comes home after leaving to go get them all lunch. Tae is feeling better. He’s eating, and has even gotten some work done, even though the youngest tried to scold him for wanting to not rest for a second. The two boys are playing with a deck of cards when he enters.

“What the hell are you doing?” Jimin laughs and puts the food down on the kitchen counter.

“Tae can’t play video games cause of his concussion and we had to do something.” Jungkook smiles at him.

“I’m feeling better, it’s great being on drugs I can barely feel a thing.” Tae smiles too, through a now more blue-yellowish bruised face. “What did you get us?”

“I got…” Jimin pulls out five different Woks “a bit of everything.”

Jungkook has not wanted to leave the house since they got back because Tae has decided to stay at home until the bruises are almost gone, he does not need that kind of press before his show. The focus should be on the clothes, not his personal life, and he can do all of the work from home. He’s doing better, a lot better, and they could leave him alone and he would be just fine. But Jungkook won’t go. They haven’t even discussed that Jimin will leave the country in less than a week. He’s scared that if they don’t make a real plan and know what to expect, they will just let their relationship run out in the sad. They will be away from each other for probably as long as they have been together. It’s not good. Jimin just wants to take him with him. Let Jungkook meet his family and to see all of the places they grew up in. Maybe they share memories. Jimin told Jungkook his address, but Jungkook only told him the area in which he grew up. Mandeok. He’s been there, maybe he’s seen some places Jungkook has seen. Maybe they could go there together.

They clean the food away and Taehyung gets back in bed. While Jimin washed off the table he takes his chance.

“Jungkook, you know I’m leaving soon, right?”

He looks over at his boyfriend, who looks back, quiet.

“I need to know we’ll be alright.”

“Of course we will.”
“Jungkook..?” he says, knowing Jungkook didn’t fully mean what he said. He tries to understand why. Why would Jungkook not mean that? Before he got the call they were more than fine. Now he’s being distant. Of course Jimin assumed it’s because he still feels guilty, and they have talked about that, but now Jimin thinks it’s because he’s scared again. Maybe he’s right. He walks over to Jungkook and puts both hands on his cheeks while he kisses him, making the other melt in his embrace.

“Talk to me.”

“I… it scared me.” he admits what Jimin had suspected.

“I know, it scared me too.” he kisses him again. Harder. “But it’s okay. He’s going to be fine. It wasn’t your fault.”

“Please don’t think I’m selfish…” he pulls away and Jimin wants to say he would never think that because he knows Jungkook isn’t “but I’m scared that…”

It’s obvious what he is trying to say. He’s not the only one who let it cross his mind. He’s scared that it could be him next. Or Jimin next. Pulling them out in the spotlight is dangerous. But they will be fine too.

“I know, Jungkook, I know. Like I promised, we don’t have to rush anything. We’ll wait until you’re completely ready. I’ll never push you.”

It hurts to say that, because Jimin doesn’t want Jungkook to be scared of loving him, but for this he has to be strong. They have come so far in such little time. After meeting Jungkook, Jimin knows that anything is possible.

“What would I do without you.” Jungkook kisses him on the forehead.

“You yourself, probably.”

Jungkook laughs and picks Jimin up, making him throw his legs around his waist.

“There you go again with those dirty jokes. You really have no filter?” soft kisses are placed on the side of Jimin's neck and he giggles.

“Stop acting like you’re all innocent. Bunny.”

Jungkook lets him go and they walk up the stairs to burst into Taes room. He’s on the computer in the middle and the two boyfriends get on each side of him.

“I’m not in the mood for a threesome” Taehyung jokes as he closes his laptop.

“Good, me neither” Jimin says. “Let’s netflix and chill without all of that please.”

“I’m not supposed to watch movies and stuff that move fast.”

“Planet Earth is literally a slideshow of landscape photos, you’ll be fine.” Jungkook opens the laptop back up and closes down the tabs on which Tae was doing his work, and Jimin gets comfortable next to his friend.
As usual, after only five minutes, Jungkook is bored and decides to go to the bathroom. He kinda wants to get away too, feeling as if it’s okay now when Tae is with Jimin. In a weird way he thinks Taehyung can be more open with his boyfriend than him about how he is doing. They worry so much about each other, especially now, and neither wants to show the other that they are hurting. Jungkook is ashamed that he just thought that. That he can compare their hurt. But he can’t deny to himself that he is terrified of what people could do to him if he came out. When he comes out. When. It could be the end of him. Literally. What if someone decides they don’t like it, find him in public and shoots him? It’s an absurd thought, but very possible. It’s America after all. Why has he built such a strong image? It feels impossible to break the mask he’s wearing, and been wearing from the beginning. But… Jimin. He smiles as he washes his hands and catches himself blushing in the mirror. He has Jimin. Jimin loves him, and he loves Jimin. He does more than love him. He adores Jimin, looks up to him in every way and admire everything he does. No one has ever compared and no one ever will. One day he’ll be ready. Just not today. He goes back into the bedroom to find that Jimin has fallen asleep on Taehyung’s shoulder and that Tae has gone back to answering emails. His friend gestures at him to be quiet, as if he wouldn’t break his back to keep Jimin safe in his slumber.

“You want me to get him?” Jungkook whispers, maybe Tae should rest too.

“No way! He’s like our little puppy.”

In the midday light casting soft shadows on his boyfriends face, his sleepy soft features actually do resemble something as sweet and innocent as, well, a puppy. Taehyung pats Jimin's head and he shifts a little at the touch. A smile erupts on Jungkook's face. He leaves the boys and goes into his room to play some computer games instead. He could imagine life being like this forever.

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**MONDAY JULY 23 (5 days before Jimin goes home)**

The VMAs are getting close, Jungkook just had his last rehearsal today, this time at the Microsoft Theatre where the event will be held. Tae is so sad that he won’t be there to see the full performance, but he will at least style him for the red carpet. Of course he asked him if it would be okay to style Jimin too, but Jungkook said no. He did not want anyone to speculate, as if they wouldn’t notice the two of them arriving together. It won’t be obvious to the public that technically, Jimin will be Jungkook's date, and he wants it to keep being like that. Tae argued a bit at first, but considering the circumstances… considering his hands still shake a bit when he texts Jiyong to come get him the blue suit he had left there. He doesn’t have the energy. He wishes he could just go and get the suit by himself. As if he wasn’t bruised and wounded and humiliated. It did feel good to finally say something to Matt, but being beaten down again? This time he prays that he faces the consequences. He won’t back down, he’ll drag his ass to court and make him pay. Having Jimin close has been to so much comfort, seeing how Jungkook often sneaks away, seeing how the anxiety meds Taehyung counts to be sure his friend isn’t hiding something have actually started disappearing (one every night), and the fact that he won’t let him dress his boyfriend… He’s sensitive. Easily hurt. Jimin has lifted his burden. Whenever Jungkook leaves for even a minute, Tae lets his guard down and Jimin has been there every time to take notice and comfort him. He wiped his tears and told him everything would be fine. Helped with police reports. With Julia. Even went over there to make sure she was alright when Taehyung was worried. Helped her change the locks and pack all of Matt’s stuff. Jimin has taken care of everything. Now he’s on
Jungkook's computer trying to make something to hand over to some producers before he goes home.

If Jimin misses the release of V he will be sad. There are two red suits in the making for him and Jungkook to match in. He made sure to book the runway between concerts for Jungkook, so if Jimin makes it back until then they will look like the most handsome couple in all of America. Like they aren’t already. Why does he have to leave? Taehyung knows he will have to be there for Jungkook on Saturday. It will be rough on him, even though he might not get it yet. But he’s never seen love in this way before. Never seen two people who melt together so easily, without compromising and unnecessary arguing. They seem to understand each other, and if they don’t, they try their best to talk about it. One night he heard Jungkook singing from down in the kitchen, something he doesn’t do when anybody’s home, so naturally Tae sneaked up on him to see what he was doing, but to his surprise, Jimin was sitting at the table next to him. Jungkook was making them both some tea before bed and Jimin watched as if he was under a spell. Purpose. One of Jungkook's favorite songs. Maybe the song finally has a real meaning to him.

Although he, after a long warm shower before getting ready for bed, runs light fingers over yellowing bruises on his face, avoiding the stitches in his eyebrows and cut on his cheek, he still feels okay. Not good, but okay. He’s alive. Cared for. And the painkillers help a lot. He’s been through it before, and it’s true what they say - what doesn’t kill you makes you stronger. Though in the moment he wished he would die, he’s so grateful he didn’t. Cause even like this, beaten up and bruised, he doesn’t feel ugly. Or disgusting. Not anymore, not in this house. He’ll apologize to Julia when they finally get rid of his stuff. Matt won’t live there anymore, but neither will Tae. Julia has a job now, maybe some pressure to pay the rent will be good for her. If not, he’ll still help out. Always will. The still dark bruise over his chest steals his attention back to himself, and he thinks it looks so different from the bruises Jin gives him. This one makes his gut churn. Jins makes him blush. The elder has called and texted multiple times, but he hasn’t answered. What will he say? You were right? Cause he was. It’s not that he is ashamed, well okay he is, but that’s not the full reason for ignoring Jin. The fact that he has no idea how Jin will react is why. What if he… what? Kisses his hand and cries for him? Turns him away in disappointment? What would be worse?

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**WEDNESDAY JULY 25th (three days until Jimin goes home)**

Jimin has done everything he needs to do before going home. Met with everyone to say goodbye - Lisa and Jennie, even Sejin who will stay a few more weeks - finished a demo for a new song (which Jungkook more than liked may he add) to send to new producers, and finished every photoshoot and brand deal. He’s done. He’s finished with LA, and it has given him much more than he could ever have hoped for. Though taken more than he could have ever dreaded. He wonders how he will look back at this in a year. He wonders if Yoongi will ever forgive him. Seeing him in that airport hall will be… Awful? Relieving? We’ll see. He’ll get there soon enough, and there is no need to let that take the joy of having his last days free from everything but his love. Tomorrow is the big day when he gets to see Jungkook perform, and go to the fucking VMAs. They’ll walk the red carpet, separately, but they’ll sit together. Their official invitation says row 3, meaning the cameras might catch a glimpse of them together. He wants them to, so he can rewatch
and look at the immortalized proof that his time here has not been a dream. He will need every reminder he can get for that this will continue into his normal life. It will always feel unreal.

Jungkook appears behind him, where he’s located in the couch downstairs, the one Jungkook slept in the first time he spent the night, and kisses his head. It’s almost time for dinner and they decided they would cook something nice together, as the fact that Jimin will leave now permeates their every move. They need to grasp at the final seconds where they can be together 24 hours of the day. He’ll hate to have to watch his day through facetime for weeks.

“I’m thinking we could make sushi tonight?”

“Sounds good to me!” Jimin leans his head back so Jungkook’s lips can find his, and then they order everything they need. Lazy, some may think, but Jimin actually have to drive out to the gate to pick it all up, so it’s not that lazy. Wow… he’s really gotten used to a lot since coming here. It’s a new life and he fits right in. When the food arrives, carried inside by Jimin, Taehyung comes downstairs to help. His face still looks god awful, but the cut on his cheek is healing nicely, and he’s off the painkillers finally. Doesn’t need them. Tae is on rice watch while Jungkook and Jimin chop everything up. Fresh salmon, avocado, tuna, Jimin wanted prawns too but Taehyung overheard and almost cursed at him, apparently they are really bad for the environment. Instead they got tofu. Jungkook rolls up his sleeves and his muscles work hard when he cuts the fish almost like a real chef would, despite having only done this once before when he was a child. He rarely lets out secrets from his childhood so Jimin makes a point to himself to remember all of them. He bites his lower lip to focus, and Jimin thinks it looks adorable, so he pinches his boyfriend in the cheek and giggles when he looks up from the salmon in confusion. When they finally finish rolling everything and cutting things up, Jungkook puts his palm to his forehead, remembering he doesn’t have chopsticks at home. He always gets the disposable ones. Not pleased at first, Jimin sets the table with forks and knives, but watching the sushi fall apart, splashing soy everywhere, makes up for it.

The night is calm and Jimin never wants it to end, but like all good things, it does. Suddenly the day of the award show is here. Jimin is woken up by the sound of Jungkook’s alarm. His ringtone is a lot more harsh than Jimins, so it jolts him awake. His boyfriend groans and squirms trying to wake his limbs, but just let half of his body drop down around Jimin instead.

“Goomoning”

“Hey”

“Are you ready?” Jungkook asks him with a hoarse morning voice. Jimin turns around, throwing Jungkooks heavy arm off his waist and kisses him.

“I think so.”

No salty foods, no dairy, no unnecessary oils. Water, water and water only if he needs a drink. Meat is a maybe, but he ignores it like always and puts ham in his morning omelette, made with eggs and almond milk. That’s the routine for days like this. He can’t eat or drink anything that clogs up his throat. Also, since he’ll be wearing a short sleeved shirt on stage, he needs his arms to look their best, meaning he spends the morning at the gym. Jimin and Tae are left to set everything up with the outfits (he still doesn’t know what Jimin has picked out for himself) before the hair and
makeup people arrive. They’re sent over from his label since they don’t trust Jungkook to style himself, and he’s grateful for the convenience. He hasn’t left Taehyung's side a lot the last week, only to rehearse for tonight. He didn’t want to, but that does not take away from the fact that he was also scared about him and Jimin being seen so much together. Though honestly, multiple photos have been circulating of them hanging out, and no more dating rumours have erupted. Jimin has been good about it in interviews, though it’s weird to hear him say they’re just friends, he knows it’s not the truth. Who will see photos of two friends, both celebrities and equally entitled to be at the gala, that have denied multiple times that they’re anything more and say “they’re dating”. And besides, he’s brought Tae everywhere and they’ve been fine. He just has to relax. It feels like he’s going crazy with all of the things that have happened since he saw Jimin in that crowd of people now two months ago. In no time his life changed. It feels like things got flipped upside down overnight and it’s a good thing, but still new and scary. He just needs to relax.

When the team arrives Jimin is put into makeup first. Jungkook insisted since they won’t have to rush him then. It’s fine if they rush Jungkook’s makeup. They give Jimin a wide side part and he looks amazing. Taehyung is watching from the kitchen, snacking on some popcorn and drinking a redbull. It’s rare for Jungkook to go to award shows, or any event really, without his best friend. He’s not worried about being uncomfortable though, he’ll have Jimin as support. Jimin that now looks even more dangerous and desirable with a deep burgundy eyeshadow pressed into his lid. Damn.

“Are you nervous?” Jimin asks, probably having noticed Jungkook’s obsessive chewing of his lower lip.

“A little. You?”

“A lot.” Jimin laughs nervously.

“Why?”

“This is the biggest thing I’ll ever go to, what if I fall or something? Like on the red carpet with all of the cameras?”
Jungkook thinks it would be adorable if he fell. He laughs.

“I promise you you won’t.”

“Please fall that would be the highlight of my life” Tae yells from the kitchen.

“I’ll do my best!” Jimin raises his hand in assurance.

Then it’s Jungkook’s turn. He does the usual, minimal make and neatly parted hair, enough to show both brows. The red carpet is at 7.30 tonight, which means... he glances over at the clock... they have an hour to have dinner and get dressed before their car arrives. Perfect. The stylists leave and it’s back to just being the three of them. Jungkooks team will meet him there, and Sejin will apparently be home and watch in jealousy, Jimin said jokingly. The calm before the storm. Almost full from their salads, him and Jimin go upstairs to get dressed, but Jimin once again gets distracted by Jungkook’s closet. He scans through the items, even looking in awe at Jungkook's pricey name brand underwear. It’s really funny to see him pick up a pair of Givenchy boxers and gape.

“Jungkook… what is this?” Jimin looks at him with his eyebrows raised almost all the way to his hairline and lips parted in a big, surprised, teasing smile. He holds up his finger and from them a pair of... pink lace panties hang.
“First of all I don’t know how long they’ve been there,” he snatches them from Jimin’s hand, blushing harshly “and second of all they are not mine. I don’t know who they belong to I’m sorry I’ll throw them out.”

Jimin stops him however by grabbing his wrist.

“Don’t you dare.”

“Jimin this is awful, I don’t want to have these around, it’s weird, I’m with you.”
“Exactly. You’re with me.”
What is that supposed to mean? Jungkook furrows his brows when he looks at the elder.

“And I want you to keep them.”

“Why?”

“I want you to wear them. Tonight.”

“You have got to be fucking kidding me” Jungkook tries to walk away, he’s not gonna wear panties? A step or two is all he can take before Jimin grabs him again, this time pushing him down on the bed. Freshly styled hair is now hanging everywhere and Jungkook tries to blow it off his face, since his hands are held tight. Jimin licks a trail from the neck of his T-shirt to the beginning of his ear and Jungkook can feel him smiling as he does.

“I want you to wear them tonight. On stage.”

“Jimin…” Jungkook is blushing even more, then Jimin bites his earlobe.

“And when you’re done I’ll go back there and take them off you.”

...Well then.

“Okay.”

Fuck this is so embarrassing. If Taehyung walks in now he won’t ever hear the end of this. Jungkook stands up and shimmies out of his sweats before hesitating. His boyfriend is still on the bed, watching him undress. Fuck it, he’ll just do it. When the panties are on Jimin comes up to him, kisses his neck, then turns him to the mirror behind him. They’re kind of uncomfortable to wear, the fabric isn’t very soft, but it’s also kind of cute… Jimin’s hands are on Jungkook’s chest and nose resting on his shoulder and Jungkook avoids his own reflection. It’s so weird and in a way humiliating to be exposed like this, and what’s making the matter even worse is that Jimin’s treatment is making him hard. Visibly hard. So Jimin of course takes advantage of it and touches the lace covering his most delicate parts. Their eyes meet in the mirror.

“You’re so pretty, Kookie.”

“Thank you.” he whispers back.

“Now get dressed. Show me what Tae got for you.”

And like that his reflection goes back to normal. A blue suit covers the emasculating clothing underneath, and no one except for the two of them will know. He gets complimented a lot for the suit but when Jimin pulls out the silver jacket Jungkook bought for him, Jungkook can barely contain himself. It’s kind of like marking his territory. No one can go near Jimin cause he looks so fucking intimidating and hot and he’s all Jungkooks. He’s wearing his gift. It’s Jungkook who will fuck him in the commercial break. Or, maybe more like the other way around. He looks so
goddamn good and Jungkook can’t take his eyes off him. Not even when the doorbell rings. Who could that be? Jimin is the first to move towards the door, and Jungkook follows, but Taehyung has already opened it when the two boys have made their way to the top of the stairs. He must be expecting someone and let them in through the gates. But who?

Jin steps in and graces Taehyung’s cheek, and he looks terrified. Why is he here? Jungkook wants to say something but then his phone buzzes - it’s their driver so they have to go. Realizing he barely knows anything about what’s been going on between these two, he feels so bad for leaving. Why haven’t Tae told him about the fact that it seems totally normal for Jin to come here and touch him like he cares. They walk down and suddenly their presence is noticed.

“Hi.” Jin looks uncomfortable, probably very aware about his own role in Taehyung’s life the past years, and how much Jungkook has had to deal with.

“Hey. Tae, we gotta go, are you fine?”

“I’m good. Promise me you’ll have fun!”

Jimin promises and Jungkook nods. Before exiting Jimin also reaches out his hand to greet the much taller male, and his reaction to the name is subtle, but Jungkook would have seen it from a mile away.

“So that’s Jin?” he asks when they’re finally on their way.

“Yup.”

“I thought he’d be taller.”

Jungkook laughs. He’s kind of excited to hear everything Taehyung has to say about the two of them. What they’ve done. The car is getting closer and closer to the venue. They’re fashionably late, but will be exactly on time for their entrance. God there will be so many cameras and Jungkook’s heart is beating out of his chest.

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Yoongi’s heart is beating out of his chest. The cameras don’t really bother with him, but their mere presence is nerve wracking. What if he scratches his nose and it looks like he’s picking it and then that will be the memory of him from the VMAs? Also, though he will try with everything he’s got, he might not be able to avoid Jimin and if they run into each other he might throw a few nasty words at him, probably restrain a want to punch him, and have to leave immediately to not cry on live TV. Hoseok can see the discomfort in his eyes when they’ve entered, done with the stupid red carpet, and he puts his hand on the back of Yoongi’s upper arm.

“You did great.”

“Really?”
His smile is so warm and big and makes Yoongi almost believe that he did well.

“Yes! You look great.”
“You too.”

“Good, I spent a lot of money on this shirt.”

Hoseok is dressed from head to toe in Gucci, Supreme and Balenciaga. A weird combo that only he could ever pull off. He really looks amazing. Yoongi is in a blue Gucci shirt too, so kindly borrowed from Hoseok. He’s mildly uncomfortable in it but trusts the others choice. He’d be uncomfortable in anything. They decide to get some snacks inside, there’s a whole table of stuff they can just take for free, and what is he going to do? Say no? He settles for a beer and some chips when he sees him. Jimin. On the opposite side of the room, walking towards the stage area. Him and Jungkook take up so much space in this room, it’s like everyone disappears in their presence, lowering their heads, avoiding their path. Yoongi stares, but Jimin doesn’t even notice he is there.

“Hey!” Hoseok takes his hand. “Don’t worry about them.”

“Yeah, I know. Sorry. I won’t.”

And he kind of believes that himself. Then he lets go of Hoseok’s hand.

Jungkook does it so effortlessly. It’s like he’s practiced this forever, turning his body and face for the cameras. So cool. Jimin is up next on the carpet and he’s freaking out when he steps out, only a few feet away from Jungkook next to him. Mimicking what he’s seen on TV he poses and smiles for the cameras until he’s called to the front by some lady with a mic and a huge camera next to her. Holy shit they want to interview him. Holy shit fuck shit fucking shit. He looks over at Jungkook who laughs at his terrified expression, but walking without looking isn’t the best idea and he stumbles. He doesn’t fall, just stumbles, and Jungkook is on the side practically pissing himself. The cameras flash and Jimin has to collect himself and his pink cheeks before answering the interviewers questions. Yes he’s super excited to be here, first time, oh this? It’s Saint Laurent. Jungkook? Oh he’s such a good friend, Taehyung couldn’t make it tonight, he’s working on his collection, so I was the next best choice I guess. Haha. The performance I’m mostly looking forward is probably Ariana Grande, she’s cool. Thank you I loved the music video too, the editors did an amazing job. Thank you, you have a great night too, bye. His palms are wet and his knees shaking when they finally enter the venue and are safe from cameras for a little while.

“That was the most stressful thing I’ve ever experienced.”

Jungkook laughs. “At least you didn’t fall! Just almost.”

“Can we please sit down or I’m gonna fall right now. My knees are shaking so badly.”

“We should go backstage, we can leave our stuff with the team.”

And so they do. It’s pure chaos back there, clothes and makeup and people everywhere. Jungkook seems to know all of them, and Jimin feels really out of place. The one he knows as the manager shoots him a suspicious look and afterwards Jimin decides to disappear into the background until
Jungkook is done speaking to everyone. It’s kind of funny, he’s been around the guy for a while now, and kind of forgot the whole “huge celebrity” thing, but in times like these Jimin is reminded of how big he is. Jungkook had an impact on Jimin for years, and he knows he’s not the only one. So many people are directly dependent on him too, it’s actually crazy. When Jungkook is finished doing whatever he was doing, they walk back and in to the stage area, only stopping when Jungkook suddenly pushes Jimin into an empty corridor. Out of sight, the other kisses Jimin gently and takes his hand.

“If I could live a day without consequences I’d let you fuck me in front of all those cameras out there.”

Jimin kisses him back, smiling.

“They’d love to see what you’re wearing. The show begins in 15 minutes, we could still make it.”

All he wants is to hold Jungkook’s hand and let the world know they’re together. With one single touch everyone would find out. It’s impossible to stop glancing down at his “friends” hand as it sways next to his body, knowing if he reaches out his own he would change both of their lives forever. But mostly Jungkook’s. So he doesn’t. It is not his place or his choice right now. They get seated next to each other and the studio manager comes up to explain when they’re supposed to clap and how to not stand up during the broadcast as cameras on cranes might hit you in the head. The lights go out over the crowd as the ones on stage go brighter.

The show begins.
Chapter Notes

Next weeks chapter will be out next wednesday as planned.
Enjoy.

The show begins. Hoseok is bouncing his leg in nervousity for his and Jungkook's performance. He’s so excited but so anxious, which is weird since he has performed live for years. This is so mainstream though. He needs to cater to a new audience and he worries that his parts will flop - even though he deep down knows that the song is a smash. Yoongi puts a fierce grip on his thigh.

“If you don’t stop that I will get motion sickness and throw up. You’re shaking the whole row.”

Row ten. They’re almost in the front!

“Sorry.” Yoongi loosens his grip, but does he pull off immediately or does he let his hand rest slack on Hoseok's leg for a few seconds?

The show is actually kind of boring, and he wonders if Yoongi regrets coming here. Please let him enjoy it, at least until after his performance. Then they can leave if Yoongi wants to. He serves Yoongi a new beer in one of the commercial breaks just before it’s time for him to head backstage.

“Will you be fine on your own? I promise I’ll be back as soon as we’ve announced the winners for song of the summer.”
Yoongi smiles so sweetly and it makes Hoseok wants to brush his hand through his hair and feel the soft buzz cut at the nape of his neck. It makes him want to breathe into his chest and hold him as they sleep and Hoseok realizes that even though he tried not to he has fallen for Yoongi.

“Trust me, I’m always fine on my own.”

I bet you are. I don’t doubt for a second that you would fit right in and don’t need me at all, but I think I’ll miss you a little from the other side of the room.

“What? What did I do?”

Oh no, why can’t he just stop staring all of the time!

“Oh nothing, I… I’m nervous.” cause I think I like you.

“Don’t be, Hobi you’re so good, trust me you’ll blow them away.”

“I trust you.”

Backstage is hectic, even more so because he can’t change in front of the crew for obvious reasons,
and have to run all the way to the bathrooms on the other side of the hall. They’re spraying his hair, retouching his make, filling in his brows to make him look intimidating. Masculine. He’s grown to dislike it. He’s been trapped in this shell for his entire career, and this new album was supposed to be more genuine and real, but he feels as if he’s still hiding. Next album will be softer. He’ll wear more white. Maybe sing about flowers or the ocean. Or maybe the moon. But now he lets the makeup artist darken his brows and contour his jawline and lets them dress him in black. The only thing he really likes about this outfit is the harness, mostly because Jimin will probably get a real hard-on in his seat for it.

“Two minutes” a girl shouts into the room and at that Hoseok enters.

“You ready?”

He’s wearing matching black harness, and his hair is a little curled. It suits him. The crew is finally done with Jungkook and now backs off.

“I am. Let’s go.”

So they go. Below the stage they get on a lift that will bring them up in the beginning of the song. They have to crouch to get there.

“Put your hands together for Jeon Jungkook and J-hope!”

If there was a way to describe the feeling watching someone you love so much, someone you look up to and admire and idolize, move like they do it just for you, sing like they mean every syllable, Jimin would write a song about it. He would fill a notebook with words that remind him of this moment (and it would probably look something like what a suburban mom would have on a painting in her bathroom.) Beautiful. Mesmerizing. Sexy. Breathtaking. Love. Love that he wants to make heard. Love that he wants to brag about at family dinners and post about on Instagram. If rules were made to be broken, he would stand up and not care about cameras flying over his head, and not care about what Jungkook’s fans would say and he would scream at the top of his lungs to let everyone know that that is his. There is no way this is his life. No way that that up there is going to be waiting for him backstage. He’s so close he can see Jungkook’s sweat pearl at his temples when he moves, sometimes seamlessly and sometimes with such strong halts that Jimin wants to come with him to the gym to see what the hell he’s doing. All of his life he has watched this boy perform through his computer screen, had butterflies in his stomach seeing him look so unbothered, yet his panting always gives him away at the end. Now Jimin has fallen for this boy. More every day. More every second. There’s no doubt Jungkook is the love of his life and though he never wants the performance to end, his heart begins to race when the lights go out and they all begin to clap. He’s too blown away to even make his palms touch a single time. Just one award to present, then they cut to a commercial break. He doesn’t even register who the winner is because as soon as they are announced, Jungkook leaves the stage to go back to the dressing room, where the staff will be all done packing up. After they’ve wiped his sweat and redone his makeup for the second time, he will be alone in there. And there it is. The screens cut to ads and Jimin is the first one to stand. In the corridors that slithers like an arcade snake he meets Hoseok, who is on his way back to the seats, and tells him hurriedly he did well. Hoseok smiles and hugs him, then pats him
on the back and says a bit too blatantly

“Have fun.”

Jimin rushes away again and as he closes in on the dressing room his blood begins to rush too. Holy fuck this is turning him on. Jungkook in that harness. And fuck, what’s underneath?! Avoiding eye contact with the backstage staff, he soon finds the door which behind Jungkook will patiently be waiting for him. His heart is pounding and he can feel the straining in his jeans when he reaches for the door handle to open.

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Jungkook wipes his own sweat and hurries the makeup people out. Soon Jimin will be here and that’s all he can think about. He did well on stage and has nothing to worry about, only perhaps that he did too well and Jimin will be rough on him, but honestly, he’d love that. When the final person has left the room, he wonders how he should be when Jimin comes in. Undressed? No what if someone forgot something and comes rushing back. Maybe on the floor. He’ll wait on his knees on the floor. Jimin will love that. Still dressed in his stage outfit, he gets down and faces the door, a few feet away, to make room for it to open. After only seconds the handle is pushed down slowly and his heart stops.

“Jungkook, that was so fucking good, do you want a bee-”

Hoseok enters. In panic, Jungkook grabs the closest thing he finds, a bag in which someone had brought his outfit, but his awkwardness and burning face is basically giving him away. He tries to fiddle with it but it looks unnatural in every way.

“Uh- oh, uh no thanks, I’m good, I’ll take one later. You can go back without me.”

Hoseok’s eyebrows are raised and he’s licking the inside of his teeth in amusement. Shit.

“Alright then… See you in a while.”

The door closes and Jungkook buries his face in his hands, pushing the bag away to the side again. Holy shit that was so embarrassing. His heart is going crazy and he wants to stand up, scared it might happen again, though undoubtedly the thrill made him really hard. He gets on one knee, ready to stand up, but then the door is swung open once again.

Jimin.

He gets back down.

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They have around ten minutes before anyone will suspect anything, and Jimin is not about wasting time. Neither is Jungkook apparently, since he is so neatly waiting for Jimin on the floor. Jimin locks the door and commands Jungkook to stand. With no time to waste he kisses him hard,
pushing him back against the vanity mirrors, placing him on the table in front. He uses the harness over Jungkook's shoulders to hold him close as he grinds against him earning soft whimpers from the younger.

“Was I good?” he whispers. Jimin has to laugh.

“Good? You’re the best I’ve ever seen.”

“Good.” Jungkook grabs the back of Jimin's head and pushes him back in. The thought of how pretty Jungkook looked this afternoon when he got dressed has been lingering in Jimin's mind ever since, and finally he is allowed to unzip Jungkook's pants. He leaves the shirt on to save time, and also because the harness is fucking hot and also kind of convenient, and when he pulls the pants off, he steps back to look at his boyfriend. A heaving mess, lain out on the table in front of him. Hair all messed up, legs spread, and the tip of his dick is peaking out from under the pink panties. Jungkook looks up from under his bangs and he looks surprisingly dangerous. The overwhelming absurdity of the situation makes Jimin giggle. He’s blushing and hides the bottom half of his face in his hand.

“What?” Jungkook asks.

“I…” Jimin can't stop giggling, making the others mouth pull upwards as well. They look at each other, smiling, until Jimin walks up to him again and brushes the hair out of his face. “You’re so pretty.”

A hand on his boyfriends thigh travels to the cute lace and toys with the ends of the fabric as their tongues explore each other. Then he pulls them off. They don’t have time to prep Jungkook fully, and Jimin doesn’t want to rush it, so instead they just touch each other. Taste each other. Jimin can’t hold back for long as Jungkook lets him fuck his mouth, and only minutes after they began, Jimin cums at the back of the youngers throat. Then it’s his turn to take care of Jungkook. He keeps his eyes on Jungkooks face, watches how it twists in pleasure and want, and as familiar as it may be, his moans seem to have new colors. Jimin doesn’t know why but the sounds makes him think of the color purple and he can’t stop staring. This time Jimin's moves are slow and teasing because he’s so in love with how Jungkook responds to even the slightest shift of his fingers. When their eyes meet occasionally, Jimin thinks about the times he watched the stars from his hideout at home. He remembers how they sparkled and how the moonlight would cast the prettiest shadows over the big city. He felt like a spectator of reality, like he stood outside of everything. Just like now. Jungkook's eyes glisten exactly like stars and Jimin understands that before he met this boy, he did not know what it was like to make love. Jungkook is the embodiment of love and the greatness it possesses. Jungkook is love himself. Time does not exist when they breathe the same air and suddenly Jimin is not running out of it anymore. There was never a moment that began this and there will never be a moment to end it. It’s been forever, the love has been forever, and Jimin just had to find Jungkook to realize it. Now he has. The hair at the back of his neck stands up and goosebumps clothe his skin and soon Jungkook pulls his shirt up and cums in a breathy growl. Jimin kisses him over and over again while the other comes down from his high. He can’t stop kissing him. Feathery light, like sunshine and soft winds. Jimin dresses Jungkook again, and the other blushes once again as the pink garment is slid up his thighs. Before heading out, after checking themselves in the mirror for the thousand time to make sure they’re not looking freshly fucked, they stop for a second. Jimin gets up on his tiptoes, once again giggling, and kisses Jungkooks nose. You have me. Forever wrapped around your finger.
The show ends and the after party begins, but neither Jungkook nor Jimin seem to be very interested in getting drunk. They just want to spend the night together, alone, away from crowds and hungry eyes. It’s been a stressful evening, being in constant fear of someone reading into them too much and finding out, and now Jungkook could use some rest. Once again like so many times they fall asleep in each others arms. Taehyung isn’t home, and from the text Jungkook received, he’s assuming the boy isn’t coming home until tomorrow. He wants to hear everything, but after Jimin has left. Tomorrow is their last full day together and when Jimin has fallen asleep he lays awake for a while, holding Jimin's hand in his. It’s so soft and small and he hopes he’ll dream about it.

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FRIDAY JUNE 27th (one day before Jimin goes home)

“Fuck.”

“What?”

“I forgot to charge my phone”

“Screw that, Kook, come back to bed!”

Jimin doesn’t want to leave Jungkook’s side at all today. It’s probably lunch time already but neither have gotten up yet, well, except for Jungkook now who wanted to check the time on his dead phone. He looks at Jimin's instead. 1.54pm. Who cares about time today? In their world, today is an eternal limbo between hello and goodbye for now, why break the illusion? Jungkook comes diving back into bed and nuzzles his face in Jimin's neck.

“Fine” he whines so gorgeously into Jimin's skin.

“Can we just pretend for a while that we have all the time in the world?”

The sigh that escapes Jungkook is one that has been heard more and more often the closer they get to tomorrow. Neither of them are looking forward to it, Jimin the least probably since he has nothing really to go back to, and has to face Yoongi on top of that, but it’s like the both of them wishing it wasn’t real has resulted in them sort of pretending it isn’t real. Jimin runs his hands through Jungkook’s hair as he remembers the bag that is still in his now untouched airbnb. He should go there today, go quickly and hope that Yoongi isn’t home. As it seems he too has found another place, where in the world Jimin still has no idea, and hopefully he plans on getting his stuff tomorrow if he hasn’t already. Today will be Jimin's best chance of staying out of his way. It would probably be better if they met before they have to spend hours on a plane together, but Jimin is terrified of that and wants to avoid it until the last second. Jungkook grunts into his neck again. Maybe he should go alone? It would be nice to say a proper goodbye to this place and think about what has happened these last ten weeks. What a ride. He'll be back here in no time and spend every last second, until that plane leaves, with his boyfriend.
Jimin kisses a pouting Jungkook goodbye and hops in an uber. He watches as the mansion gets smaller and smaller until it disappears completely from his view. He'll be back soon. The driver is really talkative and nice and picks up on Jimin's accent quickly. Apparently he has friends in Seoul and they end up talking about the city for the entire ride.

As soon as Jimin leaves Jungkook goes upstairs to make the bed and plug the charger into his phone. As it’s trying to wake back up to life, he starts cleaning the place up a bit, blasting his old throwback playlist on spotify. It’s his go-to whenever he does chores, cause it keeps everything fun. First up is some good old fall out boy and Jungkook smiles at his old self. He sings along as he picks up the vacuum -

*The calm before the storm set it off*

*And the sun burnt out tonight*

*Reception less than warm set it off*

*And the sun burnt out too*

When Yoongi wakes up hungover from the after party he finds himself lying comfortably with a soft mattress under his side. It’s an unfamiliar feeling. As he opens his eyes he finds the back of Hoseok's head next to him. He remembers now. The drinks. The dancing. The whining about his back killing him. Hoseok trying to convince him to take the bed. Seems like he agreed after all, but apparently on the condition that Hoseok wouldn’t break his back and sleep on the couch, instead they would share. He blushes, fully aware of their short lived flirtatious past. He stares at the still curled locks in front of him. Hoseok smells like hairspray and alcohol and Yoongi breathes it in, over and over again, suddenly hyper aware of how his knees have found the back of the others calves - their bodies bent in some lazy version of spooning. Yoongi blushes and takes a deep breath again.

Jimin gets out of the uber and to his relief, the apartment is empty. Just like he left it when he was here getting clothes for the hospital. There’s no air in there whatsoever so he pushes the big window in the living room open before collecting all of his stuff. He’ll miss LA like crazy, but not this place at all. Next time he’ll stay with Jungkook. The couch him and his best friend used to take turns sleeping on is still untouched. The bed still not made. All of the designer bags crammed into a corner, some not even unpacked yet. He puts it all into the big suitcase and prays it will fit. Yoongi's toothbrush is gone from the cup in the bathroom but some of his stuff is still laying around. A ring on the bathroom sink. His towel in the rack. Jimin's phone begins to ring out in the living room, but he doesn’t bother with it. He is too busy trying to puzzle together these last weeks, remembering the timeline for everything. This is his goodbye to the dream that these weeks was, and it’s impossible to help that it’s a little sentimental. Jimin's phone rings again and he walks out to check who it is. Sejin. He probably wants to discuss the new producers he has found to replace Yoongi, but Jimin is not in the mood. Instead he walks into the bedroom and makes the bed, double checking that he hasn’t forgotten anything in there as well. He leaves the fridge for Yoongi
to deal with, there is still some snacks in there, but he throws away everything he knows Yoongi won’t touch. The old leftovers for example. With a cold snickers in his mouth, Jimin finally zips up the bag and calls for a new uber. Before exiting he gives the apartment a last glance and is overwhelmingly unsure how to feel. The bittersweet goodbye is interrupted by his phone once again making a bunch of noise, this time it’s a text. Another one from Sejin, but the way it’s written makes Jimin a bit nauseous. Maybe he already knew at this point. Maybe he already knew what it was about, and only answered the text to make sure.

Sejin

Jimin, is everything okay?? Call me I need to know

The house looks a little better with less trash thrown everywhere and Jungkook decides he’s deserving of a break. Upstairs he opens his phone, and holy shit does the notifications deviant from the regular ones. His twitter is flooding, and mentions are through the roof. Before opening the app he thinks about all of the good things they have to say about his and Hoseok's performance and how good the new song is.

“Good morning.” Yoongi's voice sounds a bit like a cat purring and he answers the boy with a smile.

“Morning. How you feeling?”

“Hungover.”

“Me too.”

Last night was the most fun Hoseok has had in a long long time. They were laughing and dancing and drinking. A lot. And all night they kept daring each other to embarrass themselves in front of all of the celebrities at the after party. It was hilarious, really the best night ever. Yoongi even let Hoseok drunkenly hold his hand on the way home as he dragged the elder behind him to the bedroom, away from that stupid couch. It was so sweet when he insisted Hoseok would stay too. He pouted and whined until the two of them were tucked down next to each other. Yoongi lets out a soft groan next to him and pulls him back to the present.

“Sorry, my legs always cramp when I’m dehydrated.” Yoongi sits up and starts hitting his own calf weakly. Even though Hoseok might be a bit unsteady, he gets up to go fetch Yoongi (and himself) some water to help.

“Where are you going?” Yoongi looks at him with large, wondering eyes.

“Uh… water” he says, not really able to meet the others gaze. He looks so stunning even like this. Especially like this. Messy hair, blossoming cheeks, swollen lips.

“Oh. Thank you.” Yoongi smiles when Hoseok leaves the room, and again once he enters with two large glasses filled to the brim with cold water. He gives one of them to Yoongi who clumsily sits up in bed. Yoongi is only in his boxers and a shirt, just like Hoseok, and when he sits up he tosses the covers off of him. It was warm before he did that but now Hoseok is sweating, so he chugs his glass too.
“Thank you for convincing me to go to the show with you. It was fun.” Yoongi says, looking down shyly.

“Thank you for joining me, I swear you made it fun.” Hoseok sits down at the end of the bed, in front of a curled up Yoongi, who once again groans and tries to beat the cramp out of his leg. It looks awkward since he isn’t really in the right position, so without really considering what he does,

“Let me-”

Hoseok takes Yoongi’s leg in both hands and begins to press down into the soft muscle. The dancer in him knows exactly which spots to hit to make cramp disappear, but what he failed to realize was that touching Yoongi’s skin would make his hands burn and tingle and shake a little. He keeps the strong grip around his calf but stops pressing into it with his fingers. His heart beats out of his chest and his mind short wires when Yoongi gasps at the sudden touch. Their eyes meet after a second or two and their worlds comes to a halt.

Jimin reads the article with hands that shake too much to scroll down properly on his phone that is so god damn small why don’t they make bigger phones?! His mind can’t grasp what he is reading, nonetheless seeing. At the top of the article there is a photo. An old one, of the boy he loves so much and himself.

JUNGKOOK IS GAY?

*Although we all can agree we would probably go gay for that cute newcomer Park Jimin, someone seems to have beaten us to it. Our favorite bad boy straight guy, Jeon Jungkook, seems to have caught first dibs on this one. We have witnessed the two interact on multiple occasions, not really trying to hide their supposed “friendship” on social media and in the press, but some have speculated that the pair is more than just friends, and yesterday we got the proof.*

Jimin reads it all. It’s about Jimin being Jungkook's plus one and how he looked at him on the red carpet when he almost fell. It’s photos of them standing close together, photos of them being gone and then coming back together after Jungkook’s performance, and stupid theories that the author tries to pass off as “proof”. All of it could easily be dismissed and explained, but then. A few videos scattered at the bottom of the piece, one that seem to have caught the attention of the majority of people reading it. A video of Hoseok dancing in the middle of a party, the night Jimin first met him, he remembers the scene, and in the background... A kiss. Or maybe it was just a hug, some say on twitter, but that seems to only spark conflicts. The fans argue back and forth - *it’s all lies, no it’s not look at the proof, you call that proof? Jungkook isn’t gay he would have told us.*

*Who the fuck is this Jimin?*

This is fucking disgusting I can’t believe he would lie to us and play with our hearts like that.

*I support the lgbtq+ community and all, but this? We lost a good one, girls, not sure if I can stand by this*

Jimin could do so much better
Jungkook could do so much better

Jungkook is mine! How dare he!

He is ours!

But the hashtag is the worst part. The fucking hashtag that makes Jimin shake even more and where is that fucking uber???, Jungkooks fans are furious, disappointed that they find out this way, angry with Jimin too, but the fucking hashtag.

It’s not that big but Jungkook knows how it will go. By tonight #JungkookIsOverParty will be trending worldwide. He wants to wake up. This is not real, this did not just happen everything was going so well. Everything was going so well - Jimin and him were fine now someone had to ruin it. Ruin everything. His entire life. Cause what is it without his fanbase? Now they are turning on him, disappointed and mad that he lied to them. That he cheated them. Text after text roll in from his management. They’re furious too. He lied. Kept secrets. But they don’t even believe it. He has to end this now, let them do some damage control. He has to tell them that it’s not true that he does not love Jimin but he loves Jimin he loves Jimin so fucking much.

But

He sacrificed everything for this life. Without this he has nothing. He is no one. They will tear him down and his release will be a flop. He will have to cancel the tour because no one will show up.

I don’t know about you guys but I’m not supporting someone who lies to his audience. I’m boycotting Jungkook from now on. Spread the word, don’t listen to the song that comes out today.

Don’t buy tickets to support a liar. There are so many other artists out there who are true to their fans. @JeonJungkook I’m disappointed in you.

We all are.

From the outside, Jungkook stands quietly in his room, second floor of the beautiful mansion in Hollywood Hills, but inside his entire being is crashing down. He wants to scream and throw his phone at the ground but he is paralyzed. He has to make a choice.

Yoongi shivers as their eyes meet. Why? A new feeling shakes his insides and scrambles his brain. Or is it an old one? Taking a new form? Hoseok does not remove his hand from Yoongi’s leg. That is a good thing. Yoongi wants it there. It’s warm. And it makes him warm too. He closes his mouth that had been hanging open in surprise and wets his lips. No one says anything and it should be awkward but it’s not. When Yoongi doesn’t look away Hoseok moves his hand, carefully, probably less than an inch higher up Yoongi’s bent leg, and then it all falls in place. Butterflies. But how? How can he feel that again? He hasn’t in so long. Not with anyone but Jimin. But as the name erupts in his mind he does not feel the same.

Jimin finally gets in the car and he pleads to the driver to hurry. He can’t call Jungkook, he needs to talk to him. Look him in the eyes.
Hoseok moves closer and Yoongi too. His legs are on each side of the other boy, that sits sideways on the bed still, just a lot closer, and the leg that crosses his lap gets a gentle hand on it again.

Jungkook gets call after call from Taehyung, Bianca, and more people from his team than he knew he had. He does not answer a single one.

Yoongi is scared. He has not felt anything for anyone that is not Jimin and it terrifies him to be unfamiliar with the feeling once again. He had mastered the heartache that was loving Jimin but now that name is pushed further and further out of his mind the closer Hoseok's breathing gets. They stop a mere inch from each other and breathes heavy in the space between. No one dares to lean in. However, Yoongi can almost hear the others heart pounding just as fast as his.

And just like that, Yoongi feels it.

Jimin is gone.

Where Jimin had been for years, picking at the crusted paint inside his heart, someone else is remodeling. Jimin is gone. Did he just realize? Or did he know yesterday? The day before?

Jimin's car comes to a halt and he hurriedly gets the luggage from the trunk, pulling it too rushed so that it keeps getting stuck. The driver comes out to help him, and when it dunks down on the driveway, Jimin rushes off. But inside of the gates he slows down. Every step is carefully placed as he gets closer and closer to the front door of Jungkook's home. If he doesn't enter maybe he will stay forever in this limbo. An eternal limbo between goodbye and hello. Maybe then time won't exist.

Their lips graze a bit between heavy panting and Yoongi lets go of every fear of what comes next. He fully gives into what he wants. He kisses Hoseok and Hoseok kisses him back. Soft at first, then more and more desperate. His heart doesn't feel broken at all anymore. He is not broken anymore.

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The house is quiet, but he knows Jungkook is here. He knows he is waiting for him. With reluctant steps he walks up to the bedroom, but it too is empty. He gets impatient and wants to shout. Where are you?! Though when he gets closer to the balcony, soft sobs can be heard. Jimin finds him crying quietly in one of the chairs. He is partially turned away from Jimin who stops in the door frame. His first instinct was to run up to him, embrace him and kiss him and say “We’ll get through this, I love you, let’s go inside and make some tea and forget it for a while.” Though he does not feel entitled to that. Even less when Jungkook finally acknowledges his presence with bloodshot, apologetic eyes. Jungkook doesn’t want to kiss him anymore.
“Is this..?” Jimin can’t even say it. Although Jungkook is quiet, his tears begin to stream again.

“How can we do this, just let me-”

“Jimin you have nothing to lose.”

His voice is barely there. Why does he say that? Why is the first thing he says the beginning of something Jimin knows he is scared to death of hearing. His love looks away.

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“You’re new. I’ve lived this life, grown accustomed to it. This is all I have.”

“I can’t believe you.”

The pure disappointment in him is almost too much. Jungkook looks at Jimin again.

“I love you, Jungkook. I love you. And you told me you loved me too.”

“Not enough to let it ruin my life.”

It’s like they had this conversation even before Jimin got here. They both knew. Deep down in his guts Jimin knew this is what he would come back to.

“How sure?” Jimin’s whole body is shaking. Jungkook doesn’t mean what he is saying. There’s no way. He’s just saying it to convince himself.

“I like you -” he does not look away when he speaks which makes Jimin tremble even more. It’s like his body is giving up on him. “- but you have to understand that my job is my life. You know this. This have been a good couple of months but you cannot blame me for not wanting to lose what matters most.”

And Jungkook means it. His tears have stopped flowing and he means what he says.

“But you promised me. You’ll have me and I’ll have you.”

“And now I’m breaking that promise.”

Jungkook looks away. His hands are shaking too, but he hides them between his legs. The air is warm as always and the view from the balcony is beautiful. To the sound of chirping birds and distant cars, Jungkook breaks Jimin’s heart. Again. The heart that has been shattered far too many times.

“I still love you.” Last time Jungkook broke his heart this is what he failed to say. Now he won’t stop saying it. Those words are his last hope.

“I know. I never wanted any of this, you know. It’s been fun but you are not worth it.”

“I’ll still love you.”

“Don’t. You’re only wasting your time, Jimin.” Their eyes find each other again but Jimin can’t read Jungkook’s face. He tries to find regret. Lies. I am only saying this to convince myself. But it’s not there.

“This makes no sense, Kook. You told me you loved me. What did you expect?” Jimin is calm, neither shouts nor speaks fast, but his voice sounds unnatural and hoarse. “Honestly, what was your plan? We couldn’t keep it a secret forever.”
“Jimin stop.”

How? Jimin is desperate. He’s grasping at every non verbal promise they made to each other. Every kiss and every time the back of their hands would touch in public just to say “I love you” when they couldn’t out loud. Every time their eyes would meet from across the room or Jungkook would shiver when Jimin's fingers travelled down his back. That was their promises and that was their truth. He gets that this is hard for Jungkook, and that he is not ready and that is awful, really really awful, but he can’t let him do this.

“No, you stop. You fucking stop this right now. I know you love me, and I am not going to let you ruin this for yourself. And for me. It was going to come out eventually, if you didn’t plan to keep us a secret forever? Is that what you planned?” Jungkook doesn’t answer. Maybe that’s exactly what he did. The lack of response gives the shaking of Jimin's body more fuel, yet somewhere inside he understands. He knows Jungkook now, and he should not have expected anything else. Jungkook would never put his career at risk for Jimin. Of course not. But as much as Jimin gets it, his heart is still on the floor.

“Do you understand that if you do this, I am done with you?”

“I do.”

“So this is the end?”

“I’m sorry.”

Jimin does not panic. Neither does he cry. His heart is too used to being smashed into pieces as tiny as grains of sand, and he is done sweeping the floors wherever he goes. Part of him wants to stay, comfort Jungkook and give them a proper goodbye, but he is done. The disappointment is too much. He wanted to believe Jungkook would try for him. That he would make sacrifices and take leaps of faith for him, but he was just being naïve. Things were too good to be true, he should have seen it coming. He shouldn’t have given Jungkook so much of him, all of him. Although, if there is one thing Jungkook taught him it is that he is worthy of love, and it seems as if the love he wanted here has left. He is thankful for Jungkook in that sense, and even if his legs barely carry him, it is because of that he can turn around and leave. Don’t be fooled into thinking every step down those stairs did not feel like stabings in his chest and don’t think for a second that his whole body didn’t hurt when he finally reached the door, turned around, and realized that Jungkook had not followed him. He will never see him again. He will never see Jungkook again and he does not know how to breathe knowing that he has met the eyes of the love of his life for the last time.

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When the door closes Jungkook's heart stops. He is all alone to clean up this mess, this fucking mess that he’s made all by himself. Why wasn’t he more careful? Once again the blame is all on him. Jimin is better off alone, and Jungkook was so dumb for thinking he could ever come out. Deep down Jungkook knew he would just keep pushing it forward, never to really get there, cause he knew for certain this is what would happen. Of course they would abandon him. He knew. So why is he having so much trouble breathing? Why are his hands shaking so violently? He can’t move on his own. Jungkooks entire life is falling apart. He sacrificed so fucking much to be where he is, more than Jimin now will ever know, much less understand. He had to get him out of his life. So why can’t I breathe? Why am I shaking? Jungkook forgets how to think. Forgets that when
this happens he is supposed to go into the bathroom and find his medicine and sit down and wait for it to kick in. But this is not like the other times. Something short wires deep within and nothing seems to be working as it should. There is so much damage control that needs to be done. Jungkook will never see the end of this. There will always be speculations no matter what he does and what if nothing works and they just call him a liar. They will hate him either way. Life as he knows it is over and Jungkook's mind is young and scared and just like so many times before he thinks about the knives downstairs. Maybe it would just be better if he ended it maybe you should end it all Jungkook you should probably kill yourself no one would even care they all hate you look at what they are saying about you no one truly loves you not even Jimin he left you all alone. Jungkook wants to hurt himself. It does not make sense, he is already in pain, but he needs to do something he needs to do something he needs to do something he needs to do something he needs to do something he needs to do something I NEED TO DO SOMETHING.

He finds himself downstairs. The two glasses of wine he had set the table with have been pushed to the floor. Glass has shattered everywhere and then a vase crashes into the wall in front of him. There's a knife drying off on the counter from when they made sushi. There's a knife on the counter. Look at what they are saying. Life as you know it is over look at what they are saying maybe you should just end it maybe you should WAKE UP JUNGKOOK THIS IS NOT REAL WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP STOP THIS ITS NOT REAL WAKE UP WAKE UP JUNGKOOK WAKE THE FUCK UP WHAT ARE YOU DOING WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP THIS IS NOT REAL THIS CANNOT BE REAL Jungkook? WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP Are you still there, Jungkook? WHY DID THIS HAPPEN WAKE UP JUNGKOOK THIS IS NOT REAL WAKE UP JUNGKOOK THIS IS NOT REAL WAKE UP JUNGKOOK THIS IS NOT REAL Jungkook this is not real life as you know it is over look at what they are saying maybe you should just end it maybe you should WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP LET ME GO BACK LET ME GO BACK LET ME GO BACK STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP LET ME GO BACK TO BEFORE I MET HIM LET ME GO BACK WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I but it was you who broke the promise NEVER LOVED HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM I WISH I NEVER MET HIM WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP
Wake up!
Let me tell you a story

Chapter Notes

To move forward you sometimes have to go back

On September 1st 1997 in the South Korean city Busan, many children were brought to life, birthed by their mothers, some wanted, some unwanted - some loved, some not. One in particular were to take his first breath in a life where he, at the moment unknowingly, were to change the fate of millions, a gift given to only a very small minority of the people on this earth. His parents cried tears of joy as they held him in their arms and showered him in love, just as they had done with his older brother. A happy family of four. The boy grew up in a fairly nice neighbourhood, and went to a decent school. He learned to walk early, excelled sports and did well in class. To keep him happy and on track, his parents granted him lessons in dance, but it was his passion for singing that kept their ears tired but hearts warm. You see, he was no ordinary boy. His voice brought tears to the eyes of his mother, and even though his brother got tired of him never shutting up, and multiple times asked him less than politely to shut up, he never actually wanted it to end. As for their father, he didn’t say much about it, but most nights his footsteps could be heard slowing down and coming to a halt whenever he passed his youngest son's room. His humming sent vibrations through the walls of their house and kept it alive. But his family was a hard working, conservative family. His dreams of performing were cute, but he was going to be a lawyer, like his father. That’s just how life works.

As he got older, the pressure from his family took a toll on him and he closed himself off more. When they spoke about his future he lowered his head and kept his responses short. Never did he talk back, or even tried to make them understand. Or, he did once, and the lack of trust and understanding in their response sewed his mouth shut. Instead he turned to the internet. He posted clips of himself singing, but deleted them from his computer so his parents wouldn’t find out, and a group of a few thousands gathered at his channel and loved his content. His world grew on there, but shrunk in real life. His grades were dropping, as was his attendance, and he became more and more quiet at dinner. His parents would ask him about his day, or what he was doing in his room so much, but he would only shrug them off. They don’t really care. They won’t support me, and they won’t understand. Those thoughts grew like weeds in his mind, until they fully bloomed one night when he received an email from an American agency. They loved his content and their team would love to see if they would be fit to work together. For months he had hour-long calls every other day with his soon to be managers, and they came up with a plan for him to come to the states and sit in a few sessions. The boy told them that his parents were fully aware and that he was allowed to go. Three weeks before his plane would take off, the day of his sixteenth birthday, he told his parents. In his mind he wouldn’t be away for very long, so even though he knew there would be consequences, they couldn’t be too mad at him. Of course they would tell him not to go, not to miss school and not to be stupid, but he didn’t expect to watch his mother fall apart. Everything they planned for him, he had rejected. The disrespect was too much. He was told he had ruined the family, their reputation, and she wondered how she would ever trust him again. There was no chance he was going. Dance practice was over. No more singing in the house. No more singing at all. When he came home after school he were only to sit in the kitchen and study law until it was time for bed. As always, his father kept his lecture short, but he said everything that was needed for his son to understand what a disgrace he was, going behind their backs like that. The same night, as
the last hours of his sixteenth birthday bled out, panic slowly devoured his body. It was the first time he felt helpless and weak. But not the last. His brother slept in the room next to his, and through the walls he heard gasping for air.

Every night for three weeks, his brother held him as he tried his hardest to breathe, but it was like his ability to do so had left him for good. His parents disregarded him completely when he came home, and only spoke to him if he had questions about homework. Looking his parents in the eye became impossible. The young boy felt as if all of the love in the house had left - the vibrations in the walls were gone and left the white paint to crack and peel off. His voice became hoarse, and sounded unnatural when he spoke, and now he could hear his father's footsteps hurry past his quiet room every evening. Two nights before his flight, his brother held him once again to calm the shivering boy, but this time he asked why he just wouldn’t do as his parents said? Why wouldn’t he apologize and tell them he was going to law school. It was just easier like that, and then his brother wouldn’t have to suffer from the deafening silence that had fallen on their cursed home. The younger could feel his heart break and when his brother finally left he cried for the first time during all of this.

His family didn’t know the date of the flight, and after a call he took in the school bathroom from his manager, he decided that he had to go, no matter what. Everything was booked and ready, the agency had set everything up. He would be back, and maybe then his parents would understand? He would return with stories of success and happiness, and they would be proud. This night there was no need for comfort because he didn’t even try to sleep. He only packed a suitcase he had borrowed from his father, and intended to sneak out at four, just in time for when the cab would arrive. He had the money he needed, an allowance he had refused to spend for a year, and he was ready. Then, at about two in the morning, his third repacking was interrupted by a scream. His mother's fear echoed through the cold walls, and soon after his brother sprinted out of his room to go see what was wrong. The youngest froze in horror. What was happening? Did she find out? She must have found out! He locked the door and finished packing in a panicked few minutes before calling to get the cab to him right now. He had to run, they were not going to stop him from following his dreams. Ten minutes later he ran as fast as he could, carrying the huge bag, downstairs to avoid his parents preventing arms, but there were none. Instead he was greeted by an ambulance outside. It’s flashing lights took him by surprise, and he stopped mid step. Outside was his brother, shivering in his pajamas in the cold weather, huffing quick visible clouds before stopping his breathing completely when he saw his younger brother, dressed, packed, and ready to go. The last hope left his eyes when their gazes met. But neither of them could focus, because soon after, his father was pulled out in a hurry on a stretcher, dragging his bawling mother behind. She was screaming something about his heart, but there was too much going on. He can’t remember exactly. As they were putting him into the ambulance, his mother spotted him. The same expression as the one on his brother spread over her face. She came running towards him, grabbing him violently and screaming that he can’t leave now. How can he do this? Not now! Her son can’t leave, he has responsibilities! He can’t go!

I can’t lose my son too.

I can’t lose my son too.

I can’t lose my son too.

I love you, please don’t go.

I can’t lose my son too.

The cab pulled up to the chaotic scene, and the youngest pulled away from his mother. She fell
down on her knees and begged him not to go. She was on her knees as he closed the door and took off.

Things happened fast in America. He got signed after only a year. The sessions he had led to more, better sessions, and suddenly people around town knew his name. Jungkook. There was no way he was going back. In the beginning he would email his mother about what was happening in hope that she would be proud. In hope that she would send updates on how his father was doing, and that maybe his brother would write a heart wrenching letter about how much they miss him and wanted him to come home. In his last email he said, in a desperate attempt to gain their attention, that if she and his dad didn’t give him up for adoption so that he could move here forever, this would be the last thing they heard from him. Otherwise he would come and visit often. He never got a response, not even one on his dad. Jungkook figures he passed, but he truly doesn’t know. He tried to avoid thinking about it. He still does. A few months later he deleted the email address and told his managers that if his parents ever tried to contact him, to delete their messages. Now there was no strings still attached to his homeland. No reason to return.

He struggled a lot with immigration, and never really told anyone how they did it out of fear he might have broke one too many laws while protected by DACA before receiving his green card, but the fact that his parents never fought for him to come home helped. Fame came slow but steady at first, then after his first album was released, his dreams came true. Everyone who was anyone knew about him, and they still do. At eighteen he was more successful than most people can even dream about, and money came rolling in from left and right. He met some great friends, lost some bad friends, and got drunk a lot. A lot, a lot. He already bought the house. He already bought the cars, the clothes, the furniture. So he started spending it on alcohol, expensive parties, and sometimes even drugs. He stopped after one bad night, though. He was fucked out of his mind off alcohol, coke, and some pill someone slipped him in a makeout, and had crashed in the bathroom by himself trying to collect his mind. He stumbled backwards into a bathtub, and ended up sitting there for god knows how long. His mind traveled to places he did not want to go, and suddenly his father stood in front of him. No words were exchanged, but the expression of absolute loss clothed his face just like it had done his brother and mother that night. His guts turned inside out and it just wouldn’t stop. After that he always declined drugs.

His panic however got a lot worse. Tae would find him burning himself with lighters when he was left alone at parties, and whenever they got drunk in skyscrapers, Jungkook had a bad habit of counting the floors, or dropping things from balconies only to time how long it took for it to hit the ground. One night it got so bad that Tae decided to move in for two whole months. It was a week after he hallucinated his father, and his panic attack ended in the two of them in the kitchen, screaming at the top of their lungs. Jungkook was holding a kitchen knife to his heart, threatening to kill himself if Tae took one step closer. He pushed hard enough to bleed through his white t-shirt, and the only thing that kept the knife from entering further was when Tae too grabbed a knife and held it against himself. If you kill yourself I’ll kill myself too. That’s what he said. And it worked. Jungkook was upset, screaming that Tae didn’t know what it was like, that he had no right to stop Jungkook, but he threw the knife to the side and fell kneeling to the floor, just like his mother had done. Tae has patched Jungkook up many times, from stupid fights to blisters from burns on his hands, but he still remembers this like it was yesterday. The white shirt made the scene look so much bloodier, but it was only a scratch.

Jungkooks success story was only beginning, and he rose even higher during this time. He distracted himself more and more and entered a phase of experimenting, having found out the
awful thing that he likes men too, and that it was not something he could ignore. He fucked around a lot, treating the people he slept with like garbage and gaining a reputation of being a fuckboy, and a bad boy. He embraced it, and it showed in his next album. Tae and him would fight from time to time, mostly when Jungkook acted like a dick at parties, and he left Tae alone so many times that people started forgetting that they even came together. He met Ophelia. He loved her and stopped going to these stupid parties. He stopped writing music and only hung out with her and he even locked his door sometimes so that Tae couldn’t stop by. She was nice and sweet and smart, but their relationship was not healthy. The love she gave him had to compensate for too much, which ended in Jungkook becoming too attached. He drifted from his friends but he was so in love so it didn’t matter. When she left him he had many broken relationships to fix. Not all were repaired.

Jungkook needed love. That’s all he ever needed. He wanted his parents to care and his brother to understand, without having to sacrifice himself or his dreams, but that’s not what he got. Instead, his friends and his team took him under their wings and pulled him up. He’s still troubled, his anxiety is still bad, and he’s sensitive to a lot - still afraid of opening up to people, and even though he might not act like a douche a lot anymore, he’s still keeping most people on an arm’s length. But he’s alive at least. Tae is the only one who knows about his father, and the night he left. The others think he just moved here. It’s always been easier to not talk about it, for everyone, but mostly for Jungkook. If he begins to dwell in it again, wondering how his father is, wondering if his mother and brother still love him, or if his old friends from school knows what happened to him, he would probably need years to find peace again. Going there would be too much for anyone, and Jungkook needs to keep himself on track in this business. He hasn’t and won’t have the time to deal with it, so he doesn’t. He was fine as it was. Until he met Jimin.

He became a better person. More relaxed, which is ironic considering his constant fear of being outed. It was still as if a blanket had wrapped around him, shielding him from his own monsters. Jimin didn’t make him forget about his friends. Jimins love didn’t compensate for the love he lacked from his parents and brother. It was something new, something more mature - Jungkook felt older the second they kissed. Jimin could see things so clearly, he lived with confidence and loved with passion - made Jungkook into a better person without even trying. Of course he did try for them, though. He had to be patient, waiting in the shadows for Jungkook to stop fearing the light.

He was almost there. But he was pulled out too soon. Someone else took the right to turn his entire life upside down, ruining the trust his fans had for him, ruining his reputation, his comeback, and inevitably his relationship with Jimin. His band aid, his salvation.

Gone.
The sun has risen hours ago and now casts its piercing beams into the room on the second floor. Jeongguk turns in bed, wondering where the fuck he is. What happened? His mind is completely blank, and his head hurts like hell. He turns around to face Jimin who lies next to him, and runs his hand over the boys arm, trying to wake him up to help him remember, but the person who turns around is not Jimin. At first he does not remember her face and his heart feels as if it stops beating. What day is it? What is going on? He tries to get away from her in shock, but his brutal hangover kicks him back down and he really needs to find a trash can, a sink, anything. Defying his terrible state, he makes a run for it and with milliseconds to spare makes it to the bathroom to puke his guts out. The acid makes his eyes tear up and his body goes completely limp from exhaustion.

“Are you okay?” the woman finds him and leans against the door frame. She is real. It was not a figment of Jungkooks imagination, no she is living and breathing right here in his house.

“Who are you?” he looks at her in absolute distress. Where is Jimin?

“You don’t remember anything?” she squats down next to him. “Maybe you should rest a bit before we talk, I don’t want you to…”

He recognizes her now. He has seen her before. At the party where he and Jimin fought… she’s the girl who spilled her drink on him.

“Tell me, what did I do? Did we..?”

He goes back. What does he remember? The article… The phonecalls… The breakup. Then after that, not a lot, but a vague taste of whiskey. He downed a whole bottle. In a panic he tried drinking everything away. Then what?

“Oh God no, Jungkook. But it was a lot. Let me get you something to eat.”

“No! Tell me what the fuck is going on!”

He remembers leaving the house in a hurry. Did he drive? There was a party, him and Jimin was going to skip it because it was his last night. He went by himself.

“Were you at the party?”

“Yes.” She sits down on the black tiles, knowing Jungkook won’t move until she tells him. “You were pretty drunk when you arrived, so I don’t know how much you remember…”

“I remember nothing.”

“Alright then…”

Jungkook came bursting in at the party, drunk out of his mind but with a clear motive, this was when the news hadn’t spread too much. A lot of people had heard about it though, so eyes were on
him. Some people from his team was there too, that seems to be the reason he came.

“You came up to me, flirting. I had no idea at the time what had happened, if I did I would not be here. I’m not going to lie but I don’t think Jimin deserved that.”
“Deserved what?”

“You were so nice and collected, even though I could tell by the look in your eyes that you were wasted. But so was I.”

He approached her, held her by the waist and spoke directly into her ear.

“I’m Jungkook.”

“I’m Chris.”

And the cameras were turned their way. He knew they were. So they posed together, and he made sure to spread the photos - told his team to post them everywhere. She thought he was flirting, and they stayed by each other's side all night, until Jungkook had his final drink.

“I kept asking you if you were okay, but you were just gone. It scared me so I called a cab. You refused to go at first but when I insisted you started shaking, then you let me take you home. Jungkook everyone saw us leave together.”

He feels sick again.

“Then we came back here.”

She had to carry him inside cause he could barely stand.

“I was going to leave when you were in bed, but I was scared for you. Especially after the fight.”

“Fight?”

Taehyung was home. As soon as they stepped over that doorstep, he stood up from the couch and ran up to them.

“Where the fuck have you been? Where’s Jimin?”

Taehyung was seconds away from crying. He was so upset with Jungkook, and when he understood that he had left Jimin, he spoke up.

“Jungkook you are so stupid. This was your chance. Who the fuck is this?” he pointed to Chris.

“You don’t understand!” Jungkook yelled back. “You don’t understand what it is like.”

“Enlighten me then. What is it like to be a coward?”

Jungkook had tears in his eyes.

“Jimin was good . You are so fucking stupid.”

“Then you pushed him. Hard. And everything changed. He stopped yelling, he looked scared of you. That’s when I intervened and held you back. Your friend left after that, and you broke down. Jungkook were you really going to hurt yourself? You kept saying you would. That’s why I didn’t
leave. I gave you your meds and put you to bed, and you told me the whole story.”

He begged her to not tell anyone, and to pretend they went home together as more than this. He needed the rumours to die down.

“I haven’t seen or heard from Jimin in a while, but I know he will hate me forever.”

“Do you know him?” Jungkook rests his head on the toilet seat. He can only ask questions that isn’t about last night. He didn’t want to know.

“He was my neighbour here. Him and that other guy.”

Chris. Christine.

“I’d let him know everything if you weren’t in this position, just so you know. I’ll help you for now, but you need to promise me you won’t hurt yourself. Or anyone else for that matter.”

Jungkook cries again, lifts his head up to force the tears to stay in place but they fall regardless. Is this really what life is like now? He needs to call Taehyung, let him know that he is so sorry.

But Taehyung doesn't pick up his phone. He hangs up in Jungkook's ear, every time he tries to call. Chris makes Jungkook some very salty soup so he'll recover faster, and he truly doesn’t understand her kindness. He does not deserve anything right now.

“I need to go soon, is there anyone I can call? I don't want to leave you alone.”

“I’m fine.”

That’s a huge lie, but there isn’t anyone to call. No one that will understand him. They all loved Jimin more, and they will never forgive him for letting him go. But he had to, he had no choice.

Christine leaves, but makes him promise to call her tomorrow so she knows he’s alright. He will. She might be the only person right now who knows everything, and still cares, which is awful because she is a total stranger. Namjoon and Hoseok hasn’t stopped texting him all day, and all he wants is for everyone to forget that he exists, just for a while. He wants to disappear. The only texts he reads are the ones from his managers. They tell him that they are happy that the pictures are floating around, but they still need him to come out and say that the allegations are false.

Allegations… if he does that then Jimin will be absolutely destroyed. He can’t blatantly lie like that. With the photos surfacing now people can read into it however they like. It will confuse the situation and most likely make people debunk the “evidence” themselves, without any type of statement from Jungkook. He checks twitter and that’s exactly what is going on. It’s all confusion and fighting right now, but soon he will see if it worked. If not, he’ll have to do something else. For now he will drink his soup and take double the dose of his meds so that he is knocked out until the day he doesn’t want to hurt himself anymore. After taking two pills with water straight from the tap, Jungkook locks himself in his room and prays that that day comes soon.
Aftermath

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The whole thing is a blur now. It’s amazing how your body runs on autopilot when your brain can barely function. He remembers walking. Not how far. Sejin came and picked him up after he called and they drove together to the airport after he dragged Jimin into the car. He didn’t stop walking until he felt Sejin’s hands on his shoulders.

What happened?

Jimin why aren’t you answering me?

He told him it was over, that he needed to go home and then Sejin tried to comfort him but what was he supposed to say? There’s nothing that will rewind time and make Jungkook change his mind, so why try? Jimin ignored his comfort and rested the back of his head against the neck rest instead. The next thing he remembers is the airport and

“Yoongi’s staying.”

He wasn’t coming with him. Isn’t going home. Not yet. Sejin told Jimin he should rest and take all of the time he needs off, they have more than enough from him for now. He should take a break and recover and the rest Jimin didn’t hear cause he walked away, checked in, left his bag but brought out his carry-on. There were hours until he needed to be here. A full night. He spends it at a table in the priority lounge, sitting in one spot. Sleep is out of the question, his head is spinning too much. He just doesn’t move. Although his lips dry up as a silent reminder, his body seems to forget that it needs food and water. Or anything else really.

On the plane he’s shaking. A flight attendant brings him two bottles of water and the trip seems to never end this day seems to never end how can he sit here quietly and drink his fucking water and not wish for the plane to plummet into the ocean. Hours upon hours pass and his head begins to hurt. He hasn’t spoken to anyone. The seat next to him is occupied by someone whose shoulder he cannot rest on. Whose hand he cannot grab on to. Seoul is getting closer and closer. It feels both endless and like everything will come to its final conclusion when he steps off the flight. It’s over, Jimin. It’s all over. Go back to your normal life. Without Yoongi. Pretend Jungkook never happened. Pretend Los Angeles never happened. The first breath of fresh Seoul air makes Jimin sick to his core and he grips onto the railing for his life. His bag is one of the last ones out on the baggage claim and he lets it ride a full lap until he dares to grab it. He remembers the clothes Jungkook bought for him and how they lay in there as proof that he really did have Jungkook. He had him. So close.

He gave everything to him. Sacrificed so much for him. Loved him with his entire body. In such a short period of time, Jimin learned what it truly means to love and to be loved. How many hours has it been since he left? The time difference makes him unsure, as he reads the numbers on the screen above him. Jungkook is still there. What did he say about them? What words did he used to discredit Jimin and their relationship? At least let them not be cruel. Jimin turns on his phone while holding his breath and types his code with trembling fingers. It connects to the wifi even though he
has 4G here, so he disconnects it for twitter to load faster. It loads, and then he sees it. His smile, hand around her waist, too close. Way too close.

Jimin turns around and walks in a hurry to the public bathroom behind him. There was a queue when he first entered the hall but now most people have left, either way he wouldn’t have waited. His guts turn inside out in an irrepressible burning while he throws his head into the porcelain bowl. It doesn’t stop until he is as empty as he feels, and even then he still feels sick.

Home? Where is that? It was with Yoongi. Has been for so long that without him the apartment feels as much like a home as the airbnb in Glendale. Where is home now? Jungkooks kitchen felt a lot like home when Jimin would turn off the lights to light burning candles and listen to Jungkook sing. So did his bottom floor with the group of couches where they would lie in each others embrace. Jungkooks calm breathing when he slept. That became home. In two months Jungkook changed everything. Jimin doesn’t have a home now. Of course, he could call his friends and stay on their couches if he doesn’t want to return to the apartment, but he needs a home.

The flight ticket to Busan costs him way too much, but it leaves in an hour, so he’s willing to pay whatever. This time he drinks the water. Chugs it, to get rid of the burning in his throat and the vile taste in his mouth.

Humid air feels a lot less torturous.

The smell of the ocean as he steps out of the cab.

How long since he was here?

How long since he was home?

The apartment is on the first floor, but he sees his brother even before he enters. He’s in the garden, on the phone. They have benches that look out over a park, and this is where both of them used to sneak off to at night when they got their hands on a cigarette or a beer, and they would share it and talk about anything and everything. He hasn’t seen his brother in probably over a year. He’s so old. Old enough to buy his own alcohol and cigarettes. Jihyun turns around and stops mid sentence when he sees his older brother - tanned and blonde and with his suitcase still unpacked. He lights up with the biggest smile and Jimin breaks down completely.

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It’s been days since Jimin disappeared off the face of the earth. Hoseok told Yoongi to call him, probably did so himself a thousand times, but what is he supposed to say? It’s all weird. Yoongi told Hoseok he’s not sure if he is ready to be with him just yet, not right now when everything is so messy, but he also told him the truth. He likes him. A lot. And for now that is enough. They act just the same, even though Yoongi's thoughts are not the same anymore.
A part of him wishes he would have gone home with Jimin, made sure he was okay when the word got out. And then that photo. It must have hurt. But Yoongi can’t live for Jimin's sake. He wants to be here more. Right here, next to Hoseok. They make good music. And he makes Yoongi feel good things. Only good things. Though he can’t escape the worry. People are talking a lot, still, it’s like the whole thing is in a constant bloom. A lot of people are really nice about it, but they don't make themselves heard enough. New photos, new theories posted every day. He tries not to read them but it’s impossible. Most of them are almost spot on. Then there’s the hate. The nasty things people are saying is truly shocking, Yoongi never knew this was what they’d be up for. Most of it is towards Jungkook, because Jimin was already out, but he gets his fair share too. He wants to defend him, but what should he say? What would Jimin think? Neither Jimin nor Jungkook have responded, Jungkook has just kept appearing with that same girl over and over again in the media. If that’s not cruel then nothing is. Yoongi should beat his ass. How dare he flaunt it like that, when he broke Jimin's heart. Yoongi heard it from Hoseok who heard it from Namjoon who heard it from Taehyung. He left him. And now he’s nowhere to be found.

Until now.

An instagram story from Park Jimin. Yoongi unblocked him as soon as he saw the news to see if he was okay, and keeps checking his socials regularly. And now finally there’s something.

“Hoseok?”

“Yeah?” He turns away from his computer and looks at Yoongi, still eating his noodles by the kitchen table.

“Can you check Jimin's story? He updated.”

Hoseok fumbles with his phone. It’s nice, he hasn’t been acting jealous. It makes Yoongi like him even more. Hoseok reads out loud.

“This is all I will say on this

Me and Jungkook are only friends, nothing more

Never will be

But it disgusts me how you are willing to try to ruin someone’s career with your homophobic possessive bullshit.

I am truly disappointed.”

Hoseok rests his chin in the palm of his hand and sighs.

“He lied. That must have hurt.”

Yoongi remembers the way Jimin looked at Jungkook. Like he used to look at Jimin. He knows it hurts.

“Was that all?”

“Yup.” He shows Yoongi the black screen with the text. “You should call him.”
“Stop that. I can’t.”

The other wants to say something more, but he leaves it. Knows it’s useless to repeat himself again.

“Okay.”

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“Why did you write that?” Jihyun bursts into Jimin’s room, where he still lays in his bed. “You should have told them all to fuck off and that it was real and that Jungkook is a cowardice piece of shit. Why did you lie?”

Jihyun has heard every part of the story by now. So has their mum. Well, almost at least. She made Jimin’s bed and brought him tea and they spoke all night when he arrived. Their father came home later and hugged Jimin while he sobbed. It felt so good to let it all out.

“Stay as long as you need to.” they said. Jimin is so grateful for them - of course they would understand. Though, his mother was a bit shocked upon hearing his name.

“Jeon Jungkook?”

Obviously she knew exactly who he is. Jimin had him as a lock screen for months, and she heard him sing his songs all of the time. She liked him too, he made sure of that. Now, not so much maybe. Jihyun however has been ecstatic about it all. Park Jimin, his own blood, got the straightest of the straights to fall for him. Jimin of course tried to get him to shut his damn mouth and not talk about it like that, but it’s probably all he can think about - and who can blame him?

“Helloo? Why did you write that?”

Jimin looks up at him. His eyes sting a bit. It wasn’t easy typing it out, but the bad things people have been saying is too much. It needs to end.

“What was I supposed to do? Expose him and probably ruin him even more? I’m not outing someone. Especially not him.” Jimin’s heart still beats an extra little beat when he thinks about him. It makes him think about the beginning. How he thought his heart hurt before. How stupid.

“You’re not ruining him, Jimin. He’s ruining you. Look at you.” his brother takes a seat next to him in bed and hugs him even though he hasn’t washed himself in days.

“You are too kind to him, even now.”

“It’s the best way to make it pass.”

Jihyun pulls away.
“Do you want to come with me to the bowling alley tonight? I’m getting together with the old gang before we all go back to school, they’d love to see you. We’ve all listened to your songs together, they support you.”

“Thank you,” He ruffles the dark locks of his younger. “but I’m not ready to face anything else than this room right now.”

“It’s been a week Jimin. You need to get out of the house.”

“I know. Just not yet.”
“Alright. I’ll have mom make you some rice cakes. You really need to eat, too.”

It’s scary how heartbreak make you lose all appetite. Jimin barely touches his food. Not even his mother’s scolding will get anything down. He feels like a child again. Being in this house, first of all, but also being so taken cared of. He’s been on his own for so long that he forgot what it was like to lock yourself away and not fear eviction or getting fired. Thank you mom.

When his brother leaves, Jimin wraps the covers around him and decides to turn off his phone. His old room is still the way it was when he left for Seoul, and he puts the small device on the bookshelf next to some books he read in high school but forgot the plot to. As he lifts his hand from it, he pauses, and then immediately puts it back and pushes it all the way into the back of the shelf. Keeps pushing even when it hits the wall. The books will hide it from him now. Photos of Jungkook and Chris has surfaced everywhere and looking at anything like that ever again is just pure torture. Maybe he’ll be able to eat again if he doesn’t feel so fucking sick to his stomach about it. A part of him wants to hope this actually ruins Jungkook’s career just so he never has to look at him again. Jimin has deleted all of his old blogs and anything related to Jungkook, the only things he leaves be is the poster on the attic. And the pictures on his phone. So many of Jungkook from the side. Unaware. Without looking at them, he still remembers all of them. How warm it was, and how beautiful he was. Two months. That’s all it took for everything to turn. What if he had been to scared to talk to Namjoon that night? Maybe he would be okay? Maybe he would still not know what it is liked to be so loved. How will anyone ever compare? It’s a curse to know your worth, because most others won’t. Jungkook did. But it was stupid of Jimin to think Jungkooks career didn’t mean a thousand times more. He’s crying again. It seems to be all he’s done since he arrived.

“You don’t need to cry. Speak your mind.” his mother told him, but he has already cried his two month supply of tears and Jungkook is still as prominent in his soul as before. He lets the tears stream as he wanders through the room, checking out all of his old stuff. It’s still only been days, he knows he’ll have to give it more time than that, so now he needs distractions. Roaming the room, he finds old pictures, school supplies, jewelry, stuff he never needed like half burnt scented candles and unopened bottles of perfume and hair stuff. Why did he buy all of this? It’s weird spending money as a child, you really don’t know what you want. Jimin finds his old notebooks too, full of lyrics and crappy poetry about his great sexuality crisis. He laughs a bit. It was such a confusing time, yet it was so calm. He got to figure himself out in private, finding who he is at his own pace. Now everything is crumbling in chaos around him, or so it feels at least. And this is how Jungkook has to figure himself out. It’s all so fucking sad and unfair and truthfully - depressing. Jimin can’t leave the house, barely even the bed. His whole body hurts and he just has to let it. He needs the calm again. But now it’s not an option, and Jimin crawls back into his bed, anxiety washing over him once again. He regrets so much, wants everything to change. The worst part is not the sadness or the emptiness, it’s the need to do something he cannot do. He cannot change what he said. What he did. How many times he kissed him, and didn’t. He cannot change Jungkook’s mind, can’t take any of it back. He cannot revert the changes done to himself. Nor his relationship with Yoongi. The pain from it all is not like any other he’s felt. It’s not stabbings in his abdomen, nor a heartache. It’s chains around his ankles and a pillow blocking his airways enough to almost kill him. It’s the feeling of never having enough room around you, and always being alone. The pain is just bearable enough to live with, and he wakes up every morning reminded that he's missing so much. When you lose something it is not immediate. Jimin has the same feeling he had when he woke up the first time after it happened. For the first second of every day it feels like everything is how it is supposed to be. Then it hits him again and again and again and it’s like he can hear Jungkook's words echo in his mind. He’s sick of him already, but he’s not going anywhere for a long time.
He hasn’t seen anyone in weeks. Not answered a single
“How are you?”

or

“How is he supposed to explain to everyone why he did what he did? And why he now pretends like
life isn’t turned upside down? Jungkook knows for sure that Hoseok, Namjoon and Bianca all are
trying to get a hold of him just to tell him that he made the wrong decision. But if it wasn’t for that
decision, Jungkook wouldn’t feel safe going outside right now. The only person he’s tried to
contact is Taehyung. What he did that night was so awful, and he needs to know that he is okay.
Also, Chris and him has hung out a few times, but although she doesn’t say it, he can feel what
she’s thinking. Jungkook has no choice but to see her anyways, she has to be in the picture now
cause the media is now calming down because of it. They did wonder why the hell she showed up
that night, and why Jimin hasn’t been seen since, but Jimins statement calmed those speculations
down too - though it is beyond Jungkook why Jimin decided to say that, and he feels awful for
making him due to the fact that he is fully aware Jimin did it for him. Even now, so far away in
more than one meaning, Jimin is still kind to him. He tries to not imagine Jimin writing that - the
look in his eyes as he posted a lie - but it haunts him every night. *Never will be.*

Never will be.

Jungkook eats his dinner alone in the kitchen again. There’s no TV running in the background, no
music from the speakers. The first week he tried drowning his own thoughts out with loud noises or
alcohol, but now he’s given up. This hurts a lot more, and isn’t that what he is after? Punishing
himself for what he did? He has turned himself into some kind of martyr, he did it for the greater
good. He hurts himself for Jimin, hurt himself for his fans and his career. But the truth is that he
knows that who he really hurt is Jimin, who he promised so much and gave so little, and he is only
trying to justify it by suffering too. He knows this and it makes him hate himself even more, but
what can he do? He shoves the last piece of the wrap in his mouth, hamstering it in his cheek, and
throws the trash away. There is work to be done - tomorrow he needs to be well rested for the
beginning of the promotion for his album, and that’s all he wants to worry about now.

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Taehyung sits in Jiyong kitchen on his computer, once again in borrowed clothes. At first he stayed
with Jin, but that situation is getting more and more complicated every second they spend together,
so he had to get out. He couldn’t go to his old place, even if Matt hasn’t been back since that night,
there was just no way. So now he is here. Jiyong has left the country for a few weeks, he is
designing a collection for a fashion house in Paris, so Taehyung got to stay here. Not completely
for free though, he had to promise to water the plants. There has been no contact between him and
Jungkook since he left, Taehyung is still so fucking mad at him. So disappointed. Jungkook had
the opportunity to force the world to understand and accept it, Taehyung knows that he would be
fine after a while. But this? This mess? It’s disgusting. Taehyung wanted to be there for him and
talk sense into him but after he got physical Taehyung became terrified. Although he knows Jungkook would never bruise him, it’s still… He does not need that in his life right now. So here he is - alone, burying himself in work to forget about the absolute chaos outside.

“Taehyung please pick up.” Jungkook leaves him a message every day, and he has decided to listen to them only at night, after he is done with his day. It distracts him otherwise. Jungkook is in pain. A lot of pain. Every syllable that rolls off his tongue seems to be coated in barbed wire and it stings to listen to. It’s been what, about three weeks now? Perhaps even longer. It’s always the same thing

“Taehyung, come home I don’t know where you are.”

“Taehyung, answer me, I need you to understand.”

“Taehyung pick up the fucking phone.”

But there is never an “I’m sorry.” Just excuses. Taehyung is so tired of his excuses, and the messes he makes. Him and Jin were having a nice time. A really nice time. For the first time Taehyung wasn’t so unsure of everything, and he is beginning to trust him again, but after this he doesn’t feel as if he can trust anybody. If a love like that can be ruined in the blink of an eye, then what about a love not as strong? Her shouldn’t be putting his view of love in the hands of someone else, but how can he not in this case? Jungkook and Jimin were… It was so good. So healthy and mutual and he could have sworn they would last forever. It was meant to be forever, everyone who saw them knew that. The worst part about it all is that Jungkook doesn’t even seem to regret it. Not one bit. He seems so sure in his decision to drop him completely as soon as his fame and fortune was compromised, and Taehyung wonders if that greed would mean he could do the same to Tae. If one day their friendship would compromise his cash flow, would it then be over?

But one night, almost at the three week mark, Jungkook calls him over and over again. All evening there’s just call after call and Taehyung just looks at the phone, knowing Jungkook probably needs him really bad. The anxiety rises within him, and when it stops after the eleventh call, he can’t do it anymore. He calls him back. Jungkook bursts out in tears on the other side of the line and calls his name, so relieved.

“I’m so sorry I’m so sorry Taehyung I’m so sorry!”

“Jungkook calm down!” Although there hasn’t been a situation like this in a very long time, his body reacts instinctively and he grabs the keys to his car. “Jungkook, breathe, just focus on that right now, nothing else.”

“Jungkook, listen to my voice.”

He makes it down to his car before Jungkook says another word.

“I had a dream.” his voice is so torn that Taehyung barely recognizes it. “I had a dream that everything was fine. Then I woke up and it wasn’t.”

Taehyung starts the car.

Chapter End Notes
Ummmm so hey guys
Sorry about this
But there was truly no other way to proceed the story, Jungkook was never going to come out on his own, not just like that. The story isn't over yet though, do you remember what I told you before?

Thank you for sticking with me even if you might not be completely satisfied with me rn heheheh

Love u sorry again
Yall.... I'm so happy you don't hate me, I really thought no one would be reading after they broke up, thank you for your engagement and comments it makes me so happy. Reading what you had to say and realizing that I am not the only one invested in these characters lives is such an incredible feeling, I don't think I can thank you enough. But before I give you the next chapter....... did yall see the videos Jungkook posted to twitter.... I was CRYING oh my god Anyways, THANK YOU ENDLESSLY for sticking with me, I really hope you enjoy this chapter. I love you!!! Take care of yourselves - don't forget to drink water and to sleep well tonight <3 I'll be back next week!

Jungkook fills his lungs with fresh ocean air. The waves roam in the background, still far away. He’s in the woods. Light trickles down between vivid summer leaves, casting speckles of gold over the dried up ground and it is hot - but not as hot as just a minute ago. Jungkook walks towards the sound of the ocean as he comes to realize that he has been here before. Once, a very long time ago, he walked this exact trail. It seems a bit crooked though, as if the way he is looking at it now isn’t the same as then, as if the forest has shrunk significantly. He crouches down, sits on his knees on the twigs and pebbles and now it feels a lot more familiar. Smells of dirt, trees and salt water fills the air, though he knows there should be smell of a city somewhere in there too. Right now there isn’t. He looks around the beautiful scenery, so absorbed in the nostalgia that he doesn’t notice the footsteps closing in on him from behind. Not until he is almost pushed to the ground. Looking up, he sees a small boy looking back. The boy has eyes shaped like the moon and a nose too big for his face and Jungkook wants to say something to him, but the boy only shoots him a short glance before looking back at the road in front of them. The sound of other children playing begin to overtake the sound of the ocean, though Jungkook can’t see any other children. Or… wait. New footsteps appear, this time from the road in front of them, and through the trees he can see another small figure. The other boy comes out on the trail and runs towards the two who are standing still. He is a bit bigger than the one next to Jungkook. With a cloud of dust behind him, he runs as fast as he can right past Jungkook, hurrying away to the rest of the children that aren’t there. Jungkook wants to know who they are, but when he turns to ask the smallest one, he isn’t there anymore either. Alone again, Jungkook stands up and decides to keep walking. For every step the sound of the ocean returns, stronger and stronger, until it practically makes his ears hurt. Behind thick bushes, the road crooks, and after the turn Jungkook finds himself on the beach. The forest disappears and the ground flattens, but here he isn’t alone anymore. The wind has caught the shirt of the person in front of him, forcing it to dance. It suits him perfectly. His hair blows too, his soft silver hair, and when Jimin turns around with his gleaming smile, Jungkook is filled with comfort and love. Endorphins rush through his veins and although his body can’t move, looking is enough. Cause Jimin looks beautiful.

Then Jungkook wakes up.
“This does not mean we’re fine.”

Jungkook takes the glass of water from Taehyung's hand and avoids his gaze.

“I know.”

Out of the thousands of times he has had to calm Jungkook down, this was one of the easier ones. Just by showing up he made Jungkook collect himself. They will speak in the morning. Speak about Jimin and how they both feel, because even though Taehyung isn’t in the mood for reconciliation just yet, turning his back on Jungkook in a time like this is impossible. Right now he leaves Jungkook sitting on his bed, sniffing, in a hoodie that will keep him warm enough to fall asleep. Taehyung himself won’t be able to though. He twists and turns for hours, wondering why he always needs to be the strong one. The stitches have been taken out now, and he is healing well on the outside, but parts of him remain broken inside, and even in the worst time, even when he laid here still bloody, he had to be the strong one. Jungkook forgets that he was not the only one who was affected by Jimin's presence. Taehyung lost a friend. A good friend. A really fucking good one that made him feel safe and calm and like he didn’t have to worry about Jungkook all of the time. For once he got to let down his guard and cry without being scared of burdening the other. Without him Taehyung isn’t sure he would have gotten that letter about his court date next month. Without Jimin maybe he wouldn’t have made it through the way he did. Jimin changed everything in this house, and Taehyung misses him so, so much.

Jungkook fiddles with his pencil. Taehyung went to bed an hour ago, but he still can’t get that dream out of his head. It was so real. Like a memory he thought he had forgotten, or something from a movie he doesn’t remember watching. Not even once since he left has he dreamt of Busan. So why now? Jungkook thinks about Jimin and how he made him feel - even in his sleep, and he thinks that although it cannot be, it cannot be forgotten. Jimin is out of his li

It’s a painful thought still. One he cannot finish. Instead he writes, and with every word another piece of Jimin is brought back to life.

I hear the ocean from far away

The night they first kissed. He was so nervous, cause Jimin looked so good in his red shirt and black hair. It was clear even then, maybe even before, that Jimin would be different from anyone he would ever meet. Jungkook remembers how he panicked afterwards cause he was so scared. Scared that it would turn out like this. If he would have kicked Jimin out that night maybe they wouldn’t be here in this tangled up web right now. He is so happy he didn’t.

I walk across the dream, over the forest

The party at Bianca's. Him and Tae got to dress him in her bathroom and he looked so stunning. And they got to sit so close to each other and speak nervously about how they met. It was beautiful but hard, but Jimin was there to comfort him, and understood his feelings without him even having to explain. Jimin would always go out of his way to understand.
And go towards there as it gets clearer

It feels so stupid. The fight they had. Thank God they made up and Jimin wanted to come with him to Las Vegas. That night was so beautiful, how Jimin let go too, showed him that he trusted him again, even after all of it. Jungkook did not deserve that. And Jimin wouldn’t even accept his compliments either. He should have complimented him so much more. At least he dared to call him his boyfriend. At least after that they were, and Jimin knew he loved him. Or did he? Did he really understand? Jimin was hurting so much cause Jungkook messed up everything with him and his best friend, he should have given Jimin more. For the short time they got, he should have given Jimin more.

Take my hands now

It hurts to admit that he still loves him. Might love him forever. It hurts because it can’t be. But maybe if Jimin hears this… maybe he has one last chance to make him see the impact he had. Jungkook hopes Jimin will understand how good he is, then maybe he can move on and be happy. As long as Jimin is happy Jungkook can live with never loving again.

You are the cause of my euphoria.

The sun sets a bit later in Busan, and Jimin enjoys the extra minutes of sun he gets every day. For a month, he begins to tackle everyday life again, begins to help his family cook, actually eats the food, and goes out with his brother a few times. Jihyun has his school though, but that’s alright because it forces Jimin to feel as if time actually passes. He realizes that he wants to return to Seoul soon, but Yoongi seems to be back. However from the look of it, a week ago Hoseok joined him and now they seem to be traveling around the country together. Last time he dared to check, they were in Daegu, but they could be back in Seoul any day, which means that now he’s stuck here for God knows how long, and has to make the best of it - so he does. He fills up any old notebooks he had lying around, piles them up when the last page is covered in words to know which ones he’s done with. He writes about anything, about any feeling he meets, about this beautiful sunset and about how his mother was wrong when she said it gets easier. Jimin has not forgotten her words from when he called her the first time they broke up. She said

Love can be wonderful and can be love unbearable, but it is like anything. It will fade over time.

But Jimin finds himself loving Jungkook more and more. It’s like his mind is torturing him, knowing damn well they are over and done for good, it paints him out as more beautiful than perhaps he was. He misses everything about Jungkook, how he smelled, his hair in the morning, how he looked at Jimin when he thought no one could see. His kisses and his voice and the way his laugh made Jimin laugh too. Jimin told Jungkook, I’ll still love you - and it was the truth. A gruesome, horrible truth. Yesterday Jungkook's album dropped, and Jimin tried to listen to it, but in the first song when their voices intertwined so seamlessly, and the memories of that evening... it felt so much like love that he said that this is it. Until Jimin feels okay again, he won’t touch his phone. Sejin was fine with that, he said they could take over the posting for now, and the demo he made was more than good enough to release, so they will finish everything with the production and promote it. All he has to do is in three weeks go back to Seoul to meet with him and take some new pictures for that. He agrees. The sun sets and Jimin is left in the dark out on the benches. He lights a cigarette for old times sake, found an old pack hidden in the closet, inhales the rough smoke once
and then lets it burn out in his hand. Everyone is going to bed now, not just in the house, but in the
city, and tomorrow they will wake up and go to work or school and continue with their lives. Time
is moving forward regardless if Jimin is ready for it or not, and it makes him smile again. He puts
the cigarette out.

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It was not easy to get the song on the album, since it was sent in with just two days left until the
release, but the label worked its magic and there it was. Last track on there. Euphoria. No one was
particularly happy about it because it meant more work and more things to rehearse with very little
margin for the tour, but it had to be there, there was no question about it.

Tomorrow is the first show - Staples center. Convenient and close to home, yet Taehyung is still
maybe not coming. He’s back in Jungkook's house, but after Jungkook promised to talk things out
with him the day after he came, and then had his door closed because he was working on the song
all day, they still haven’t really solved anything. With schedules that don’t align, they barely see
each other even though they live under the same roof. Some nights Taehyung doesn’t come home,
and some nights Jungkook has to spend out partying with Chris, to keep the rumours out of people's
minds. He is back to work completely, doing the same things he did before Jimin, but in reality life
is not the same at all. Jungkook does nothing but work - meets with nobody except for when to
work or to hide. The door unlocks and he turns around. He had been waiting in the sofas
downstairs in hopes to catch Taehyung before bed.

“Hi.” the other says unenthusiastically.

“Taehyung, I…”

“Need to speak to you? It’s about time, Kook.” he sighs and sits down.

“Why did you wait until now? Jungkook, I’ve been so mad at you-” he chokes up immediately.
Jungkook tries his best to restrain his feelings to not make Taehyung feel bad and go easy on him.
The boy has obviously been waiting for this moment, it’s better if he doesn’t hold back.

“I’m so sorry.”

“It’s been six weeks. I’ve been right here for half of that and you haven’t said a fucking word.”

“I know.”

“Fuck you. I’ve tried to cater to you for so long but I am so tired of it. You are not the only one
who’s having a tough time. First of all you had an opportunity.” then it goes silent for a minute
when Taehyung cries and Jungkook bites his cheeks. “You could have changed something. Made
other people braver, forced people to open up their minds. But you chose to hide.”

“You don’t know what it is like.” Jungkook tries so hard to keep his voice steady but it shakes as
much as his hands. “You’ve seen what they say, but you haven’t felt it.” it’s been everywhere for
what feels like forever. Taehyung’s head shoots up and he looks baffled, so angry.

“Tell me again I don’t know what it feels like.”
Silence falls upon them. It takes Jungkook less than a second to realize how wrong he is. Once again he’s so caught up in himself that he ignores everyone around him. If anyone, Taehyung knows what it is like to face hate head on. It almost took his life twice. Now he truly doesn’t know what to say and his head is spinning, trying to see the bigger picture and not just himself for one second.

“I am sick of you playing the victim. I know it is hard, but you’re making it worse. And…” this time the tears aren’t restrained, no he lets them go completely, and it might be a scary sound, but it feels so good to know he isn’t holding back anymore. But the

“Jungkook you’re so selfish. Would you do that to me too?! Can you just drop anyone?” makes Jungkook’s guts twist.

“I would risk so much for you, you are the person I care about the most, but I’m scared you don’t care about anyone like that.”

It’s not the same thing. Taehyung isn’t a risk.

“It’s not the same.”

But when Jungkook says that he understands how stupid he is. What if one day he had to choose between Taehyung and his career? His only family or his job? Why does it feel like he pretends when he thinks he would pick Taehyung in a heartbeat?

“I know it’s not the same, but you know what I mean.”

Jungkook is ashamed of himself, of who he has become. This is not the person he wants to be at all, not the one Taehyung deserves as a friend, not the person Jimin said “I love you” to.

“I’m sorry. For everything.”

“I know you are, but you can’t keep doing this.” Taehyung wipes his cheeks on his sweater and looks at Jungkook like he’s a younger brother.

“I don’t want to do this anymore. I don’t want to wait for you to grow up, I need you to do that right now.”

Jungkook agrees but he has no idea how to do that.

“I’ll try, I promise you I’ll try.”

Taehyung buries his face in his hands and cries again, and although Jungkook understands how the transition between topics happen so naturally in Tae’s head - after all Jimin made Jungkook grow a lot -

“I miss him.” is not what Jungkook want to hear.

“I miss him so much, I lost a friend, Jungkook.”

“I had to. I was not ready and I am not ready, I couldn’t keep this up.”

“You could have done it differently. Been less cruel.”

With those words Jungkook’s breaking point is reached. What can he say to that? It is the truth. But it’s over now. He lets the tears flow, but doesn’t sob - just gently lays himself back against the couch. It hurts so much, knowing what he did was wrong and cruel, all of it, and that he will have
to live with the fact that he cannot love Jimin. Although what Taehyung thinks might be true, that it could have been different, it’s way too late - the hole that has been dug is too deep to just step out of. He’s stuck. Jungkook keeps apologizing to Taehyung, until he promises to come to the show tomorrow, and then they drink tea together before bed, silently. Jungkook thinks about the time Jimin colors his hair in his bathroom and how much fun they had, then about the fact that the show tomorrow is completely sold out. He had to choose. He doesn't sleep a single second that night.

--

They all whine and boo when Jimin says he should be heading back. It started with him and an old friend from school hanging out, the only person he was still in contact with after he moved to Seoul, but then other people tagged along and it turned out to be a small reunion. Jimin left Busan not only to chase his dream, but to get away from the toxic environment after he came out, so he wasn’t sure this would be a good idea - turns out he was wrong. All of them have grown up, not just physically - although Jimin is now definitely the shortest one - but their views of love has changed. They all apologized for not showing him proper support before, and to his surprise, no one asked him about Jungkook. It’s been a lovely evening of good food and many drinks, but now he’s tired and wants to head home.

“Are you sure?” they all ask a hundred times before they let him leave. He could take a cab back home, but he knows Jihyun has been at a friends place, and he’s got a car, so…

“Did you have fun?” he asks when Jimin gets in. He’s actually kind of drunk, the type that you only realize when you’ve left the fuss of a party.

“I did.” he smiles.

“Good! It’s good to see you be you again.” Jihyun makes a left.

“Still doesn’t feel like me” he shouldn’t be talking, Jihyun has heard enough of this.

“Maybe not, but you’re getting there.”

Is he really? Maybe. Tonight was fun and it didn’t end in him crying. When he ordered that first beer he wasn’t sure where it would take him.

They stop at a red light.

“Can you drive down to the ocean?”

Jumin thinks Jihyun will complain and say something like ‘I’m tired, Jimin’ but he just smiles.

“Sure.”

“So what’s the plan now?”

They haven’t broken in to the container port since Jimin was sixteen years old. The hole they made
in the fence is gone, but of course they find another one just a few minutes away. Jimin thinks about the hole in the fence in Bianca’s backyard.

“I think I want to make another EP, by myself this time.”

“I think that’s a good idea.”

“And what about you?”

They climb one of the stacks in the back, only two stories high, but it’s enough for them. There's no need these days to climb the highest one, they have nothing to prove anymore.

“I have two years left here, then I think I’m going to Singapore.”

“Singapore? What’s in Singapore?”

“A girl.”

Jimin smiles. A year ago he would have hit him over the back of his head and told him that that was the dumbest thing he’s ever heard.

“Alright then. I promise to come visit.”

“You know, Jimin, you will be alright. I might have missed the first two years of your life, but from the other twenty one, I’ve come to know you. You might be a huge loser but you’re also the greatest person I’ve met. You will be fine.”

His brother usually leaves it at ‘loser’. Jimin chuckles - he truly has grown and it makes Jimin wish he was here to see it.

“Thank you. I hope so.”

“I know so. You don’t need Jungkook to be great.”

Thinking about how his career changes the moment they met makes Jimin think otherwise.

“And I’m not talking about your fanbase. I’m talking about you.” Jihyun speaks as if he can read Jimin's mind. Can you? If you hear me tell me, I’ll keep it between us.

“What was so good about him anyways? Besides that he’s hot and famous.”

Jimin wonders what aspects to choose, but he has to go with the most obvious one.

“He loved me. He truly loved me.”

“Many people can love you.”

“Not like that. He loved me in a way that made me feel deserving. It was so obvious for him to care for me, and to make me know he did.”

The stars are blurry from the light pollution of the orange lamps scattered around the dock, but he can still see some of them. At his own little spot, he could see the stars a lot better.

“A part of me hates him for it.”

“What do you mean?”
“Cause I thought it was a lot more powerful than it was. I thought a love like that could conquer all, you know. It sounds so cheesy, but-”

“It really does” Jihyun smirks, and as the older brother, Jimin is forces to give him a punch on his arm.

“But … it could be taken away so easily for him. I know he’s young and scared and has a lot to lose, but it did not give him the right to break me like this.”
“It was two months Jimin. You have an entire life ahead of you. Don’t think you’re broken yet.”

It might be true, and Jimin lets Jihyun believe that he can think like that too, but the reality is that every bone in his body still feel cracked. Like he won’t ever heal completely. He smiles on the way back home, but when Jimin is alone in his room again he starts picking at the memories, dissecting them trying to find what made Jungkook capable of leaving. In fear of waking everyone up with his frustration, he doesn’t smash anything, nor does he yell, although it feels like the only thing that would ease the weight on his chest if just a bit. He can go out with his friends, drink and have fun, but when he gets home it will be to an empty bed, and it hurts so goddamn much.

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New York is one of Jungkook's favorite places in the world. The city is so busy that his presence rarely is noticed, and the shows he gets to play here are always the most fun. The audience is loud and alive and just before the encore, when he rests backstage for a couple of minutes, he is usually the happiest there is. The crowds cheering can be heard through the walls, and everyone are riled up over how well everything is going. The entire tour is sold out now, even the extra dates they put in, and the crew praises him for how incredible he is. Jungkook wants them to stop, it just annoys him, and with still two minutes to spare before heading back up there, he brings a bottle of water and gets in place. Below the stage in total darkness, with screaming fans all around him “Happy birthday Jungkook!”, he wipes the smile and puts his head in the palms of his hands.

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It’s getting colder. September is coming to an end and Jimin is back in Seoul for the photoshoots. He dyed his hair back to black for this release, it was getting ugly anyways with the roots all grown out. Yoongi and Hoseok are in Jeju now, so he dared to bring his bag back to the apartment to unpack for real. Some of Yoongi’s stuff are here, a sweater on the chair in the kitchen, a chocolate bar in the fridge, and an unmade bed. There’s not much to bringing up all of the clothes Jungkook and Taehyung bought for him, he’s just accepted their presence. Jihyun got some of them, but he kept most of it, like the green and silver jacket. Those are his favorite ones, and although they awake a few memories, it feels a bit more fine now. Like he said, he has just accepted their presence. His presence. In a few days he will go back to Busan anyways, and then he won’t bring them. Jimin puts on a yellow hoodie, one he got from Yoongi a long time ago as a hand-me-down, and decides to meet with an old friend for lunch until he has to be in Gangnam to see Sejin. It will be good to see familiar faces again, faces he’s missed. Jimin feels alright on days like this. He feels alright.
Time moves so quickly. Everyday they get up early, and life appears to go back to what it was before this summer. Taehyung finally releases his brand and Jungkook is front row at the debut runway. He only wears V for interviews and events and Taehyung gets so much praise for the designs - valid praise of course, not just ‘Jungkook wears it’-praise. He’s doing so well and is working so hard on expanding, yet still takes the time to come with Jungkook to the shows. Hasn’t missed a single one.

Hoseok says goodbye to Yoongi at the Incheon airport, holds him and kisses him and promises to see him soon. They talk every day and one morning (for Yoongi) and night (for his boyfriend) Hoseok tells him that he loves him and Yoongi can with all of his body confidently say that he loves him back.

Jin was left wondering what happened to Taehyung. They talked but he received no real answers - just ‘I’m sorry, I’m busy’, not really understanding how Taehyung lost so much faith in love that he cannot stand to think about it anymore. But Taehyung is busy too, and so becomes Jin when he begins filming the movie that will be his huge break. The crew travels all over the world and there is no time to spend in his apartment in LA, no time for Taehyung to come over. He called the boy and he sounded so excited for him, was so happy that now both of them get to do what they love - and so was Jin. Is Jin. Now neither of them have time to dwell in what happened, but they keep in touch, some nights helping each other get off through facetime, and some nights just checking up with each other - how are you? Are you happy? Having fun? Jin loves to see his face, even if it’s just for thirty minutes a week, he loves it.

People around Jungkook and Jimin seem to forget about the scandals and gossip in the hurry of their own lives, and everything looks like normal again. Jimin slowly wakes back up, forced to continue with what he built, and the same goes for Jungkook. The people still speculate about him and Jimin, but no one really believes it anymore. Perhaps even more accurate would be to say that no one really cares anymore.

Or so they think.
Chapter Notes

Friends.... I'm so happy to give you this. Thank you for waiting and please enjoy.
As always, I love you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s November and Jungkook is in Japan. He has tried to ignore the fact that he was going to come here sooner or later, because of the promise he made to Jimin, but now he’s here, in a beautiful Tokyo hotel room. He doesn’t know where Jimin is anymore. He released a song, the one he wrote in Jungkook’s bedroom, but he doesn’t seem to be doing any of the promotions himself. Celebrity to celebrity, Jungkook knows what it looks like when you have a team take over your socials - it’s very impersonal and corporate, not at all like Jimin. Although it’s been more time apart than they ever had together, Jungkook doesn’t go a day without thinking about him. What is he doing today? How is he feeling? Has he found someone new? Jungkook thinks about him the first thing when he wakes up, and just before he goes to bed. Sometimes remembers more than just the love and finds himself with one hand down his sweats, but he can never finish anything. It still hurts. The show starts in less than an hour, meaning Jungkook has little time to spare before he has to put on his big smile and become the Jeon Jungkook they all payed to see - the fraud, the person that doesn’t exist. He feels nothing like him anymore. It took years to build himself, but those were years when he didn’t even know who he was. He does now but his fans have no idea. They still see him as the stereotype, the straight guy who cares too much about money and getting laid. That’s who they love. His makeup artist comes to do the same harsh shadowing and dark brows as always, but Jungkook raises his hand to stop her. With a good look in the mirror, barefaced and puffed up from lack of sleep, he asks her to do it softer this time.

Yoongi is going back to LA in two weeks. He’s moving there, the work visa was granted Jimin heard from Hoseok, and that means that Jimin can take the apartment fully to himself. They seem to be together now, Jimin is too scared to ask about it but Hoseok appears to be in love. At least that’s what he sounds like over the phone. Jimin cries when he hangs up, completely unsure of when he will see his friend again, if he ever wants to talk to him that is. So much time has passed that he figured Yoongi would call, but there hasn’t been a single word.

“I’ve tried to speak to him. I really have.”

“That’s okay, Hoseok. It’s not your fault.”

Although it has been hard to accept this past summer, Jimin has come to realize that he cannot pretend it didn’t happen, and he does miss the people he met. Namjoon and him has texted a bit, he seems to be doing fine but Jimin has no idea if he’s in contact with Jungkook anymore. Jungkook
distanced himself from everyone after he was outed, even Taehyung. That made Jimin angry. A week ago Jimin spoke to him for the first time, he found out that he won the case against Matt, and it somehow made Jimin feel ten pounds lighter.

“Thank you, Jimin. It’s all because of you.”
“No need to thank me. I’m always here to help.”

Even Chris texted him, apologizing a million times, but of course he forgave her after she explained. Jungkook took advantage of her and threw her into this mess, it’s not on her, it’s on him. Jimin buries himself in work to try to get rid of him and succeeds sometimes, the crying and anxiety attacks have settled down to just a constant state of numbness, and he begins to accept the fact that he loves and he has lost.

In between acts, videos play on the large screens to give him time to change and rest a second before going back out there. He’s almost halfway through, at his favorite song, Euphoria. It’s so different from the other tracks, so much lighter, and it’s many people’s favorite too, he knows because he can hear the cheers. Every time he performs he hopes that Jimin will see one of all of the videos the fans in the front take, and that he will know the song is about him. Wherever he is he must know it’s about him. He has to know. Where is he? Jungkook has to know. Jimin hasn’t posted anything himself since before the album came out, and it bothers him every day.

The mirror displays a much softer version of himself, especially in this fit - white from head to toe. That’s the only outfit he chose himself for the tour. This is the only song in which Jungkook feels completely like himself, and no one out there knows. Taehyung texts him from the crowd

_They all love you!!_

But they don’t even know who I am.

“Twenty seconds Jungkook!”

He gets in place, ready to walk out to the middle of the arena to the sound of a plucking guitar.

“Ten, nine, eight…”

Huge screens are moved to create an entrance for him, which he walks through with crowds cheering engulfing him. Sold out once again. The people don’t even look like people from over here, they all blur into an ocean of lights and muddy movements. Who are they? Who are all these people who come here for him? He doesn’t sing the first words - confusing the band and making them play the intro over and over again - Jungkook is too busy looking at everyone. They all smile at him, sincerely. Happy to be here. They wave with banners and photos of him and-

flags.

Two girls in the middle of the standing area are waving rainbow colored flags, holding a banner that says
No matter who you love we love you forever

Jungkook looks at them, looks them in the eyes best he can, the lights are a bit too bright. No matter who you love we will love you forever. Is that true? He looks to his right, and once he’s spotted some, he can suddenly see them all - groups of people with rainbow colored clothes, flags, banners. More people on his left, some up on the balconies. He looks around and they all cheer so loudly for him, all look so happy. The intro to Euphoria is still playing in the background when Jungkook finds the girls he saw first, and he raises his mic to his mouth to say

“Thank you.”

And then the tears come. He takes out the ear pieces and stands with closed eyes in the middle of the arena to listen to the screams getting louder and louder. Some cry with him. A chant of his name

Jungkook, Jungkook!

comes in from the balconies, mixed with a

We love you, we love you!

from the front. He opens his eyes and asks the band to stop playing, and they do. Now it’s only him and his fans, and it feels as if they know him after all. Jungkook sits down and cries even more, and it feels okay, he feels safe in here, surrounded by people who love him. It’s time he told them the truth.

“Thank you” he cries again, but then he collects himself. “Can someone turn on all of the lights?”

A few seconds of hesitation passes, then the whole arena lights up as if the concert was over. Now Jungkook can see each and every person, see how they smile, how they cry too, and he takes a moment to walk around the stage to make sure he sees everybody. Jungkook’s heart is racing but not in a bad way. He wipes his cheeks and speaks again.

“I haven’t been honest with you… I’ve been so sc-”

Loud screams encourage him to dare to keep going. “-so scared. I didn’t want to lose all of you. I feel stupid for thinking that now.”

It’s okay he hears somewhere in there.

“If you don’t love me after this, that’s okay, I can’t make you do anything. But that will not change who I am. And I’m…”

But the word… the word that’s supposed to describe him, something he is, it’s too much. Has he ever said that word out loud or just in his head? Jungkook is terrified to label himself in front of all of these people, to so bluntly tell them what he has kept as a secret for so long. But in the front of the crowd, on the empty side of the fence, he finds Taehyung’s wet cheeks and he mouths I love you over and over again.

“I’m bisexual.”
He is startled by how loud it gets. People scream at the top of their lungs, cry out words of joy to drench out any possible hate or disappointment there could be. He can see their tears now and they all comfort each other, hug each other, and smile at him. It feels as if a wave washes over him and with it it takes every burden he has been carrying. Jungkook's heart is a thousand pounds lighter, so he gestures at the band to begin again.

“I wrote this song about a boy I love.”

Lights dim and the whole crowd sings it together.

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Another boring morning turns into one of the happiest ones in Namjoon's life. The news are everywhere - Jungkook is out! He wipes his tears over the bowl of breakfast cereal when he’s done watching the video from the concert, and opens their texting conversation that for the past months has been very one sided.

“I love you, I’m so proud of you.” he sends.

Hoseok jumps up and down when he sees it too. Finally Jungkook can be free from that burden. Free from the worry. He sends him the exact same text, but a bit misspelled - he couldn’t wait.

Even Yoongi smiles when he sees it, as always he can’t sleep and is laying on his phone instead. He opens Jimin's contact information and is a second away from calling him, but wonders if it’s been too long. What would he even say? He’s too scared that Jimin won’t need him anymore, won’t even answer when he calls. Jimin has probably moved on with his life, it’s always been Yoongi who needed him the most anyways. Instead he just reads about it, follows every second of what comes next.

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He finishes the show and it’s the best one he’s ever done. Not even his management and his team can be disappointed with him, that was something none of them had ever seen before. The people who were mad at him after the article was posted all apologize, and he forgives them immediately in his heart - there’s no grudge to hold, he is finally free from it all, though brushes them off to make them question if they still have a job. It’s the least they deserve. Taehyung comes running backstage as fast as he can and embraces Jungkook so violently that they both fall to the floor, probably catching a few bruises from they impact.

“I’m so proud of you.” he cries into his shoulder, and once again Jungkook cries too. In the end he was able to make his best friend proud.

“Jungkook, that took so much courage.”
“It felt so good to say it out loud.”

They sit up on the ground after their sobbing calms down, and they both let out a relieved laugh.

“This is amazing! So what now?” Taehyung asks.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, what about Jimin?”

Jungkook needs to think. The only thing keeping him and Jimin apart, their only obstacle has now been eliminated. Gone, just like that. Jungkook lets go of every restraint he has had on his body and lets himself yearn for Jimin again, love him so deeply again. His skin prickles all over. Jimin.

“I have to go.”

“Go?”

“I have to go right now!”

“Jungkook, what do you mean? Go where?”

Jungkook stands up and finds his manager.

“Cancel everything until the next show.”

“Excuse me?”

“I said, cancel everything until Osaka.”

“Jungkook, what do you mean? That’s a week of work!”

“Cancel it.”

“Why?” he asks, but they are all left with wondering gazes as Jungkook walks away again. Taehyung catches up to him to walk beside him.

“Are you doing what I think you’re doing?”

“He’s only a few hours away.”

“Jungkook you don’t even know if he’s there!”

“He’s going to be there.”

“Let me come with!”

Jungkook stops mid step and thinks.

“No, I should do this alone.”

Taehyung nods, doesn’t even ask him twice.

“Okay. I’ll help you pack at least.”

Taehyung calls the airport while Jungkook shoves down everything he can fit in a carry-on bag. He
can just bring the essentials.

“I could only get you on one that leaves in two hours, you think we’ll make it?”

“I’ll make it.”

“I’ll drive you.”

They rush through the streets of Tokyo in a black rental that Jungkook didn’t get to choose. He sees the texts from his friends now, Bianca sent the longest one and he decides to read it on the plane. There were so many heart emojis in there that he almost got a headache. His heart is pounding. This is something from the movies, the rushing through the airport, the flashing cameras all on him, the “You made it!” when he’s the last one to the gate. He sits in economy class and bounces his leg, too impatient to get to Seoul that he doesn’t care about how everyone stares at the millionaire in the tight seat. Jungkook feels the fires ignite under his soles and when they finally touch ground in Korea, he rushes out. It’s still night here, early morning perhaps, but the sun hasn’t risen so he still doesn’t feel like he is actually here. Not until he finds himself in the middle of the city again. He forgot what it is like to hear his native tongue being spoken fluently all around him. But Seoul was never his home, so he has to navigate through google maps to find Jimin’s apartment. Walking along Han river in the sunrise, with everyone you pass turning their heads your way, is unfamiliar and scary, but he has a mission and he won’t let it stop him. Jungkook finds the address and waits outside until a confused young woman lets him come inside with her.

“Are you..?” she says shyly, but Jungkook interrupts her with

“Jimin and Yoongi? Do you know them?”

“y-yes, but are you..”

“Which floor?”

“Fifth.”

He lets her take the elevator and runs up the stairs. He loves Jimin so much. He will tell him that first, before anything else it’s going to be ‘I’m sorry and I love you.’. Park and Min, that’s what the thing on the door says. Now his heart is beating so violently that he wonders if he’ll pass out, but he rings the bell anyways.

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“Yoongi watches how the excitement drains off Jungkooks face when he realizes Jimin’s probably not here. Every step of the way there is a new photo or update spreading on where Jungkook is and is going, so Yoongi knew he was coming. He holds up a picture taken only fifteen minutes before by the river and Jungkook looks at it in confusion.

“The whole world is watching.”

“Where’s Jimin.”

“He’s in Busan, with his family. Or so I think. Let me give you the address.” he’s smiling. It feels
good to know Jungkook would do something like this for Yoongi's best friend. Jimin deserves it, a grand gesture. God, Yoongi misses him so much, doesn’t he...

“I already have it.”
“Then let me drive you to the airport. Are you hungry?”
“Very.”

--

Jungkook looks around while Yoongi makes them some sandwiches to bring on the way. The apartment is small, but very nicely decorated, especially Jimin's room. It’s tidy and organized, and on a rack in the corner hangs clothes that Jungkook recognizes. Jimin wore that green jacket everywhere. It still smells like him, especially by the wrists where he would put his perfume. His longing grows stronger with every breath until

“Are you ready to go?”
“Yeah.”

But when they get in the car, stuck in slow morning traffic, Jungkook comes back down to earth a bit. Busan. Is he insane? He escaped that place once and barely made it out alive, and now he’s hopping on a plane to go back?!

“Wait, wait, stop.”
“We are stopped.” the traffic is still jammed.

“Wait. Fuck.”
“What is it?”
“I haven’t been home since I left. It’s been so long.”
Yoongi doesn’t say anything.

“I don’t know what it will do to me.”

The driver sighs and takes his hands off the wheel.

“Jungkook, why are you here?”

For Jimin. But the question is rhetorical, he knows Yoongi enough to know that.

“Jimin is in Busan. If you love him, that’s a risk you need to take.”

Jungkook remembers the time Yoongi told him that if he doesn’t shape up, Jimin would end up miserable for him. He’s always been so caring for Jimin's best, and Jungkook never really liked him because of that. Now he sees Yoongi in a different light. God knows in what way going back home to Busan will ruin him, but like Yoongi said, Jimin is in Busan. And Jungkook has to get to Jimin.

“You’re right.”
They get on the highway and the traffic isn’t as bad anymore. Jungkook takes a bite from the sandwich and rests his head against the window, tired from the immense lack of sleep.

“Jungkook, when you see him…”

“mhm?”

“Treat him well. Do what’s best for him.”

“I will.”

The sky is pink when the plane takes off, but now Jungkook doesn’t notice the people staring at him, because he falls asleep as soon as he sits down. Groggy, he wakes to a bouncy landing. He’s home.

The city smells the same and it sends him plummeting into old memories, one’s he thought he had either forgotten or repressed. He grew up in the streets he’s passing in the cab, this city used to be his entire world. This is where everything started, where he began the journey that would ultimately take him away from here and to Los Angeles. His friends were good, he haven’t spoken to them at all since he left and it’s a weird thought that they all probably have different and successful lives now. Would Jungkook even remember them if he saw them in the streets? It’s almost noon now, and the exhaustion is creeping up on him making this feel more and more like a dream. It’s like he hears the ocean again, but they’re nowhere close. Was this the right choice? The adrenaline is settling and Jungkook wonders again if Jimin even thinks about him still. They reach the bottom of a hill, on which Jimin lives furthest up, and Jungkook asks the driver to drop him off here. He pays with his credit card and then begins the walk. The hill is steep and he climbs it in a cloud of his own breath. It’s colder than he remembers, prettier than he remember, and now he finally has the time to take it in. A light blue sky hovers above him, has he walked this street before? Maybe passed by Jimins house and seen him play in the yard? If so, his mind does not recall. 866… 868… he’s so close, if Jimin isn’t here he has absolutely no idea what to do. 872. He must live in the red one, one house away now, and Jungkook drags his feet knowing that. There is a gap between 872 and 874, a small garden with bushes, a beautiful view over the city, benches, and

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Jimin eats his cereal outside. It used to be a part of his morning routine when he was younger and old habits die slow. He was up super late writing last night, almost went to bed after Jihyun who played video games all night, like he does every friday, so he just got up. It’s past noon, yet he still had to dress in a warm jacket because of the cold - must be because the sky is so clear today he thinks and takes another bite. Footsteps in the gravel behind him pierce through the otherwise silent neighbourhood and Jimin turns his head as a reflex.
He’s paler than he was this summer. His dark hair contrasting harshly. Still so beautiful.

Is he dreaming?

They just look at each other, Jungkook has absolutely no idea what to say anymore, his mind completely blank. He hasn’t seen Jimin in so long, but it feels the same as it did this summer. I love you I’m sorry.

Jimin looks at Jungkook. He looks exactly the same as he remembers, a bit more tired maybe and Jimin almost rubs his eyes to see if he might be hallucinating. Faint sounds of thumping footsteps hurry through the house and before Jihyun is out the door he shouts

“Jimin! Jimin, have you seen!? Jungkook is-”

Jihyun stops so abruptly that he almost trips over himself. He stares at Jungkook with a mouth wide open.

“here.”

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully I’ll see you next week, might need some more time to finish the next chapter since it will probably be a lot longer than the usual chapters, but I’ll let you know how it goes.
I am SO happy to finally have Jungkook come out by his own choice. It feels like my child lmao I’m proud even though I literally made him do it anyways bye
Okay so this was supposed to be twice as long, and I did not intend on leaving it where it is, but I couldn't finish all of it and instead of making you wait I just separated the chapter into two pieces. This way it makes the newer topic seem bigger than it is, but don't worry I am not changing direction. Next week it will all make more sense. Thank you so so much for being patient with me and for still enjoying this ride, it's actually been a year now since I started working on the story happy anniversary to us hahah

Now, like Jungkook would say - Let's get it

“Jihyun go inside.” he orders his brother without breaking the stare down going on between him and his ex. Jihyun hesitates for a long while before he retreats through the front door, not daring to argue after seeing the look in Jimin's eyes, but still way too curious to give in quickly. The spark in Jungkook's eyes burn out fast, and now he too looks scared. As soon as Jimin saw him and the shock settled, he was filled with rage, just brutal, paralyzing anger. Jimin lowers his shoulders and chews on the inside of his lips.

“You have got some nerve.”

“I’m sorry I lov-”

“Oh fuck you .”

Jungkook's voice was trembling but Jimin won’t let him do this. He was so clear that he was done, after so much pain Jungkook is not allowed to do this.

“How dare you come here? I thought I told you that if you let me go, we’d be over. What part of that did you not understand?”

Jungkook opens and closes his mouth seemingly trying to find anything to justify his behaviour, but there’s no way he can.

“Say something!” He gets impatient, feels a lump growing in his chest but he does not want to cry. “Why the fuck are you here?!” his voice cracks a bit at the last syllable. Jungkook is still quiet.

“Jungkook I fucking hate you, look what you did to me!??” though he tried with all of his capability, tears force their way out of his eyes and down his cheek. “I didn’t know what to do with myself! I had to sit back and watch you with Chris, I had to take it and suck it up while you tried to fix your reputation and rid yourself of me. Do you know what that’s like?” Jimin feels the exact same way he did when he left Jungkook's house that day. It’s like these past months didn’t happen, and it breaks him because he came so far.

“You let me go, Jungkook. I told you not to, but you did, and I don’t know for the love of God why you are here now, but I truly don’t care. You let me go and broke every promise you made to me,
do you expect me to ever trust you again after that?"

He gives room for Jungkook to defend himself, to say anything at all so Jimin can lash back at him with even more anger, anger that he desperately needs to get out. He didn’t even know he was carrying it. But Jungkook stays quiet and that is even more aggravating.

“SAY SOMETHING!”

His words echo through the quiet street and Jungkook jerks like a scared hare.

“I’m sorry. I still love you I’m so sorry.” Jungkook’s cheeks are wet and red and he is the first one to break the eye contact, lowering his head in shame with only his shoulders giving away he’s still crying.

“I don’t care.” Jimin dries his own cheeks and is almost ashamed at how good he feels watching Jungkook hurt. “I loved you too but that meant nothing to you.”

“It did. I didn’t know what I was doing. I was so scared and unprepared.”

“I told you I would be there. You told me you didn’t want me there.”

Jungkook looks up to the sky and Jimin gets to catch a glimpse of the regret that beams out of his eyes - the same eyes Jimin compared to headlights and that he fell so deeply in love with. Even like this Jungkook is still so beautiful and it feels like he just came here to twist the knife. “You were the one who ruined this. There’s no way I could ever let you close to me after that. You act like such a kid Jungkook, I can’t trust you.”

“What can I do?”

Although Jimin dreads the part where Jungkook leaves - he feels alive again when he’s here, in the worst way possible, but still alive - he has to say it. It’s better that way.

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“Okay.” Let him go Jungkook. “I’m sorry for coming here, I just don’t think I could have lived with myself if I didn’t try.” he turns around and leaves the yard, but turns back when he’s out on the street. Jimin is right where he left him, following Jungkook with only his eyes, and a last drop slowly runs down the side of his face. Jungkook doesn’t let it go with his gaze and his fingertips tingle when they remember what that skin felt like.

“I just need you to know that Chris was just a cover-up. Nothing ever happened, I could never have
done that."

He needs Jimin to know, so he at least don’t feel betrayed in that way. It’s a desperate attempt at relieving Jimin's pain a little - or maybe a last attempt to clear his own name if just a tiny bit.

“I know. I’ve spoken with her. It’s not about her, it's just about you.”

Those words feel like Jungkook is being crushed, every bone in his body cracking over and over again until only traces of their existence is left, because they mean that Jimin only hates him in this. He’s got every right in the world but that does not ease the pain for a second, and although Jungkook doesn’t want to let those words be the last, let this be how he leaves, there is nothing he can say to that. With a last good look at Jimin, devouring every impression, every sensation, every feeling and every nook and cranny of the boy so that he never forgets, Jungkook turns and goes. He walks down the hill to the nearest bus stop where he sits down and calls a cab, in all of this now worried about anyone finding him in this state. He lets the cab take him to a hotel in the middle of the city in which he gets a room for the week just because he doesn’t know where else to go, and when he has finally closed the doors around him he revisits the pain of letting someone you love down. He will never stop wishing he could take it all back.

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“Jimin?” Jihyun peaks his head out. “What happened?”
“Don’t pretend like you didn’t listen to everything.” Jimin is still staring at the street where Jungkook just left him. In the corner of his eye he had earlier seen the curtains in the kitchen slowly opening and three curious sets of eyes thinking he wouldn’t notice.

“Sorry.” Jihyun admits “Are you okay?”

“Not one bit.” he lets go of the street to turn around, sees the beautiful view and kicks the bench in front of him with such force it bruises his foot.

“Jimin, you should come inside. It’s cold.”

He walks past his brother in the doorway, into the apartment where his parents await him.

“Oh honey…” his mother extends her arms and his first intuition is to walk past her, up to his room and slam his door, but he stops - lets her embrace him.

“We love you so much.”

“I know.” he whispers into her neck.

“Is there anything we can do for you?” his father puts a comforting hand on his arm.

“No. Or maybe, yes. Can we watch some TV?”

Curled up on the couch holding a cup of tea made so kindly by his brother, they all sit in silence and watch whatever crappy dramas play on a saturday afternoon. In commercial breaks he thinks
about Jungkook, that he is probably still nearby if he didn’t go back to Japan already, but although it stings a lot - he knows he made the right choice. He will probably always love Jungkook one way or another, but he needs to love himself too, and even if the two loves conflict and hurt, letting go will be the easiest on his heart.

When they’ve had dinner and the day went from a pretend-normal day to an actual one, Jimin and Jihyun hang out in his room, looking through a box that Jihyun found on the attic full of baby pictures of the two.

“How did you know Jungkook was coming?” Jimin asks while flipping through a set of photos of them by the beach.

“It was everywhere.”

“What do you mean?”

Jihyun looks up and Jimin questions if his brother has ever been able to hide a single emotion he has ever felt - he can be read like an open book.

“Stop contemplating, it won’t hurt me. Tell me.”

“At the concert in Tokyo last night, Jungkook came out. He also said that the last song on the album was written about a boy he loved, everyone assuming you of course.”

“Jungkook wrote those songs long before we met.”

“Really? Even Euphoria? I heard rumours that it was written much later.”

“Euphoria? And why do you have such widespread knowledge about Jungkook all of a sudden?”

Jihyun blushes.

“I just- got interested I guess. Sue me for caring about my brother.”

“Your brothers famous ex you mean?”

“Anyway, he told the entire audience and everyone went absolutely nuts, the whole internet blew up and then people found out he had cancelled his schedule for a full week, all interviews and everything.”

Jimin keeps flipping through the photos, not really looking anymore - focus shifted completely to the story.

“Then photos of him started surfacing and they showed him at the airport in the middle of the night, right after the concert. He went to Seoul for a while then he came here.”

“How did you even notice that?”

“Jimin, it was everywhere. Every news source wrote about it, it was trending world wide under three different phrases. I wasn’t even looking and I found it - I just opened my phone.”

Jihyun shows him the video of Jungkook's speech. It brings tears to Jimin's eyes and although he’s still mad, he’s proud of Jungkook too. However the song confuses him. It’s a new one - a really good one - that Jimin knows was not there before. Is it really about him?


It’s different from the typical definition of destiny

Your pained eyes are looking at the same place as me
Won’t you please stay in dreams

You are the cause of my euphoria.
Jungkook is making it so hard to let go, but even with this Jimin can’t find it in himself to forgive him.

“Was I wrong for letting him go?” Jimin asks Jihyun, knowing he can’t provide an answer, yet still in need of his advice for some reason.

“I don’t know - but I saw you when you came back here. You were right when you said he broke you. I’ve never seen you like that. Like this even.” Jihyun chuckles. “I even got scared of you for a second when you told me to go back inside. You looked so mad.”

Jimin lets his shoulders jump a little too.

“I was! I am.” he sighs loudly, exclaiming “God that boy makes my blood boil.”

“That’s alright. It won’t be like that forever.”

Jimin doesn’t believe him but it doesn’t bother him that much.

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Now what? Jungkook wakes up alone in Busan on a white hotel bed. His duffle bag is thrown on the other side of the king-size and he pushes it to the ground before leaning over to the telephone to order room service. Pancakes.

Taehyung calls - tells him he’s sorry after Jungkook explains and then they hang up. Alone again. He keeps thinking about Jimin. How different he looked, still beautiful but so angry. All they had was two months, a lot shorter if you only count the time spent as a couple, how could it end in this protracted mess of regret and agony? His own selfishness and immaturity disgusts him. Jimin did so much for him, made him grow up and to some extent understand what matters in his life, but it wasn’t enough - he didn’t try hard enough for him. Jimin was right when he said that Jungkook is acting like a kid - all of this time he has been so naive and scared that he hindered himself from being happy - but how does he stop being a kid? Jungkook wants to try, even if Jimin never wants to see him again, because Jimin is right! To make himself proud he needs to make Jimin proud, despite the fact that he might never find out. The sweetness of the pancakes mixed with his ocean view of the town he grew up in makes him feel even more like a child and it gives him stupid ideas - ones that had been nesting in the back of his mind from the second Yoongi mentioned Busan. It’s been so long though. Too long. Jungkook doesn’t consider himself a person with a family anymore, tried to forget about their existence to dull the languishing for answers. What happened? How are they? Do you still love me? Do you still love me??

He doesn’t even know if they are still living in the same house. Have they seen the news? Jungkook is back! Have they locked their doors and drawn the curtains? Are they waiting with freshly brewed coffee?
Do you still love me? Even if I never came back?

He showers, get dressed in jeans and a hoodie but just stands in the middle of the room afterwards - hair still damp. He can’t go there. With an accelerating heart he wonders what Jimin would tell him. Either ‘go, you’ll just regret it if you don’t’ or ‘there is nothing you need to do. only do it if you want to.’ - but Jungkook thinks they would mean the same thing. Jimin doesn’t know but he’s guiding Jungkook still - not so much older yet much wiser and braver. He needs to grow up now.

But he can’t make it out the door. The furthest he got was grabbing the handle, then he stepped back again - terrified of opening it, of leaving the hotel. He instead just tortures himself by reading article after article about his coming out and his dramatic chase after Jimin, anything to make him forget his stupid idea. The articles are a lot kinder this time around, they speak of an incredible love story, something out of a fairytale and Jungkook snorts morbidly, knowing that Jungkook’s actions and Jimin’s words yesterday could never fit a fairytale. It won’t take them long to figure out that their love story is a tragic one, but he is alright with never hearing the end of it - a constant reminder of Jimin is what he deserves honestly. Maybe even needs. The only thing that worries him is that Jimin will never escape him either. When things feel a bit calmer he will clear Jimin’s name. Whatever it takes, he’ll do it to clear Jimin's name.

Next morning he wakes up with a racing heart, unable to remember his nightmare, but the only thing that rings in his head is

Go. I have to go see them. Jungkook, go.

It takes him hours of trying to suppress the echoing to give in and by dinner time he finds himself in a cab. He stuttered when giving the driver the address, but when only a minute away he asked him to stop.

Leave the meter running.

He thinks. What do I even say? I’m sorry I love you won’t work. Jungkook can’t do it. He can’t go!

“Take me back.” he tells the driver and without questioning the car is turned around and moves back towards the hotel.

Jungkook forgot his meds and this panic attack isn’t merciful. It all comes back to him, every dance practice, every school trip, every time him and his brother would play in the backyard. His father’s face - so disappointed, his mothers eyes - pleading. His brother must have grown so much, his parents might look older. The thought of looking into their eyes again makes his intestines twist around themselves but the longing is stronger, so much stronger. He misses them with every cell in his body and next afternoon he goes - completely exhausted from the rocky night, but determined not to turn around. It’s four pm, they must be coming back from work any time now, his brother maybe from school? The house still looks the same from afar, the same from up close and Jungkook is suddenly parked outside. He steps out and examines the pale white frames of the building. They had it good growing up - their own house to themselves, food on the table, a warm bed. In the midst of a busy city they had their own safe space, but standing outside of it gives Jungkook no sense of safety at all. The cab drives off and he’s left outside, close enough to knock but he can’t lift his hand. It weighs a thousand tons and maybe he should just give up an-

“Jungkook?” a sound from behind him makes his entire body stiff. Junghyun's voice sounds just like it did the night he left. It takes Jungkook a second to dare to turn around.
Their eyes meet and it’s completely silent between them. He wonders in what way he will yell at him, which words he’ll use to explain to him how much he hates him. Jimin said it blatantly, will he too?

“Jungkook!” his brother drops two full bags of groceries on the ground and sprints towards him, violently embracing him - squeezing so hard it hurts. But that’s okay - even though his lungs get no air, it’s like he can finally breathe again.

“You came back” he whispers, crying into Jungkook's neck and Jungkook lets himself cry too.

“Do you want something to eat?”

Jungkook feels like it’s his first time visiting an old family friend - it’s awkward and he has no idea what to say, neither does his brother.

“No thank you.”

“Drink?”

He can’t have his brother pour him water in his old house - doesn’t want to be treated like a guest, he’s not supposed to be one.

“No thank you.”

Quiet. His brother puts the groceries in the fridge and sniffles when he has to bend over for the freezer. His nose is still running. Jungkook wants to ask why the house is empty but he doesn’t dare to.

“I came back as soon as I saw you were here.”

“Back?”

“I live in Ilsan now. I’ve studied there for two years.”

Two years…

“Studying what?”

“Guess.”

He should probably laugh out of courtesy but he can’t. It’s quiet again and Jungkook looks down at his hands, fiddling with the tablecloth in front of him. They’ve changed it. It looked better before.

“I hated you for so long, you know.”

Here it comes. Jungkook wants to leave already, he begins to regret coming here, God he shouldn’t have come here.

“You could have at least called. I hated you for years.”

“I sent mom updates almost every day.”

“What?”
“She never responded.” Jungkook sinks with his forehead to the table. That’s the second time he has ever said that out loud and it hurts just as much as the first time.

“Wait, you… I thought you disappeared?”
“I planned on coming back.”

Junghyun used to comfort him when he cried like this, but their brotherhood is fractured, and he stands leaning against the counter just looking.

“Maybe I should be mad at her, but it was a hard time for all of us. I’m done being angry.”

Jungkook sobs. Do you still love me though?

“I’ve followed you. Since things started going well I’ve always tried knowing where you are. You’ve built something great Jungkook, it must have been hard.”

Jungkook presses the pads of his thumbs into his eyes to force the tears to stop. Doesn’t work.

“I was jealous at first, you left me with one hell of a mess while you got to chase after your goals and live a dream life. God I hated you so much.”

“What ab-” coming here was supposed to force him to grow up, but Jungkook cries like a little child. He feels like one and he’s so ashamed and fragile. “What about now?”

Junghyun runs a calming hand through Jungkook’s hair, lets it rest at the back of his head.

“I’ve forgiven you a long time ago. You were never meant to stay here.”

Five years. Jungkook forgets he’s already twenty one now. He looks up and Junghyun lets go of him.

“I’ve missed so much.”

“So have I.”
“You’ve grown.”
“So have you.”

Doesn’t feel like it.

“How’s school? How was graduation? Are you happy?” Jungkook wipes his nose on the back of his hoodie. His brother smiles.

“Jungkook, there’s a lot to catch up on. Please tell me that we will have time?”

“What do you mean?”
“Mom’s going to be home soon and if you don’t plan on coming back into our lives at least to some extent, I think you should leave.”
“I-” he never came so far when he thought about this. In his mind he only made it to the doorstep.
“What if she doesn’t even want me here?”

“You’re her son.”
Yes but that didn’t matter when I ran away to another country.

“I don’t know if that means anything.”

“Jungkook, I don’t think you understand, if she loses you again…”
“I tried to talk to her. For months.”

“Yeah, but she barely left the house for over a year!” his brother raises his voice a bit, scolds him as if he should have understood. But Jungkook never did. Jungkook never knew.

“When dad died and you left it felt like everything was over for us!”
What you missed pt.2

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for your patience, I really hope you enjoy this chapter!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

So-

It’s not like he didn’t think that it was true, he just didn’t want it to be. Jungkook doesn’t have a father anymore. He hasn’t had one in five years and he didn’t know. Junghyun can see the shift in his features and drops his armor for now.

“You didn’t know...”

Jungkook is clueless in what to do, how to react. Five year old scars are ripped back open, everything he suppressed instead of figuring out comes crawling to the surface, claws with sharpened fingernails through his airways until it reaches his throat and he cries. Jungkook holds back for a while, but what’s the use? Soon he lets go and bawls, face buried in crossed arms on the kitchen table where his father used to sit next to him at dinner. It wasn’t supposed to be true. Junghyun is quiet, for him its been so long and Jungkook can’t begin to imagine what he had to do to keep their mother from disintegrating.

“I should have come back.”

“Easy to say now.”

It’s a nice way of saying Yeah, you should have.

“I’m so sorry.” Jungkook cries muffled into the arm of his sweater. Junghyun takes the seat that used to belong to their father and scratches Jungkook's back. Soon he leans on Jungkook's shoulder and leaves it a darker grey where it meets his cheek.

“It was a long time ago.”
A lifetime ago. Junghyun looks at the clock above the kitchen door and lifts his head.

“Jungkook?”

The younger brother lifts his head too.

“If you don’t plan on being back for good now... I mean if you don’t know if you’ll be a part of our lives again, I think you should go.”

The words were not ones he expected. Is he coming back? Jungkook doesn’t know, he feels like it would take an eternity to feel like his brother is his brother again, like his mother didn’t let him go. Jungkook looks at the clock too and realizes that his mother is coming home soon. All those years ago, she would come home at 6.18 pm every afternoon, took the same bus to and from work without missing a single day.
“I don’t know.” he’s still looking at the clock, eyes fixed on the minute hand. 6.10. “Does she hate me?”

“No.”

“Did she miss me?”

“She never said but I know she did. Does. When she found out you were back here she cleaned the house. She can’t take losing you again. You need to be sure.”

Jungkook lets the clock tick all the way to 6.17. He’s not sure, not at all, but he wants to try at least. He’s terrified of seeing his mother again and he can’t wait for her to hold him.

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Yoongi sits by his phone. There hasn’t been any updates on Jimin and Jungkook and it is bugging him. He should call. He’s not even mad anymore, although Jimin handled everything terribly, it’s been so long that the anger is all gone. He misses his friend, knows that Jimin - no matter the outcome - could use someone to talk to about all of this. With one call he has the chance to restore their entire friendship, but the fear of Jimin having moved on is way more prominent than he realized before. It’s strange, it was Jimin who missed Yoongi - he knows that - but what if it’s not like that anymore.

“Yoongi of course he misses you.”

“How do you know?”

He always calls Hoseok when something is on his mind, whether it be the fact that it’s too cold to not wear a hat, but he thinks it doesn’t suit him, or something bigger - like this.

“I…” Hoseok hesitates.

“You what?”

“I spoke to him yesterday.”

“What?”

“You know we’ve been texting…”

“Yeah, but that was a while ago, wasn’t it?”

“Not really.”

Yoongi pauses, wondering if he should be mad but realizes that he is far from it. Hoseok has kept an eye out on his friend for him.

“What did he say?”

“He misses you. I told him that you drove Jungkook to the airport.”

“What did he say to that?” he asks again.

“He was happy.”
“And how did it go?”

“Oh, he rejected him the second he saw him, but it’s all good.”

Yoongi laughs.

“You should have told me!”

“Sweetie, you always ordered me to shut up when I mentioned him.”

“Yeah yeah, whatever. I miss you.”

“I miss you too.” They both sigh. “I keep grocery shopping for two, forgetting that you’re not going to be here for another ten days.”

“It’s just ten days.”

“Still, I can’t wait. You should call him now.”


“Good. I love you.”

Yoongi smiles, he feels like a giddy teenager whenever Hoseok says that.

“I love you too.”

“Yoongi?”

It’s strange, his voice takes Yoongi completely by surprise. It sounds just the same, which shouldn’t be odd but for some reason it doesn’t feel right. With everything else changing, it has stayed the same.

“Hello?”

“Oh. Hi Jimin.”

He should probably have rehearsed some sort of monologue, what the hell does he even say?

“I… I’m sorry I haven’t called sooner.”

“It’s okay. I’m sorry I was such a bad friend.” Jimin doesn’t sound sad. Come to think of it, Yoongi isn’t sad either - just… ready? Is that the best word? Ready to let Jimin back into his life.

“I’ve been a bad friend too. I should have told you I wasn’t coming home with you. Hell, I should have come home with you… with everything that happened.”

“No, no you made the right choice. I heard things are going well.”

“They are. I’ve heard the same.”

“Well…”

“At least with the music. How are you?”
They have never caught up like this… always been in touch and it’s so unnatural to ask Jimin how he is. Yoongi has always known.

“Honestly, better than I thought.”

“I heard you told Jungkook to go screw himself.”

Jimin laughs and now Yoongi’s heart stings. Maybe he is sad after all. Sad that he has missed so much in Jimin's life, and sad that Jimin has missed so much in his.

“I did. It sucked but it was the right thing to do.”

“Yeah…”

“I miss you.” Jimin whispers. Yoongi has had Hoseok but he has been lacking a best friend - Jimin and him has been one person since they met, they have been inseparable. Maybe he is really really sad that he didn’t get to comfort Jimin when he was upset, God he must have been torn apart. Yoongi tries to hide it in his voice but it is obvious that he’s crying.

“I miss you too.”

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She doesn’t look as different as his brother, just more tired than he remembers. She cried when she opened the front door and saw Jungkook's shoes and jacket in the hallway, they could hear her through the wall. Jungkook just sat terrified, waiting, but when he saw her eyes, the relief that beamed out of them, he let go too. He couldn’t hug her though, didn’t dare to touch her, and now she’s on the opposite side of the table from him. Jungkook doesn’t know where to begin, as much as he understands her pain from losing his father, he still feels so abandoned.

“You never answered” is the first words spoken, and as they leave his mouth he loses the courage to look at her, moves his eyes to his hands on the table.

“I know.”

He wonders if her eyes still glow with regret or if she takes for granted that he will forgive her. Still doesn’t dare to look.

“I was going to come back.”

“I know.”

When he says that he realizes that the reason he is where he is today, with his job and all, is the fact that he never returned. What would have happened if he came back? Who would he be?

“I know it was wrong of me but with the circumstances I felt betrayed.”

“I was sixteen, mom. Sixteen.”

She cries again, quietly. Jungkook doesn’t.

“I know. I’m so sorry.”

Junghyun brings her a glass of water and it makes a faint thump when it meets the table. Jungkook understands that this didn’t really change anything. He feels even more confused now, his mind is all over the place.
“I don’t know what to say.”

“That’s alright.” she reaches over the table and takes his hand. He has missed her touch, missed her love, her love was all he needed. Why didn’t she answer? Why did she let him go? Just one ‘come home’ would have been enough for him to return. Jungkook stands up.

“I should go.”

“Will you be back?” Jihyun looks at him, trying to hide the fact that he is pleading.

“Yes.”

He will be back. He will forgive her eventually, and he will get to know everything he missed in his brothers life. The pain from finally getting it confirmed that he lost his father won’t go away by itself and he needs them to help him with that. In the cab home he smiles even though it might take a whole lifetime for things to feel normal and natural between them again. Jungkook spends the night in his hotel room, desperately trying to figure out what he wants for his future, once again taking the advice he thinks Jimin would have given him - only do what you want. He wants to tell them about Jimin. Wants to tell them about everything bad that has happened, and everything good. Jungkook wants a family again, even if it’s broken and forever missing one, so the next day he goes back there. He does tell them everything, from the moment he landed in Los Angeles to the moment he heard his brothers voice again. Junghyun listens quietly, asks questions where he wants more answers, nods when he gets them, but their mother listens with her face buried in her hands, thumb pads pressed against her eyes. She missed so much, and Jungkook wants her to know that. He has lived an entire life without them, and they without him. That evening he finds out that she did try to contact him, two years ago, but he was unreachable by that point - she had no idea how to get to him. Every feeling is still confusing, and when he leaves Jungkook tells them that he won’t be back for a while - Two weeks maybe? - but this time he hugs them both. After he has given himself time to process the sudden changes he will come back here again. Osaka is getting closer, and it will mark the end of this very rocky trip. It has changed things in a way he did not expect.

Had he ever returned if it wasn’t for Jimin? Would he maybe be getting his family back if it wasn’t for Jimin?

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Jimin is watching a movie with his brother while their parents are making dinner. It’s Friday again, almost a week since Jungkook showed up, and things have turned out kind of alright. He’s spoken to so many people, even made up with Yoongi and plans to go visit him in Seoul before he leaves - perhaps even move back there when the apartment doesn’t feel as scary. He has thought a lot about Jungkook - been angry at him for tearing up old wounds, hated him for not fighting for him more, been proud over him finally coming out. Jungkook, just like Jimin, will be alright, and although Jimin is still mad, still so hurt, that thought comforts him. Life isn’t over just because their relationship is, especially not now when he can go back to Seoul, finish a new EP, get back on social media. Soon at least. Jimin feels as if the bitterness is leaving him. Reconciling with Yoongi felt so good that his whole view of the situation changed. In time everything will work out, one way or another Jimin will get his happiness back and he will get his life to a state in which he feels comfortable.

“I’m so happy for you and Hoseok.” he said and he meant every word. Maybe they wouldn’t be
talking if it wasn’t for him.

“Thank you. I’m so sorry about you and Jungkook.”

“Honestly, I’m fine. I feel a lot better now.”

“So do I.”

“It feels weird not texting you every day.” he said and Yoongi agreed. Then they proceeded to list all of the times they wanted to call, all of the things they had wanted the other to know this fall.

“Me and Hoseok went to the beach and I saw a rock that looked like your grandma. I took a picture to send to you, I’ll do it right after we hang up.”

“I found the old notebook I took inspiration for Lie from. It’s so bad, I’ll send it to you too.”

“We signed with Namjoon.”

“I heard.”

“Not from me.”

“Sorry, oh my god that’s so exciting, congratulations!” Jimin jokingly sounds surprised and they both laugh.

“I decided to start producing myself. I could use some help?” he continues.

“Of course! I’ll always be here.”

If they can get through this, Jimin knows that him and Yoongi will be forever. He has always known, but it’s been impossible not to doubt it after everything that happened.

“You know I never hated you for not loving me back...”

Jimin does.

“...But I understand that all of it was hard on you too, I shouldn’t have blocked you. I should have given you a chance to call.”

“It’s not your fault, I should never have acted like I did.”

He remembers the night he asked Yoongi to sleep by his side and it digs a pit in his stomach.

“Well… maybe we should just put it behind us. I don’t feel like dwelling in it, it’s been too long. I really want to be your friend again, Jimin.”

Jimin agrees. Yoongi’s absence has been unnatural and although life will never be what it was, he needs Yoongi with him on this new path. Change is scary but good at the same time, at least it might be if he has a best friend to share it with. They keep talking for almost three hours, and at the end things start feeling like they used to do. Yoongi’s voice relaxes and Jimin laughs a lot. They make plans to speak tomorrow too, not about anything specific, Jimin would love to speak with him about nothing for hours upon hours again. Their friendship is so natural and even after being apart it hasn't been ruined or broken.
"Tell Hoseok I said hi, won't you."

"I promise. And you tell your family hi from me too!"

"Will do!"

He was so happy after they finished the call and so were his family, they are all rooting for him and supporting him even though he has been bugging them for months now. Jimin feels so blessed. He turns his focus back to the movie which now has the end credits rolling and Jihyun turns to him.

“Do you wanna play super smash bros?”

“When have I ever turned down beating your ass?”

The two boys get up and start heading for the staircase when there’s a knock on the door. They turn around and watch as their mother opens it.

“Jungkook?”

He can see him, greeting his mother with shameful eyes, probably more than aware of his reputation in this house.

“I am so sorry to bother you Mrs. Park, but is Jimin home?”

“I’m right here.” he answers and their eyes meet as Jimin walks towards the door, leaving Jihyun with his mouth wide open behind him.

“Come in.” Jimin lets his mother slip away and opens the door fully for Jungkook. He isn’t completely sure why, and Jungkook seems very surprised by the hospitality, but it feels right.

“Really?” He asks as if he wasn’t the one knocking. They make their way to Jimins room, passing Jihyun who is unable to answer Jungkooks soft

“Hello.”

and it makes Jimin snort. Jimin would have reacted the exact same way half a year ago.

Click.

The door closes behind him and now Jungkook is standing in his messy old room.

“What do you want?” Jimin asks.

“I… I think I just wanted to thank you.”

“For what?”

Jungkook turns around and scans the room.
“I visited my family.”

Jimin hasn’t heard Jungkook speak about his family more than a few rejecting words at a time and he wonders if it was a big deal or not.

“How was it?”

“I’m not sure but I think it was good.”

“I still don’t know anything about them, Jungkook. Was that all you came to say?”

But then Jungkook proceeds to tell him the full story, all of it - from when he left to when he followed Jimin's made up advice to go see them. It would be totally fair of Jimin to say “I don’t care” or “I don’t want to hear it.” because they aren’t together, not even friends right now, but Jimin listens anyways, solely because he wants to.

“I don’t know what to say…” he admits when Jungkook is finished. “I’m happy for you.”

With glossy eyes Jungkook thank him.

“I’m sorry for coming back here, I just didn’t want to leave like I did last time. I didn’t want that to be the last time I saw you.”

“Understandable.”

“I know we can’t… I know that it’s over, and that’s all on me, but you still give me so much and I needed to know that you’ll be fine.”

Jimin takes a seat on his bed and Jungkook leans against his desk, finally relaxing too.

“Jungkook you don’t need to worry about me.” he sighs “You need to worry about yourself. I’m so happy that you saw your family again. Do more things like that.”

“I will. And what about you? What are you going to do?”

“I’m moving back to Seoul. There’s a lot to catch up on there.”

Jungkook smiles so beautifully, his hair hanging over his forehead messily, like it did on the sundays the two of them would spend in Jungkook's bed.

“That’s so good. That makes me happy.”

Now Jimin smiles too, a sad smile but still a smile.

It could have been so different.

“Why did it have to be this way?”

“I don’t know. I’m sorry.” Jungkooks eyes shine so beautifully and it hurts to know he means what he says. He is sorry. But it won't reverse the damage that's been done - the pain that's been and is being felt. Jimin regrets loving him so much so fast, but he would do it all over again if he could go back. It is what it is and it was what it was, now it’s time to leave it behind. No bad blood, no bitterness. Jimin shrugs his shoulders.

“I heard the new song…”

“Yeah?” Jungkook lights up.
“It was good.”
“Thank you.”

Quiet.

“I heard yours too.”
“What did you think?”

“Of course I loved it. You sounded great.”

“I recorded it in your bedroom, they worked hard on making it work” Jimin laughs.

“I remember, they did well.”

A knock on the door interrupts them and Jimin's mother suddenly pokes her head through the door. She looks quickly at Jungkook then only at Jimin, letting him make the decision.

“I’m sorry for interrupting but dinners ready.”

He turns to Jungkook.

“You hungry?”

After a formal introduction, mostly for Jungkook's sake, they sit together at the table. It’s not how he imagined bringing Jungkook home… he wanted to introduce a boyfriend not an ex, but in a way this is exactly what he needed. The conversations are shallow and sometimes stiff, Jihyun bites his cheeks not to ask too much, but this is the way he needed to say goodbye. Calm and friendly, no rushed decisions or mean words. Jungkook suits so well at this table and Jimin finds himself drifting from the topics around him to painfully reminisce. It still hurts, everything Jungkook put him through, and it is a shame that they can never go back, but his mother was right in some way. Maybe the love won’t fade away completely, but the pain will and the longing too. Jungkook helps Jimin's mother put away the dishes while the rest clean up the food and then it is time for him to go. They step out together in the cold, Jimin following Jungkook to the road to have just one last moment alone.

“Thank you Jimin. For everything. For tonight, for this summer, for not hating me.”

Jimin just smiles a once again sad smile, he has nothing more to say.

“I…” Jungkook raises his hand and puts it on Jimin's cheek who as a reflex leans into the touch before remembering he shouldn’t. “I love you, Jimin.”

Jimin removes Jungkook's hand.

“I know.”

“Good.” he can see Jungkooks eyes glimmer, wet from what’s soon to come. “Then I’ve said all I needed to say.”

“Take care of yourself, Kook.”

“I promise. You too.”
“I will.”

“Goodbye.”

Goodbye.

Chapter End Notes

Sooooooo what are your thoughts on all of this? The story is not over yet but we are getting closer....
I am so happy to put Yoongi and Jimin back together, at least a little!! I missed them as a duo.
I'm already working on the next chapter and it will hopefully be on time next week, otherwise as always I will let you know!

Thank you, and take care of yourselves until next time!! Remember you are loved and enough.
Jungkook goes back to a new life. Not much has changed other than Jungkook himself and the questions the media ask him, but it all feels different. Freer - at least in general - but then there’s the Jimin this, Jimin that, what happened, for how long were you dating, why did you lie, Jimin, Jimin, Jimin, Oh my God are you gay now? He tries to be good to Jimin and not give those questions too much space, but for weeks on end they just keep getting thrown his way. Every interviewer before Tokyo must be pulling their hair wondering why they didn’t get to ask all of the post-coming out questions, because that’s all he gets now. Understandable, and he doesn’t mind - he’s got some catching up to do with talking openly about it - but for Jimin's sake he hopes it’s over soon.

“So Jungkook, tell us everything about your secret (the press love that word) relationship with the newcomer Park Jimin. How did you guys meet?”

“We met at an event, a normal, boring event, but then I saw him and I guess after some time we hit it off? I’ve never met anyone like him, he is even better than you can imagine. But you know, it was difficult for me, and I took it out on him. I was terrible and he put up with a lot more than he should have.”

“How did it feel when he rejected you? After all that effort?”

Jungkook always sighs at this question, knowing they want him to break down in tears because it brings more viewers, but he never does. He always smiles at this part.

“It’s fine. We’re on good terms, he made the right choice.”

Jimin never really answers questions about Jungkook. He’s flooded with invites to TV- and Radio-shows, magazines and blogs reach out offering a good sum of money for an interview, but Jimin only takes the biggest ones, and when asked about Jungkook he simply says

“Sometimes things just cannot be.” and shrugs his shoulders.
“Did it feel good to reject him after all of that effort? In front of the entire world?”

“No, don’t be stupid, but like I said, sometimes things just cannot be.”

And that’s all they get for what they payed. Jungkook chuckles, knowing Jimin probably took all of the biggest ones on purpose, most money involved, and the biggest audience to say “fuck off” to in a very polite way. The questions directed towards him stop a lot sooner than they do for Jungkook, just like he hoped they would.

He texts him. Only twice, just to make sure that he is alright and that what is going on isn’t too much.

Me

Hey. I’m sorry about all of this, are you okay?

Jimin-ssi

It’s all good.

The fact that he knows Jimin would scold him if things weren’t fine makes him trust the message, but he also missed that name on his lockscreen.

Me

Are you sure?

Jimin-ssi

Yes, I told you not to worry about me

I love you.

Jungkook never sends it, but he leaves it for the next time he opens their conversation.

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Jimin came home three days before Yoongi was leaving. He was scared to live in the same house as him immediately after their long radio silence but as soon as they saw each other that fear left
him. They hugged for so long, smiled the entire time, and when Jimin finally broke away the words ran like rivers from their mouths and at midnight the same night the both of them had hurt their vocal chords from their total inability to shut up. Yoongi told him about his and Hoseok's trip, how they drove together through the country, saw his old house and met his family, slept together in the back of the car so many times that he lost count, how they went in the water on the east coast even though it was freezing. He showed Jimin their new songs and Jimin couldn’t sit still. Of course he knew Yoongi is the most talented person he knows, but this is a type of music he had never heard him make, and it suits him better than anything they created before. Jimin knew there and then that they won’t be making music together anymore, not like they used to, and that was a hurtful conclusion to come to, yet he is still so happy that Yoongi gets to create something at his full potential. Jimin shows him the music he has been working on too, and it’s only now that he realizes that he is improving as well. It’s different, but in a very good way and Yoongi lets him know that. Jimin also tells his best friend about seeing Jungkook again. Their goodbye hurt but it feels so much better than the ways they left it before. Now it’s right. They laughed at the strange turn of events that went down these past months, how things had been flipped around over and over again - it’s almost impossible to map it all out without getting things tangled up. It feels good to put it behind them - put all of it behind them - and move forward. That night Jimin slept alone in his room at home and felt alright for real for the first time in forever. The following two days, before Yoongi's departure, Jimin helped him pack all of the things he would need for at least a year away. There were too many things to bring all of it so Jimin promised he will keep some things safe - especially that green turtleneck sweater that Yoongi has. Jimin got to keep the speakers too, meaning he can now mix his stuff at home, and he thanked Yoongi for that.

“Don’t give me too much credit, I could never get them to fit in my bag anyway.” Yoongi said.

Jimin drove Yoongi to the airport and it was with great sadness they told each other goodbye.

“I wish I would have called you sooner.” was the last thing Yoongi said before he left Jimin alone again.

The past weeks he has been busy trying to return to a normal life while simultaneously having to answer a million questions about Jungkook. People have a lot to say, a lot of opinions, mean ones, understanding ones, but nonetheless ones he did not ask for. He never asked for any of this, at least not this kind of attention surrounding their failed relationship, but it is what it is and Jimin makes the best of it. Jungkook texts him somewhere in the middle of this mess and just seeing his name on the lockscreen to his phone pains him, but his name means a little less to Jimin every time it’s said. Jungkook this, Jungkook that. It becomes something he soon can just shake off, at least in interviews. Sometimes he misses him, misses how he felt, how he tasted, how fun he was and how much he made Jimin feel, but his memories begin to blur and he wonders if he is romanticizing their time together? Was it ever as good as he remembers? A part of him wonders if Jungkook was so wonderful because he was Jimin's celebrity crush - forever on that pedestal. Those thoughts are weirdly comforting now that Jimin really has nothing to do with Jungkook, and soon the media moves on to more interesting things, like Hailey Baldwin and Justin Bieber getting married. Some nights he watches videos of Jungkook, only when he stumbles upon them, and in newer ones his name is mentioned quite a lot. Jungkook answers respectfully, and for a second Jimin forgets where he is and wonders if his body ever left Los Angeles. Sometimes it hurts so much that he checks his body for bruises, but the interviews are never longer that two minutes, and then he watches something else.
He speaks to Yoongi almost every day. Of course his friend is doing great over there, and more often than not their calls ends with Hoseok joining on speaker. He loves them so much and the way they speak to each other makes Jimin happy he never loved Yoongi back. Then he wouldn’t have this. But sometimes Jimin cries after they hang up, when he feels lonely again. Almost every weekend he is out with friends, and he is super busy finishing this new EP and working on building his brand and expanding his team, but after every busy day comes a lonely night. Tonight is one of those lonely nights and he wipes his tears wondering if he will ever not need someone to comfort him. How can he be his own best friend? Love himself the way he needs someone else to love him? How can I be my own light? It’s not that Jimin dislikes himself, he’s just so used to being around people who love him. Yoongi, Jungkook, his family. Now is his first time truly on his own and it’s scary and new. Jimin haven’t brought a single person home since Jungkook. Before his bed was rarely empty on weekends, but now he’s done with all that. Like Jungkook, he too has some growing up to do, and if that means being lonely for a while then so be it.

I promise myself to love myself. To never give up on myself.

He works day and night to finish his new songs, and the common denominator is always

I will love myself.

They serve as a reminder to him, a well needed one, every single day and sometimes he is hit with the fact that it is him cheering himself up. Only him. All of the kind words to him are coming from himself, and in time that will make Jimin feel it. Even though the nights are lonely, and the days busy, his mind feels clearer and his future brighter by every day. Life is a struggle, but that doesn’t make it any less wonderful.

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He finishes part one of his tour in February and heads back to LA to finally rest - exhausted but happier than he has ever been. He went back to Busan a few times, had dinner with his family and met some relatives he thought he forgot about. They asked if he wanted to come home for christmas but he didn’t really feel comfortable so he celebrated with Taehyung as usual - gave him a years rent for his factory and a cologne that smells like lavender and got a black bag and some bleach. “You should try blonde.” he was told but hasn’t dared to yet. Last time he was back there he stayed up half of the night with his mother and slept the other half in his old room. His brother called him when he got back to LA and they spoke about the future. They laughed a lot and Jungkook said he wants them to come here soon. Imagining showing them what kind of life he built all by himself - the youngest son did so well - makes him happy. He knows they are proud even though things are the way they are. It’s been a ride but life is a little easier, and a lot more honest. This has been the most fun tour of Jungkook’s career and he feels as if he has connected with the audience in a much more genuine way. It’s like he can see them all now. He’s spoken a lot more to them, improvised and talked about things that are on his mind, told them about his day and wished he could hear about all of theirs. The connection with his fans is so much stronger and he feels so accepted and warm all of the time - and the reviews for his shows have skyrocketed. “Emotional. Real. Personal.” that’s what they say now. He likes it.

Taehyung was by his side all of this time, working from hotel rooms all over the world and styling him for every event and interview on the way. His brand is doing great and he is soon going to open up a physical pop-up store on Fairfax. That’s what he has been working on while Jungkook finally slept away the entire day. Now they’re going to eat something and watch Netflix before
Taehyung goes to bed and Jungkook goes back into his post-tour dormancy.

“I finally hired an assistant!” Taehyung says when the credits roll to The Bodyguard. Jungkook hasn’t really been watching, just looking, and he looks as groggy as he is.

“Huh? Oh that’s nice! Who?”

“A girl that studied the same thing I did. She just graduated and I figured she would be a perfect fit.”

“Sounds great.”

“I think I’m going to see Jin tomorrow too. He came back from filming a week ago, and I haven’t heard from him since.”

“You haven’t seen him in so long, I didn’t know you still thought about him?”

“We’ve been keeping in touch. I kinda miss him.”

“That’s not what you said last weekend when you made me get another hotel room for myself.” Taehyung laughs.

“Shut up. That was one time.”

“Yeah yeah.” Jungkook sits up, finally feeling a bit more awake, and pulls his hair out of his face. It’s all puffy so Taehyung pats his chin and calls him cute.

“You haven’t brought anyone home.”

It’s a question as much as a statement. There’s a why in there - even though Taehyung knows Jungkook still loves Jimin he wonders why Jungkook hasn’t tried to get rid of him.

“Haven’t had the time.”

“Yes you have. Maybe it’s time you did.”

“Who would that even be?”

“I don’t know, you’ve never had trouble picking people up before?”

Of course he hasn’t. It’s no different now. Endless amounts of people, mostly boys, have tried their luck with him on after parties but he doesn’t want anyone else. Every night Jungkook still thinks of a once again dark haired boy with a voice of melted sugar. The one that he cannot have.

“Maybe we should go to the party this Friday? Everyone’s going to be there, it will be just like before the tour.”

Namjoon, Hoseok, Bianca, Yoongi… everyone except for Jimin will be there, meaning everyone except for the person he wants to see the most.

But he does want to see his friends too.

“Yeah, we should. But I need something new to wear, I’m so bored of my old clothes and V is too fancy for that. I want to be able to spill on them.”

“*That’s* the Jungkook I want to see. Let’s go shopping on Thursday.” Taehyung messes up his hair again.
“Alright, I’m going to bed, I have an early morning tomorrow. Text me when you wake up so I know you’re alive.”

“I will if I remember, assume I’m dead if I don’t.”

Taehyung crawls out of Jungkook's bed while shaking his head, smiling.

“Goodnight, Kook.”

“Night, Tae.”

When he is alone and awake he begins to think again. Think about Jimin sleeping next to him, about Jimin waking him up by kissing the body part closest to him. Jimin’s skin was so warm and when he would trace his fingers down Jimin's curves his fingertips would feel like they were on fire. Jimin was so soft and smooth and the nerves in Jungkook's hand remember exactly what it felt like grabbing his waist, his hips, letting his hands travel up and down his thigh. He gets hard just thinking about it and he can’t help but to touch himself. Jimin would touch him so well, learned so quickly what made Jungkook beg for him, exactly how he should move his fingers, his tongue. What Jungkook would do for just one more time with him… Forever with him… Jungkook has never met anyone that looked so pretty when they fucked him, never met anyone that he wanted so badly. Jimin was good at everything and holy hell how he could fuck. Jungkook thinks about their night in Las Vegas, about how Jimin felt around him. That boy was the best he ever had in both ways and now he thinks about bending him over, fucking him raw with two fingers in his mouth, enclosed by plump pink lips, warm and wet. He moans Jimin’s name quietly, as if what he’s doing right now is too much of a secret for even the wind to hear him. He fucks him and Jimin says his name too, over and over again, moans it so beautifully - *Jungkook! Jungkook!* - until Jungkook cum over himself. His breathing slowly comes back to normal and his smile wipes away when he finds out he is still alone in his room. It felt so good to be back there, back with Jimin.

Now he’s completely awake, head only filled with one thing, and he knows that after the sun sets there is no way of clearing his mind. It wanders all over Jimin, all over their time together and their time apart, gets stuck on regrets and the times he messed up. It’s not uncommon to come to this part of his mind, to fall down this hole, but now he stays up for hours just thinking about him, wondering what he is doing now.

Jungkook gets a song stuck in his head, one he hasn’t listened to in a while. It’s not common for him to listen to songs in his own language, but now and then they pop up and he plays them and now this stupid ballad rings louder and louder in his head. It’s beautiful and in some ways it now feels like he wrote it himself. Because Jimin could have been All of his Life. He wanted him to be so badly. Jimin fits so well in this bed, in this house, in Jungkook's life and it’s such a shame he couldn’t see what was really important in time. He would give it all up for Taehyung, for Jimin, for his friends and maybe even family. It’s stupid and cheesy but he needs to hear the song, he needs to sing it word by word over and over again, so he does, and hopes it won’t wake Taehyung up.

*All of my life*  
*You are all of my life*  

If the lack of judgement comes from love or from the fact that it’s far past midnight no one will know, but he posts it. A cover. For everyone to see. Not once has he sang in his own native tongue to his fans, they have barely heard him speak it, but it’s not for them. It’s for Jimin.
He deletes the I Love You and types it out with different words.

Me

I’m thinking about you. A lot. It’s night here and the air is warm even though it’s winter. Isn’t that strange? Where you are it’s still cold. And day.

He stares at his phone for too long. Nothing happens except for some notifications from twitter where mutuals have liked his video. He wonders what they’re saying, but mostly when Jimin will see it. And when he’ll text back. Jungkook stares for so long that his eyes begin to hurt from the bright light in the dark room and he begins to accept that Jimin won’t answer him at all. But as he crawls back into bed his screen lights up one more time.

Jimin-ssi

Go to bed.

I love you. I love you, I love you, I love you. I will never love anyone like you, not tomorrow, not ever. Where are you now? What do you look like? You are so beautiful I miss everything about you. I love you so much. If you were next to me I would tuck you in and I would sing you the most beautiful melodies I could think of. I would stay up all night to make sure you don’t have any bad dreams, make sure that nothing bad ever happens to you. I love you - you are my life, I love you.

Me

Goodnight

Jimin-ssi

Goodnight

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After work is over Taehyung sits in his car. He’s gotten a new one, a Mercedes if you’d like to know, and he payed for it all by himself. Jungkook still wont let him pay rent even though he could afford it now, so instead he just makes sure they do fun things or get something nice for the two of them at around the price of half of the rent every month. It has led to some unexpected adventures, a few trips to some amusement parks, some crazy night outs where Taehyung took care of the bill after getting Jungkook so drunk he couldn’t fight it, and a lot of really nice dinners - sometimes just the two of them, sometimes for a larger group of friends. Jungkook is doing well, but these “acts of kindness” might be disguised attempts of cheering him up too. He really wants Jungkook to be happy again and truly be content with the fact that Jimin won’t take him back. At first Taehyung would beg him to - not to his face but in his own mind - praying that they could just work out to restore his faith in love, and also his friendship with Jimin, but now he understands it a bit more. Love can only take so much, and if there is lack of trust there cannot be happy love. The fact that Jimin could walk away might be even stronger proof that love exists, than Jungkook's walking away was proof of the opposite. Love is complicated but Jimin did what was best for him even though it hurt and that is admirable. He would never want a friend being unhappy in their relationship, even though it hurts his other friend. Jungkook will find someone new, and so will Jimin, and Taehyung hopes it’s soon because he can’t wait to see Jimin again. Their calls are very sporadic and short and he misses him a lot. He wants to tell him about Jin, the things he haven’t even told Jungkook. A month ago they spoke almost every day. Love is a huge overstatement, but Taehyung can’t deny that he feels something at least. A crush maybe. Again. Jin would text him so much

I miss you

I saw you in GQ. Looked beautiful

I can’t wait for us to be back in LA, can’t wait to have you back in my bed

What are you designing for me at the premiere?

and Taehyung would smile every time he saw his name - of course texting back flirting. There has always been this huge uncertainty regarding Jin and their relationship. What are they? What were they? Taehyung kinda wants to know now, so he starts his car and makes a turn that takes him closer to Jins apartment. It’s so strange, how he chased him for so long only to have him pull away, then the first person Jin would come to after his breakup was Taehyung and then it was Taehyung who pulled away. But now? All Taehyung knows is that they both seem to have missed each other, until Jin came back and probably locked himself in his house from the exhaustion that comes from filming for so long, and traveling all over the globe for half a year. Taehyung can recognize that feeling in both himself and his best friend, but he also wants to see him. He really wants to see him.
Heyyyall I hope you had a wonderful week, here's this weeks chapter!! It's a long one so get your popcorn.

Taehyung pulls up at Jins apartment complex. How long has it been since he last was here? September? Earlier? They have been gone for so long that it feels like forever and a day. Every bruise and mark Jin would leave on him has faded into nothingness and Taehyung bites his cheek when he thinks about receiving more. The other people he’s fucked these past months have been nothing compared to Jin. He remembers the entry code and steps inside, taking the elevator to the third floor, thinking about the time it will take for them from the second they see each other to being in bed together. Perhaps a minute. Two would be pushing it. Before he leaves the elevator he fixes his hair in the mirror, and just before the door closes he makes it out and rings the bell. A few seconds pass, then he can hear footsteps towards the door. He smiles.

“Tae?” Jin opens the door. He looks freshly showered and wide awake and the apartment smells of food.
“Hi.” Taehyung says. The clock is ticking…

“I… Now is not a great time-” and then a smaller figure appears behind him, smiles kindly until their eyes meet and they both realize who they are looking at. Sana. He had forgotten about her - thought she didn’t exist anymore, it really felt like it. Taehyung looks at Jins left hand, still on the doorknob and lo and behold - the ring is back. He cannot recall for how long it’s been dead silent, but then out of nowhere he begins to laugh. He doesn’t know why, neither at what, but the whole situation is too much to take seriously. The couple inside are confused to say the least, and Jin looks as if he wants to disappear into thin air.

“I think you should go.” Sana says.

“I think so too” Taehyung agrees, still chuckling, and turns around. “Have a great night!!”

Back outside the shock settles, and he can calm his laughing down a bit. For some reason a huge weight has been lifted from him, and he is so confused why he isn’t upset? He missed Jin, didn’t he?

But did he miss the uncertainties? The lack of commitment? Was he falling for Jin or was he settling for the only person he knows likes him and that can fuck well? He laughs at himself and he laughs at them. He almost makes it to his car before Jin catches up to him. Taehyung is surprised that he didn’t just go back inside and have that dinner that smelled so wonderful.

“Taehyung, wait!”

“Why?” he’s not mad at all, just confused why they’re still talking. There’s nothing more to say.

“I…”
“Jin…” Taehyung puts a hand on the taller males cheek. Jin looks terrified, does he regret it? Wonder what he’s thinking.

“Do you want to be with her?”

“I don’t know. When I see you I don’t know.” he puts a hand against Taehyung’s, locking it on him.

Jin shouldn’t be with Sana, but he shouldn’t be with Taehyung either, and even though it took a lot to see that, he can finally say he knows exactly what they are and what they should be - Nothing.

Taehyung smiles at him, kindly.

“I think you need to find that out.”

“Don’t go.” Out of nowhere Jin kisses him, slides a hand up the back of his shirt and where their skin meets it tingles. But Taehyung pulls away, grabbing the hand that was just on him and pulls it within sight. A beautiful silver ring clothes it.

“You already made a choice, Jin.”

“Would you have married me?”

The question is absurd, startling, but it’s a valid one to ask so Taehyung really thinks about it.

“Probably not.”

It’s a choice between someone you love that wants to marry you, and someone you love that doesn’t. What a painful choice to make on your own. Taehyung helps him.

“I should go.”

Jin is quiet.

“Congratulations on your engagement.” he says, genuinely, but Jin doesn’t look very happy.

“In another life…” the boy says when Taehyung closes his door and rolls down the window.

“I’ll see you there, then.”

“See you there.”

“Take care of yourself, Jin. Promise me that.”

“I love you.”

Taehyung wishes he didn’t hear that. He doesn’t love Jin back. The promise he made to Jungkook in the beginning - he kept - for better or worse. Probably mostly for the better.

“You’ll get over it.” He really didn’t want to be cruel, but he has to say it like it is. “You should be with someone who loves you too. I’m going to go now.” the car engine whirrs as he turns the key.

“Goodbye, Jin.”

“Goodbye Taehyung.”

And with a strange but comforting smile they part ways. He drives home unmarked, sort of
confused at how the hell Jin and Sana could have gotten back together - something he will understand only after the movie comes out and he can see that parts of it had to be filmed in Japan - but satisfied. Not overly happy or excited about how this chapter ends, but satisfied that it has finally come to a conclusion. Jin will always be special to him - someone he cares about and will look back at smiling - but he is ready to let it stay behind him. He tells Jungkook all about it when he gets home, and they speak about Jungkook's cover too. Maybe Taehyung will one day fall for someone the way Jungkook fell for Jimin, and perhaps for him it will be a happy ending.

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He keeps forgetting what it’s like. Mornings are calm and easy, the sun is rising higher on the sky every day, evenings less scary and he can find comfort in the purple skies. Life is good, wonderful even, because he forgets what it’s like. That’s not easy to do when you’ve cared for someone for years and then get to love them too, but yesterday morning when he woke up, Jimin felt happy and well rested. It’s only February but it feels like spring, and it sounds like spring too - the birds are back and the people are daring to go outside again. But after Jungkook texted him… when he saw...

That sweet voice sounds nothing like spring. It’s the warmest days of summer but feels like the darkest days of winter. Jungkook sings to Jimin and everyone he doesn’t know sends him the video. It’s torture because it’s so beautiful.

I changed so much after meeting you

I wanted to make your dreams come true

My dreams became bigger than love

You are all of my life

Is it bad that the bitterness still haunts him? The why’s never left. Even now, Jimin is flooded with attention from Jungkook's fans telling him to take him back, how can’t he when Jungkook sings to him? Jimin must be insane.

He feels insane to be honest. The old Jimin nags at him too which makes it even worse. He wants all of them to shut up. Jungkook's voice is beautiful - airy and bright - but people are stupid for believing it would change anything. Jungkook included.

Jimin hums the song while he gets dressed. It’s already afternoon on the day after, but he is practically done with everything he needs to be done with for now, so he decided to sleep in and try not to dream about forbidden things. His music has been sent off and his team just began the promotion schedule. It looks great. In four weeks Yoongi said he would fly home just so he could be here for the release, and it has been keeping Jimin up some nights. He misses him so so so much. Though, right now he has found a lot of people to be around - people that makes him happy. Jimin has built a team himself and most importantly, a group of friends. He loves them a lot, they’re pretty hilarious, and they love to party. Just like last weekend, they’re going out the next, Jimin gets to dance again, gets to drink and lose himself in the music.
He called Yoongi a lot though.

“How do I make this sound like that?”

“It’s 3am Jimin!”

“Oh my god my software crashed help me”

“Call support, I don’t know?”

“What did you think?”

“It’s amazing.”

It feels like he is with him every step of the way while it still being Jimin's own project.

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Yoongi hangs up the phone and gets back into the studio.

“Did you tell him hi from us?” Namjoon smiles as he speaks.

“Of course I did.”

“Listen to this!” Hoseok taps the space button and their song starts playing. He added a synth.

“Wow.” Yoongi says and kisses his boyfriend. “You’re a genius.”

“I know, right?”

Yoongi is going back in only a few days, and when he comes back to LA after Jimin's release it’s time for his own. Or, their own. Namjoon has finally let the public know about his label and it’s all the city is talking about. He’s got the best of the best artists, mostly rappers and urban singers, and everyone who aren’t on his payroll wish they were. Namjoon looks happy. He always does, but now it looks real too. They’re all happy. Although, Yoongi is kind of terrified of his debut as a rapper, wondering what everyone will think and even more about what they’ll say, but Hoseok always makes him feel good enough. He truly makes Yoongi feel safe in a way he hasn’t been before. Namjoon drives them home and they invite him for dinner, but of course as always he has work to do so he declines.

“Next week?”

“Sure!”

The couple have tried to take Namjoon out of his habit of overworking, and although they’re
failing, it’s not completely in vain. Their friend seems a lot calmer since they all started hanging out together often, and Yoongi tries his best to make their work not feel like work. Having Hoseok around helps. He’s so much fun and god Yoongi loves him so much. After dinner when Hoseok washes off the dishes, Yoongi sneaks up behind him. He is the perfect height to bury his nose in his boyfriends neck, and he does it as often as he can.

“I love you” he mutters into his skin.

“I’m sure that’s what you’re thinking about” Hoseok smirks.

It’s not. Hoseok is irresistible to Yoongi, mentally and physically - it’s impossible to stay away. As soon as they’re alone Yoongi has his hands on him.

“Still true.” he says as his hands find their way under the taller boys shirt. Hoseok leans his head back and Yoongi lets his teeth graze the delicate skin while suggestively letting his hands travel further down. Hoseok seems to think Yoongi is irresistible too.

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“You really outdid yourself, Jimin.”

Producers he looks up to, musicians who has been in this business for years, his team that he built all by himself and his friends - they all love it. Jimin is done with his EP and the last track just finished playing, making the thirty-something people in the studio complex the first ones from the outside to hear it. Yoongi is here too. He flew home just for this day, to hear Jimin's own pieces in their full glory, and he cried when Jimin didn’t look - so proud at what his best friend has made of himself.

“The lyrics… wow, they blew me away.” someone says, and another one, and another one. The compliments are almost too much, and Jimin is glad that there is alcohol here because soon everyone starts to get drunk and want to talk about something else than his music. It’s the first of April and after midnight his music will be out for everyone to hear. His work has been called one of the most anticipated solo projects from Korea and the pressure is on, meaning he needs a drink too.

Jungkook texted him this morning.

Jungkook

Good luck on your release tomorrow, we’re all looking forward to hearing it! I wish I already knew what it sounded like, but at least I know it will be great.

Jimin didn’t respond. He hasn’t since he told Jungkook goodnight - not that there has been much to answer to, the only text he has gotten besides these were a drunk text two weeks ago.
Yoongi hands him a drink when the others have stopped swarming him.

“You should be so proud, Jiminie. You did this all by yourself.”

“Thank you.”

“Why aren’t you?”

“What?” Jimin looks at his friend.

“You don’t seem proud.”

“I am… or, I don’t know. I guess it’s just…”

“That it feels like it’s just the way it should be?”

“Yeah!” Jimin sighs. “Every compliment is just a reassurance that I’m not totally fucking up. It doesn’t feel like it’s actually as good as they’re saying. It just is.”

“Do you remember when we had our tiny little release party for our first EP? In that gross bar outside LA?”

“How could I forget?” Jimin laughs.

“Look how you’ve grown. Look how we’ve both grown.”

Around them are people Jimin never dreamt of working with - never dreamt they would ever know his name or love his music.

“You’ve worked hard to be here.” Yoongi continues. “And they all mean what they say. You might be used to creating masterpieces by now, but we’re not used to hearing them. Not like this.”

Jimin sips on his drink and looks Yoongi in the eyes. His friend is right. He’s worked hard and he has grown.

“Thank you.” he rests his head on Yoongi's shoulder for a second, a silent thank you accommodating the spoken one. “I’m so happy you came.”

“Wouldn’t miss this for the world!”

“I wish I could come to your release.”

“Don’t be silly, you have shows to play, tomorrow morning I will play you everything and then when you can come out there I’ll make sure we have a show for you to attend.

“I’d really love that.”

“I wish we were in the same city.”

“Me too. Seoul is boring without you.”
Yoongi looks around and says “Looks far from it.”

And this time he’s also right. Jimin loves it here, even when Yoongi is away, and though he would love to have him back he’s still enjoying himself. Sejin approaches, sober as always.

“Jimin I think I’m going to head home. I’ll have a lot to do tomorrow with your schedule.”

“Of course, thank you for being here.”

When Jimin will have his hangover day, eating chips and answering instagram comments about his music, Sejin will take endless calls and interview requests for him. He’s so grateful for that.

“Have fun for me too, won’t you.” he says as he hugs the two friends goodbye.

Jimin takes his fourth drink while Yoongi finishes his fifth. They’re all still at the studio complex, but are just about to head out. Jimin didn’t expect so many to want to join them on a night out considering it’s a Sunday, but everyone’s too drunk to care at this point. A label representant rents the group a limo to fit twenty people, but there are two when they arrive. Yoongi and Jimin get in the same one, crammed together with friends and co-workers. They sing together, cheer together with drinks they brought in glasses from the studio and Jimin wonders where they will put them when they get to the club. He looks over at Yoongi who’s smiling like it’s his first time at a party.

“I missed this a little too much.”

“You’re welcome home any time, Yoongi!” he has to shout because the rest of them are laughing so loud. A shy smile now spreads on his friends cheeks, facing away from Jimin to try to hide it. It’s so stupid to hide happiness.

“Bring Hoseok next time.”

“Twill.”

They get to the club and everyone are magically allowed in. Must be their status because half of them are barely able to stand at this point. Jimin thinks his elders drink too violently, but they’re too much fun in this state to argue with, and besides - they’re his elders. The club is big, two stories high, with multiple bars spread across the dance floors and at least five DJs playing at the same time. It’s impossible to keep track of everyone when they enter so the party is scattered around the building, and he loses Yoongi for a second. Finds him again when the other pushes his way on the dance floor Jimin is on, with two huge drinks in his hands.

“There you are! I almost spilled both of these trying to find you!” Jimin takes one.

“Sorry!”

Then they dance. Their friends come and go, a few leave pretty early (not by choice) but most of them stay. Soon Jimin has lost track of his drinks, lost track of his friends, and is totally absorbed in the music. Yoongi is outside smoking when Jimin locks eyes with someone from across the room. He doesn’t seem to be from here, and he’s so tall that no matter where he goes Jimin can see him, and he can see Jimin. His eyes are captivating, as is his entire being and Jimin cannot let him go with his own eyes, even when dancing, spinning, they always end up back on him soon enough. Jimin knows he looks good tonight and knows he is desirable, so he plays along. He hasn’t felt this
type of excitement in a very very long time, and in his drunken haze his heart is hammering away. When the man finally approaches Jimin stops in place and lets his lips close around the straw to his drink until the man visibly gets flustered - then he goes back to dancing, allowing the other to sneak up behind him. The others move to make way for the tall man and he ends up behind Jimin, not touching, but close enough so that his presence cannot go unnoticed. After a few seconds like that Jimin can’t restrain himself, so he steps back, eliminating the space between them. Feeling their bodies on each other, Jimin closes his eyes and sways along - once again letting the music capture him - and the other gets more daring with his hands.

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Jungkook listens to the EP as soon as it’s out. In Korea it has passed midnight and here it’s early morning. He puts it on while he picks out his clothes for the day, but ends up just sitting on his unmade bed. He doesn’t want to cry, but the tears have minds of their own and runs down his cheeks anyways, as if he hasn’t cried enough. It’s been almost a year since he first met Jimin. Got him, lost him, but all in all he gained so much, even listening to Jimin's art feels like a privilege - even though he hears it when every other stranger gets to too. His music is beautiful, flawless and emotional and Jungkook can feel the hurt in it, maybe he is the reason for it, but he can also feel the love in it. The songs are all love songs to Jimin himself, and if there’s anything Jungkook knows, it’s loving Jimin. The boy hasn’t answered him in a long time, but Jungkook still wants to tell him how good he is, how wonderful of a writer he is, and besides - triple texting is not the lowest he has sunken.

Me

I know this is all you will hear from now on, but I just heard your songs and they are all so wonderful. I don’t know how you do it...

But then he keeps going. Maybe he should have ended it there but the music has started over again and Jungkook is losing track of both time and place.

… I think about you all of the time. I’m so happy you seem happier. Hoseok told me you are. Taehyung too. He really misses you, I don’t know if he’s told you, but he does. When you come back here he would love to see you, or maybe you should invite him over there. The house isn’t the same without you. I can’t eat in my car anymore because it feels to lonely and I think about you all of the time. I love you all of the time. I love you a lot right now and I miss you too, it’s not only Taehyung, I miss you so so much. I’m so happy that you’re happier, I’m doing well too, don’t worry. I’m going back on tour soon and it’s great. You’ll love touring.

He loses track of what he’s even saying at this point. Wiping his tears he reads through it and regrets even thinking about sending it. He goes back down to delete most of it but when he pushes the end of the text he accidentally pushes send, and his stupid words are suddenly visible to Jimin.
Panic builds within him and he shakily switches to flight mode to try to undo the damage, but it’s to no use - it’s sent.

“FUCK” he exclaims and throws both hands over his face in regret.

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A warm hand finds its way under Jimin's shirt, grabbing his waist softly and following his every move. He leans back into his chest - it’s strong and the bass of the music vibrates through it, just like it does with Jimin.

“Hi.” the man speaks into the top of his head, in the loud club it sounds like a whisper.

“Hi.” Jimin says back unsure if the man can hear him. The same hand that was on his waist turns him around to face the other.

“You can move, Jimin.”

Jimin doesn’t even recognize that he knows his name. People seem to do that these days.

“I see you can too.”

The eyes on him go dark and Jimin takes another slow sip of his drink, neither breaking their contact nor stopping his dancing. He’s so good at this, done it a million times before. He can wrap anyone around his finger. Jimin lets his free wrist rest on the man's shoulder, bringing them closer together and once again hands are placed around his waist. They move with zero space in between them, swaying and grinding discreetly while the dance floor gets more and more packed. Time isn’t a thing in here, neither is pride, and soon they both come to a halt when Jimin's lips meet the stranger's. It’s sweaty and messy when their tongues, strangers to him too, clash together. Jimin’s almost soaring above the ground - literally - because the man’s so tall he practically picks Jimin up. He’s drunk and horny and lets it devour him, shamelessly holding him tighter, making out in the middle of the dance floor, in the middle of all these people. It’s his night and he can do what he wants. The others grip moves down to his thighs and ass and Jimin lets his own hand wander too, but “Let me take you home with me, Jimin.” wakes him up.

He puts his heels back on the ground and pulls away. His dance partner looks gorgeous, a textbook example of Jimin's type, but the thought of going home with anyone feels so wrong. Suddenly Jimin feels a lot more drunk, his mind a lot messier and clouded but he manages to say “I’m sorry, but I have to go.” before he stumbles away. Where’s Yoongi? Jimin fumbles with his phone but it’s dead, so instead he just grabs his jacket and leaves, hoping to find Yoongi still outside, but there’s no luck there either.

A flash of dark eyes and strong hands hit him and he wonders who they belong to.

I need to get out of here.

There’s a cab right outside so he hops in and asks to be taken home, he can text Yoongi from there - apologize and explain. When the door closes and the car takes off Jimin's ears begin to ring and
the quiet is more deafening than the pounding kickdrums from before. Red, blue and green neon lights shine through the city, it looks beautiful but all Jimin can think about is how badly he wishes he was home. The ride seems to take only a second after that because he drifts off, head heavy from drinking too much, but he manages to wake up enough to pay the driver and go into the apartment. While his phone charges he drinks water and tries to stay awake, aching to fall asleep any second but forcing his body to be upright so he doesn’t worry his best friend too much.

Dark eyes and beautiful hands feel so much closer than they are.

He opens his phone and is flooded with texts and notifications, but he ignores them all and goes straight for his last conversation.

Me

I’m sorry, I left! I’m at home, going to sleep now, leaving the door unlocked goodnight sorry

Jimin reads it with a knot in his stomach and when he sees I love you he chucks his phone to the side, making it disappear into his pillows.

Fuck you. I can’t have one fucking night without you ruining everything. I can’t have one single person without you hovering above me like a heavy cloud ready to strike me at any time. I could have slept with him, finally touched someone else, but you...

Jimin yells between clenched teeth as quietly as possible, letting wishful hatred slip out every pore alongside even worse emotions. He could have drank him away, slept him away, but he’s omnipresent, an unscratchable itch. Even on the best nights he’s here. Fuck you. Jimin finds himself in Yoongi’s king sized bed instead, happy he’s drunk enough to pass out even with his heart pounding, before Yoongi comes home and tucks him in. Yoongi pats his head softly and wraps him in the covers before falling asleep next to him, exhausted and just as drunk. Jimin mutters in his sleep, incohesive and quiet but his tone is uneasy. Yoongi doesn’t need to hear why Jimin left to understand. He will always understand.

Yoongi wakes up a few hours later, it’s dark but according to his phone it’s already past noon. Contemplating whether to get up or sleep for the rest of the day he looks over at Jimin, still peacefully knocked out beside him. There’s no water close to the bed so he gets up, head still spinning, to go fetch Jimin some so he can drink when he wakes up, and decides to make himself some breakfast while he’s at it. A simple toast will do. When he brings it back Jimin is twisting and turning, messing up the sheets as he wakes.

“Goodmorning.” Yoongi says and hands him the water. Jimin doesn’t take it so he puts it next to
“How you feeling?”

Jimin just whines but that’s more than an answer, so Yoongi crawls back under the covers with his friend. They stay there for a while until Jimin speaks. Or rather, whispers.

“I almost did it.”

Yoongi had seen Jimin last night, after he came inside Jimin was dancing with that guy, so he decided to leave them alone.

“I saw.”

“I keep thinking I’m over it but… I should have stayed, why am I like this? He’s ruined me forever.” Jimin pulls the covers up to his ears and closes his eyes again.

“No he hasn’t, stupid. You’re taking small steps. Next time will be easier, and the time after that even more so. You’re getting over it.” he pulls away the hair in Jimin's face and makes him look again.

“I guess, but it’s so slow.”

Jimin sits up and continues.

“He texted me.”

“What did he say?”

“I love you. And a lot of other things.”

“Damn… that’s mean.” Yoongi knows that’s the last thing Jimin needs to hear.

“I know right?!”

“Let’s not think about that. Let’s get something to eat and watch some Netflix and read all of the reviews of your music.”

“God, no, I don’t want to look at any of it.”

“Come on, you have to! I know everyone’s loving it.”

Yoongi picks up his phone to scroll through twitter and a lot of people are mentioning it.

“Billboard tweeted about you.”

Jimin gets up on his elbows, suddenly a lot more awake.

“Really?”

Yoongi is so proud of Jimin, of everything he has accomplished in the time they’ve known each other. They met when they were both starting out and now they’ve made big things of themselves. Jimin has found his voice and his sound and Yoongi too. His friend is making headlines, and in a month when his music comes out, he will do the same. Yoongi and Hoseoks music are going to top the charts, beating all kinds of records and every show they have will sell out. It’s like he already knows it, sitting here watching his friend smile at all the love he gets. Success comes after
happiness, after accepting who you are and knowing you’re good enough. He truly believes that. Later that day Yoongi plays Jimin his music and Jimin cries out of pride but doesn’t hide it like Yoongi did and it forms a bittersweet knot in his stomach. Time passes so quickly, and they’ve made it so far but he kind of wishes they could turn back time a few years and have all of this ahead of them. All of the hardships and all of the good times. He wouldn’t change it for the world. Loving Jimin lead him to loving Hoseok, so not even those years were for nothing. He would go through all of that pain again, even the worst of it, even the darkest parts. Nothing has been for nothing, because he’s grown.

Yoongi is happy now. He can say that with certainty. Happiness isn’t lack of struggles, he still has to work hard on both his work and himself, but he knows what matters and he’s got most of it. He’s got himself. Jimin. Hoseok, and all of their friends. He has his music and his dreams and hopes. He’s finally happy.

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Two days after the release Jimin drops Yoongi off at the airport. It’s sad but he promises to come visit soon, and tells him once again to bring Hoseok next time. He wants to show him around, show him the places Yoongi missed.

One day he’ll go back to Los Angeles, but right now he’s going on tour and maybe even take some time off to go visit his family again in the summer. He already misses them. The drive home is quiet and calm, spring is flourishing in Seoul and the afternoon sun makes the city glow a burning orange. Jimin thinks about how blessed he is and how much fun a tour will be. He’s not selling out the biggest arenas, but they’re all bigger than the ones he has already played, and headlining alone is huge. He’s got his first show in Seoul in two weeks so him and his new band are practicing day in and day out. Yesterday Yoongi came to watch and Jimin was so excited to show him the process. It’s so different from what they did, bigger in a way. Jimin loses himself in good thoughts while at a stop light, but then his phone rings and he’s pulled out of the sunset and back into the car. It’s Sejin again.

“Hi!”

“Hi Jimin, I’m so happy you could pick up so quickly! I have a question and I understand if you need time to think about it.”
Jimin doesn’t get it.

“What?”

“I just got a call from your agent and they’re booking you a tour around America.”

“Okay, that sounds great, why?”

“It ends in Los Angeles.”

Chapter End Notes
See you next week........
Hello friends, once again I bring you another chapter. Thank you so much for sticking with me, I'm sorry about Taejin, it was one of those things I just had to do. I really really really hope you enjoy this one. I love this story so much, thank you for wanting to be a part of it. (I know I say that every week but I'm not gonna stop)

As always I will do my best to bring you the next chapter in time, it might need a little more care though so I'll let you know how it goes. I love you, please enjoy!

You can hear the faint sound of traffic coming from outside the window, the one he cracked open to let the fresh air in. It mixes with the podcast playing as he sits on the floor, surrounded by a mess of clothes and sincere products, a manga he wanted to read but never found the time for and some jewelry that works with every outfit. Jimin didn’t expect to go back so soon. Of course he planned on visiting Yoongi and his friends, but not in a good while. He has absolutely no idea how stepping foot in LAX will fuck him up, how much he is still affected by the hours he spent there in a complete breakdown - and then there’s the city. Jimin was so shook up by his time there, that’s where his life changed forever, and what if the city makes him crumble again? Avoiding Los Angeles in this business is impossible, but it still has been just less than a year and Jimin is once again packing to fly out to America. He’s been touring for a month already, been in Malaysia, Singapore, Japan, England, France and Spain, then he had a short break back in Korea. The apartment is unusually clean, stuff aren’t being moved around as frequently now, they just stand here while the owners are away. Jimin throws his socks into the open suitcase and glances over at the green jacket, still hanging on the rack above him. He hasn’t touched it since he hung it there and neither does he plan to. The smell of take-away bibimbap and Yoongi’s old shower gel fill the room as well. Jimin used it because he took his own with him on tour but left it somewhere along the way. Didn’t buy a new one, they were free at the hotels anyway. It’s still impossible to understand that he’s made it. He finds himself shocked every time he steps up on stage and sees fans screaming his name, singing his songs, waiting for him outside of the venues to speak with him or even just get a photo. He thinks about the girl on the bus. They’re all the girl on the bus. Jimin tries to picture her face to see if he remembers her enough to recognize her in a crowd if she decides to show up in LA. For that only he’s willing to go back. Between Texas and Arizona he’s supposed to film a new music video too, so this trip will be packed with new experiences and touring so far has been an amazing time. It was these thoughts that led him to say yes so quickly on the phone to Sejin - the adventure of it all. If he managed to get to this point, what difference will one more trip make?

The sun is pressing, almost too much in these early summer months so Jungkook stays inside most of the time. He’s had interviews all day, reporters coming and going in his hotel suite - just another
day for Jungkook - though, Brazil is always extra hectic. So many things to do, so many people to meet. One too many times he was asked about Jimin. When they talk about him coming out they always mention Jimin, as if he was the reason Jungkook realized he was bi, and he’s getting tired of it.

"Do you miss him?"

"Won't you please give us some details?"

Jimin isn’t answering him anymore, rumor has it he’s moved on and now Jungkook just wants to forget. When Jimin's tour was announced Jungkook was sad that he wouldn’t be in LA when Jimin was, but now that he thinks about it it’s probably for the best. Since Taehyung isn’t coming with him for this part of the tour maybe they could hang out in peace as well. His friend is doing major things, working his ass of for the brand and Jungkook sees him less and less as things progress. Obviously he is over the moon about his success, but Taehyung could probably afford to move out any day and then Jungkook isn’t sure they would ever find time for each other. God, he still feels so alone. Like something is missing. He tries to look at other people but there just isn’t a connection there, not the one that he is after. Fucking just to fuck is so pointless, if his heart isn’t beating out of his chest then what’s the use? He can’t find excitement anywhere because everyone are just so boring! Everything he’s started, all of the girls that’s been running their fingers through his hair at parties, all of the boys that slipped their hands onto his waist on the dance floor, none of them make Jungkook even a tiny bit nervous. None of them can make him blush or stutter or even speed his heart rate a little.

He found the jacket Jimin borrowed last summer, the sequence one, hidden in his closet. He thought he gave it to him but he never brought it with him. In a desperate moment Jungkook tried to smell it but it smelled nothing like him, only like the fabric its made of. With time his presence has withered into nothingness, rotted without smell, but his memory surely hasn’t. It, excuse the language, fucking sucks honestly.

Jungkook goes out to dinner with his friends from the crew, it’s the night before the first show here so they make it a calm one. He loves how normal it feels. Jungkooks life hasn’t been this normal for as long as he can remember. He talks to his family often, he’s going to see them right after he’s done here, and finds time for his friends too. They go out together, hang out, play video games and go to the movies and most of the time Jungkook can get away with it without being recognized. He hides in the large group and it’s comforting. He might be alone but he's not on his own.

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“Jimin, raise your chin a little.”

“Like this?”

“Perfect, let’s do it one more time.”

Blinded by studio lights, Jimin finds himself in the middle of shooting the music video, surrounded by crew members, all quiet while he performs. They don’t have to be, the sound won’t make it into
the video, but they all watch in silence anyways. Yoongi came out to spend the day with him even though the drive isn’t reasonable at all, but he brought Hoseok so Jimin guesses that his friend doesn’t mind it. What he never expected though was that Taehyung would join them. They arrived just before filming began and Jimin almost had to redo his makeup because his eyes teared up so much from seeing him. In between shots when they remake the set or take breaks they have the chance to catch up, all of them.

“I brought something for you!” Taehyung pulls out a red suit from the car, packaged like it’s been freshly fetched from the dry cleaner.

“No…. ” Jimin can immediately see that it has Taes signature V on it.

“I made it for you for the release, but since you for obvious reasons couldn’t come, here you go.”

“I’m so sorry. For not being there.”

“Jimin, don’t be silly. There’s nothing to apologize for.”

He decides to wear it in the video, why not, it fits the background and feeling of it! The designers complain for a second but Jimin knows it’s his project, meaning it’s him that gets to decide.

After the shoot they go back to Jimin's hotel and pop a bottle of Champagne.

“To us.” they say as they cheer for each others success. It’s been a year, a full year and only a year and all of them have thrived.

“Tell me what it’s like to top the charts.” Jimin asks the duo in front of him.

“I don’t know, it hasn’t sunken in yet.” Hoseok answers while looking at his boyfriend, eyes sparkling.

“Billboard top twenty for your debut project together… that just doesn’t happen.” Taehyung sips his glass while the rest of them refill.

“Thank you Namjoon.” Yoongi smiles.

“How is he, by the way? I haven’t spoken to him in forever.” Jimin starts twisting the metal around the cork of bottle number two.

“He’s great! Working way too much, but we do our best.”

“God, who’s gonna knock some sense into that man… he’ll burn himself out.”

“I know, we’re trying our best.” Hoseok sighs.

“As for you though, I passed your store last week. Holy fuck.”

Taehyung laughs at Yoongis words. Jimin doesn’t understand.

“What?”

“The line was like a full block long. And it’s been open for weeks.” Hoseok explains.
“I’m not surprised at all, but shit now I’m so happy you got me that suit, I’ll get so much clout for wearing it.”

“And I’ll get clout from that too, isn’t this amazing. Two friends, giving each other clout.” Taehyung’s laugh is contagious and Jimin can’t help but to join in. He finds it funny how this group right here is probably one of the most trendy in the pop-culture industry at the moment. This group. His friends that drinks room temperature Champagne with him on the hotel room floor.

“Who let us become famous?” Jimin snorts.

“No fucking idea.” Yoongi meets his eye and for a second he understands how big they made it. Then it’s all too surreal again.

Taehyung stays in Jimin's room while Hoseok and Yoongi gets one for themselves - thank you lord. The bed is big enough for both of them and when they get unready, stumbling and giggling from the three bottles they managed to finish, Jimin asks

“How’s Jungkook?”

“He’s doing fine.” Tae smiles.

“Good.”

It’s quiet for a second.

“Has he…”

“No.”

“Oh.”

“Have you?”

“Not really. There was this one guy…”

Taehyung wets his toothbrush.

“Oooh... details please !”

“There’s nothing to say, really.”

“Gosh, you’re so boring! I need someone to describe sex to me in detail I’ve barely had any action since me and Jin broke it off. I’ve been too busy!”

“What!” their eyes meet in the mirror, Jimins twice the size of his friends “Last time we spoke you were so excited to see him! What happened?”

Taehyung laughs with a mouthful of toothpaste and does his best to speak, but all Jimin can figure out is the part where Taehyung points to his ring finger.

“No……. He’s back with her?”

“Yub!” he spits “It was so weird because coming there I was so sure that I was ready to take it to the next level, but i felt nothing at all when I saw them together.”
“He just wasn’t for you then. I’m glad that’s how you felt.”

“Me too, I could have been crushed. I thought that’s what I should feel, but I didn’t.”

“But now you need to get laid.”

“Exactly!! And so do you my friend.”

“Maybe we shouldn’t share bed tonight.” Jimin jokes and begins brushing his teeth too.

“Oh, don’t worry, Jungkook would kill me if I touched you.”

Jimin chokes.

“Anyways, I’m not gonna be able to stay here for long, I have to leave in the morning, but when you come to LA would you please let me set you up with someone?”

“I don’t know…”

“Oh come on, please? I have the perfect guy for you, I hired him for a photoshoot for my website and he seemed like your type.

“What do you know about my type?”

“Tall, fit, acts like a top but is an absolute bottom…”

“Jesus…” Jimin blushes and rolls his eyes at his friends boldness.

“Is that a yes?”

“I guess.”

“Great!”

“But how do you know he’s a bottom?”

“Let’s just say things didn’t really work out.”

“Oh my god…” Jimin rinses his toothbrush and leaves the bathroom.

They crawl under the covers and turn out the lights. Exhaustment creeps up on him as he allows himself to relax after a long day, but tomorrow won’t be any less packed with things for the video - they’re shooting outside this time and in this dry heat it will probably be torture. He’s just about to pass out when Jungkook crosses his mind again.

“Tae?” he whispers. “Do you think Jungkook still misses me?”

Soft snores from the other side of the bed are the only response he gets.

Busan is prettier in the summer. Being here now really sparks old memories, and Jungkook’s brother takes him around to all of the places they used to go. He wonders what will happen when
they run out of things from the past to talk about, things from their time together as well as their
time apart. Junghyun looks focused, both hands on the wheel, as he drives them to the beach.
They’re supposed to meet some of his friends there, one whose younger brother was a friend of
Jungkook. It’s all still scary and weird, like revisiting old dreams, but it gets easier. Every time they
meet him at the airport gets a little more natural. Him and his mother have trouble talking without
Jungkook feeling worn out, but he wants them to fix things. He’s so happy he gets to be back, so
happy he can at least say he has a family again.

“Wow.” he sees the endless riviera stretching itself before them, the sand a glistening contrast to
the industrial city. They’re still early so it’s not too crowded.

“I’d think the beaches in LA are better?”

“Nothing’s better than this.”

“Bogum will be so happy to see you.” Junghyun slows the car down to turn and the sunlight
sweeps his face as he does.

“Are you still as close as you used to be?”

“It’s difficult, you know, he lives in Seoul now, but we stay in touch. Everytime we’re home we
make sure to hang out.”

“That’s nice.”

The car comes to a halt that makes Jungkook jump an inch forward.

“Do you miss your old friends?”

They have stopped at a red light. Junghyun looks over at his brother and Jungkook recognizes the
shift in his voice as worry. He hesitates.

“Yes.”

“Why haven’t you called?”

“I don’t even know where they are anymore.”

“You can ask Bogum?”

Jungkook looks out at the people crossing the street in front of them, wearing flip flops and
carrying colorful umbrellas. He says he’ll ask but he doesn’t. He can’t forget that he left them.
Didn’t say a word. Even before he left he drifted away and they probably didn’t care he was gone.
Jungkook watches as his brother and his friends make their way down to the water. Him and
Bogum stays behind. It’s getting cooler and after a full day out in the sun - playing sports,
swimming, socializing - Jungkook is well done for.

“It’s good to see you again.” Bogum speaks. Jungkook looks up at him, eyes puffing a little as he
smiles.

“It’s good to be back.”

“I’m really sorry about what happened. I’m so happy you’re back though, he missed you so much.”

“Did he hate me a lot?” Jungkook looks back towards the ocean, watches as his brother swims out
to another friend on a floating toy.
“In the beginning. But that wasn’t your fault. He was mad about your dad. He was just hurt.”

Jung-hyuns smile can be seen all the way from here as he has caught up to his friend as pushes him off.

“Yeah…”

“How are you feeling?”

“Better. I miss him a lot, but I’ve already missed him for five years.”

“I get that.” there’s a pause. Bogum pushes his salty hair out of his face and raises the volume of their speaker. Music drowns out the people around them a little, even though there’s barely any sand left to sit on.

“Your friends miss you too, you know.”

Unwise about how to digest the words, Jungkook lays himself down on his towel. In the corner of his eye he catches a group of teenagers that has spotted him, photographing him from afar.

“Really?”

“Yugyeom was so sad when you disappeared. The rest too, he said he want to see you again but he’s too afraid to reach out.”

“Why?” He would love for anyone to call!

“He doesn’t want you to think he’s doing it for the fame.”

The group still hasn’t left and Jungkook wonders if they’re wanting to come over here. He hopes they won’t. For a little while he just wants to be Jeon Jungkook, Jung-hyuns little brother. So many people has stabbed him in the back just to get a taste of his fame, a taste of a life where you can’t go outside without having your picture taken or people yelling things at you - both good and bad. Making new friends is tough, but these are his old friends. The people who knew him before all of this. They must like him for him, right?

“I’d love to see him too.”

Bogum lights up, and brings out his phone.

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“Where’s your cardigan?” Hoseok yells at Jimin as he steps out of the terminal in a crowd full of crew members and the band. LAX is nothing like this, he’s too busy being happy he’s in the same city as his best friend. Yoongi hugs him first, wraps him in a tight embrace that Hoseok almost has to pull him out of.

“My turn!”

Jimin tells his crew he’ll be riding with them and that they’ll see each other tonight at the hotel. Sejin hugs Yoongi too, tells him it’s good to see him and Yoongi smiles widely. All four of them head out for a lunch that later turn into dinner until Sejin and Jimin have to break loose. Sleep is
crucial for a good show unfortunately, but they’ll all be there tomorrow anyways.

Just before the show Namjoon, Hoseok, Yoongi and Taehyung come to see him backstage. They give him so much energy, he can’t believe he was scared of coming here. Jungkook’s in Canada, he’s not even going to be around so all of his stress was just him being silly. So many memories are brought up when he walk these streets and while on stage he feels as if he truly has made it.

“I’m so happy to be back!” he tells the crowd and they cheer so loudly he wonders if their throats hurt.

“I hope you brought earplugs” he jokes. Yoongi raises one of his and they smile at one another. The show continues and the energy is vibrating through the walls, fueling both Jimin and his band, they feel as if they won’t be needing sleep for weeks after this. But playing Serendipity in this city is different than the other times.

We bloom until we ache

Maybe it’s the providence of the universe

That’s how it is

You know, I know

You are me, I am you

He glances at Taehyung who cries in the chorus.

His friends wait for him back at Namjoon’s place. It takes Jimin at least one and a half hours to get out of the venue, packing everything up and rehydrating enough to be able to stand. When he arrives the boys have bought him a cake. It’s really something to celebrate - being back I mean - and they all fill up Namjoon’s beautifully crafted collectors glasses with his favorite red wine. Deep red liquid drip down the sides of the beautiful glass and Jimin follows its every move, until focus shifts to his friends. Through the hue of the glass he watches them, watches them laugh and hug and it feels as if Jimin can see the passion that coats their words. They speak about music and fashion and even though Jimin views them through the curved glass he can see them so clearly. All of them burn. For something. For each other.

They drink for a while, curled up in Namjoon’s couch, and Jimin finally gets to speak thoroughly with the host, hearing how he’s doing and how he’s feeling after the big launch.

“I couldn’t have chosen better people to work with.” He looks fondly at Yoongi and Hoseok.

When the sun rises Jimin decides it’s time to head back to the hotel. He’s got a full weeks schedule ahead of him, packed with interviews, showcases, and meetings. Then there’s the J-hope and Suga concert he cannot miss.

“Can we see you soon?” Taehyung asks with puppylike eyes as he’s about to get in the car.
“I’m free tomorrow night?”

“No you’re not. You’re coming to my runway.”

“You never told me you had a show?”

“I wanted you to schedule things first, not say no to anything else for me.”

Jimin steps out of the car again only to playfully hit Taehyung on the back of his head.

“Idiot. I’ll be the one in red.”

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**Friday, June 14th.**

**1 year and 2 weeks**

Jimin and Yoongi clink their glasses together, causing the beer to spill over on the wooden table below.

“Be careful, that’s mahogany!” Hoseok exclaims, cleaning it up with paper napkins.

“Sorry.” Yoongi laughs.

Once again Jimin is done with LA. All of the schedules and must-dos. God, he's had the best time. This trip has not resulted in any broken relationships or crushed dreams, only new friendships and fuel for a hopeful future. It's been extravagant, luxurious gigs and meetings with huge corporations but now he’s just been spending the last weekend with Yoongi and Hoseok, hanging out and doing normal-people-stuff. Until tonight then, I don’t think partying at mansions is a very normal-people thing to do. Not the way skeeball and movie nights are. Jimin gets dressed in his favorite red button-down, one that complements his black hair and pants so exquisitely, and folds the short sleeves to make them even shorter. He wants to look his best for his last public appearance.

“It’s not a public appearance, it’s a party.” Yoongi rolls his eyes.

“There will be people there?” he says and ties his choker in place.

“You’re so dumb. At least try to get with one of the rich ones, for me? Hoseok doesn’t rent us boats very often anymore, I’d like to know someone that owns one.”

“Hey!” Hoseok throws the shirt he was just about to put on at Yoongi.

“I love youuu” Yoongi kisses him and although his boyfriend is frowning, he gets a kiss back.

Jimin giggles and ends it with

“I’ll see what I can do.”

They stop at a McDonalds on the way and Jimin decides to get a big order, topped with extra large fries and a shake. After having to be in such a good shape for his tour he can finally relax, binge and skip work out for a while. It feels amazing. He’s not really sure what’s next. Perhaps he will tour with another artist, be the warm-up for them, or he’ll do smaller gigs while working on the
next thing. It’s not decided yet and that is fine. Sejin asked him to stay for a while, he’s not going home for another three weeks but Jimin is longing for Seoul and Busan. He wants to meet his friends and family, even though he has both here too. Sipping his shake, he listens as the best friend he has ever had bickers with his boyfriend. They really are made for one another. Hoseok brings out the best in Yoongi. If anything, they came out of this mess and that makes it all worth it. Things are better than ever. On the radio they play The Scientist and Hoseok sings along.

“You should make a song where you just sing. Don’t get me wrong, I love your rapping but damn…”

“I can’t sing?”

Jimin raises his eyebrows at his friend in the passenger seat.

“That’s the dumbest thing you’ve ever said.”

"Stop hitting on my boyfriend..." Yoongi says without taking his eyes off the road.

Hoseok turns around.

“You think I can sing?”

“Are you deaf or something?” he raises his eyebrows as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

“Huh…” Hoseok leans back in his seat. “Maybe I will then.”

They pull up on a huge driveway and immediately Jimin gets excited. He hasn’t partied like this since last time he was here and already he can see people dressed in amazing fits. The street fashion in Los Angeles is something he misses everywhere else. Hoseok has mastered the art of it and even though both Jimin and Yoongi does their best, Hoseok will always outshine them with his picks. Regardless, Jimin looks great and he’s ready to party. When they’ve greeted everyone they know - or rather that knows them - on the way in they finally reach the kitchen to make themselves some drinks. Free alcohol at private parties are a concept Jimin only associates with LA, here there are hundreds of parties just like this one every night, not at all like what he is used to in Seoul. The parties there are mostly in clubs, or in company buildings, and Jimin isn’t a part of one so he sticks to the clubs.

They all dance together, Yoongi pulling away a bit when Hoseok and Jimin get into it. It’s how they met - just like this. How time flies. The crowd cheer for them again, now they all know Jimin’s name, but this time it is Hoseok who in the end stumbles away to the love of his life. They kiss and nobody looks twice. Jimin instead retreats to the kitchen, drunk and tired from dancing so long. The people move around him in such thick formations that he feels as if he’s fallen from a crowd surf at one of his own shows. It’s packed and warm so he finds water to gulp down quickly. Afterwards he’s about to go back but stops - instead finds himself stuck watches Hoseok and Yoongi dance together. Their eyes glow as they look at one another, sparks emerge from wherever they touch. Hoseok is patient with Yoongi’s dancing, guiding him in secret, and Yoongi listens carefully when Hoseok speaks, always with a fond smile. They love each other. Jimin knows what it feels like, still remembers all of it, and he’s so happy for them. They really really love each other. In their case he’s sure it will work out for a long time. Maybe they even get married one day, who knows. Jimin likes the thought of that. With a refilled glass he decides it’s time to move away and
let his friends have their moment, Jimin will find plenty of people to hang out with, who knows, maybe he will too find the love of his life tonight. It’s almost two in the morning when he walks upstairs to find a group of people he doesn’t necessarily remember the name of but he knows he’s met them before, so he joins in. Compliment after compliment is washed over him as they gush about his tour and new music, they all say they wish they could have been there.

“There will be more times!” Jimin says knowing they won’t be there then either. One of the boys in the group always look away when their eyes meet. He’s cute. Jimin thinks about Hoseok and Yoongi and how love feels and he decides to leave the group after a while. Loud music punches its way through the building, bass absorbed by the countless bodies that poisons themselves one way or another - all for a good time and a chance to forget the rest of the world. He feels alone in here. Not superior nor like an underdog, just alone. But it's not just in here. When he shuts the door to the bathroom the music is muffled and the drunken cloud thickens. The tiles seem to move on their own so he sits down to steady himself. Jimin misses home, as much as he loves it here he knows he’s missing something and he feels it all of the time. A soft itch below his skin, a barely noticeable weight on his chest, pushing just enough to always remind him that breathing isn’t effortless. He looks at himself in the mirror, feels beautiful and happy, but alone nonetheless. Reflecting back at him is a sad smile when he remembers the promises he made to himself. The promises he sings about in his shows, the promises they all sing along to. He’s on his own but he’s not alone. Yoongi is downstairs, his best friend in the entire world, he’s downstairs probably wondering where Jimin went, probably worrying and missing him. Why is he in here wasting his time being anxious about nothing when he could be out there having the time of his life?

There’s a knock on the door.

“I’ll be right out!” he yells, fixing a little smudged makeup in the mirror, hurrying to get back out to the party. One last good look in the mirror, then he sighs and almost tells himself he’s ready out loud. The person knocks again and he rushes to the door, swings it open simultaneously mumbling

"Sorry." for being so slow. Then he meets the eyes of the person who knocked.
Jimin forgets everything else to remember dreams he repressed. Ones that he, once he woke, did not want to know about, not have anything to do with. Within him there is not a knot, but something more similar to a black hole. Less violent, but just as powerful. The hole has swallowed those dreams, took them before he could remember what they were even about, what they made him feel. It did not take his life out of him, but another life, another presence that he needed to rid himself of - and it did so kind of well. Though sometimes his black hole sparkled and burned, yelled *do not forget*, Jimin let his organs absorb the vibrations enough so that when they reached his ears, they were mere whispers beyond his perception.

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Jungkook gets stuck in a shallow breath. He thought he knew the voice on the other side of the door.

This cannot be real.

The beauty before him is as captivating as it ever was and the world disappears around them. No light exists where Jimin isn’t. Nothing *is* except for him. Glossy-eyed Jungkook absorbs everything he sees, breathes it in as if it was smoke and he quit a month ago. Jimin still uses the same perfume as the first time they met, his hair is charcoal black and the bridge of his nose a bit speckled from too much sun.

“I thought…” he begins to speak but it turns out a whisper.

“I… I stayed for a week more to be with Yoongi.” Jimin answers. “Hi.”

“Hi.” Jungkook can’t breathe properly, he was so sure Jimin had left.

“When did you come back?” Jimin asks him.

“Yesterday…”

The two of them just look at each other, Jimin equally as shocked.

“Are you gonna…?” the guy behind him in the queue pokes at his shoulder.

“No, no sorry, you can go.” Jungkook makes way and the guy slips between the two boys and Jungkook tilts his head when he passes so that he won’t block Jimin for more than a millisecond. He feels is if he is dreaming, as if this cannot happen in a universe that has seemed so against him before.

Then Jungkook is suddenly becoming very self aware. Jimin doesn’t actually want anything to do with him, and here he is, blocking his way. This is not fate this is a coincidence and as much as he wants it to mean something, Jimin probably doesn’t.

But he’s so beautiful.
“Taehyung told me the tour is going well.” Jimin speaks but advert his gaze. Jungkook tries to find his eyes again but he is unable to.

“I’m so sorry, I’m blocking your way. I really didn’t know you were going to be here, I swear.” Jungkook backs up to make space for Jimin to leave. Deep brown eyes find his once more.

“Jungkook, this doesn’t have to be dramatic. It’s fine.”

But it’s not fine. Not at all. Because when Jimin says that he smiles and Jungkook cannot breathe again.

“Yeah…” he says and tries to smile too.

“When did you get here?”

“Like, uh, ten minutes ago? Maybe less.”

“Oh! Me, Yoongi and Hoseok have been here for hours. What time is it even?”

Jungkook pulls up his phone.

“One am.”

“Already? Did you do something before this?”

Jungkook looks at Jimin again. He’s so casual. Unbothered.

“We.. no nothing. Just hung out a few people at my place.” he sighs.

It is quiet for a while, then the boy in front of him narrows his eyes.

“Jungkook… do you want me to leave?”

“What? No I-”

“I understand if you do, this is kind of unexpected and-”

“No, I’m sorry I’m just a bit taken aback, I didn’t expect-”

“-like I know we have a past and all but-”

“Jimin! It’s fine!”

Maybe he imagines it but there is something in Jimin's expression that makes Jungkook think he is sad.

“Are you sure?”

Or maybe it is pity.

“Yes.”

“Alright.”

“How was your show? Or shows, maybe.” Jungkook smiles but his fingers tremble.

“They were really good. I was surprised at how enthusiastic the crowds were!”
“I’m glad!”

The door to the bathroom opens again and the guy steps out, eyeing the two boys that set camp in the hallway to catch up when he passes.

“Maybe we should go downstairs.” Jimin chuckles and starts to move towards the staircase but as soon as Jungkook takes a step he realizes his legs are shaking too.

“You go ahead, I’ll be right there.” he says with as much confidence he can manage.

“Alright then.”

When Jimin is out of sight Jungkook places himself on the top of the stairs. He tries to control his lungs and takes the cry leaping up his chest and pushes it straight back down. Not now. With nowhere to escape, his cry tries to break the skin in his fingertips, making them shiver even more. He was not ready, why does the world have to be so cruel? There is no doubt in his mind, nor his body, that Jimin is and will always be the love of his life, and now fate or coincidence, whatever’s worse, forces them back together just to torture him. It is one thing to see him through his phone, see his name and face on a flat screen, but in real life? Smell his scent, feel his radiance… He rests his temple against the wall next to him while people pass him in the staircase, drunk or high, happy and stumbling. How will he survive this?

--

Jimin gets down but instead of finding his friends he steps outside. Fresh air does him well as he watches the others at the party - suddenly feeling as if they live in a different reality from him, as if he is isolated in his own tiny world. Nothing the others do is making any sense, not the way they sip their drinks, hold their cigarettes, or even blink. What Jungkook did to him is unforgivable. He cannot love him again because there is no such trust left between them. But he does not resent him and his presence isn’t upsetting. In the others world he would leave this party, take his friends somewhere else because Jungkook is an ex boyfriend that broke his heart in the worst way possible and their goodbye, although calm, was final.

But when Jimin thinks about him he does not want to run away anywhere.

Maybe it doesn’t have to be so hard.

He goes back inside to find Taehyung. At first he looks happy to see him, but then he panics.

“Oh my fucking God, Jimin I’m so sorry but Jungkook is here. I didn’t know you were coming!”

“I know I met him.”

“Fuck, fuck I am so fucking sorry!” Taehyung throws his hands to his forehead in utter distress. Jimin laughs.

“Tae, it’s fine, really!”

The look he gets back is distrusting so he continues.

“It was awkward, of course, god I don’t even think a single thing we said made sense, but I don’t
think it will be a problem. We can be in the same house, it’s fine... probably won’t hang out, but coexisting isn’t that awful.”

“You sure? Cause we can go. He’ll understand.”
“Taehyung…” Jimin puts both hands on his friends shoulders. “It’s fine.”

--

When Jungkook comes down Jimin has joined Yoongi and Hoseok again. He watches them from afar as they speak to some people he has never seen before. Jimin sips his drink and looks happy, eyes crinkling when he laughs at whatever they might be saying.

“Jungkook, let him be.”

“Sorry.”
Taehyung rests his cheek on Jungkook’s shoulder, but Jungkook doesn’t turn away.

“Do you want to go?”

“No. Why? Did he say he wanted me to go?”

“No, quite the opposite. I think you guys are fine. Maybe just give him some space?”

“Yeah…”

Jimin raises his right hand, the one not carrying a glass, and uses it to push his bangs out of his face. On his index finger there is a silver ring, and around his wrist a tiny bracelet, barely visible from over here. He speaks fast in a voice more distinct that the blur of the rest of the ones in here. Not understood from this far away, but he is heard, and more importantly - seen. Everything is dull in contrast to him. Tasteless and bland, colorless and boring. Jimin is the brightest light in here. As fast as he pulls his hair back it falls onto his face once more, making the effort useless, but for a brief second Jungkook got to see his entire face so he lights up in the biggest smile.

Jimin may not be his but he is still here.

Jungkook did not break him, not fully, and now he gets to be happy. It might hurt but it hurts in the best ways.

Humans have many senses, more than the five basic ones you learn about in school, proprioception, thermoception, and nociception are just a few examples. Maybe love is a physical power, unmeasurable but undeniably there, and maybe the human body can sense it. Maybe Jungkook’s love travels in waves across the room and that is why Jimin turns his head to look straight at him. Maybe that is why he smiles. Jungkook freezes for a second but then he keeps his bright smile as well. Jimin keeps talking to the people surrounding him, but his attention is on Jungkook and Jungkook is on fire. When Jimin goes quiet his smile is still warm but then Yoongi snaps his fingers in front of him, unaware of Jungkooks presence, and Jimin turns back to his reality.
“On second thought… I think I should go.”

Taehyung, who had directed his attention towards a cute guy next to them turns back to his friend.

“What?!”

“I don’t want to be here anymore.” he says, still smiling. Taehyung looks confused but Jungkook slips away before he manages to say anything. His jacket is in another room and he makes his way there by pushing through crowd after crowd. The blasting music becomes quiet and muffled as he moves further away - into the room in which they all threw their coats - and soon he’s there, scavenging the closet for his deep blue Guess jacket. There it is. He pulls it out and checks his pockets to see if his earphones have been stolen - they haven’t - then he turns around to leave.

“You’re going?”

Jimin had caught up to him and now he stands leaning in the doorway.

“Yes.” Jungkook answers lightly. “I really don’t want to be here.”

Jimin looks puzzled.

“I’m sorry if I-”

“Oh, no, no, no!” Jungkook smiles and puts out his hand to stop Jimin in his train of thought. “I was…”

Jimin scratches his nose with the back of the index finger clothed by a ring and Jungkook’s heart skips a beat.

“I was gonna ask you if you wanted to come.”

--

Jimin doesn’t know what to say. That’s not at all what he expected and it takes him a second to process. Should he? Once again he reminds himself of the months in Busan. All this time he had to take just to heal… He thinks about loneliness and how it twists one's mind to feel things it shouldn’t, and he’s worried he might think he wants Jungkook back. But going with Jungkook now doesn’t mean he’s forgiven and that they can be a couple again, Jimin knows that can and will never be, so the question is - does he want to go? And to that the answer is

“Yes. Yeah, okay sure.”

--

They leave without telling anyone. Hoseok and Yoongi are nowhere to be seen, maybe outside maybe upstairs, and Taehyung has given up babysitting Jungkook ever since he stopped drinking so much, meaning he is fully engulfed in conversations with cute-guy-from-earlier. It feels freeing - disappearing like this. It’s not supposed to be a secret but it becomes one. Jimin didn’t bring a coat
and Jungkook wants to give him his, but the circumstances leaves it hanging over his bent arm instead.

“Why did you want to go?” Jimin asks when they leave the gated area to walk mindlessly through the hills. Jungkook smiles once again.

“I… I’ve spoken to all of those people. At least it feels like it. When I saw you I just realized the rest of them are mere background noise.”

Jimin stops and frowns at Jungkook.

“Jungkook…”

“Don’t worry. This isn’t an attempt of winning you back.” he continues while turning to the boy looking back sceptically. “I just feel like… you’re so important to me. No matter what we are I still care and want to have you in my life.”

The other says nothing but he loosens his frown a bit.

“Maybe it doesn’t have to be so weird.” Jungkook continues. “Are you sure?”

No.

“Yes.”

Jimin begins walking again.

“In that case, I feel the same way.” the frown turns into a soft smile as they continue their destination free journey.

“Tell me about the tour. I want to know everything.” Jungkook asks and Jimin tells him all of it. From the first shows in Seoul to the latest one in L.A. His enthusiasm reminds Jungkook of himself from years back, but also from the shows after Japan. He chimes in and asks questions - about the music video, about his time in between shows and about his time here. Jimin seems to have had it great and the bittersweet taste of his love is doing so well without him is sometimes overwhelming. At those times he smiles extra brightly.

“It’s been good being back. I was worried for a while but it’s been great.”

“I’m glad.”

Pebbles grind against asphalt wherever they place their feet and it is a comforting sound when the two become quiet. They listen to the calm world around them, the sleeping city, only faint sounds of crickets.

“Did you go back to see your family?”

Jungkook makes a right turn and Jimin tags along.
“Yes. I’ve seen them a few times.”

“How is it?” He thinks of a scared Jungkook, finally opening up about his past and so bravely reconnecting with them. He wants to know all about it.

“It’s weird, but also very nice. Me and my brother are on good terms. I’ve forgiven mom but it’s hard to forget, you know, how it felt being left alone.”

“It’s okay. You’re doing everything you can.”

The tone in Jungkook's voice is much more mature than Jimin remembers it to be. He speaks like an adult.

“I want you to know it was you that brought me back to them.”

“When I fled home to avoid you, you mean?” Jimin chuckles but Jungkook doesn’t seem to think it’s very funny.

“I wish with everything I have that that wouldn’t have been the way, but you would have brought me home one way or another.”

Jimin becomes quiet and focuses on the road ahead of them, unsure of what to say to that. He really wanted to bring Jungkook home with him, sat him down and introduced him as his boyfriend to everyone he knows. It still stings a little, the thought of their dinner together being all he got. Now it’s just a memory.

“I’m really happy for you, Jungkook.”

“Thank you.” he says, scratching the back of his head and Jimin wonders if there is something more on his mind. Afraid of what it might be, he doesn’t ask. They keep walking the quiet streets, lit up faintly by the moon and warm street lights. It’s cold and Jimin eyes the jacket Jungkook isn’t wearing. He shouldn't ask for it. Anything giving Jungkook any hope, anything hinting at the two ever having a chance again would be cruel. Jimin made up his mind, he shouldn’t forget that. Instead he lets the cool breeze graze by him and hopes he’ll get used to it.

“Are you cold?” Jungkook asks.

“No.”

They keep walking but in the corner of his eye Jimin can see Jungkook smiling a bit. Grinning perhaps.

“Okay, fine, give it to me.”

“It’s a jacket, not a ring, Jimin.” he hands it over, still smiling.

“Oh yeah? You’re telling me?”

Jungkook stops smiling.

“Sorry.” Jimin apologizes while curling up inside the thin jacket. He shouldn’t be cruel to Jungkook when he doesn’t know how much he still likes Jimin.

“No, it’s fine.”

“Still, I’m sorry.”

The reoccurring silence is never uncomfortable. Strange.
“I should maybe apologize for those texts.” Jungkook finally says.

“What? No, don’t worry about it.”

“They were kind of out of line.”
“No… they were kind of nice.” Jimin admits but regrets it as soon as he does. That doesn’t stop him from continuing though. “It was nice seeing your name again.”

He doesn’t look over at Jungkook, scared to find he caused pain behind his slight smile. So stupid of him, he shouldn’t have said that. But he couldn’t help himself. Instead he looks up, finding that he kind of knows this street. It bears a resemblance to a place he has been before, even more so than the rest of the copy-paste hills streets. To his right, at the end of the road, Jungkook's house peeks out of the high bushes. He stops.

“Jungkook?”

Suddenly he feels played. Stupid. Here he thought Jungkook just wanted to clear the air and be somewhat friends, but truth is he just wanted Jimin to come home with him. Was it his plan all along?

“What?”

“What the fuck are you doing?”
Jungkook looks taken aback and confused, widening his eyes and biting the inside of his cheek.

“What do you mean?”

Jimin glances over at the gate just a few second walk in front of them, then back at Jungkook. When the boy sees where they are all color drains from his face.

“Oh no, no, Jimin I wasn’t even paying attention to w-” he swallows “where we were going! I was just walking I swear!”

Jimin rolls his eyes, but there is something in Jungkook's voice that keeps him listening.

“Jimin, I promise you I had no intent to… fuck I’m so sorry.”

Jimin hates that he still knows Jungkook so well. Knows that the way his neck flushes means he’s telling the truth. Still, it’s been so long, maybe he’s wrong. Maybe he’s naive because Jungkook looks so beautiful in this light.

“Jungkook…”

“I would never do that, I was just taking turns I knew, It didn’t even cross my mind to take you here.”

Way to ruin a good moment.

“Okay fine.”

“We can just keep walking! Or I get it if you want to leave now.”

He considers it. Maybe he should. Go home that is. A cool breeze sweeps past them and makes him think he can make that decision from the comfort of a warm house, and maybe with something hot to drink.
“I could use some tea?”

--

It takes Jungkook a moment to realize what Jimin just said. He… wants to come inside? Jungkook was nervous a second ago, but now he is panicking, clueless of what to say or do. Fumbling for words he wants to tell Jimin

“Yes of course, let me make you some.”

but all he manages to force out of himself is

“Uuhh…. alright, yes, alright, okay sure.”

Then he takes them through the gates and up to his door, quietly making their way closer. This doesn’t mean anything, Jungkook. It’s cold. And late. This doesn’t mean anything. His thoughts run like a mantra as he pulls up his keys and unlock the door.

--

Nothing has changed. It’s been almost a year since the last time he was in this house, since the last moments of their relationship, and Jimin thought it would have changed more. Everything else has. But the kitchen is still barely used, the couches are the same, the plain, white walls just as plain and white. The only difference he can pinpoint promptly like this is the smell. A half-burnt scented candle stands on the table in front of the couch they used to cuddle in and Jimin wonders if Jungkook has done that with someone else lately. Maybe he’s got someone that enjoys the smell of Amber Blossom. In silence he walks through the room, losing sight of Jungkook who gets stuck leaning in the doorway watching him.

“This is…” Jimin begins.

“Weird?”

“Kind of.”

He turns back around to face a nervous looking Jungkook. He should probably call a taxi and go home.

“Nice to get out of the cold though.” he says instead.

Jungkook then remembers.

“Right, Tea! You can sit down anywhere you like.”

While the other disappears into the kitchen, Jimin curls up on the couch, wrapped in a soft blanket and picks up the candle. He studies it, tries to find any sign or clue that someone else has been in here. Taken over his place in here. His old place. The candle tells him nothing. Jungkook soon returns with two cups of steaming tea that he places on the table.
“I wanted to try it out. I kind of like it.” he says, looking at the candle wrapped in Jimins hands.

“Me too. It’s different though.”
“What do you mean?” Jungkook sits down, curled up on the opposite side of the couch, faced towards Jimin with a curious expression.

“It doesn’t smell like it did before, that’s all.” Jimin puts the candle down.

“What did it smell like before?”

“I don’t know… You?” Jimin's eyes leave the boy in front of him and gets stuck on his own hands. Jungkook doesn’t respond. What should he even say? Without really knowing why, Jimin puts the candle down and takes his free right arm to lay to rest at the back of the couch - fingers stretched out towards Jungkook.

“I still really like this place though.” he admits. The alcohol has left him almost completely but Jimin suddenly feels drunk again. His heart is pounding. Jungkook takes his cup of tea and for a second Jimin thinks he might spill it because he’s shaking. His heart beats a little faster.

“You’re welcome anytime. I still haven’t seen Hoseok and Yoongis place, I’m sure it’s nice too. I’m guessing that’s where you’re staying?”

“It is. At least now the last days.”

“Last days?”

“I’m going home on tuesday.”

Jungkook blows on his tea.

“Oh.”

“Yeah…”

“What’s the plan then?”

“I’m not sure. Haven’t decided.”

Jungkook tells him he thinks that is nice. To not have anything set up. He also tells Jimin about him going back on tour for a few more cities and then he too will be waiting to find his next step.

“Maybe you should act.” Jimin jokes.

“Very funny.” Jungkook smiles.

“Could be kind of fun though? Who knows, maybe you’re a natural!”

“I might be good, no even amazing, at almost everything, but acting? I’ll pass.”

Jimin laughs.

“I always loved how humble you are.”

“Right? Me too.”

If Jungkook wasn’t holding a cup of boiling liquid, Jimin would have thrown something at him. Instead he just keeps giggling. This is nice. Easy even. This is how they should have it, not awkward or tense. This is all Jimin wants.
“No, but I was thinking of helping Tae out with V. I feel as if I’ve missed a lot because I’ve been touring.”

“That’s nice of you. I think he would appreciate that.”
“I hope so.”

--

Jungkook takes a sip from his cup. It burns his tongue but he pretends it’s fine. Having Jimin in here feels so familiar - like the house is a home. Almost ashamed at how much he loves him, Jungkook lets his gaze wander over the rest of the room when he speaks. Maybe then Jimin can’t tell. But as soon as Jimin looks down, Jungkook stares at his hand, stretched out over the backrest and longs to take it in his. What he would do to be allowed to kiss his fingertips and enfulf those hands with his own. However, he is not ready to sacrifice the presence of Jimin, not when he finally has him at least somewhat close again. He would sacrifice everything else though. Everything.

--

“I just remembered!” Jungkook says and springs up from the couch, once again almost spilling his tea.

“What?”

“Wait here!” he says as he hurries away, and Jimin does as he is told. The house goes quiet for a moment when Jungkook disappears up the stairs. He follows his frame with stars in his eyes until it’s gone. Even the back of him in this fabricated light is gorgeous. As he waits for whatever Jungkook is doing, he picks up the cup of tea that was supposedly the reason that he came here for and drinks it. It’s the perfect temperature. Distracted by the sweet flavours he only hears as Jungkook hurries back down.

“You forgot this!”

The sequence jacket that he wore at Bianca’s party is lain in between the boys. Jimin stares at it.

“You thought you were slick, huh?” Jungkook continues. Jimin laughs again and looks up to find Jungkook’s arm on the backrest as well. If he wanted to he could reach out just an inch and intertwine their fingers and…

“But I was?”

“Not enough!”

“It’s yours Jungkook, I’m not gonna take it.”
“Don’t be boring, I told you it looks better on you. Even Taehyung said it.”

“Well… can’t argue with Taehyung about clothes, can you?”
“Nope.”

Jimin puts down his cup, making sure his right arm doesn’t leave the couch, and picks the jacket up with the same hand.

“Maybe I’ll wear it in my-”

It’s nothing. Barely anything at all. But it is everything too. Jungkook, or maybe it was Jimin, closed the gap between their hands, making their pinkies touch by the width of a strand of hair. So it’s nothing. But it knocks the wind out of Jimin completely.

“In my next music video.” he manages to say after clearing his throat.

“Taehyung told me you wore the red suit in your latest one.”

“I did.”

“You should have seen how happy he was. He spoke about it for days.” Jungkook's smile is glowing, and he looks so mature. More handsome than ever.

“Really?”

“Yes! It meant the world to him.”

“It’s so strange... being surrounded by such talented people and having them... I don’t even know, be your friend?”

Jungkook chuckles. Jimin moves his hand a little more, and now their pinkies are side by side.

“I know how you feel. It never changes. Sometimes I take it for granted, but when I really think about it - think about the people I know - I can never wrap my head around it.”

“It’s like the first time I met you.”

“How come?”

“I couldn’t wrap my head around it. It was too unreal.”

Slowly, they both let their hands come closer and closer together. Everything else in the room is completely still, Jimin even holds his breath, as if to not give away that they’re moving at all. It’s a secret that they’re trying to keep from each other. Or perhaps themselves.

“And now?” Jungkook have the most beautiful, deep brown eyes. They hold galaxies and forest fires and Jimin gets so lost in them.

“I don’t think I’ll every wrap my head around you.”

“I remember the first time I saw you. I told you about it, didn’t I?”

“You did.”

“It all feels so far away.”

“It really does.” Jimin agrees and finally lets Jungkook intertwine their fingers. His hand is so
warm and comforting - so familiar. The blood is pumping so violently through his body that he cannot even notice how Jungkook's does the same. He dare not look at their hands either.

“Tell me more about your family.” Jimin continues.

“What do you want to know?”
“All of it. What’s your brothers name?”

Jungkook tells him and Jimin listens, sometimes distracted at how their thumbs graze over each others skin. Jungkook is so soft still. His voice is too, but there is a wiseness to it that Jimin still is unaccustomed to. Jungkook then asks Jimin to speak more about his own family and he is happy to do so. They talk about Busan - about how they lived different lives in the same city but also about the similarities. The schools, the friendships and the parks, the holidays and the homework.

“The food” Jungkook complains.

“Yeah. I bet you missed it.”

“Haven’t stopped missing it. It’s even worse now that I dare think about it.”

“Even being here for a few months is torture.”

“Tell me about it! I should take you to this wonderful place that me and Namjoon used to go to. It’s super expensive but they’re the only ones that make it like home.”

Jimin looks at Jungkook. God he is so beautiful. But taking him out? Jimin looks at the first rays of sun sneaking their way into the living room. It’s morning and now Jimin has one less day in Los Angeles. Tuesday is closing in on him, and he remembers what he told himself. He can’t forget that they’re over. Shouldn’t forget for his own sake. He lets his eyes linger out the window for a while, mind racing as fast as his heart, but it’s the louder one that wins. Jimin knows better.

“I’m tired.” he says with a soft smile.

“Oh…” Jungkook looks out the window too.

“Maybe I should get going.”

“I understand.” Jungkook smiles too. Jimin reaches for his phone and tries to order a cab with only one hand - not really ready to let Jungkook go just yet. Jungkook doesn’t let him go either. But typing with his left hand is hard and he should just pull away. For the first time he looks at their hands, tightly gripping one another, and it’s like that breaks the spell. He untangles their fingers and it leaves this emptiness behind, both physically, the skin where they were in contact goes a bit cold, but also within him. He types Yoongis address and orders the cab. Five minutes away.

“Thank you for the tea Jungkook.”

“Oh, it was nothing. Thank you for walking with me.”

“It was nice. I had a really good time. I’m glad we can still be friends.”

“Me too.” Jimin can see how the stars in Jungkook's eyes all go out at once. But he’s still smiling. The two clean away the dishes in silence and then the cab honks outside.

“Don’t forget this one though.” Jungkook pulls the jacket from the couch when Jimin puts on his shoes.
“Jungkook… I really can’t take it.”
“I want to see it in your next music video! Also, the walk to the car is kind of long, and it might still be a little cold.”

Jimin rolls his eyes, amused at Jungkook's persistence.

“Alright fine.”

He takes it from him and opens the door.

“Bye Kook.” he says but it feels wrong this time.

“Bye Jimin.” Jungkook answers without smiling, and then Jimin just turns around and leaves. Rips the band aid off. The door closes quickly behind him and he moves to the cab, sunlight warm on his bare arms, the jacket cradled tightly in his grip.

--

Jungkook has to close the door fast. He cannot watch Jimin leave. He held him! He fucking held him but it wasn’t enough. Everything hurts when he turns back into the apartment, but mostly the pit in his chest. Love of my life. Why does it have to be so endless? Why does his love have to feel so eternal? Tears well up in his eyes and Jungkook is ready to break down like so many times before, but his doorbell interrupts.

It rings twice, echoing inside of the large house. He rushes back three steps to open the door. On the other side is Jimin. The car behind him hasn’t moved. Jungkook has no idea what to think, he just gapes as he finds Jimin's eyes, red with tears too.

“Do you still love me?” he asks with a broken voice and a tear falls when he pauses. “Jungkook, do you still love me?”

Perplexed, Jungkook can barely make a sound, but he whispers

“Yes.” because he has to. He has to admit it.

Jimin looks as if he cracks, but in the best way possible. Rays start pouring out of him, and he sighs relieved, looking up to the pink hued sky before he finds Jungkook's eyes again.

“Then what the fuck am I doing?!”

The love of his life throws himself in Jungkook's embrace and Jungkook grips at him to see if he is real - holds him so tightly it hurts. His hands clasp at the red fabric of Jimin's shirt, finds their way to his hair and his breathing quickens.

“Jimin? What do you mean?” he panics. He cannot hold Jimin like this and not be sure. If he leaves now Jungkook will never repair himself.

Jimin kisses him suddenly, and barely pulls away half an inch to say

“I love you. I love you too.”
The black hole is cracked open and everything Jimin has held inside, hidden away, pours out into his bloodstream. Every dream of Jungkook, of Jungkook and him, all of the love he had to forget - all of it fills him. When he admits it to himself, I love you too, it overflows, awakens, and he welcomes it. Jimin grips Jungkook with all of the strength left in him. The door closes behind them and Jungkook is the first to break down, knees giving in, but Jimin quickly follows and guides him safely to the floor. Between cries they kiss and it almost kills the both of them. Jimin's heart won the battle. As soon as he left the house he was filled with panic. Was he going to let the best thing he’s ever had go because of a principle? A promise he made almost a year ago, when everything was different? Tonight he got the proof that Jungkook has grown, and he knew there was still love between them, no matter how hard he tried to pretend there wasn’t. Now he holds him.

Now Jungkook knows he loves him back. Now he feels safe.

Jimin sits in Jungkook's lap, straddling him as he embraces him and drowns him with sloppy kisses all over. He finds his neck and buries his face in it, basks in his familiar smell and how much it feels like home. All of this feels like home.

“I love you.” he repeats and makes Jungkook cry even harder.

“I’m- so- sorry”

“Jungkook, I know. Everything is forgiven. God, I love you so much.” Jimin doesn’t leave the comfort of his neck. Never wants to. But he is however fine with Jungkook pulling away to kiss him instead. Jimin lays his boy down, back against the floor, and kisses him deeply. It tastes of tears and tea. Jungkook takes both of Jimin's cheeks between his hands and holds him an inch away. If love is a physical power, this is what it feels like - burning eyes and racing hearts. Nothing else matters right now. It could all burn down and they would stand untouched. Jungkook's touch goes soft and he lets his fingers slowly travel all over Jimin's face - following the bridge of his nose, his cheeks, his lips.

“I’m just waiting for the moment I wake up. It’s too good to be real.”

Jimin chuckles.

“But it is.”

“I don’t understand.”

Jimin pinches him lightly on the cheek.

“See?”

“I thought you were leaving.”

“I was. But then I realized how stupid it would be.”

“Oh my god the car!” Jungkook widens his eyes and Jimin can’t do anything but laugh at him and kiss him softly.

“Fuck the car.”
Jungkook leads Jimin to his room where they undress each other slowly. Everything is allowed to take it's time, because finally they have it - time. Jimin wants to be here forever. Right here. So there is no rush at all. He takes his sweet time just watching Jungkook, how he responds to Jimin's experienced hands, how he smiles whenever he opens his eyes to find Jimin being the one touching him. It’s almost like he is surprised every time. Relieved. It’s not a dream anymore. Jimin is soft with him, keeps telling him how gorgeous he looks, because Jimin truly can’t stop thinking about it. In every angle Jungkook is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen. The best he has ever had. When they both reach their climax Jimin feels his black hole disappearing completely. I would have been embarrassing to cry after sex but Jungkook does the same so it just ends up a beautiful mess. Laughter mixes with tears and Jungkook tells Jimin that he loves him again.

They lie next to each other, exhausted and drained. Jimin kisses Jungkook's shoulder and cannot take his eyes off him. It’s been quiet for a while, but he doesn’t feel the need to fill the silence with words of any kind. The room is already so full of other things that it’s more than enough. Jungkook speaks again first, after looking as if he is deep in thought for some time.

“I feel so stupid, about everything I did - you know that - but there is at least one promise that I kept.”

“What do you mean?” Jimin rests his weight on his elbow and pulls the hair out of Jungkook's face with his free hand.

“When I ruined everything I thought I broke all of them, but that wasn’t true.”

Jimin looks questioning at him still.

“I promised you you would always have me. I thought at first it meant that I would always be here for you, but I realized it is more than that.”

“How so?”

“I still belonged to you. All of me does. You have me wrapped around your tiny little finger” he scoffs and kisses Jimin's index finger “and you will always have me like that. Jimin I think I’ll love you forever.”

Forever. Such a long time. Jimin adores the sound of it. He reaches down to kiss his boy once more. It’s afternoon and the air inside is pressing - summer has begun. Jimin feels tired, they still haven’t slept a second, and his eyelids are heavy.

“You’re the love of my life.” Jungkook whispers.

“And you are mine.” Jimin whispers back. They lie down so they face each other and Jimin does his best to not close his eyes and fall asleep so he can stare at his boy for a little while longer.

“I’m scared to fall asleep.” Jungkook admits quietly.

“Why?”

“Cause what if I wake up and you’re not here?”

The thought might sound silly, but Jimin can feel it too. He scoots closer and wraps Jungkook with
his entire body.

“If this is just a dream, I’ll call you from wherever I am and tell you I love you as soon as I wake up.”

“Promise?” Jungkook’s doe eyes looks frightened, but they too are tired and can barely stay open.

“Promise.”

And just like that Jimin once again drifts off to sleep, wrapped in Jungkook and his sheets, and a few hours later, Jimin wakes Jungkook up with a kiss.

The End.
7 years later

“Kook, honey our flight is leaving.”

Jimin calls for Jungkook through the stalls at the Incheon airport bathroom. They have been home visiting both their families after the ending of their second conjoined tour together. This has been the best one yet, but they are happy to have finally gotten some rest. He wishes they could stay longer, but Los Angeles is calling for them once again. It’s been a while since they moved away to New York, and neither of them regret that decision for one second, but this time they are more than happy to go back. Eight months ago Yoongi called him. Jungkook and Jimin were in Bangkok for their show and Yoongi was at home.

“Jimin, I’m getting married.” he had whispered. At first Jimin thought he heard wrong, but he sure as hell didn’t, because a month or so later he and Jungkook got a formal invitation to Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseoks wedding.

As soon as he could he flew back to congratulate their friends, and now it’s time to fly back again.

Jungkook comes out of the stall carrying his hand luggage and a gift bag. It was Jimin's idea to get them a goodie bag full of things from home, traditional Korean accessories to place all around their new house. Well, that and a honeymoon to Paris, but they already know about that one.

After sleeping one night at their favorite hotel, they wake up early for the big day. Jimin helps Jungkook tie his bowtie before he puts in his earrings. It feels strange. The next time he is seeing his best friend in the entire world, it is to be the best man at his wedding. How time moves quickly.

“I’m gonna fucking shit myself.” is the first thing Yoongi says when they see each other. Jimin calms him down and tells him it will all go smoothly.

“The worst thing that can happen is that Hoseok changed his mind and steals both tickets to Paris to take a new lover with him!” Yoongi punches Jimins arm hard.

“Not today. Not today.”

Jimin laughs.

“Sorry.”

Right before the ceremony he finds Jungkook speaking to some very familiar faces. Taehyung leaps into his arms as soon as their eyes meet.

“Jimin! Oh how I missed you!” his voice is full of joy. “What a day can you believe it?!”

“I really can’t.”

Namjoon comes out from behind Taehyung and Jimin has to break loose.

“Joon! How are you?”
“Too good… My two best friends and my labels best duo are promising each other to stay together forever… I’ve never been better!”

Jimin laughs and hugs him tightly. They catch up for a while and Jimin has to work hard to get Namjoon to tell him anything at all about his love life.

“There is someone… But I’m not sure yet. We will see!” is all he gets. Taehyung however is more than happy to tell him everything he has missed for the past weeks.

“I dressed Prince William! And I think he was hitting on me.”

“You wish.” Jungkook teases back.

Then it’s time. Jungkook and Jimin take their places in the front and when the grooms enter, Jimin clasps his boyfriend’s hand so tightly he almost amputates it. They both look stunning, and Jimin feels as if he is going to faint all through the ceremony. He watches as Yoongi’s hands trembles as he recites his vows from memory.

“You found me in the darkest moment of my life, and lit the way with just your smile. I will remember that night forever. I never told you I was sad, you just knew, so you sat with me all night.” Yoongi only looks at Hoseok, as if he is the only one there.

“You know me better than I know myself and I love you so much. I promise to continue loving you until the day I die. My only mission is for us to be as happy as we can be. I found my purpose in you.”

Jimin lays his head on Jungkook’s shoulder as he weeps at his best friends words. He weeps even more when he hears the words said to him.

“As long as you are by my side, I am happy.” Hoseok begins. “In our life we’ve been given so much, I mean look at this place!” He gestures out to the large hall and people laugh with lumps in their throats. “But the one thing I will never get used to, or take for granted, is you. How did I get you?”

After the party Jungkook and Jimin go home together, exhausted and full of life. They were the last ones to leave, together with the grooms as they headed towards the airport to catch the morning flight to Paris.

Jimin measures his life in befores and afters.

Before and after Seoul

Before and after Busan
Before and after his career took off

Before and after Jungkook.

The befores aren’t necessarily bad - moving forward all came with losing something, whether it was innocence, security or privacy - but it was never as good as the after. Jimin looks over at Jungkook, seated next to him on the balcony of their hotel room, glancing over at his old hometown. It was Jimin's for a few years too. Jungkook sips a cup of cheap green tea and turns to Jimin.

“Isn’t it strange?”

“What?”

“Sometimes I forget this is where we met.”

“How so?”

“Because it feels as if that wasn’t it at all. Like we always knew each other. Like there was no before. Not a real one.”

“Maybe you’re right. Maybe there wasn’t.”

“I’m so happy for them. Yoongi and Hoseok I mean.” Jungkook looks back out on the glowing city - still so full of life, even at this hour. The sun is about to rise any minute now.

“So am I.”

After a moment of silence Jungkook stands up.

“I’m going to sleep. Are you joining me?”

“I’ll be there in a second.” Jimin answers him and kisses his hand. With a smile and a nod, Jungkook disappears behind the light curtains and Jimin is left alone with the city. He closes his eyes and listens to the cars, the music from far away, some people speaking to each other down on the street below him. No city has the same sound, or the same smell, yet all of them feel equally as much as home when he knows Jungkook is in it. That’s the word that best describes Jungkook. Home. Wherever they go, no matter how far apart they might be, Jimin feels safe knowing he always has a home.

“Jimin…” Jungkook appears again with his bangs wet and toothbrush in hand.

“Yes?”

“Do you… do you think you’d like to marry me someday?”

Jimin looks at him with a grin wider than he tries to force it to be.

“Are you proposing?” He teases his boyfriend.

Jungkooks doe eyes appear again, nervous per usual.

“Oh! No! Or I mean, not no like that I just…”

Then he stops for a second.
“Or... maybe I am. If that’s alright with you?”

Jimin stops grinning.

“Jimin do you want to marry me?”

“Yes.”
Epilogue

So... here we are. I am not very fond of goodbyes at all but as with all good things, an end is inevitable. Thank you for being here with me. Thank you for staying even when I was late. This has been the biggest project of my life so far and you have all watched me go from writing my first real chapter of a story, to completing a full book. To begin over a year ago with a small idea of a story and to have it develop into this size is unbelievable. I've grown a lot, just like my characters, and I really love them. I'll miss them a lot, but at least I know I leave them happy, together.

I'll still write new stories, so if you're not ready for goodbyes you can always come back to find new ones, but if this is where we part our ways I want you to know something.

You matter and you are loved. Even if you feel like you aren't, know that at the very least you matter a lot to me. Every comment, every person that has engaged in this story with me matters so much to me. You inspired me to finish an entire book do you see how crazy that is!? Just by reading this you have made me happier and able to do what I love and for that I love you endlessly. I thank you with all of my heart for joining me on this ride, it was truly a wild one!

And that's it. That's the whole story, at least the one I had the pleasure sharing. This might be our ending, where we leave it, but for Jimin and Jungkook it's just another beginning.

I hope you too have many beginnings in your lives.

I love you.

Works inspired by this one: How We Met - Yoonmin one shot by IMJGSEJK

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